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ANTAR,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

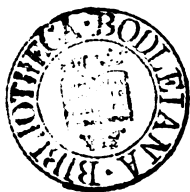
BY TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE Translator of "The History of Antar" being out of England, it is not in the Editor's power to give to the reader much preliminary information on the contents or nature of the Epic Tale, which is now for the first time in part submitted to the European Public.

Antar is no imaginary personage. He was the son of an Arab Prince of the tribe of Abs, by a black woman, whom his father had made captive in a predatory excursion: and he raised himself by the heroic qualities which he displayed from his earliest youth, and by his extraordi-

a

nary genius for poetry, from the state of slavery in which he was born, to the confidence of his king, and to a preeminence above all the Chiefs of Arabia. He flourished during the close of the sixth, and the early part of the seventh century, of the Christian æra; there is, consequently, little or no allusion to the customs or institutions of Islamism throughout the work; though the Hero is frequently designated as “ He by whom God organized the earth and the world for the appearance of the Lord of slaves.”

The following Romance, as it may be called, was first put together, probably from traditionary tales current at the time, by Osmay, one of the eminent scholars, who adorned the courts of Haroun-al-Raschid, and of his two learned successors, Al-Amyn, and Al-Mamoun; and it still continues to be the principal source whence the story-tellers of the coffee-

houses in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, draw their most interesting tales : but, notwithstanding, its general circulation in the Levant, the name of Antar is hitherto only known to us in Europe, as that of the Author of one of the seven poems, suspended in the temple of Mecca, and from that circumstance called, *The Moallakat*.

The Author of this poem, and the Hero of our history, are identified, as well by the similar names which occur ; in both ; as by the insertion of the poem itself in the body of the history, when, after much persecution and opposition, Antar at length succeeds in suspending the poem within the Holy Sanctuary which surrounds the Kaaba.

There is reason to believe that this is the first attempt to transpose into an European language, a real Arabian story, depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the desert, uncorrupted by the

artificial and refined customs of the neighbouring cities in Syria, Egypt, and Persia.

The characteristics of the real Arabs or Bedowins are here presented in their native simplicity. An eager desire for the property of their neighbour; an unconquerable fondness for strife and battle; a singular combination of profuse hospitality, with narrow economy—quick perception—deep cunning—great personal courage, a keen sense of honour, respect for their women, and a warm admiration and ready use of the poetical beauties of their unrivalled language.

The supposition of the learned orientalist Mons. Langle, that the *Thousand and One Nights* were originally composed in the Pehlevi, or the old Persian, and from that language translated into Arabic, appears still more probable, when we observe the rich and gorgeous descriptions of the works of art and nature which abound

in them, their enchanted palaces—their sultans and viziers, and all the attendant magnificence of a court; their genii and magicians—their want of individual character in the leading personages;—and when we contrast with those details the simple manners of the Kings and Chieftains of the desert, portrayed in this Romance; their rude tents; the familiarity with which they live amongst each other, controuled only by the rules of patriarchal authority; the almost total absence of supernatural agents; and above all, the striking distinctions of character, which mark the whole progress of the story. In this work indeed, The Subordination of the warriors and others, whether of high or low rank, to the irresistible Antar; in undaunted courage; in active prowess; in intellectual acquirements; in public spirit; in the ardour of his love; in the excellence of his poetry; and in acts of private generosity

and benevolence, is strictly consistent with the best rules which the Critics have derived from the Homeric writings, for the conduct of the Heroic poem.

In an adherence to these rules indeed, the early European writers of Romantic Adventures, who followed the age of Charlemagne, and to whom, perhaps, Antar was better known than to their successors, did not follow the steps of their prototype. But whether he really deserve that appellation, that is, whether from the frequent intercourse between the Eastern and Western kingdoms of the Roman world, in the 8th, 9th and 10th centuries, our Romance writers imbibed their taste for the adventures of Chivalry from this singular Tale, is a question, to the solution of which we may look forward, when the whole of it shall be before the public. It may be observed, however, that little more was wanting in order to compose the Romances of

the middle age, than to engraft on the war, love, and courtesy of the Arabs, the splendid and soft luxuries of the other countries of the East, the witchcraft of Africa, the religious fervour of the South of Europe, and the gloomy superstitions of the North.

The Editor abstains from adding any further observations at present upon this subject. It had been his intention to request the indulgence of the reader for the oriental phraseology which frequently occurs in the following pages; but he prefers leaving the public to form their own opinion, how far the Translator has rightly judged, in presenting a literal translation of his original, by which the Arabic idioms might be best preserved, rather than (by giving to it a strictly English dress, and thereby destroying its native freshness,) to have been led into an indulgence of ornament, which would have been equally remote

from the nice refinement of the languages
of Europe, and from the copious simplicity
of that of the desert.

THE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

OF the inhabitants of Arabia, previous to the time of Mohommed, little is known ; and, as far as relates to their public history and government, that small portion given to us by Abulfeda by no means strengthens our wishes to obtain any further details.

In the absence of any system of civilization, prescription, or rather the will of a chief, was law, either esteemed as such or enforced. Subject to no other control, and under the guidance of their heroes or kings, the tribes carried on wars and made predatory incursions under various pretences ; sometimes merely to relieve their present wants by capturing the flocks and herds of neighbouring hordes (such depredations being called gains) ; at others, with a view to gratify their revenge for any real or imaginary outrage,

where retaliation had been delayed only to render it more certain, when the opportunity for attack might be attended with less danger, or their force sufficiently powerful to ensure success.

This period is called the "Time of Ignorance," by subsequent writers, in contradistinction to the enlightened state in which they suppose themselves to have lived since the introduction of Islamism.

The Arabians, whether descended from Ishmael or from Cahtan (Yoctan), were divided into two sorts, the one living in towns, the other in tents. The former subsisted on the produce of their flocks, by tillage, and even by the exercise of trades. The latter had their pastures, their principal food was camel's flesh, its milk was their usual drink, though wine was also a liquor in which they indulged to the greatest excess. By waylaying travellers and caravans, or invading their neighbours' possessions, they increased their precarious means, often changing their place of residence in quest of better pasturage or a greater abundance of water, according to the seasons; avoiding in their course tribes more powerful than themselves, and over-

powering the weak and unprotected. This habit of life more particularly applies to the descendants of Ishmael, or rather Adnan; for as the genealogy from Ishmael to Adnan is involved in obscurity, the Arabs to the north of Yemen or Arabia Felix term themselves Adnanians; the Arabs of the Jewish or Christian persuasion chiefly residing in Syria and its confines. The learning of a people so constituted must of course have been very narrow and circumscribed. They could boast of a slight knowledge in the stars, so as to foretel the changes of the weather, and to interpret dreams.

The grossest idolatry was their religion: images under various forms and names, the sun, the moon, or some particular constellation, were the objects of their worship; though many tribes looked up to a Supreme Being, and only deemed the planets or idols as mediators with the Divinity at the final resurrection. Some did not believe in a future state; but those who had any vague notion on the subject imagined that the dead, upon whose tombs a camel was slaughtered, should rise mounted on its back, but those for

whom this ceremony should not be performed, would be called to judgment on foot.

Mecca was at all times held in the highest veneration, as the place where Abraham and Ishmael had dwelt; the Caaba is believed to have been erected by them; and as such, was the object of a holy pilgrimage, attended with most of the ceremonies in practice at the present day.

The genealogical descent of families, and the history of their nobility, were attended to with the most scrupulous jealousy. But the accomplishments on which they most chiefly prided themselves were, a perfect knowledge of their language, skill in arms, and hospitality to strangers.

“ The first they exercised themselves in by
“ composing orations and poems. Their orations
“ were of two sorts, metrical and prosaic; the
“ one being compared to pearls strung, and the
“ other to loose ones. They endeavoured to
“ excel in both, and whoever was able in assem-
“ bly to persuade the people to a great enterprise,
“ or dissuade them from a dangerous one, or
“ gave them other wholesome advice, was ho-

“noured with the title of Khatib, or orator,
“which is now given to the Mahommedan
“preachers. They pursued a method very dif-
“ferent from that of the Greek, or the Roman
“orators; their sentences being like loose gems,
“without connexion, so that this sort of com-
“position struck the audience chiefly by the
“fulness of the periods, the elegance of the ex-
“pression, and the acuteness of the proverbial
“sayings; and so persuaded were they of their
“excellency in this way, that they would not
“allow any nation to understand the art of
“speaking in public, except themselves and the
“Persians; which last were reckoned much in-
“ferior, in that respect, to the Arabians. Poetry
“was in so great esteem among them, that it
“was a great accomplishment and a proof of
“ingenuous extraction for any one to be able
“to express himself in verse with ease and
“elegance on any extraordinary occurrence; and
“even in their common discourse they made
“frequent applications of celebrated passages of
“their famous poets. In their poems were pre-
“served the distinctions of descents, the rights
“of tribes, the memory of great actions, and

“ the propriety of their language, for which
“ reasons an excellent poet reflected an honour
“ on his tribe ; so that, as soon as any one began
“ to be admired for his performances of this
“ kind in a tribe, the other tribes sent publicly
“ to congratulate them on the occasion ; and
“ themselves made entertainments, at which the
“ women assisted, dressed in their nuptial orna-
“ ments, singing, to the sound of timbrels, the
“ happiness of their tribe, who had one now to
“ protect their honour, to preserve their genea-
“ logies and the purity of their language, and
“ to transmit their actions to posterity ; for this
“ was all performed by their poems, to which
“ they were solely obliged for their knowledge
“ and instructions, moral and economical, and
“ to which they had recourse as to an oracle, in
“ all doubts and differences. No wonder then
“ that a public congratulation was made on this
“ account, which honour they were so far from
“ making cheap, that they never did it but on
“ one of these three occasions, which were
“ reckoned great points of felicity, viz. on the
“ birth of a boy, the rise of a poet, or the fall of
“ a foal of generous breed. To keep an emu-

“ lation among their poets, the tribes had, once
“ a year, a general assembly at Ocadh, a place
“ famous on this account, and where they kept
“ a weekly mart, or fair, which was held on
“ Sunday. This annual meeting lasted a whole
“ month, during which time they employed them-
“ selves, not only in trading, but in repeating
“ their poetical compositions, contending and
“ vying with each other for the prize, whence
“ the place, it is said, took its name*. The
“ poems that were judged to excel were laid up
“ in the king’s treasuries, as were the seven cele-
“ brated poems, thence called Moallacat, rather
“ than from being hung up on the Caaba, which
“ honour they also had by public order, being
“ written on Egyptian silk, and in letters of gold ;
“ for which reason they had also the name of
“ Modbahabat, or the golden verses.

“ The fair and assembly at Ocadh were sup-
“ pressed by Mohammed, in whose time, and
“ for some years after, poetry seems to have
“ been neglected by the Arabs, who were then
“ employed in their conquests, which being com-

* The original Arabic root Akdh, signifies subduing or con-
tending.

“ pleted, and themselves at peace, not only this
“ study was revived, but almost all sorts of learn-
“ ing were encouraged and greatly improved by
“ them. This interruption, however, occasioned
“ the loss of most of their ancient pieces of poetry,
“ which were then chiefly preserved by memory ;
“ the use of writing being rare among them in
“ their time of ignorance. Though the Arabs
“ were so early acquainted with poetry, they did
“ not at first use to write poems of a just length,
“ but only expressed themselves in verse occa-
“ sionally, nor was their prosody digested into
“ rules till some time after Mohommed.

“ The exercise of arms and horsemanship they
“ were obliged to practise and encourage, by
“ reason of the independence of their tribes,
“ whose frequent jarrings made wars almost con-
“ tinual ; and they chiefly ended their disputes in
“ field battles ; it being an usual saying among
“ them, that God had bestowed four peculiar
“ things on the Arabs ; that their turbans should
“ be to them instead of diadems, their tents in-
“ stead of walls and houses, their swords instead
“ of entrenchments, and their poems instead of
“ written laws.

“ Hospitality was so habitual to them, and so
“ much esteemed, that the examples of this kind
“ among them exceed what can be produced
“ from other nations.

“ Nor were those the only good qualities of
“ the Arabs; they are commended by the an-
“ cients for being most exact in their words, and
“ respectful to their kindred; and they have
“ always been celebrated for their quickness of
“ apprehension and penetration, and the vivacity
“ of their wit, especially those of the desert.

“ As the Arabs have their excellencies, so have
“ they, like other nations, their defects and vices.
“ Their own writers acknowledge that they have
“ a natural disposition to war, bloodshed, cruel-
“ ty, and rapine; being so much addicted to
“ bear malice, that they scarce ever forget an
“ old grudge; which vindictive temper, some
“ physicians say, is occasioned by their frequent
“ feeding on camel’s flesh, (the ordinary food of
“ the Arabs of the desert, who are therefore ob-
“ served to be most inclined to these vices) that
“ creature being most malicious and tenacious
“ of anger.”

Such is the language in which the learned

translator of the Coran has delivered to the public his account of the character of the Arabians, as gathered from the writings of Abulfeda, Pococke, and others. That the Arabs of those days thus thought and thus acted is founded on the concurrence of such respectable authority, that the authenticity of this statement has never been questioned; but as the application of such a system of habits and manners to the practice of common life has been hitherto unknown, it is with a view of exhibiting to the world a stronger proof of the truth of this recorded evidence, that the translation of the history of Antar is now for the first time submitted to the public; a work which represents, with the utmost detail, the most faithful narrative of that mode of life in all its variety, whether public or domestic, which prevailed among the Arabs in that "period of ignorance," and which, with some material shades of difference, is stated, by modern travellers, to exist among the numerous tribes that inhabit the deserts at this day.

It would be interesting as a fact in literary history, could we trace, with any certainty, the source whence the materials which furnished the

basis of this romance were drawn, that it might be ascertained how far historical evidence may be cited to authenticate the different events, and how far they were only subjects of oral tradition, down to the period when they were committed to writing by Asmaee, during the reign of Haroon Rasheed.

From D'Herbelot we learn that, at the court of that monarch, Asmaee was celebrated as the author of several works on Arabic grammar and theology; that he was one of the most learned men of the age, and in great consideration with Haroon himself, who used to listen with delight to the traditions of the ancient Arabs, with which Asmaee's memory seems to have been most happily stored, and which he narrated in the presence of the assembled doctors, sometimes with such detail and unwearied diligence, as to call forth the animadversion of that prince, who would request him not to overpower him with such continued demands on his attention.

In order to affix more authority to this anecdote, it will not be irrelevant to mention that, in the course of this tale, Asmaee once breaks the thread of his narrative to state, that as he

was relating before Haroon and his courtiers one of Antar's astonishing exploits, both the monarch and the ministers joined in expressing their doubts of the truth of such tremendous powers, and even ventured to question the probability of the leading subjects of his story. Asmaee faces these objections, asserting that every fact rested on undoubted authority, and that the story was a perfect picture of manners existing at that time; and moreover (to place all further hesitation beyond dispute), he boldly states, that he himself had witnessed many of the scenes he so forcibly describes, saying, that he was then four hundred years of age, and had consequently been alive long before the coming of Mohommed.

What could be the object of this extraordinary falsehood (for it is frequently repeated, and some of his heroes are also mentioned as having reached that patriarchal age), is difficult to imagine; however, the general points of the narrative are not to be invalidated by so bold an impossibility; and it may be presumed that the tale, as it now stands, comprises every tradition that he deemed worthy of notice, either as mat-

ter of history or of amusement. Some of the facts are to be found in Abulfeda as known causes of troubles and dissensions among the tribes, but still with some change of circumstance that may be either attributed to those errors incidental to all traditional history, or to the liveliness of the imagination of the author, who may have wished to render his tale more consonant to the taste of the times, by sacrificing the dry detail of an uninteresting fact, to the pleasure of engaging the attention of his audience or his readers*.

Haroon Rasheed, who flourished during the second century of the hegira, was, of course, the contemporary of Charlemagne: already was the communication open between the courts of Asia and Europe, and mutual presents had evinced the wish of the monarchs to establish an intercourse between the two countries.

It is, therefore, no matter of doubt, that this

* It is also proper to mention, that the names of Johainah and Aboo Obeidah frequently occur with the name of Asmaee, as the compilers of this narrative, in the course of which there are continual breaks: as thus, Asmaee said, or Johainah and Aboo Obeidah said, and then the narrative continues.

romance was composed or compiled at that period; and that it was a book highly esteemed seems equally notorious. It is, however, a very surprising circumstance that, from that time almost down to the present century, no orientalist of Europe should have mentioned its existence. Asia possesses men of ingenuity and talents, who have, with infinite labour, made commentaries on those books, generally considered as objects of research; but Haji Calfa, the most celebrated of the bibliographers of Asia, only cursorily mentions it.

The most natural way of accounting for this omission is to suppose, that as this book exclusively related to the Arabs of the Desert, unconnected with those men of literature, whose habits and pursuits led them to prefer a residence in cities and at courts, it may in the course of time have been entirely lost to the learned readers, and only felt and admired amongst the hordes and tribes, whose manners it so accurately described, and whose energies and passions it was so well calculated to awaken, in the perusal of those records of the intrepidity of their forefathers. Thus it may have been so long neglected,

till it was at last forgotten ; still, however, cherished by those who could understand its value, and engraven in the hearts and the memories of men, who might boast as being the descendants of heroes and warriors, whose glories made them pant after martial fame, and roused them, if not to imitate, at least not to discredit the celebrity of their progenitors, who had lived honoured and renowned, and whose splendid histories and deaths would survive to remotest ages, recorded by the pen of so devoted and enthusiastic an admirer of their exploits, and so capable of transmitting them to the latest posterity, in such glowing and animating description.

Even at this period, *Antar*, as the hero of this romance, or *Asmaee*, as the reporter of his deeds, are but little known beyond the Deserts, and the towns of Aleppo, Damascus, Bagdad, and Cairo. To the Arabs, it is their standard work, which excites in them the wildest emotions ; even read by some, firm in the memory of others ; but listened to with avidity by all*.

* Mr. Burkardt, in a letter to the translator, mentions that when he was reading a portion of it to the Arabs, they were in ecstasies of delight, but at the same time so enraged at his erroneous pronunciation, that they actually tore the sheets out of his hands.

In Aleppo it is highly valued, particularly by the Armenians ; and, in coffee-houses, it is read aloud by some particular person, who keeps a sheet in his hand, to which he occasionally refers to refresh his memory. It is given to children, who are obliged to copy it out, and thus acquire the habit of speaking elegantly and correctly ; and it may be attributed to this cause, that the copies of *Antar* are generally found written most execrably ill, and abounding in errors of every kind.

Until the publication of the “ *Mines de l'Orient*,” printed at Vienna, in 1802, the name of *Antar* had scarcely been heard in Europe. A copy of the work is in the Imperial Library ; and in the *Catalogue raisonné* of the Books written by M. Hammer, there is some account of this romance ; from which the following is extracted :

“ This work, which must be reckoned as very
“ instrumental towards learning the manners,
“ dispositions, and habits of the Arabs, seems to
“ us more interesting than the celebrated ‘ *Thousand and One Nights* ;’ not indeed with respect
“ to the fictions, in which this work almost entirely fails ; but as a picture of true history.

“ There is nothing about genii, magicians, or
“ talismans, or fabulous animals; and if, indeed,
“ the bravery of the hero, who, unwounded,
“ slays hundreds and thousands of the foe, or
“ the swiftness of his generous steed, that out-
“ strips the wind, appear incredible; these are
“ rather the results of a hyperbolical style, than
“ to be considered as fabulous figures, which
“ never, in the opinion of orientals, invalidates
“ the truth of history. The whole of this work
“ may be esteemed as a faithful account of the
“ principal tribes of the Arabs, and particularly
“ of the tribe of Abs, from which sprung Antar,
“ in the time of Nushirvan, King of Persia, more
“ faithful in painting manners than in describing
“ events.

“ The style is often flowery and beautiful,
“ mixed with poetry, frequently in a common
“ diction, and sometimes the augmentations and
“ more recent interpolations plainly prove the
“ adulterations of the copyist. (What would
“ that light of oriental literature, Sir William
“ Jones, have thought of the style and merits of
“ this work, who only treated of the fourteenth

" volume, in his Commentaries on Asiatic
 " Poetry* ?) It chiefly treats of the love of Antar
 " and Ibla, and also of their family, down to
 " the death of the hero.

" This work, which is generally called a ro-
 " mance of chivalry, though impossible to be
 " translated, owing to the number of volumes,
 " may be gleaned; every part appertaining to
 " history, should be carefully collected, and
 " nothing relative to manners omitted. Such,
 " with God's help, we intend to publish.

" The author, from beginning to the end,
 " appears to be Asmaee, a famous philologist
 " and poet at the court of Haroon Rasheed; but
 " sometimes other authors and sources are men-
 " tioned, who, according to our opinion, appear
 " to have been inserted by the story-teller in the
 " coffee-houses. This is the work, and not, as
 " is generally supposed, the Thousand and One
 " Nights, which is the source of the stories which
 " fill the tents and cottages in Arabia and Egypt;

* " I have only seen the fourteenth volume of this work, which
 " comprises all that is elegant and noble in composition. So lofty,
 " so various, and so bold is its style, that I do not hesitate to rank it
 " amongst the most finished poems."—*Sir W. Jones.*

" though materials are often supplied from other
" works* of the same kind."

The above engaged the attention of persons interested in oriental literature, and copies have been demanded, but are with difficulty procured, owing to the unwillingness of those, who live by reading the stories in the coffee-houses, to part with them; and the expense of transcribing is very heavy.

The translation, now made public, was undertaken from a copy procured at Aleppo, by the kind exertions of Mr. Barker. It proved to be a very valuable work, being comprised in a smaller form than any other as yet sent to Europe. In general, the copies are bound up in numerous volumes of various sizes, from forty to twenty or less, exhibiting a mass to appal the most enterprising of translators, well aware,

* The possessors of copies are—

1. Mr. Rich, at Bagdad.
2. M. d'Italinsky.
3. M. Aidé, at Constantinople.
4. Lord Aberdeen.
5. Imperial Library at Vienna.
6. Cambridge Library.

Some few volumes in the possession of Mr. Hamilton.

The Translator has two.

Some of them are imperfect.

as he must be, that whatever his determination might effect in making a translation of so ponderous a work, he could not expect any corresponding success in printing it for general perusal.

This difficulty, and the still greater difficulty of abridging a work of so curious a texture, must have prevented any one, acquainted with its merits, from venturing on so arduous a task; and not till the translator saw it in so compressed a shape, did he ever anticipate the possibility of putting it into English.

Whilst he was engaged on the work, he had the advantage of receiving from Mr. Burkardt a letter, in which he accounted for the abridged state of that copy of *Antar*, stating that the voluminous work had been curtailed of many of its repetitions and much of its poetry, by some learned inhabitants of Syria, and was therefore called the *Shamiyeh*, or Syrian *Antar*, in contradistinction to the original large work, which was called the *Hijaziyeh*, or Arabian *Antar*.

Mr. Burkardt strongly urged the translator to persist in his undertaking, by adhering strictly to the abridgment; anticipating the most com-

plete success, and even a popularity equal to that so long enjoyed by the Arabian Nights, "to which," he adds, "it is in every respect superior."

Under these inducements, and prompted by the active encouragement of his friends, the translator executed the task from the abridged copy, which even in its reduced state bears too formidable an appearance to attract universal favour.

The translation has been completed some time, and already has one volume met the approbation of those who would kindly hope that his time has not been mis-spent. For the appearance of that volume in its mutilated state, the only apology to be offered is the indulgent curiosity of friends, who expressed a wish to see that portion in print, before any further addition had reached England. Whether such publication was ill-timed, or whether the continuation might not have been suppressed altogether, must be decided by the future reception this part of the work will meet from the public.

Of the merits of this romance, as a work to be tried by European critics, and ideas founded on

principles totally unknown to the Arabian author, it will be no easy task to form a correct judgment. A person, unacquainted with oriental literature, must frame his opinions on rules by which he has been accustomed to regulate his opinions on matters of taste—such a critic must unavoidably err in any decision he may express. On the other hand, an oriental scholar is generally too biassed in favour of languages that have cost him years of unremitted toil to attain, to view, with a mind sufficiently calm and unprepossessed, a work which, in an Asiatic country, is considered as the standard of perfection. It is true, an orientalist must imbibe some new ideas of taste, before he can judge at all of the merits of an original Asiatic composition, but whether he will be an impartial critic is very doubtful.

That a translator of so immense a work must have felt a more than common gratification in his labours, is evident; otherwise he could never have persisted in the continuance of it; unless it may be presumed that a person, obstinately persevering in an undertaking against his conviction, will in time become so full of his subject,

as to see beauties where none exist, and become so much an Asiatic, as to forget he had ever been an European, either in habits or taste.

Leaving, therefore, the public to form their opinions of this tale, through the uncertain medium of a translation (only begging it may be borne in mind, that the original may possess beauties, the translator may have omitted or overlooked, and that the translation, whenever approved, by no means does justice to the original), he will endeavour to give some succinct account of the object and nature of the work, that the unprejudiced reader may have some clue by which he may form his own opinion of its merits and defects.

Antar, as has been already observed by the editor of the first volume, is no imaginary person: he is well known as a celebrated warrior, and as the author of one of the seven poems suspended on the Caaba at Mecca. His intrepidity is often mentioned by Abulfeda, as being the subject of poetry: though it does not appear that any precise composition relating to his feats in arms is extant, some detached pieces may have survived; still it must be supposed

that oral tradition alone has commemorated in-verse, current among succeeding generations, those various proofs of heroism which Asmaee afterwards embodied in his work. That he was the son of Shedad, an Absian chief, is also well attested; though it does not so clearly appear that he was born of a slave-woman.

It is not to be understood, that Asmaee merely intended to compose a faithful history of those times: his view seems rather to comprise in a pleasing tale* numerous isolated facts, and the most striking traits of the manners and usages prevalent at that period; and therefore we may presume, that he has embellished his narrative with every additional circumstance that could possibly throw an interest over his hero, or attract the attention of his readers.

And that he has succeeded among those for whom the work was composed, there cannot be the smallest doubt. It is also true, that many, who at this day have read it in the original, have expressed the delight and unwearied admiration

* Historic facts as they occur, when any authority can be quoted, will be observed in the progress of the work.

they have felt in the perusal of its endless volumes.

It may be assumed, that it is one of the most ancient books of Arabian literature, composed during the second century of the Hejirah, at a time when the arts were most successfully cultivated amongst the Asiatic conquerors, and encouraged more particularly under the influence of the Arab princes of Bagdad. Its language is therefore uncommonly pure, equally remote from the harshness of the earlier, or the conceits of the later authors; and when we consider that it was originally written in the Cufic character, and has for a thousand years been transcribed chiefly for the use of the Bedoweens, and often by persons who probably did not comprehend one word they were writing, it is a matter of surprise, how it has retained so much purity and correctness. Some few Persian and Turkish words, subject to Arabic inflexions, are now and then to be observed. Some other modern terms may also have been inserted; these are corruptions, and Mr. Hammer thinks that many interpolations have been made by the copyist. Words often occur which are not to be found in any

dictionary ; and some expressions there are, which, though current to this day among the Arabs of the Desert, are not susceptible of the same acceptation in any lexicon.

The style of the work as a composition is very plain and easy in construction ; but abounding in an endless variety of diction, couched in the most choice and appropriate terms. The sentences are short, much in the style of the Bible ; the prose is even in rhythm throughout, continuing uninterrupted but by a change of termination, according to the powers of the author, or the redundancy of expressions with the same sound*. Thus, with short rhythmical periods of various lengths, the author proceeds, for five or six lines, to the end of his subject, and then recommences other matter with a different rhyme. This is particularly striking in all his descriptions of battles, where the pauses are very frequent, all with the same terminations ; the periods being often formed of only two words, sometimes of three, and thus hurrying on, with apparent rapidity and great variety and spirit, throughout a whole page.

* This is reckoned the greatest beauty in oriental compositions.

This species of composition produces the necessity of continued repetitions ; and though Asmaee has proved that his memory was supplied with an infinity of expression, unrivalled by any oriental author, yet the frequent recurrence of similar scenes and thoughts must of course occasion such repetitions, as almost to weary his warmest admirers ; but when translated into another tongue, that admits of, comparatively speaking, no diversity of terms to express the same meaning, they become most tedious and disgusting.

The poetry has the charm of a more elevated style ; and a wider range for the imagination has been eagerly seized by the poet. Infinitely more difficult in its construction, it is still natural, and devoid of those conceits and absurdities that abound in almost all Asiatic compositions. It comprises every variety to which poetry is applied. The heroic, the complimentary, the laudatory, the amatory, the ludicrous, the merry, and the elegiac, are all combined in the utmost profusion ; even the pastoral is not omitted. A specimen of this species of poetry occurs that is perfectly unique in the language : the translator

never met with any thing of the kind. Moreover, on inquiry among some learned Musulmans, he could not understand that such compositions were at all known or appreciated among them. It is in the style of an eclogue, and is introduced as a trial of skill amongst revellers at a feast. Besides its originality, it has great merit as an oriental composition, abounding in terms never before modelled into grammatical inflection, and which excited the most unfeigned admiration and surprise amongst some natives of Constantinople, to whom these verses were shown.

The heroic is, of course, a mixture of all that is bold in imagery and inflated in expression; exaggeration and personal vanity run throughout the whole; perhaps these are the legitimate characteristics of such poetry: certainly we have the highest authority for its currency, in a poet whose writings are considered as the standard for whatever is grand and majestic in that species of poetical composition.

The elegiac has drawn tears from persons, whose sympathy and tenderness were fashioned to be roused by such scenes as are described in

this work, and are therefore as true to nature as those feelings which are recognized in a more refined state of society.

The ludicrous and satirical are in some instances too gross, often indelicate, but not obscene. There is something pretty and original in the amatory style; and the merry can move to mirth in its innocence and playfulness. As to the complimentary, it is, as is the case in all languages, the least entitled to commendation, abounding in ridiculous conceits and unintelligible panegyric.

With respect to the magic and enchantments that occur in the work, it may be proper to add, for the benefit of those who indulge in the still controverted point of the birth-place of sorcery, that instances are to be found of supernatural agency; though in the portion now published no mention is made of any such influence over the minds and actions of the heroes who figure in the story. The belief that ghosts, or hobgoblins, or genii, inhabited some peculiar spot, generally prevailed; and we perceive that Shiboob, Antar's brother, is often taken for one of those

august personages, owing to the rapidity with which he transfers himself from place to place.

The effects of an amulet ring, first worn by a Christian warrior, who at his death bequeaths it to Antar, in relieving a person from fits, are noticed more than once. Sorceresses were also sufficiently celebrated, even at that distant period, to be here recorded, more for the iniquities than for the good they were called upon to perform. One endeavours to inveigle Ibla to her destruction, by means of two dæmon emissaries she employs, and a magic fire she kindles. Another fortifies her castle with the illusion of supernatural flames and smoke; whilst the sister of this wicked enchantress dispels these seeming horrors by her more potent spells. But, though this latter is married in consequence, to one of the Absian chiefs, she is absolutely prohibited from ever practising her magical arts, before the marriage could be solemnized. It is thus evident, that this engine of destruction was regarded as abominable, and by no means connected with any acknowledged source of resistance.

Allusions to genii frequently occur: one of Antar's sons is slain by them. They are described as most hideous monsters, having their eyes slit upwards, and uttering most terrific sounds. Antar restores to the human form one of the genii who had been metamorphosed into a horse; and, in return, he aids his deliverer in avenging his son's murder.

Besides these instances, there are some other events of minor consequence, where magic is supposed to effect its purposes; and it may be inferred, that the author has rather for his object to give some account of the general notions respecting sorcery and magic, at the period to which the story relates, than to afford an accurate detail of its influence on the public mind, during the reign of Haroon Rasheed, at which time, though its delusions may not have gained actual belief, yet as the machinery of a tale, it was reckoned indispensably necessary.

Antar's sword is certainly of original manufacture; and, though not enchanted, may be cited by the side of Durindana. Indian blades, Davidean armour, and Aadite* casques are in-

* So called, either because they had endured from the time of the

vested with all the properties of magic weapons, whether of offence or defence.

No warrior appears with a skin impervious to the sword's edge. There is, however, one hero, who is a mass of bone, and no arm but Antar's can strike a blow to crush so miraculous a production. Others are also designated under the formidable appellation of earth-rakers; thus called from their immense stature, so that, when on horseback, their feet tore up the ground; and others are denominated ear-strippers, others liver-eaters, &c.

The frequent allusion to dragons and sea monsters in the poetry, and in the description of assailing heroes, proves that, in those days, the introduction of fabulous animals, distinct from those mentioned in Persian books, was considered a legitimate embellishment in romantic fiction. But the only animal whose appearance is mentioned is the camelopard*, which is described

tribe of Aad, or as being very ancient, they bore that distinction to testify their antiquity and durability.

* It is called in Arabic, Jirafah, whence comes the Spanish Girafa, and the French Giraffe; thus rendering it probable, that though the animal is exclusively of African origin, it only became known in Europe through the Arabs.

as a beast of burthen, employed to carry a huge giant, as no other animal was sufficiently powerful to bear so vast a weight. But as it is ascertained that the camelopard is not a beast of burthen, it may safely be presumed, that though its existence had been proved, its distinctive qualities were unknown.

And thus, with all the paraphernalia of chivalrous equipment, heroes come forth, not only in fields of battle or single combat, but also at marriages and entertainments, merely for trials of skill in arms in the midst of a course, to tilt and joust with barbless spears in the presence of kings and chiefs, who proclaim the merits of the victor and the vanquished, sometimes distributing prizes, or awarding a contested point, or even deciding the fate of some damsel, the object of amorous contention between two devoted champions; and not unfrequently do these combats, which commence innocently, end in bloodshed.

It is also worthy of remark, that these chiefs, when bound on a marauding enterprise, often meet with extraordinary adventures; sometimes forlorn maidens, whose distresses they relieve, or

matrons, whose husbands and sons have been slain, and even heroes of inferior stamp, whose cause they will adopt, and thus either soften his sorrows, or die in his defence. It must be acknowledged, that they sometimes take advantage of the unprotected state to which females are reduced, when their attendants have resisted the assaults of a stranger; but instances of the purest generosity, and the most chivalrous sentiments of honour and decency will often mark their acts, and induce us to marvel, how nations so barbarous in blood could ever be melted into pity and tenderness.

Miracles of a sublimer nature, such as storms, and timely aid in the extremest perils, and visitations of extraordinary import, are attributed to the proper source of such interventions. The Almighty is here the sole actor: his influence is ever unquestioned. It is not often invoked, neither does it often appear; thus rendering it the more efficacious, and creating corresponding sentiments of awe and gratitude in the minds of those who may be either its victims, or the objects of its favour.

The name of Mohommed is used more than

once as the instrument of divine vengeance, at the moment he was supposed to have been born; but at whose breast he was inhaling life was unknown: his name had been alone revealed, and the first mention of it infuses so great dread into the Persian army, that they are instantly routed; the name of Mohommed seeming to rise from every pebble, and from every grain of sand. His infant cries are also stated as the means of working a great miracle, in a second destruction of the Persians.

Such are the people and the manners this book purposes to describe, a subject never before attempted, either by Asiatic or European: a subject that has hitherto been supposed devoid of all interest, and certainly considered as susceptible of no variety. A nation of shepherds, dwelling in tents, surrounded by deserts, appears at first sight, as the very antipodes of those nations whose usages and habits have supplied matter for romance and historic fiction. In minds thus savagely constituted, where could love dwell? Where could courtesy, discretion, and those nameless decencies and distinctions, persons of cultivated manners can only feel and express,

find a place? And without minds thus happily organised, and without sensibilities as easily roused as lasting, pliant or obdurate, according to the object that excites them into action, or bidding defiance to repulse, inconstancy, and dangers, how could chivalry feed its enthusiasm, or imagination awaken into life?

But in this work we find all these anomalies reconciled. We see heroes capable of the wildest enterprises, and subject to the most vehement emotions, to secure the approbation of their mistresses. We see damsels braving every peril, smiling in captivity, to meet the objects of their love. We moreover meet with heroines cased in armour covering hearts at once steeled against the lance's point or falchion's edge, and a prey to the utmost ecstasies of enthusiastic fondness and refined irritability*.

Such are the personages who now, for the first time, are found to have inhabited the wilderness of sands, under no cultivation of mind, and bound by no moral restraint, but what love and friendship excited and established. Few could

* M. Sismondi asserts, that in those days no Arabian women were known to bear arms.

read or write. None were philosophers. Wisdom had its only support in the influence attached to advanced years. Their sages were superior in age, and enjoyed a confidence among the tribes that no one could uproot, and which Antar only, by his martial prowess and universally admitted superiority, could thwart.

Whether these traits will tend to suggest further materials to induce the learned to adopt the theory, so much disputed, that romance and all its artificial charms come from the East, and therefore coincide with the opinions already supported so energetically by the Editor of the first volume, the Translator, unbiassed in his own views on the subject, with no decided opinions to render him difficult, of conviction to arguments in favour of an opposite system, leaves the point, here untouched, to be canvassed by persons whose time has been more immediately employed in such matters, and whose pursuits have led them more accurately to distinguish between the pretensions produced in defence of either question.

The Translator has divided the work into

three parts, in which order it is his intention to publish it.

The first reaches to the marriage of Antar and Ibla; in which it is the object of the author to raise his hero to a sufficient eminence in rank among the Arabs, by his conquests over various countries, and more particularly by his victories over the individual chiefs and heroes, most conspicuous for their power, and whose haughtiness and martial spirit could ill brook the elevation of one sprung from a slave woman, in order that, by reducing these warriors to submission, and by gaining their good will and friendship, he might, by means of his own intrepidity and the intercession of his friends advocating his cause, attain the chief object of his ambition; his acknowledgment as an Arab chief, and his subsequent marriage with Ibla.

The second part includes the period when the hero suspends his poem at Mecca. This grand point he at length attains, not only by the friendly dispositions of his former associates, and the continuance of his own heroic deeds, but also by the means of his two sons and a

brother, whom he discovers amongst the heroes of the desert. Encouraged by their counsels, and urged by his own ambition, after various conflicts and conquests, he resolves to crush the envious malice of his domestic foes, and in despite of all the machinations contrived against him, and the hostilities of all the most potent kings of Arabia, he succeeds in accomplishing this second object of his ambition.

The third part comprises the death of Antar, and most of his comrades and relations; in the course of which he wages endless wars against the more distant tribes,—visits Constantinople and Europe, and invades that part of Arabia inhabited by the Æthiopians, amongst whom he discovers his mother's relations, and finds out that she was the daughter of a mighty monarch, and himself thus descended in both lines from a majestic race. His last conquest is over his domestic enemies. His death is consonant with the rules of poetical justice. He falls under the hand of one whom he might have justly punished with death, but who was the object of cruelty he had never practised on any one before, not even his most inveterate foes.

This division is not at all pursued in the original; but as it is evident that the publication of the whole work at once was impossible, the translator has endeavoured to render its appearance less objectionable. He has also taken another liberty, and has divided the work into chapters according to his own fancy.

The copy of the original from which the translation is made is an uninterrupted narrative. But the larger copy* he has in his possession, as also one or two other copies he has seen, is divided into sections of very great length. Another copy, which he only saw for a few minutes, appeared to be cut up into portions much shorter than the chapters as now printed. This is the only alteration he has deemed it advisable to make. Perhaps it would have made the work more generally acceptable, had he ventured even

* Mr. Burkardt procured this at Cairo for the translator; it may be a matter of regret that it had not come to hand still sooner, as the present translation was already finished. Thus he was deprived of the satisfaction of comparing the two copies as he proceeded in the work; and it will be acknowledged, that afterwards it became too serious a task. Mr. Burkardt said, he did not think there was any material difference; and wherever the translator has referred to the large copy, he has only found greater redundancies, except in some instances where improvements and addition have been made in the translation.

to curtail this abridgment, and to omit many of those reiterated repetitions, which, whilst they tend to give an idea of the original composition, materially damp the interest of the story in our estimation, and certainly weary the general reader. But where to begin, or where to stop, is difficult to decide. To take the opinion of the ignorant in oriental literature would be unwise in the extreme. The advantage of the advice of oriental scholars was by no means easy to obtain; and of even one acquainted with the book in question, quite impossible*.

Under these circumstances, the translator, unwilling to quit his original without having some decided landmark to guide him when deviating from the straight course, has adhered as closely as possible to the Arabic idiom, only endeavouring to render it intelligible to the English reader; and if he has succeeded at all in combining what is rarely compatible, an easy English style with

* Even Mr. Burkardt had never read it through; neither can the translator say that he ever heard of an European who had waded through the *Hijaziyeh* copy, the only one hitherto known.

The Translator takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to C. J. Rich, Esq., the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, for much useful information.

the character of the Oriental, he will not consider his perseverance misapplied, or his opinion of the original as erroneous. If, on the other hand, the public should form a different opinion, he begs their judgment may rest solely on the translation, and he will readily join in wishing that the task had devolved on one more capable of doing justice to its merits*.

* Since the above has been in the press, a long treatise on *Antar*, translated from the German, has appeared in the two last numbers of the "New Monthly Magazine," for January, and February, 1820, with the signature of M. de Hammer. The Translator regrets that its late publication prevents his deriving any benefit from the suggestions of so accomplished an Oriental scholar as M. de Hammer, to whose exertions in every department of Asiatic literature the world is so much indebted. M. de Hammer mentions having twice read through the whole work!

THE BINDER is requested to prefix this preface to the first volume when bound.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTAR.

CHAPTER I.

ISHMAEL, son of Abraham, was the father of Adnan, who had a son called Maad; and Maad was the father of Nizar, whose four sons, Rebeeah, Medher, Ayad, and Anmar, reigned over the Arabs in great glory for many years, and their descendants continued to flourish and multiply till they amounted to twenty thousand horsemen, when disturbances arising among them, they separated and migrated from the valley of Mecca and the holy sanctuary, and many of them settled in a spot called Ibreem-oob-mootemim, which was the furthestmost point of Hijaz, and the first in the land of Yemen. And they had a king called Rebeeah, a man much respected and feared, and he was of the tribe of

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Medher, a fair-raced people ; and he had five sons, the eldest was called Nayil, the second, Taweed, the third, Mohelhil, the fourth, Medher, and the fifth, Adeed ; and their father was a stout and intrepid warrior, he conquered the whole country by his bravery, and ruled over the wilds and the deserts.

Again the Arabs disagreed amongst themselves and dispersed, and every division had its chief and its leader. They carried away their property and their camels, and among them was Harith, son of Obad the Yashkirite, with the tribe of Yashkir, and the chief Dibyan with the tribe of Dibyan, and the chief Abd Shems with his tribe, and Jazeemah with the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and Bahiej with the tribe of Ghiftan ; and it was Jazeemah, King of the tribe of Abs and Adnan that attacked Rebeeah, and having slain him, appointed Mohelhil to succeed his father. But on the death of Mohelhil all his cousins went away with their property and camels, afraid of the surrounding Arabs, and settled with the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and their chief Jazeemah ; and among all the Arabs there was no government better regulated than his, for he was experienced in all affairs, and had ten sons who were all hardy lions, bold, endued with great bodily strength, and in war they were unrivalled ; they courted battles and plunged into slaughter, and their reputation was spread among the Arabs, and among them were Amroo and Jancah, and Asyed and Zo-

heir, and the rest of the ten brothers. But Amroo was the eldest, and King Jazeemah hoped that Amroo would reign at his death. But one day Amroo went to the lake Zatoool Irsad, early in the morning, and with him was a slave called Nizah; and Amroo had round his neck a chain of gold studded with jewels and diamonds; and when he came to the lake he stripped off his clothes, and took off the string of jewels from his neck, and then going down into the lake left them all with his slave. When he sprang into the water and plunged in, his body disappeared, and was borne away.

The slave perceiving that his master remained too long under water, felt assured that his breath was extinct; so he ran away to Jazeemah, and told him of this dreadful catastrophe. He was in the deepest grief, and he dashed his fist against his face for the loss of his son Amroo. Over the whole tribe the dismay was general, the affliction was universal, and the lamentations deep. Many days and nights they remained in this state, when at last King Jazeemah, wishing to relieve his mind from his anguish, went out to the chase, and whilst he was thus occupied, lo! there appeared a fawn, which he eagerly pursued; but as it launched into the waste in full flight, he could not catch it. Still he hoped to succeed; but at last it entered a forest abounding in trees, and waters, and thickets, and Jazeemah still pursued it. And whilst he was struggling

through the branches, behold a man quite naked stood before him ! He fled away in terror, fancying that it was a dæmon ; O King ! exclaimed the man, be not afraid, for I am thy son Amroo ! If thou art my son, cried the King, follow me and quit this spot. Jazeemah issued from the forest, and the man coming up with him, he gazed at him, and lo ! he was his son ! He was greatly rejoiced, and running up to him, O my son, said he, what has happened to thee ! who brought thee to this place ? and thou art naked ! So he explained all that had occurred to him, and the cause of his being snatched away from the lake was a dæmon, who bore him to this place. His father joyed in seeing him, and clothed him in some of his own garments, and returned with him to his tribe and companions, and unbounded was the delight and satisfaction at the return of Amroo. Acclamations were loud, and the time passed happily away, and they forgot the evils of fortune.

All the Arabs took refuge with King Jazeemah, and paid him taxes and tribute, and there was not one but obeyed him and submitted, save a single Queen, who was called Robab. And this Queen was very powerful, and had numerous armies and slaves. She had subdued the heroes, and humbled the bravest, and her tribe, was the most intrepid of the Arabs, and they were called the tribe of Reejan. And when they heard that King Jazeemah

was become powerful and had extended his influence, and that the Arabs gave him tribute in cattle and camels; We, said they, will not give any one even a rope's end, and whoever demand goods of us, nothing will we give them but blows and battle.

Upon hearing this, Jazeemah assembled his armies and warriors, and the Arabs came to him from all the vallies and the waters, and he marched away with them in quest of the tribe of Reeyan, and their Queen Robab, that he might send down destruction and torments upon them, and leave their property to be pillaged by the Arabs. Now when the tribe of Reeyan saw those armies that were advancing upon them, they set up a loud shout, and they thronged in haste from all quarters, and the mountains trembled at the uproar. This tribe was exceedingly numerous, and moreover, they had been joined by a great multitude who came to them and settled round them, to be under the protection of that tribe and their Queen Robab; so great was her reputation, and so far famed her name.

And when the armies arrived and were all established about her, they waited in anxious expectation of the event. So the Queen summoned one of her tribe, a man of great consequence, and said to him—I wish thou wouldst go to these advancing people, and see what they are resolved to do, what place they come from, and what they want. The man went away; and when he came up with the

troops, they stopped. Whither in such haste ? they cried ; speak ere thou art a lost man ! Arabs, said he, I am come as a messenger to ye ; I want to see your chief. Tell me what is your object ; who are you ? how are you called ? We are the noble tribe of Abs, said they ; and we are come to devastate your lands, and plunder your property, and capture your wives and families. Arab Chiefs, he replied, shew me your King, lead me to him, that I speak with him about the object of this expedition. They accordingly introduced him to the King, and he kissed the ground before him. Jazeemah asked what he wanted, and what brought him there. So he told him that Robab had sent him. O King ! he continued, what has brought thee forth from thy country ? What is the cause of thy departure from home ? He then informed him that he was come to slay the people, and to plunder their property. Mighty King ! said the other, may God for ever confirm thee in thy possessions ! Why wouldst thou act thus towards us ? On account of your refractory conduct towards me, said Jazeemah, and the language I have heard ; for all the Arabs have submitted to my rule, and obeyed my call, and give me tribute and taxes, all but you, ye cowards ! and I have heard of your base designs. But I must assail you without further preparation, and I shall command these armies, numerous as the locusts, to assault you, and to grind you like grain, and to

ride you like lions. Return then to her who sent thee, and tell her what I have said to thee.

So the messenger returned with this answer ; and when he reached Robab, he communicated all he had heard to her. Away back to him, said she, and tell him to-morrow morning to sally forth into the plain, and to meet me in the field of battle before these horsemen. If he subdues me, I will submit to him and pay him tribute ; but if I vanquish him, I will grant him his life, and take his ransom, and by this means we shall spare the lives of the people, and be released from war and carnage, and then return home to our country.

The messenger returned to King Jazeemah, and informed him of the conditions Robab had proposed. He agreed, and consented, and immediately he came down to the field, and he was like a furious lion ; he galloped and charged before the warriors, and rushed in to the scene of blows and thrusts. Queen Robab dashed down on him, mounted on a raven-coloured steed, strong-sinewed. She charged with him over the plain till the horsemen were amazed. Then they began the storm and bluster, the sport and exertion, the give and take, the struggle and the wrestle, and every eye gazed intently on them, and every neck was stretched out at them. Just then passed between them two matchless spear-thrusts. King Jazeemah's was the first, so roused was he by the terrors and calamities that

threatened him. But when Robab beheld the spear-thrust coming upon her, and that death was in it, she bent herself forward till her breast touched the horse, and the well-aimed thrust passed without effect. She then replaced herself on her saddle, and dashed furiously at him, and attacked him: she struck him with horror, and drove the spear through his chest, and forced out the point sparkling at his back. He tottered from his horse, and his senses were annihilated. Then the Arabs assailed one another, and the earth shook beneath them. Blows fell right and wrong, necks were hewn off, and hoary beards were stained with blood. The struggle was intense; and all the Arabs in those vallies were in universal commotion, like so many Genii.

Soon fled the tribe of Abs and Adnan and all their allies, and sought their homes and abodes in fear of death and annihilation; neither did they halt in their flight and rout till they reached their own camp; and when they learnt the extent of their misfortune, and how many kings and chiefs had been slain, the lamentations were general. Calamities struck them all; they threw down their tents and pavilions; and thus they continued seven days and nights, when King Amroo seated himself on the throne of his father, and the Arabs came to condole with him, and congratulated him on his kingdom. But he lived only a short time, and when he died his brother Zoheir succeeded him, and

reigned in glory and power. His authority was universally acknowledged, and the Arabian tribes, far and near, obeyed and feared him. His subjects were happy under his dominion, on account of his great influence, and chiefs hastened to testify their allegiance. As soon as he was established on his throne he resolved on taking his revenge, and for this purpose he assembled his armies and auxiliaries, and demanded the presence of all the Arabian princes.

In a short time his troops were all prepared, and immediately he set out on his expedition against the hostile tribe of Reeyan and their Queen Robab. He stopped not till he entered their country. As soon as the Princess was informed of this invasion, she called together her adherents, who came from all parts and from the mountains; but they feared for their families, and their wives, and their cattle and camels. They marched eagerly to the conflict, and delayed not a moment till they attacked the tribe of Abs: they rushed forwards with the intention to destroy them. The two tribes soon engaged. Fierce was the combat and loud the clamour on all sides. The battle raged; dreadful were the blows of the sabre, and frequent the rush of darts and javelins; numbers were wounded; every warrior stood firm; but the cowards fled: patient were the noble hearted, but the weak sought safety in flight. Many drank the bitter poison of death. King

Zoheir encountered the queen of Reeyan on the field of battle, whilst she was encouraging her troops. The King furiously assaulted her, and exclaimed, "Revenge for King Jazeemah." He then hurled his lance and struck her on the chest, and forced out the weapon between her shoulders, and again cried out—O by the noble Arabs! Their only reply was a loud scream, and the battle still continued. But when the tribe of Reeyan saw the Princess dead, and perceived their attempts were frustrated, they were alarmed. Then rushed forward the tribe of Abs, and attacked them with renewed violence. The Reeyanians were routed, and fled towards their habitations;—the Absians pursued them, and spread desolation among them; slew them with their swords, and dispersed them amongst their wilds and deserts, until they reached their country, where they took possession of their tents and plundered their property. Zoheir returned home and rejoiced in the execution of his vengeance. He divided the wealth and lands of all that belonged to his enemies among his own people, and all the spoil was given to the rich and poor, to his slaves and his chiefs. Many of the hostile leaders were put to death: all the Arabs far and near were terrified at the extent of his dominion, and the power of his arm.

At this period the Caaba and the holy Mecca were visited, as at this day. Numerous were the

pilgrims at the shrine of Abraham. Sacred were the months of pilgrimage; and had a man even killed his father at that period, his crime was never mentioned. Zoheir, after he had accomplished these glorious deeds, wished to make a pilgrimage; which he executed, attended by all the chiefs of his tribe. His admiration was great in performing the ceremony of walking round the Caaba, and in kissing the sacred stone. On his return home, he was anxious to erect a building similar to the sacred altar, whither pilgrims should resort, where travellers might be entertained, and the hungry fed, and the fearful be in security; in whose precincts no beasts of prey should be chased; no blood should be shed; and a transgressor of my law shall be instantly put to death with this sword, he exclaimed. These sentiments he expressed to his tribe assembled in council. All were in dismay at this resolution, but no one dared to disapprove or make any answer. But an old Shiekh, who had passed all his days in perusing ancient chronicles, and was well acquainted with all the sayings of the wise men, who acknowledged the unity of God, the maker of the heavens and the earth, ventured forth, and expostulated with Zoheir, telling him the Caaba was the mansion of the blessed Abraham, and were he to presume to imitate it, a cruel death would avenge the insult; and thus he addressed him:—

“ O great King, O Son of noble chiefs ! hold and

“listen to my words, and renounce the habits of
 “the ignobly born. Mount not the horse of
 “Outrage, for it will not rescue thee from the
 “messengers of Death : and soon mayest thou ex-
 “pect him, should’st thou erect in the desert a
 “mansion like the sacred shrine of the Caaba
 “shouldst thou establish similar rites and ceremonies
 “and resemblances to Menah and Zengein and the
 “temple. Away, away, their land is the land of a
 “tribe superior to all mankind ; and from them shall
 “appear a noted man, the prophet of God, the torch
 “of darkness, whose faith shall extend east and west
 “with the death bearing-sword of a noble warrior.
 “Away with what thou hast said, for thy God is swift
 “of vengeance.”

The King was not easily dissuaded, but at last gave way to the argument of the Chief, and no longer persisted in his resolution : he was moreover induced to resign his plan in compliance with all his Chiefs, who seconded the word of the Shiekh. In this situation remained King Zoheir for some years ; when he became anxious to marry, and to take a wife eminent for her beauty, and elegance of form, and of a noble family. He made all enquiries on the subject, and at last heard there was an Arab, strong and mighty in arms, and a famous horseman, called Amroo, son of Shedeed, and he had a daughter whose name was Temadhur, whose equal was to be found neither in the plains nor in the cities. Her

father was a severe man, and would let no one address her, saying his daughter would not marry. When Zoheir heard this, he longed for her as a thirsty man wishes to have water. He pictured to himself her perfections, before he had ascertained her worth by enquiries. However, he did not send to demand her in marriage, but made her father some handsome presents, and evinced the greatest fondness for him, making him one of his particular companions, and thus gained his affections. He then persuaded him to come and settle in his country, expressing his great love for him; and thus he never ate or drank but in his society.

The excess of his passion increased daily, to such a degree, that he resolved to assemble a party of his followers called the tribe of Ghorab, and instruct them to attack the family of Amroo, and plunder his property, but not to kill any one, or do any personal injury. So by this stratagem he expected to discover Temadhur among his prisoners, and then have an opportunity of speaking to her. The tribe of Ghorab were accordingly ordered on this expedition, and instantly they set out, in number five hundred. Without difficulty they seized the property, took Amroo prisoner with his wife and family, and plundered his camels and cattle, but refrained from slaying any one. When the King heard what had happened, he mounted his horse in order to behold what he anxiously desired. He found them in dismay,

expecting assistance from the tribe of Abs. The family were looking at their flocks dispersed about, but Temadhur was standing at the door of the tent, blooming as the dawning sun, and her forehead bright as its rays, and her cheeks were red as the piony, her hair dishevelled, black as night. When Zoheir saw this, his passion greatly increased; he cried out, and instantly his people rushed forward and furiously attacked the tribe of Ghorab: the women fled, but Zoheir ordered Rebia, son of Jead, to hide Temedhur under her veil, which was accordingly done.

Thirty prisoners were secured belonging to the tribe of Ghorab; they and their property were delivered up; and when quiet was restored, the King ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, that he might make merry with his tribe and followers. They and the father of Temadhur soon assembled together, and in less than an hour grief was converted into joy; the wine was plentifully distributed, and the uproar was great. The King soon became intoxicated, and launched out into violent praise of Amroo the son of Shedeed; and he ceased not to extol and laud his deeds till the tears came into his eyes, and the wine disordered his senses. Then Amroo got on his legs and addressed Zoheir:—O mighty and magnanimous King, I am your slave. My tongue fails in description of your virtues. God has given me nothing that I prize but my daughter Temadhur,

from whom I have kept all suitors. I request of ye, assembled Chiefs, that he may accept her as his handmaiden.

As soon as Zoheir heard this, he rejoiced and was glad; and the Absians answered, and we too will beg King Zoheir to accept her, and to cause the daughters of noble chiefs to wait on her. As soon as Zoheir heard these words, he leaped up, and taking the old man by the hand, most earnestly entreated him to consent. He richly clothed him, and made him handsome presents, and then said, She shall be, O Chief, equal to the most elevated in rank, and highest in dignity. The marriage canopy was instantly pitched, and there was no further demur. The damsels advanced conducting the concealed treasure. Her approach was at that moment sweeter to him than sleep to the wearied eyelids, and he beheld in her the stem of a tall reed, and the rose of the soul. They were immediately united; on the second day Zoheir arose and thanked his fortune, irritated as he had been. He made presents, and distributed the gold and silver, and he made Amroo's people remain with him, that he might treat them for seven days, when he made the marriage-feast, slaughtering camels and sheep.

The King's surprise and delight made him so vain and conceited, that at last he imparted to his wife the stratagem by which he had obtained her without a dower or settlement. When she heard

this, her soul revolted at the act. She was a shrewd sensible woman, but she said nothing to him about it all the next day; when intoxicated, he wished to caress her, she repulsed him, and turning away from him, said—Are you not ashamed of what you have done? Do you pretend to liberality and generosity, and thus seize the daughters of brave men by force, and refuse them a dower?

These words irritated the Chief greatly, and he answered, I have not been so avaricious; I had recourse to this violent act, because your father yielded not to my proposals, and repulsed all suitors from you. I had therefore no other means of dealing with him but by this outrage; and you know, that had your father accepted my proposals for marriage at first, then you would have seen what I would have given you, and the dower I would have presented. You have confessed the deed, she replied, and you have won me by force; this is the work of violence; but we are indeed more cunning than you.

As soon as Zoheir heard these words he was greatly enraged, and his anger exceeded all bounds: he rose from his bed and exclaimed, Where have you seen any folly in me? and where, as you say, are you more sagacious than I am? Be not angry, O King, said she; know that he who speaks too freely will often have a bitter reply, and he who contemptuously treats women, will get into difficul-

ties. Know then that I am the sister of that woman you beheld, so beautiful and fair; you have not succeeded with her, and have not obtained possession of her charms. She is more beautiful than the sun and moon. I am not worthy to be her hand-maid. I do not possess a particle of her charms. On the face of the earth there is not her equal: amongst the daughters of Arabia there is not her like. By your show of liberality you deceived my father; he gave me to you; but my sister's name is Temadhur, at the sight of whom every beholder is amazed, and every heart is in raptures. But I am called Khidaa; and between her and me there is a vast distance, both in beauty and disposition; but it is now too late: had you not done this, I would not have informed you of what has passed.

The pleasing dream fled. How can I believe you? said the King. If, said she, you wish to prove my words, you have only to order some old woman to go and look at my sister behind her veil, and then the truth and mistake will be evident. No human being can behold your sister, added he, but a merchant, or a blacksmith, or an astrologer, or a perfumer. You are right, she replied, for the daughters of Arabia value the goods of a merchant, a blacksmith, an astrologer, and a perfumer. Then, said the King, there is no intelligence like the eyes, and no sight like the hearing of the ears. I am myself an Arab, and I must

undertake the business myself. I will execute all that is necessary, and will go to your house in the form of a perfumer.

He slept till the day dawned, when he said to his attendants, If any one should demand admittance to me to-morrow, say You cannot enter to day. He undressed himself and took off his royal robes, and habited himself as a poor man, and took with him some perfumes and drugs ; for he was greatly vexed at what had passed. He departed from his tent, his loins girt round, and his feet naked, and when he was at some distance he quickened his pace.

But his wife Temadhur, as soon as the King was gone, also rose, and threw off her veil, and putting on the cloak of her husband, dressed herself as a man, and leaving the tent, sought the tent of her family. When she reached it, she sent for her mother, and her father, and her brothers, and told them all she had heard from the King her husband. When her father and brothers heard this, they were greatly surprised at her cunning and her disguise. She kissed her father, and said to him, Do you and my brothers withdraw instantly and conceal yourselves close at hand ; and when King Zoheir arrives and comes towards us, with his cloak-bag over his shoulders, we will let him in and detain him ; do you also rush in, and instantly lay hold of him, keep him fast, and do not let him go until he makes good the marriage dower ; or we shall

be a scandal among the Arabs. And if he abuses you for this, tell him it is a return for his acts towards us, and the disgraces his stratagem has brought on your daughter. On this, they retired, armed themselves with swords, and lay concealed. Temadthur took off her man's attire, and put on the robes of a secluded female, and drew her veil over her eyes, and blackened her eyelids with antimony, and sat down, expecting Zoheir would arrive, conversing in the mean time with her mother.

Zoheir soon appeared from amongst the tents, and his eyes were like the eyes of a fox. Temadthur's mother cried out, Enter, merchant; have you any perfumes that will suit my daughter? He entered, and throwing down his cloak-bag off his shoulders, and looking towards his wife, said, Are the perfumes for this damsel? Yes, said she. He was much confounded, but asked her name. She said, Temadthur. He then asked, Have you any other daughter? Yes, said she, her sister, whose name is Khidaa; but when King Zoheir demanded her in marriage, we did not consent to it, and so gave him her sister. He knows nothing about it, but we hope to marry her to one of the noblest chiefs.

The light became darkness in his eyes. He thought within himself, verily I will carry off this damsel, and her father and brothers shall die with rage. And when he wished that they would choose some of his drugs, that he might return, the father

and brothers rushed upon him like lions, seized him, and bound him hand and foot. His wife stood before him, and threw off her veil, and rejoicing in her heart, O King, said she, what think you of your situation and your artifices? Who of us is the most cunning?

The King was in despair, and considered himself as dead; but when he saw his wife, his life and spirits revived. Well, said he, what do you intend by this? Your disgrace for your acts towards us, replied she, and your boast in having got possession of me by fraud and deceit; and we swear by God and Abraham, we will not let you go, neither shall you see me yield to you, or listen to you, or obey you, until you grant me a favour, and swear by the Holy Zemzen that you will give to my father and brethren your protection, and confirm my marriage with a grant of camels and other beasts. Do this immediately, or you shall for ever remain in durance.

When Zoheir heard what she said, he smiled at what she had done, and was ashamed of his own deeds. I will give you, said he, five hundred camels; so now let me go. It is not enough for one hour that I have been your wife, said she. I will moreover, continued he, add five hundred high priced camels. That, said she, will be even little for a single day. If, O Temadhur, cried Zoheir, you must reckon up every hour of each night, and each day, and buy them as at a market, you will take

from me all my property, both my he-camels and she-camels. Upon that she smiled, and let him loose, and they settled the business between them, viz. that he should give them a thousand he and she-camels, twenty horses, fifty male slaves, and fifty female. To this he swore by the God of the holy shrine of Zemzem and Mekam. They then went to dinner, and he remained with them until dark, when he returned with his wife, her father and brothers in company until they came to his tent; there they separated, King Zoheir retiring to his wife; and as his love for her greatly increased by reason of her conduct, he gave her vast possessions; but no one knew what had happened to him, and things remained in this state until she brought forth ten sons, all like lions; of whom were Shas, Keseer, Cais, Nakshel, Malik, Nooful, Harith, Khidash, Warcah, Gandil, and afterwards one daughter, who was Mootejeredah.

And it was a custom among the Arabs, that when a woman brought forth ten male children, she should be called Moonejeba, i. e. ennobled, and her name be published amongst the Arabs; and they used to say that the wife of such a one is ennobled. Now Mootejeredah, the daughter of King Zoheir, was the beauty of the age, and in wit and sense surpassed all the daughters of Arabia. And Fatima, the daughter of Hewseb, was also a Moonejeba, the wife of Zeead, the son of Abdallah, and she also

brought forth ten sons ; they were called **Rebia, Amarah, Ans, Hafiz, Talib, Ghalib, Dinrak, Amroo, and Zitak**. Thus the children of **Zoheir, and Carad, and Zeead**, became the chiefs of the tribe of **Abs**, and their noble leaders, particularly the family of **Carad**, who consisted of **Shedad, Malek, and Zakhmet-ool Jewad**, who were all illustrious warriors. King **Zoheir** was established in his dominions, and all the Arabs and Kings of the age obeyed him, and sent him presents from every quarter. And the tribe of **Abs** passed their time in plundering and killing the chieftains, till all Arabia was overawed by their power, and all the dwellers of the deserts feared them.

Now the narrators of this History, **Asmael, and Zoheinah, and Aboo Obeidah** state, that ten horsemen of the family of **Carad** quitted the country to seek their fortunes, and among them was **Shedad** the son of **Carad**, and he was called the Knight of **Jirwet**, for his mare was called **Jirwet**, whose like was unknown. Kings negotiated with him for her, but he would not part with her, and would accept of no offer or bribe for her ; and thus he used to talk of her in his verses :

“ Seek not to purchase my horse, for **Jirwet** is not
 “ to be bought or borrowed. I am a strong castle
 “ on her back, and in her bounds is glory and great-
 “ ness. I would not part with her were strings of
 “ camels to come to me with their shepherds follow

“ing them. She flies with the wind without wings,
 “and tears up the waste and the desert. I will keep
 “her for the day of calamities, and she will rescue
 “me when the battle-dust rises.”

The party set out from the land of Shuerebah; the ten were all reputed warriors and famed horse-men; they were all clothed in iron armour and brilliant cuirasses; their object was to obtain horses and camels. They continued their journey till they entered the country of Cahtan: they lay concealed all day, and only travelled by night. At length they reached the mountains of Aja and Selma; and there, between two hills, they discovered a wealthy tribe, possessed of considerable property and great riches; they were called the tribe of Jezeela. Numerous were their tents, and their dwellings, and their warlike weapons, &c., and the camp was like the boisterous sea dashing its waves, so numerous were their slaves, and attendants, and their horses of various colours. It was a tribe under no apprehension from the changes of fortune.

And when the Absians perceived their vast wealth and prosperous situation, they feared to attack them, so they accordingly quitted them and made for their pasture ground, where they perceived a thousand camels grazing, there being much grass in that spot, and with them was a black woman, who was watching them. She was uncommonly beautiful and well-shaped; her appearance was elegant and striking;

and with her were two children, looking after the camels and running about. As soon as the Absians saw the camels, they attacked them, and hunted them like hares with their spears, then drove them away, together with the woman and children; yet keeping in the rear, ready to attack whoever might overtake them; and they had not gone far ere the people came after them, crying out, Whither would flight secure you, you wretches? here are we in pursuit of you. Verily your feet have borne you to your ruin and destruction. Upon this the Absians fixed their spears, and gave the reins to their horses, and met their assailants, pouncing down on them like falcons. They stood firm of soul, and plied their lances among them: blood flowed, and the horsemen were stretched on the earth, where they left them as carrion for the wild beasts of the desert. The tribe of Jezeelah fled, unable to resist the foe, and retreated to their own country, their heroes being slain and their property captured.

The Absians drove away the camels and cattle, and returning home, they halted by the side of a stream, in order to divide the property. But the woman who was carried off with the camels had made a great impression on the heart of Shedad, and he longed for her in his soul; her form was delicate, her eye inspired love, her smile was enchanting, and her gestures graceful. As the poet has said, "In blackness there is some virtue, if you

“observe its beauty well, thy eyes do not regard the
 “white or red. Were it not for the black of the mole
 “on a fair cheek, how would lovers feel the value
 “of its brilliancy. Were not musk black, it would
 “not be precious. Were it not for the black of
 “night, the dawn would not rise. Were it not for
 “the black of the eye, where would be its beauty?
 “and thus it is, that the black ambergris has the
 “purest fragrance.” He therefore took the woman,
 and gave them the booty, that they might renounce
 her. So he kept her to himself.

This woman's name was Zebeeba, and the two
 children were her's; the eldest was called Jereer,
 and the youngest Shiboob. He remained with the
 woman in the field, and the children tended the
 flocks. Shedad visited her morning and evening;
 and thus matters continued till she became pregnant;
 and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black
 and swarthy like an elephant, flat nosed, blear eyed,
 harsh featured, shaggy haired; the corners of his
 lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes
 bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a
 fragment of a cloud, his ears immensely long, and
 with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape,
 limbs, form, and make resembled Shedad; and She-
 dad was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him
 Antar, and for many days he continued to gaze on
 him with delight. But when Zebeeba wished to
 wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly,

and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood ; and this was his condition till he was weaned. And he grew up, and his name became known ; but those who had accompanied Shedad in the expedition, having heard of him, all wanted to claim him as theirs. So they all assembled and hastened to him, each imagining he belonged to him, and gave him his name ; till at last they disputed about him, and almost drew their swords, and would have fought, had not respect for King Zoheir prevented them. The circumstance soon reached the King, who ordered them to his presence ; and it happened on that day that he had many guests with him at dinner ; and whilst they were sitting down, Shedad and his companions came and kissed the ground in the presence of the King. He asked them what had happened, and what was the cause of the quarrel. They then informed him, and related all that had passed between Shedad and the woman in their excursion ; how he had taken her to himself, and had given them the plunder ; how she bore him a son, whose shape and appearance resembled a negro, and how they now all claimed the child as their slave, because he was very stout and strong.

When Zoheir heard this adventure he was greatly surprised, and he said to Shedad, I wish you would produce the young slave that is the object of contention, that I may see him. Upon that, Shedad

departed and brought Antar before him; and the King beheld him, and lo! he was like a lion when he roars. As soon as he saw him he gave a loud scream, and threw a piece of meat at him; but a dog that was there got before him, and snatched up the meat like a hawk, and ran away. But Antar followed him till he came up with him; he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength. He wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain even to the shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth. When the King saw this, he was astonished, and the Arab chiefs that were present were amazed; and exclaimed, what ingenuity, what power, strength, and ability! O my friends, said King Zoheir, contend no more about such a wretch as this! but if it is absolutely necessary that this business should be decided, I must refer you to the Cadi Bashar, son of Codha'ah the Fazarean, let him give sentence on this point, and settle to whom this slave belongs. Tell him the story, for he is the Cadi of the Arabs.

When they heard King Zoheir's remarks, they instantly withdrew their hands from their swords, and mounting their horses, went before the Cadi, to whom they explained what had happened. In fine, the Cadi decided that the child should be the property of Shedad; for he was their leader, and no one but him had any connexion with the woman. You agreed to the partition, said he, and he affixed

his name to him ; you have therefore resigned the woman, and you took your share of the spoil and plunder ; besides, the child resembles Shedad. Contend and be at variance no more, but return in peace and quietness. Thus, as soon as the Arab chiefs heard the Cadi's sentence, they yielded ; and when they reached their homes, they passed their time in friendship and comfort. Soon after, Shedad made a separate house for Zebbee and her children, and he gave her whatever she wanted, and consigned over to her charge her two children, and also gave her particular injunction about her youngest son called Antar.

Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle ; and this he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age, and beat his brothers ; and when he returned from the pastures he amused himself with the servants and women, and he would eat nothing but what he liked ; and whoever offended him he would thrash with a stick ; till he tortured him, and all the tribe were his enemies. He used to employ himself in tending the flocks, and as he conducted them, he wandered about the deserts and plains, and loved solitude and retirement.

His days were passed in roaming about the mountainsides, sometimes riding upon the dogs, by which he acquired courage and intrepidity; and thus he went on till he attained his tenth year. One day he was wandering over the deserts with the flocks, and when the sun was burning hot, he left his people and climbed up a tree and took shelter from the heat, whilst the flocks grazed, and he watched them; when lo! a wolf started from behind the trees, and dispersed them. But Antar seeing how the animal had dispersed the herds, he descended and ran after him till he overtook him, and struck him with his staff between the eyes; he made the oil of his brains fly out from between his ears, and slew him; he then cut off his head and his legs, and returned growling like an angry lion. And so thou wouldst devour Antar's flocks? cried he, addressing himself to the dead wolf; but thou dost not know that he is a savage lion. He put the head and legs into the srip he had with him; leaving the carcase, he returned to the flocks, and thus spoke.—

“Oh thou wolf, eager for death, I have left thee
 “wallowing in dust, and spoiled of life, thou wouldst
 “have the run of my flocks, but I have left thee
 “dyed with blood—thou wouldst disperse my sheep,
 “and thou knowest I am a lion that never fears.
 “This is the way I treat thee, thou dog of the desert.
 “Hast ever before seen battle and wars?”

About evening Antar reached his dwelling; his

mother took the basket from him, and there she saw the wolf's head and legs. She was quite confounded, but said nothing. She presented them to Shedad, who only desired her not to let him stray about. Do thou and he mind the cattle, and go not far into the wilds, lest some foe meet thee. Zebbeba promised obedience to the words of her lord, and the next day she departed with her three children to the pastures, whither they drove the herds to graze among the plains and the hills. But Antar rode about the country on the horses, and obtained strength and agility by the exercise; he drove them over the steeps, hurling his reed spear at the trunks of the trees; and his mother concealed these circumstances from his father, fearing he would beat him or kill him. It was thus he became bold and hardy; his limbs were robust, his bodily powers increased, and his mind was improved by courage and intrepidity. And when a camel would stray away, he would cry out and make it stop, and he would struggle with and subdue the mightiest of the herds; and when he seized one by the tail, he tore it off; and when they resisted him, he would strike them on the back of the head, or tear open their mouths; and thus he continued his feats till all the servants were afraid of him, and every one far and near dreaded him.

Now King Zoheir had two hundred slaves that tended his herds of he and she-camels, and all his

sons had the same. Shas was the eldest of his sons, and heir to his possessions, and Shas had a slave whose name was Daji, and he was a great bully. Shas was very fond of him on account of his vast bodily strength; and there was not a slave but feared him and trembled before him: Antar however made no account of him, and did not care for him. One day the poor men, and widows, and orphans met together and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water side. Daji came up and stopped them all, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying, Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock and cover my nakedness; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink. But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed and shrunk back. Then came another old woman and addressed him, O master Daji, I am a poor weak old woman, as you see; time has dealt hardly with me, it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress; these sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the

milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state ; I have no one to tend them, therefore grant my request, and be so kind as to let them drink.

As soon as Daji heard these words, and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out to him, You bastard, said he, what mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs, and all that consented to this act.

When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation ; he met him, and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned ; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion. And when the slaves perceived the fate of

Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, You have slain the slave of Prince Shas ! What man on earth can now protect you ? They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all ; he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword.

Now among the sons of Zoheir there was one whose name was Malik, and because he was of a mild and gentle disposition, he was beloved of men and women ; and his father Zoheir adored him for the sweetness of his temper, and gentleness of his conduct. It so happened that on this day he went out with a numerous train to hunt, and passing that way he heard some confused cries, and perceived a great dust. On approaching the place, he observed a number of slaves surrounding one man, whom he discovered to be Antar ; the blood streamed from all parts of his body from the blows they struck him with sticks and stones ; yet he was determined to die sooner than give way. When the Prince saw this, his eyes filled with tears, and in pity he cried out, God prosper thee for a noble slave ; how hard are thy blows, how vast thy power ! and then, addressing the slaves, he said, Accursed be your fathers, and your abandoned mothers ! Do you not fear the punishment and condemnation of every one far and near ? Why have you collected in such numbers, and all conspired against one poor fellow,

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and thus to vent your fury on one much younger than yourselves? Away, or I will destroy you all, both high and low, with this sword. He then went to Antar, to learn what was the matter, and he heard him growling like a furious lion, and repeating these verses.

“O my soul! strive not to fly, thou canst not
 “escape when death seeks thee; death is predestined;
 “it will come in some shape or other. Endure then
 “with the patience of one nobly born. Fly not from
 “the fears of death, or thou wilt remain scorned
 “among the Arab chiefs.”

The Prince desired Antar to explain the business, which he did, and told him all that had happened between Daji and the old woman; how he had struck her, and thrown her on her back; how he had uncovered her person, and made the people laugh at her. I then came up to prevent him; he struck me in the eye and nearly killed me; but I seized him with my hand, and dashed him against the ground. I broke his bones, and then his slaves attacked me, and wanted to seize me in revenge; but I thought proper to defend myself: had you not arrived I should have been killed.

When Prince Malik heard this, his admiration of Antar increased, and he was convinced he was a hero, and that there was not such another alive. Walk by my side, said he, I will protect you against every one that exists under the heavens, against all who eat bread and drink water. Antar bowed down

before him and kissed his feet in his stirrup, and walked on with the slaves. But when they came nigh the tents, there appeared his brother Shas ; in his hand was a flaming sword, and under him a steed swifter than a cloud when it rains, and his bosom was charged with fury and indignation, and he was about to slay Antar. When his brother Malik saw him, he was aware if he did not keep him away from Antar, he would injure him. How is it I see thee so disturbed ? said he. Know, said Shas, this accursed Antar has killed my servant, and I am come to cut his body in pieces with this sword. You must not touch him, said Malik ; he who dares to oppose him is a dead man. I have given him my protection ; I will not be separated from him ; sooner will I forfeit my head.

Shas took no notice ; but fixed his eyes on Antar, who was walking by the side of his brother. He no longer heeded his brother ; but ran at Antar, that he might put him to death with tortures. Then too, Prince Malik was enraged ; he drew his sword from the scabbard ; the two brothers soon became so violent that their disputes would have ended in a battle, had not King Zoheir, who had been informed of what was passing, instantly joined them. Malik was abashed in the presence of his father, and Shas also quitted his brother. O my son, said Zoheir, give this slave to me and to your brother Malik, and I will in lieu of him give you ten of mine. Upon that, Shas retreated

in shame from the presence of his father. Why did you kill my son's servant, said Zoheir to Antar, and thus disgrace him? and Antar wept at these words: he related what had occurred, how the servant had thrown the woman on her back, and rendered her an object of derision among the servants. The King assured him he approved of his conduct, and turning towards the Chiefs about him, This valiant fellow, said he, has defended the honour of women; he will shine a noble warrior, and destroy his opponents; and then looking at Shedad, your son's conduct reflects credit on you; he added, his behaviour will remain as a memorial to all generations; he has loathed oppression and violence, and has followed the path of propriety and virtue.

Shedad on that day, when in the presence of the King, was much alarmed about his slave Antar, because he was considered as compromising all about him. Take away your son, said Zoheir to him, I give him to you; take care of him until I demand him of you again, and be not at all annoyed. From that day both King Zoheir and his son Malik conceived a great affection for Antar, and as Antar returned home, the women and their daughters all collected round him to ask him what had happened; amongst them were his aunts, and his cousin, whose name was Ibla.

Now Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass; she was lovely as the full moon, and perfectly beautiful and elegant. She frequently joked with

Antar, and was very familiar with him, as he was her servant. As soon as she came up to him on that day, O you base-born, she cried, why didst thou kill the slave of Prince Shas? who can now protect thee from him? Indeed, my mistress, he replied, I did no more than he deserved, for he had insulted a poor woman; he threw her down, and made the servants laugh at her. Thou hast acted most properly, said Ibla, smiling, and we are rejoiced that thou art safe, for thou knowest our mothers consider thee as their son, and we look on thee as a brother, on account of thy services. On this the women and girls left him.

Now it was always Antar's business to wait upon all the women of the family of Carad, after he had finished his duty towards Semeeah, his father Shedad's wife, whose attendant he was. It was a custom among the Arab women at that period, to drink camel's milk both morning and evening; it was the servant's office to milk it, and cool it in the wind. Now Antar always performed this office for Semeeah, Shedad's wife first, and then for his aunts, the wives of his uncles Zakmet-ool Jewad and Malik, and for Ibla, the daughter of the latter. He continued to execute this service for a long time; but one day he entered the house of his uncle Malik, and found his aunt combing his cousin Ibla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. Antar was quite surprised, but Ibla ran

away as soon as Antar had entered and seen her, as her sable locks waved to the ground behind her. This increased Antar's astonishment; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to any thing; he was anxious and thoughtful, and when by himself burst forth into the following strains,

“That fair maid lets down her ringlets, and she is
 “completely hid in her hair, which appears like the
 “dark shades of night. It is as if she were the
 “brilliant day, and as if the night had enveloped her
 “in obscurity. It is as if the full moon was shining
 “in its splendour, and all the stars were concealed
 “by its lustre. Her charms bewitch all around her,
 “and all are anxious to offer their services; they
 “live in her beauties and loveliness, and they are
 “imbued with sweetness from her perfections, and
 “receive new spirit from her graces. Revile me not
 “for my love of her, for I am distracted for her,
 “and live but as the victim of my love. I will
 “conceal my affection in my soul till I can see
 “that I am sufficiently fortunate one day to serve
 “her.”

Antar's anguish daily became more oppressive. It now happened to be the time of the pilgrimage to the holy shrine, and the worship of their idols; and the women and children being left behind in the camp, the warriors and chiefs came out for the feast at a spot called Zatoool Irsad, whence they departed for the sacred place. Accordingly they all met, and

the children sung and danced. Ibla was amongst them, richly dressed, playing and singing amongst her companions. She was decorated with necklaces and jewels, and her countenance was brilliant and blooming—more dazzling than the rays of the sun. When Antar saw her in all her beauty and loveliness, he was overwhelmed with surprise, his tears flowed, and he thus addressed her in verse :

“ The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the
 “ arrow of a glance, for which there is no cure.
 “ Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sand-hills,
 “ like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic. My
 “ disease preys on me, it is in my entrails. I con-
 “ ceal it ; but its very concealment discloses it. She
 “ moves ; I should say it was the branch of the
 “ Tamarisk that waves its branches to the southern
 “ breeze. She approaches ; I should say it was the
 “ frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the
 “ waste. She walks away— I should say her face
 “ was truly the sun when its lustre dazzles the be-
 “ holders. She gazes—I should say it was the full
 “ moon of the night when Orion girds it with its
 “ stars. She smiles, and the pearls of her teeth sparkle,
 “ in which there is the cure for the sickness of lovers.
 “ She prostrates herself in reverence towards her
 “ God ; and the greatest of men bow down to her
 “ beauties. O Ibla ! when I most despair, love for
 “ thee and all its weaknesses are my only hope.
 “ Should fortune or my father assist me, I will

“requite myself for its vicissitudes by my fearless spirit.”

When Ibla heard from Antar this description of her charms, she was in astonishment; yet she still continued to amuse herself and converse with her companions. Before the feast was over he was violently in love with her, and his affection completely overpowered him. On the next day he came as usual with the milk; but his heart and soul were so pre-occupied and troubled, that he offered it to Ibla before Semeeah, his father's wife; for his feet went where his heart was interested. Ibla took the cup from him and fascinated him by her charms. Semeeah was very angry, and determined to complain of him to his father; but Antar continued in this state for days and nights, his love and anguish ever increasing.

A short time after, a slave called Zajir, who belonged to Rebia, the son of Zeead, came to Shedad; O master, said he, your slave Antar does nothing but injure your property: he ranges about the country, and all day long he keeps the cattle away from the water and the pastures, riding and driving them about, and reducing their flesh by incessant exercise, and injuring the trees by spearing them; and when I order him not to do so, he abuses me and beats me, and were I to go near him he would kill me. This made Shedad very angry. You tell me the truth, my boy, he replied, for from the

time I have directed him to tend my herds, they do not get fat, but have ulcers in their feet ; and this is a proof that he rides them and drives them about the rocky places, and thus they lose their flesh.

As soon as Semeeah heard this, she sought to punish Antar, and told Shedad what had occurred ; and complained that Antar had offered the milk to Ibla before her. This added to the anger which Shedad already felt in his heart, but he waited patiently till Antar returned from the pasture ; he then seized fast hold of him, tied him up, and beat him with a stick till he took the skin off. His mother saw all this, but did not dare to speak to her master, not knowing the cause of this cruel treatment, but she afterwards enquired of other women, who told her that Zajir had complained of him, and that Semeeah also had complained of his having served the milk to Ibla before her. Zebeebah treasured up all this in her mind till the morning, when she went to Antar, and told him the whole matter, how Zajir had complained of him, and that Semeeah had stated that she had been served with milk after Ibla. O my son, said she, henceforward take care not to offend her, but execute the office properly ; and moreover, do not cast thine eyes on Ibla, for she will be thy ruin. No sooner had Antar heard this than he struggled with the cords that bound him, and bursting them, started forward like a lion, and in wrath exclaimed in verse :

“This day will I slay Zajir, the accursed infamous slave. I will leave him in the middle of the waste, a prey for the devouring beasts. When he is gone, my heart will be at rest, and my soul will be appeased. Who told him to trouble himself about this business, and to endanger me? If I do not haste to the desert to slay him, my heart will never be at rest, nor my eyes ever sleep.”

Then went he forth in search of Zajir; he found him in the pastures. Thou base-born, he cried, thou son of an uncircumcised mother, thou instigated my master to beat me. He said no more, but seizing him by the small part of his belly, raised him up, and dashing him on the ground, smashed his bones to pieces. When he beheld him dead, he recovered himself, and began to be alarmed; so he went to the house of his friend Malik, the Prince who relieved him when he slew the slave of his brother Shas, and informed him of what had passed. The prince was astonished, but quieted his fears, promising to get him out of the scrape. He left him sitting in the tent, and went to the habitation of Rebia. On his arrival he only found the women of the family; he enquired for Rebia; they answered—He is gone by invitation to your father's. Immediately he repaired to his father's house, and the matter was just as he wished; for on his entering he observed the Chiefs of the Absian tribe, all seated, and the family of Zeead and Rebia standing

with their slaves and attendants close to King Zoheir. He entered, and made his salutation; and as no one was seated, but all standing, Rebia said to him, sit down in your place, for we are all standing up because you continue so. Do you wish I should sit down? said Malik; and do you love me? Yes, said Rebia, by the lives of all that are present. Then, replied Malik, I will not sit down till you have given me your slave Zajir. What makes you so anxious, said Rebia, to have him? Because, said Malik, I have observed him to be a good hard-working slave, and very laborious in doing his duty. Sit down then, said Rebia, I will give him to you, and if you wish, two more with him. Let all these assembled Chiefs be witnesses to what you say, said Malik. Yes, said Rebia, let the God who raised the vaulted heavens, and levelled the expanded earth, witness my grant to you, and that I will never tell you of the favour rendered. Be witness to it, O ye that are present, said Malik. Know then, O Rebia, that Antar has killed your slave, and has sought my protection; do not therefore seek his life.

When Rebia heard this, his affection was cooled, and he was very indignant; he hid his head, and felt ashamed before his assembled associates: great was his wrath; and from that moment he cherished in his heart a violent hatred against Antar. King Zoheir then asked his son what had induced Antar

to kill the slave, and what was his intention and object? Malik related all that had passed. The King smiled, and soothing the heart of Rebia, gave him two strong healthy slaves, and he was pacified.

When the slaves heard what Antar had done, there was not one but feared him; and as soon as the assembly had eaten and drank, they departed, and in the evening Malik returned home rejoicing in the good tidings that he brought. He filled the heart of Antar with gladness, and placed victuals before him; they slept the whole night together, and Antar repeated the following lines in praise of the Prince.

“O thou, on whose lofty spirit, my hope, to the
 “exclusion of all the universe, depends! My anxie-
 “ties have weighed on thee, and my troubles have
 “been a burthen to thy noble mind! Thou hast
 “granted me favours—thou art my only refuge. O
 “thou who hast rescued me from my death, and my
 “perdition, all my life will I thank thee, till my
 “bones disappear in the earth.”

CHAPTER II.

THUS matters proceeded with Antar and Prince Malik; but the anger of Shedad was only augmented; at last he complained to his brothers Malik, and Zakmet-ool Jewad, saying, O sons of my father, and mother, my soul is greatly vexed, and my anxiety is redoubled, and I know not what to do, or what will be the consequence of the actions this black slave. I fear that tomorrow he will destroy some one of rank and power, and some disturbance arise throughout the whole tribe, and our blood will be demanded and our persons pay the forfeit. O my brother, said his brother Zakmet-ool Jewad, thou hast hit the mark, and if thou dost not take measures to put this slave to death, he will certainly endanger our lives. However wise a man may be, he is no match for him; but after what has happened, we can never let him take our camels and cattle to the pasture; we must, waylay him and kill him, and thus let us relieve ourselves from this misery. Let us wait till he goes to the meadows, and there let us destroy him in some secret spot; and when we have effected our purpose, we will return. Shedad approved his brother's advice, and resolved to

execute it. In the morning Prince Malik came to the tent of Shedad, and interceded for Antar; Shedad acquiesced, and let him tend the cattle in the meadows; and forgot him for a time.

But one morning Antar went as usual with the cattle to the pastures, and they followed his steps, seeking to kill and destroy him. On that day Antar was riding about in the wide plains and deserts, and finding himself alone, he recited some verses in praise of Ibla; he wandered far from the habitations, and thought of his misfortunes; fast flowed his tears, for the night before he had dreamt of Ibla, and that he had kissed her within her veil. He then addressed her in these verses:

“Ibla’s spirit appeared to me in my sleep, and
 “thrice I kissed her within her veil. It bade me
 “adieu, but it deposited in me a flame that I feel
 “burning through my bones. Were I not left in soli-
 “tude alone, and could I not quench the fire of my
 “passion with tears, my heart would melt. But I
 “do not complain, though all my fears are on thy
 “account, O thou perfect full moon! O daughter
 “of Malik, how can I be consoled, since my love
 “for thee originated from the time I was weaned?
 “but how can I ever hope to approach thee, whilst
 “the lions of the forest guard thy tent! By the truth
 “of my love for thee, my heart can never be cured
 “but by patience. O thou noble maid! till I exalt
 “myself to the heights of glory with the thrusts of

“ my spear, and the blows of my sword, I will expose myself to every peril wherever the spears clash in the battle dust—then I shall be either tossed upon the spear heads, or be numbered among the noble.”

He went galloping in different directions till he came to a plain called the plain of lions, and here were many ferocious animals and wild beasts. Here he let the cattle graze, and Antar only came to this valley, because he knew there was in it abundance of grass of the height of a man. Now not a servant of the whole tribe of Abs would ever enter or approach this valley, because it was very extensive, and filled with lions and tigers. As soon as Antar found himself in it, he said to himself, perhaps I shall now find a lion, and I will slay him. Thus, whilst the cattle were feeding, and he from a mound was looking round on all sides, behold, a lion appeared in the middle of the valley ; he stalked about, and roared aloud : wide were his nostrils, and fire flashed from his eyes : the whole valley trembled at every gnash of his fangs—he was a calamity, and his claws more terrific than the deadliest catastrophe—thunder pealed as he roared—vast was his strength, and his force dreadful—broad were his paws, and his head immense. As soon as he appeared in the valley, the cattle scented him and fled away in terror, and the camels were dispersed to the right and the left. No sooner did Antar perceive this extraordinary movement, than

he descended into the valley that he might observe what was the matter, brandishing his sword. He there saw the lion, terrible in his strength, and lashing his sides with his tail. Antar cried out to him, and the mountains re-echoed to the cry. Welcome, thou father of lions—thou dog of the plains—thou foulest of the wild beasts of the deserts. Now then, thou wilt exert thy power and thy might, and thou wilt pride thyself in thy roar ; for no doubt, thou art the monarch and ruler of the brute creation, and all obey thy commands—but, return to filth and contempt, thou meetest now no ordinary man. I deal death to the bravest, and render children orphans. Dost thou think, foul-mouthed beast, now about to die, that thou canst frighten me with thy roar or alarm me with thy bellow? I will not condescend to slay thee with an arrow or a sword, but I will make thee drink of the cup of death from my single arm ; and as he rushed towards him, he addressed him in verse.

“ I am the far-famed lion, the warrior whose exploits every one fears on the day of wars. I save, I protect the property of my father Shedad, and I punish the foe with the edge of my sword. When my hand wields the scimitar on the day of battle, every heart of the horsemen throbs with fear. Now will I meet thee in the waste, and make thee drink a cup of the vicissitudes of fortune. I heed not death when I meet him, and I comprehend

“ what every tongue can express. Now then I
 “ will throw my sword out of my hand—away then
 “ with thee—and I will destroy thee, thou dog of
 “ the desert, with my hands alone.”

Just at that moment Shedad and his brothers came up to kill Antar. They saw him address the lion, and heard what he repeated: he sprang forward, and fell on him like a hail storm, and hissed at him like a black serpent—he met the lion as he sprang, and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of his mouth with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud—the valley and the country round echoed back the war: he stuck to him until he was dead, and then dragged him by the legs without the valley; and having cut down some wood, he took out his Zanad (wood to make a light with), struck a light, and made a fire. He waited until it blazed; he then ripped up the lion, took out the entrails, and cut off his four legs, and threw them into the fire; and when he perceived they were roasted, he took them out and ate thereof till he finished it; he then ran to a fountain and drank till he was satisfied; and having washed his mouth and hands, he went to a shady tree, where he put the lion’s head under his own as a pillow, and wrapping up his head in a part of his sleeve, he fell asleep. His father and uncles were observing him and his actions, and as they saw all he did, they were quite

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terrified and scared. Verily this slave, said Zakmetool Jewad, has not his equal ; no one in his senses would engage him. Malik also trembled. What shall we do with this wretch ? said he. Great indeed has been the deed he has done ; none of us can harm him ; he would soon destroy us and tear out our entrails, or do as he has done with the lion. Let us return home, said Shedad, our honour still remains safe, we must find some other means to kill him and accomplish our wishes.

Thus Shedad and his brothers returned home, all in astonishment at Antar, and the wonders he had performed. In the evening, when Antar came with the flocks and the camels, Shedad smiled upon him and gave him a cordial welcome, and made him sit down with him at dinner, whilst the other slaves stood up. And whilst they were all talking, there came a messenger from King Zoheir to Shedad. King Zoheir demands your presence, O Chief, he cried ; he has sent me to require you to take with you your warlike weapons, and your brothers, for he is engaged in a business of importance, and wishes to attack the tribe of Temeem, and has resolved on invading their country and destroying their territory. Shedad on hearing this immediately complied, and having assembled his brothers and all their dependants he turned towards Antar. Tomorrow, said he, the warriors and horsemen are going to march, and no troops will remain in our

habitations, therefore I consign over to you our houses and our women; but take care when you go to the pastures not to wander far in the mountains. Be perfectly easy, my master, replied Antar, about whatever you leave in my charge; should the smallest thing be missing, let me, for the remainder of my life, be kept in chains and bondage! Shedad thanked him, and promised when he returned from the expedition, to give him a fine horse to ride. In the morning the warriors mounted and prepared for the engagement, and slung on their swords and their javelins; they departed from their habitations, and among the first shone King Zoheir, like a noble lion.

The horsemen being now absent, the children, and women, and slaves, male and female, were left behind. Semeeah, the wife of Shedad, gave a magnificent entertainment at the lake of Zatoool Irsad. Sheep were slaughtered, and wine flowed, and the girls carried their instruments. Antar stood amongst the attendants, and was in transports on seeing Ibla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; she was decorated with variegated necklaces; and when Antar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine cups went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory; the vines hung luxuriantly in

the arbours ; the flowers shed around ambrosial fragrance ; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colours ; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats ; every ear was enchanted ; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs ; whilst the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes. Then the damsels beat the cymbal, and recited the following verses :

“The shades have spread their canopy, and the
 “flowers spread their pillows ; the streams roll along
 “their shores of flowers, some white, some red, some
 “yellow, some sweet-scented. See the waters gliding
 “through the gardens, and the trees and their
 “fruits resemble bracelets and chaplets: the birds
 “sing melodiously upon them in every variety of
 “note, the nightingale and the dove pour their
 “plaintive strain, and make every lover weep ; the
 “gentle zephyrs whisper along, and the branches
 “move in softest measure. The boughs dance in
 “the groves, among the trees, in the graceful move-
 “ment ; the dew drops fall, and the flowers and the
 “trees are studded with its pearls. The season is
 “delightful ; let it pass in enjoyment, and misfor-
 “tunes begone ! the opportunity is delicious, let us
 “grasp in haste its sweets. Be merry, and wild
 “with joy, and let not a day pass without amuse-
 “ment.”

Then another set took the musical instruments,

and beating the cymbals with their hands, thus sang :

“The gardens sparkle with all they boast of
 “lovely damsels; every sportive virgin is possessed
 “of languishing glances, and enchanting move-
 “ments; their beauty is perfection, they are loveli-
 “ness itself; their elegant shapes glance like the
 “well-proportioned spears; their tresses float down
 “their backs, like branches of the grape-vine; they
 “are slayers and piercers with their arrows and
 “their darts; archers and strikers, the enchantresses
 “of men.”

They now formed a dance and took off their robes : the damsels danced whilst the servants sang, and carried round the goblets of wine. Roses were spread over their cheeks, and their bosoms heaved. And Ibla joined her associates in the dance, and exhibited her charms, and laughed. Fire shot from their eyes, and the cups of wine were united to the honey of their mouths. The imagination of Antar was inflamed and overpowered in the sea of anxiety; he hesitated whether he should violate the modesty of love by the fingers of passion, when lo ! on a sudden there appeared a cloud of dust; and a vast clamour arose, and in a moment there came forth a troop of horses and their riders, about seventy in number, armed with cuirasses and coats of mail, and Aadite helmets, crying out, O by Cahtan ! and rushed towards the women. At the instant joy was

converted into grief, and smiles into tears : in a moment they seized the women and the virgins, made them prisoners, and placed them on their horses behind them.

But when Antar saw this disaster, and perceived that a horseman had carried off Ibla, and observed her weep, and her cheeks turn from red to a deadly pale, the world seemed contracted about him, and as he reflected that he had no arms with which to fight, he was greatly alarmed, but trusted to his feet. He overtook the horseman in a moment who had seized Ibla, for he happened to be in the rear ; he sprung upon him like a wild beast in its utmost fury, and clung to him, and overpowering him, threw him upon his head and broke his neck. Silent was the warrior's heart, for Antar had annihilated him, and he took possession of his armour and his steed. He mounted, and pursued the horsemen, rushing down upon them like a torrent, and assailing them with the most abusive and contemptuous language. Hear, ye dastards ! I am Antar the son of Shedad—abandon your prisoners and the children, or I will attack and destroy you. Return to your tribe of Cahtan in disgrace and despair, or by the father of mankind, by him who made man to speak with lips and tongue, I will make your heads trunkless. He soon came up with those in the rear, and slew twenty of them ; and when the remaining horsemen perceived what had happened,

fifty more returned at a full gallop, pouncing down like eagles ; they saw their companions stretched upon the sand, and immediately attacked him, but he met them, fierce as a devouring lion.

“ Here am I in the boisterous battle, and my power is well known ; my sword and my deeds testify to those that see me, that I pierce my antagonist, watchful as he may be. My shield, and then my spear, and my sword of Indian temper, were with me in my cradle, my two bosom friends ; and the earth where I stand reddens like crimson leather, and blood flows thereon, its colour a deep scarlet. Give me pure wine to drink, or let it be mixed ; give it me old, that I may imagine it was made before the world. She comes and offers me to drink in mantles of Judas flower. Give me to drink, and let me hear the song that delights me. The sweetest of sounds to me is the rattle of the Indian blades, and the clash of lances in the battle, on the day of spear-thrusts, when the parties shout, and warriors are adjudged to death : but the dearest of all my projects, the darling object of all my desires of fortune, is, that I may behold Ibla at my disposal in happiness and security.”

He rushed forwards to meet them, and harder than flint was his heart, and in his attack was their fate and destiny ; he assailed the boldest of his opponents, and his assault was the assault of the most obstinate warrior. As soon as he distinguished the

chief of the party, he approached him, he plunged at him—he grappled with him—his shout struck him with horror. He pierced his bosom with his spear, and forced it out through his back. When his companions saw the effect produced, every heart quaked with fear, and felt convinced that death and destruction were at hand; and they said one to another, it is a mere slave that has brought this confusion upon us, a wretch, mean and worthless; what will be our condition then if the warriors come to his assistance? Let us fly, otherwise our ruin and annihilation are certain. So they joined the others, and fled away in disorder, abandoning the women, and retreating in disgrace and despair. Antar, as soon as they were dispersed, collected the scattered horses, and a vast quantity of arms, &c. He returned home, and the women and families being all safe, thus he exclaimed.

“ These are my exploits when I stalk against the
 “ foe, and they abuse me for my black complexion,
 “ which is my glory. I drive away the troops and
 “ the noble warriors, and my colt as he rushes on
 “ plunges into the battle. As to those who envy
 “ me like fools, every one knows that virtue is ever
 “ the object of jealousy. I am the offspring of my
 “ day, the sword is my father, in it is my glory, the
 “ one may be denied, the other is a fact. Never
 “ will I cease to hew down the troops in bodies, till
 “ every opponent is annihilated.”

He returned home, taking with him twenty-five

horses and all the women and children. Now the hatred of Semeeah was converted into love and tenderness, and he became dearer to her than sleep. They all came home, but Semeeah enjoined all the women not to disclose this event to any one, lest their husbands should blame them. Antar also kept it all a profound secret. In a short time King Zoheir returned from his victory over the tribe of Temeen, and brought with him an immense booty; and both those that went and those that staid were greatly rejoiced.

The next day in the morning, Shedad went out on horseback and sought his herds and flocks; he perceived amongst his horses some strange ones, and also saw Antar riding upon a black mare. Whence, cried he, came these animals? and whence got you this mare, that excites my wonder? Now the mare Antar was riding belonged to the chief of the Cahtanians, and the other horses were those the horsemen rode whom he had slain; the spoil and all he had collected were concealed at his mother's. O master, he replied, as I was tending the flocks yesterday, there came some Cahtanians, and with them an immense quantity of cattle; they were much fatigued and moreover frightened at the Arab horsemen. I followed them, and finding these horses separated from the rest, I took them and brought them back. Thou wicked slave, said Shedad, these are no horses strayed from their owners,

thou hast carried them off from beneath their riders; it is on this account thou wanderest alone in these wilds and rocks, and every Arab thou canst meet thou killest him, and thou carest not whether he is of the tribe of Cahtan or Adnan. Never wilt thou leave off this conduct till thou hast excited feuds among the Arabs, and slain heroes and horsemen!

Now in that age the Arabs were of two classes; from Yemen to India they were called the tribe of Cahtan; and in Mecca and Hijaz they were called the tribe of Adnan. Shedad laid hold of Antar, and bound him with a rope. Here, said Shedad, thou shalt remain tied up. Never again will I let thee take my cattle to the pasture; and he beat him with the whip he had in his hand; and as he continued to lash and thrash him, no good will come of thee, said he; evil and abominations are rooted in thee; thou wilt breed dissensions among the Arab tribes, and thou wilt make us a common tale among nations. His father still beat him and abused him, and he bore it all.

At last Semeeah came out, and seeing what was going on, she wept bitterly. She sprang forwards and threw herself on his breast, exclaiming, sooner shalt thou beat me than him; he does not deserve such ill treatment, O Shedad. But Shedad became very angry with her, and shoving her away, threw her down on her back. She rose up and cast herself into Antar's arms, uncovering her head, and

letting her hair flow down her shoulders. This excited Shedad's surprise. What has happened to this wretch, he exclaimed, that you feel so much affection and tenderness, after having expressed so much anger and indignation? Loose his bands, said Semeeah, and I will relate the whole story to you. Tell me, said he, and I will release him. Then she told Shedad all that Antar had done; how he alone had attacked seventy horsemen, and had driven them back in confusion and despair, and had secured in safety all their families and children. Then Semeeah repeated these verses:

“O Shedad, hadst thou seen me, my face un-
 “covered, and my person carried off behind the
 “warriors, and the women of Prince Cais in dismay,
 “no resource at hand, and their veils trailing on the
 “surface of the earth. Ibla too! they mounted her
 “behind a warrior, whilst her tears streamed down
 “her cheeks. The slaves whom I encouraged, fled;
 “every one fled, all trembling in affright. Our
 “families surrounded us weeping in anguish and in
 “misery. Our camels were driven away, and every
 “heart was distracted. Then Antar plunged into
 “the midst of them; into the black rolling dust;
 “the atmosphere was involved in darkness, and the
 “birds sunk motionless; their horsemen fled through
 “fear: this one was slain, that made captive; he
 “protected us. After he had comforted us all, he
 “pursued them, and the honour of them all was

“destroyed. O it is right I should respect him ;
 “protect him ; my honour he protected, and he
 “preserved the honour of us all.”

Semeeah's account of Antar's actions astonished Shedad, and he rejoiced and was glad. It is surprising, said he to himself, he kept all this secret, and his submission to be bound by me ! 'tis most wonderful ! Antar stood unconcerned, and listened to Semeeah's acknowledgments ; he bore no resentment, and praised her in these verses :

“ Oh ! is it from Semeeah that these tears flow in
 “anguish, and from a heart in flames ? Shall her
 “form shadow me ? can blows harm me, and shall
 “tears burst in torrents from her eyelids ? When
 “her tresses hang dishevelled ; she is like the rising
 “full moon, veiled in the darkness of night. The
 “property is thy property, the slave thy slave :
 “and life, and every sense shall be exerted to save
 “thee. Oh ! when the troopers start forth, harsh-
 “countenanced, and the black dust rolls over them ;
 “then make use of me. If I do not disperse them
 “in the clash of contending spears, may I never be
 “permitted to drink ! may the rain-drop never
 “moisten me ! The sword is in my hand, whose
 “blows fetch blood ; but the swords of others have
 “no power in their edge. Men are of two kinds ;
 “one whose heart is of brittle glass—the other whose
 “heart is of rock.”

When Antar had finished his verses, Shedad came

up to him, and released him, and begged his pardon, for he was convinced that such wit expressed in verse and prose, could not proceed but from an exalted warrior. At that moment came a servant from King Zoheir, who saluted Shedad. The King, O Chief, said he, sends his salutation in to you, and requests you will attend a feast he has prepared. Shedad took Antar with him and went to the feast, and the slave followed him till he reached Zoheir's tents, which he found resounding with cymbals, and other musical instruments, and the victims were slaughtered: and there were assembled the race of Abs and Adnan, and all the valiant heroes attached to them. Shedad seated himself amidst the noblest chieftains, but Antar sat down among the slaves; and when they had eaten meat, and drank wine, they conversed, and related all the circumstances of the late affair. Antar heard all they said, and Shedad praised his son Antar, informing the king of all he had done, and all he had composed in prose and verse, and related the whole story. All this, cried the King, greatly rejoiced at the courage and eloquence of Antar, I anticipated at the time he slew the slave of my son Shas; I knew he would be the refuge of every petitioner. Who can execute such deeds or perform such acts! doubtless he will rise superior to all his contemporaries. And he called out to him, and ordered him into his presence. Antar kissed his hands, and presented him the cup,

and his heart was overpowered with joy and delight. O Antar, exclaimed his friend Malik, the King's son—at your commands, said Antar, thou moon of this assembly. I wish, said Malik, thou wouldst recite to us some of thy verses. Willingly, my lord, said Antar; and he thus continued:

“Glory is bound to the back of the steeds; victory
 “on the day of horrors, lives in the sword; never
 “rises the battle dust on the day of fight, but my
 “pliant spear assists me. How many sand-clouds
 “have I penetrated, fearless of calamities, when the
 “faces of black and white swoon in terror! How
 “many horsemen fly from the encounter of arms
 “when the war-dust rises; they fly and are repul-
 “sed: then rush I into the clanging war: my heart
 “and my chest are hewn out of the solid rock. O
 “thou lion-king, have thine eyes beheld the exploits
 “of the horsemen of the desert, when the foe
 “attacked us to spoil us of our cattle? then I cut
 “down their chief on the desert: I raised him
 “up on my nobly-serving sword: he was dashed
 “from his saddle, and his cheeks crushed on the
 “earth. I am thine, O thou King of all the earth, and
 “thy fame shall be spread over every land. Ye
 “are the Princes of Jezeemah, and whoever presumes
 “to resist ye, shall quickly be destroyed and be
 “dismissed from this world. Come on then—it is
 “the lion who never drew his sword, but that every
 “hero dreaded its encounter. The lions fear, and

"in their dens tremble at him ; man also dreads
 "him, and the dæmons of the waste. He shrinks
 "not from the warriors, numerous as they are. I
 "plunge into the war-dust, and the warriors charge
 "against the combatants with swords that pierce
 "through the throats. I swerve not from my pur-
 "pose when I am resolved on it, till I accomplish
 "every wish of my heart. I am indeed your slave,
 "named Antar ; to him the horrors of battle are
 "welcome ; he never falters. Mayest thou, O
 "King, live for ever ! His like is not among the
 "kings of the earth or the desert May God ever
 "preserve for me my father Shedad, for he is a sup-
 "port for me—nothing existing could recompense
 "me for his loss, for he is my lord and chief. His
 "glory is from the race of Abs, the seat of all
 "honour and liberality."

When Antar had finished his verses, King Zo-
 heir and all present expressed the greatest pleasure.
 The King called him to him, and giving him a robe,
 thanked him. In the evening he returned with his
 father Shedad, and his heart bounded with exulta-
 tion at the honours with which he had been favoured.
 And his passion for Ibla increased.

One day Antar rode out on one of the horses, in
 company with his brothers ; they drove the herds till
 they came to the pastures, and there Antar remained
 to protect and tend them. Now Shiboob was an active
 sagacious fellow, and had a persuasive tongue, but

he was the devil in the form of a man. In running he would outstrip a deer, and when he ran after a horse, he soon left it behind among the rocks.

Antar had great confidence in him at all times, and feared him more than any human being. Now it happened that the sons of Zoheir were assembled together at the invitation of their uncle Asyed the son of Zezimah, for in those days, people that loved each other frequently met, and shunned those they disliked. The Princes were riding out, and made choice of an eminence, where they halted and pitched their tents, and conversed till dinner was ready. They ate, drank, and laughed and sung, and joked away the time, whilst some of the damsels sang the following strain :

“ Mix thy water in the cup of thy wine, and give
 “ me to drink, for truly I have mixed my tears
 “ with my blood. Let me drink of wine in the
 “ flower gardens to drive away sorrow, and quicken
 “ my joys. Every charm is combined in her form
 “ that lives like the soul that flows through my limbs;
 “ and whilst she bears the cup in her hand, she ap-
 “ pears kindling the flame of my love. In the
 “ noon-tide sun she dances, and her face is spotted
 “ like the full moon of night with the star of the
 “ Gemini.”

They were seated and drinking : they were all much amused and pleased, and the old wine had its sway. Just then, Malik turned round his head and

saw Antar and his brothers feeding the flocks and camels on a rising ground. Behold my friend Antar, honoured amongst the inhabitants of deserts and cities, said he to his brother, and he called to one of his slaves. Go to Antar, said he, and invite him to our party, that we may hear his discourse, and our enjoyment be complete. "How can you look upon this savage? exclaimed Shas, and think of such an ungracious wretch, and thus raise him amongst the chieftains of the tribe? On account of his verses, his consequence and power are extolled, and you bestow on him the highest dignity. But indeed, I feel inclined to rush at him, and tear his life out of his body, were I not afraid of the reproaches and reprimands of my tribe; and moreover, I should be sorry to interrupt the amusement of my brothers and companions. Indeed, my brother, your repeated admiration of him augments my aversion to him."

Thus were they talking together, when on a sudden, a dust like a cloud arose among them, and there appeared three hundred valiant horsemen, like lions of the forest; and under them were steeds swifter than death. They were of the tribe of Cahtan, on a marauding party, to plunder the tribe of Adnan. And when they found these persons seated and drinking among the hills, they said one to another, Let us attack this party, that we may capture them in an instant, and convey them away

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to our country, for it is a wealthy tribe. Then bending their heads over their saddle-bows, they galloped among them, shouting and hallooing—O by Cahtan !

When the sons of Zoheir saw this, they were surprised ; they hastened to mount their horses and to gird on their swords. The foe poured down from the summit of the hill ; they all at once shouted aloud—they rushed forward and plunged through the dust, assailing the horsemen of Yemen, like the ocean when it bursts and retreats. And when Antar heard their yells and screams, he feared lest the enemy would destroy them with their spears ; and greatly was he alarmed for Malik and his brothers. He called out towards his own brothers, and went towards the party, among whom was a horseman whose name was Zatik, son of Maboob. Antar pounced down upon him, and piercing him, left him weltering in his gore. He then assailed his companions, and gave a shout like thunder when it roars. And there was not one that could see or hear ; fear and trembling seized them ; they beheld only Antar the lion ! They fled, and the whole troop was dispersed and routed, till they all disappeared over the extended plains.

Antar returned to the princes, and shouted out to the horsemen that still remained assailing them ; and as soon as they looked on Antar, an universal terror shook their frames, and their colour instantly

changed; for they had seen him scatter heroes like seeds of rue, and trample carcasses under his feet, leaving numbers dashed to the earth; and none could oppose but those accustomed to plunge into the battle dust. And as he engaged them he roared out these verses.

“The heights of glory are not attained but at
 “the point of the spear, and patience in the day of
 “battle through the heaviest difficulties, and the
 “challenge of every lion-hero, and long-bearded
 “warrior. Ask my horse of me, when flashes of
 “fire fly from his hoofs. I have a spear-thrust
 “that deals the most excruciating pain, and raises
 “me above all competitors; and my Indian blade
 “cuts through the nocturnal calamities whenever I
 “draw it. I am the son of the black faced Zebbee-
 “bah that tends the camels. I am a slave, but my
 “fury o’erwhelms the lordly chiefs in the battle.
 “As to death, should I meet him, I will not shrink
 “from him when he appears to me—it is a draught
 “I must inevitably take when the day of my disso-
 “lution arrives.”

Then, diving through the dust, he overthrew the horsemen singly, and in pairs, and infused the most violent commotions into the hearts of the combatants. Thus, having driven away by his assaults the fury of war, from the sons of Zoheir, they felt relieved from their distresses. In the meantime a slave had informed the King, who instantly mounted and

departed with his horsemen and troops; but the news did not reach him till Antar had completed the business, and had put his enemies to flight to the right and left; and many were the brave that remained on the field. The princes returned to their tents, Antar preceding them like a lion, repeating these verses:

“I will not cease to exalt myself by my deeds,
 “till I reach Orion in my ambitious projects. Here
 “I care not for those who abuse me, fearful of death
 “and separation from life. But I will reduce my
 “foes and my railers by force, and I will be patient
 “under sufferings and in praise. I will strive to
 “attain what I desire, till death snatch me away.
 “I will arm my mind against worldly lusts, that I
 “may be considered noble-minded and faithful.
 “Whoever would check me, let him look to himself,
 “where’er he may be concealed. My complexion
 “is no injury to me, nor the name of Zebeebah,
 “when I exercise my courage amongst the foe. I
 “will work wonders and marvels; and I will protect myself from the tongues of the wicked.”

When Zoheir heard Antar’s verses, he thanked him for his noble conduct, and joyed in the safety of his sons and his people, expressing the warmest attachment and affection for Antar. He then demanded of the prisoners, of what country they were; they replied that they belonged to the furthest lands of Yemen.

King Zoheir soon after gave an entertainment in his tents, rejoicing in the escape of his sons. He sent for Antar and set him down by his side, and gave him to drink of his most delicious wines, and placed him high amongst all his comrades, investing him with a superb robe, worked in gold, and girding him on a trusty sword, and mounting him on one of his finest Arab horses. He took pleasure in seeing him, and called him the Champion of the Absians. From this day forward, said he to Shedad, I will not permit him to attend your flocks; now that he has thus distinguished himself by such glorious deeds; let him now run the career of victory with the warriors of his country. He was thus separated from the servants, and attacked the tribes and made predatory excursions against them. And his brother Shiboob pointed out to him the hordes, and places of resort, and the fountains; and he never went on any expedition but he succeeded, and returned full of joy and content; so that his father Shedad became enriched, and all the noblest chieftains delighted in him.

He had now many friends, and many jealous enemies; amongst the latter were prince Shas, and Rebia. And when they saw what great things Antar had done, their indignation against him increased, and they resolved on his destruction. In every society, the people, assembled round their wine, repeated Antar's verses; mentioned his actions,

and talked of his love for Ibla, and his discourses. This continued some time, till at length it reached the ears of Ibla's father and mother, and when they heard Antar's amorous poetry repeated, they ridiculed it, and would not receive him on friendly terms ; but shewed their aversion to him, in every way, and made him perform every menial office ; for Antar, in their eyes, was only considered as a slave. But when the talk about Ibla gained ground, her mother ordered Ibla into the presence of her father, and sent also for Antar. So, you love my daughter Ibla, said she, and make verses upon her, and cannot conceal your feelings. Ibla was standing by her mother, and when she heard her speak to Antar, she smiled. This increased Antar's confusion, and he was much disordered, as it called forth all his love.

O mistress, said he, did you ever see any one who hated his mistress, particularly when his life and death were in her hands ! verily, I do love her, and my only wish in this world is to be near her : her form is ever before me, her name is ever in my heart and soul : and I exalt in my verses, all that God has granted her of beauty and loveliness.

When Ibla heard Antar speak in her praise, her surprise increased, and Antar made great progress in her heart. If, said her mother to Antar, you are in earnest in what you say, let us hear some of your verses in praise of her

charms. Upon this, Antar hung down his head, and thus spoke :

“ I love thee with the love of a noble born here ;
 “ and I am content with thy imaginary phantom.
 “ Thou art my sovereign in my very blood ; and my
 “ mistress ; and in thee is all my confidence. O Ibla,
 “ my description cannot pourtray thee, for thou
 “ comprehendest every perfection. Were I to say
 “ thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where
 “ in that full moon, is the eye of the antelope ? Were
 “ I to say thy shape is like the branch of the Erak
 “ tree ; O thou shamest it in the grace of thy form.
 “ In thy forehead is my guide to truth ; and in the
 “ night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy teeth
 “ resemble stringed jewels ; but how can I liken
 “ them to lifeless pearls ? Thy bosom is created as
 “ an enchantment. O may God protect it ever in
 “ that perfection ! To be connected with thee, is to
 “ be connected with every joy, but separated from
 “ all my world is the bond of thy connexion . Under
 “ thy veil is the rosebud of my life, and thine eyes
 “ are guarded with a multitude of arrows ; round
 “ thy tent is a lion warrior, the sword’s edge, and
 “ the spear’s point. O thy face is like the full moon
 “ of heaven, allied to light, but far from my hopes.”

When Antar ceased, Ibla and her mother were astonished, and their dislike towards him diminished ; and Ibla regarded him with affection. And Ibla’s mother said to Antar—I had no idea that you could

talk after this style, and speak with so much elegance and propriety : by the faith of a noble Arab, you are endowed with high and noble qualities. I intend to night to speak to my husband, that he may marry you to Khemisa, Ibla's servant; who is the prettiest of all the girls of the place. Never, said Antar, will I be united to a woman who is a slave, and not free born; and never but with her my soul adores. May God, said Ibla, accomplish thy wishes; and may he grant thee the woman thou lovest, and may thou live in peace and happiness! Amen, Amen, Amen, replied Antar.

These verses were soon published amongst the whole tribe, and men and women sang and repeated them. It happened about this time that Rebia gave an entertainment, to which he invited Shas, and Malik, Ibla's father and his son Amroo to come and eat, and drink wine, and when they became merry, the girls began to sing these verses. Do you not see how that slave is talked of? exclaimed Shas, how his name is renowned, and his character and fame are celebrated?

Thus they went on talking till Amroo became exceedingly angry. Death, O Chief, said he to Rebia, would be more tolerable to us than such proceedings. I have frequently spoken to my father to cast off this slave; but he says, the fellow is a slave, and the son of a slave, he is of no consequence; and were we to drive him out of our tents, King

Zoheir would take him, and encourage him against us, and then his avidity would only increase, and we should injure ourselves; for how can we presume to oppose King Zoheir? And then again, he enrages us by his verses. I have longed to kill him from the moment I heard that he mentioned my sister in his rhymes, let happen what may.

We have not invited you, said Rebia, to do any thing of this kind; who is this slave, that you should stain your sword with his blood? Let us consult on other means of killing him. I will tomorrow conceal twenty of the stoutest of my slaves, and will order them to kill him in the rocky precipices. My slave Bazam is the brother of Zajir, and he has long wished to kill him; but I would not let him do it, for fear of the reproaches of King Zoheir; but now that his son Shas is with us, and takes a part in the affair, we shall be secure from blame. Then said Shas, I will assist you in word or deed, were even my father and brother and cousins to oppose me; and I will persevere in this enterprize, even if I were obliged to take a personal part in it; and I too will engage twenty of my slaves in it, to kill him by the cruellest death, and make an example of him. They did not break up the entertainment till Shas, Rebia, and Amroo had all three bound themselves by oath; and they arranged the forty slaves, all strong as lions, twenty from Shas, and twenty from Rebia.

Now Shedad had a daughter, and her name was Merweh, but not by Semeah ; and she was married to a man called Jahjah, one of the tribe of Ghiftan, and he was a celebrated warrior. It happened that Jahjah had married his sister to one Magid, son of Leith, also one of the Ghiftan tribe ; and when the bridal festival was preparing amongst the Ghiftanians, Merweh came to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, with a party of women, to invite the females belonging to her father, and her uncles Malik and Zakmet-ool Jewad, and their relations amongst the tribe of Carad, to the feast. They accordingly obtained their husbands' permission to make the visit, and their husbands went with them. In front of the howdahs they sounded the cymbals, and the servants brandished their swords ; and Antar was among them, in attendance on Ibla and Semeah, and the wives of his uncles. And when he assisted her to alight and mount the howdah, he used to gratify himself in talking to her, and was mad in gazing on her charms ; and he was in hopes the journey would be long. Ibla's mother laughed at him, when she saw him assiduously attending on her daughter. Verily, said she, you love my daughter so much as to compose verses on her, and in description of her beauties. Yes, said Antar, by the God that has decorated the heavens, and raised them on high, and has adorned them with stars, were I able, I would make my eye her resting-place. They journeyed

on, and Antar walked before the howdah of Ibla, repeating these verses.

“March the way of security. O thou, all my hope, proceed, for he who encompasses thee is an intrepid warrior, that smites with his sword when the battle clashes. O Ibla, one look from the veil of thy eyelids is sufficient. Should I never attain my object in this world, the extended plains and mountains must press upon me.”

Thus they proceeded on their journey; singing and playing, till the day was spent and darkness came on, when they dismounted in a spacious plain near a pool of water. They ate and drank, and remained in that spot till it was day; and just as Antar was ordering the slaves to raise the howdahs on the camels backs, lo! a great dust arose, spreading rapidly over the valleys and the mountains. In an instant there came forth a hundred slaves on horseback, and Arabs; at their head was a horseman like an eagle, crying out,

“This day will I be revenged; verily I am the conqueror, and I will settle the business with my sword and my spear, on a slave of a tribe whom the Absians regard not, but who listens not to one that chides him. How many men have I trampled down in the dust. I am a valiant one, like whom there is no hero.”

As was before stated, Shas and Rebia had sworn to destroy Antar, and having placed their spies and

scouts for that purpose, they stationed the forty slaves, putting Basam at their head, just at the time that Merweh, the daughter of Shedad, happened to come by, and was returning home. The slave, with his comrades of the tribe of Ham, followed the party until they came to the valley of Ghifal, where they resolved to lie in ambush for Antar: when lo! the sound of horses' hoofs alarmed them, and heroes rushed upon them, crying out—"Stop where ye are, or your skulls shall fly. Tell us who ye are, and of what tribe of Arabs, before we pour down destruction upon ye." On hearing this, Basam prepared his people for the attack; O Arabs, he replied, we are of the tribe of Abs, inhabitants of this country; but who are you, and why are ye halting in this place? Slaves of a coward race, cried the chief, we are in search of you, for amongst you is that accursed slave Antar, the son of Shedad.

Now these were Arabs and horsemen of the tribe of Moostalik, and their chief was called Vethab; he happened to be out of the way when Antar slew his brother, some time before; but when he returned, they informed him of it. He went forth to be revenged, exclaiming, Verily, a slave of the tribe of Abs has slain my brother, but I will destroy none but their King, and not return but with Antar's head. He thus met Basam, and all this occurred. And after some explanation; know, O noble Sir, said Basam, our masters have sent us in search of you, that we may together hasten to kill

this slave, and waylay him : here he has halted this night. If ye wish, we will slay him, said Vethab, and we will give you his head ; but if you please, do you kill him, and give us his head. But swear you will not betray us.

Upon that, they promised and swore, and took engagements from one another. But Basam turned towards his comrades. Let us hide ourselves here, said he ; but if ye perceive that they commit any injury to the property and families, we must then assail them too, till some people come to our aid, and thus we obtain our end in the death of Antar. However, we must in the attack remain in the rear, so that the women may not distinguish us, and know that we are amongst the enemy. Do what you please, said the slaves, and when the shades of night were dissolving, the party under Vethab poured down upon Antar like a cloud of waves, shouting out, To arms ! to arms !

Then began the women to scream and weep. Antar cast his eyes towards Ibla, and she was bathed in tears : he looked at her mother, and her grief was great. Antar smiled, and presented himself before Ibla's mother. O mistress, said he, what think you of these our enemies ? verily they are eager for their prey. O Antar, said she, my force and spirits are exhausted ; in a moment we shall be the prisoners of our enemies, and they will scatter us over this desert. O my mistress, said Antar, give Ibla to me in marriage, and I will disperse

your enemies at a single onset. I will reduce them to annihilation ; and I will give you their horses and their armour as a dower. This is no time for merriment, said she. No, cried Antar, By the God of day, and the animator of souls: he that is God the merciful, and the Lord of victory, if you promise to marry her to me, I will make over to you these horses, and slay their masters. Defend her, said she, and she is yours. At the instant, he turned round to Shiboob—Protect my rear, he cried, this day. Be of good cheer, thou black-born, exclaimed Shiboob, for I will bear two-thirds of thy troubles. Antar rushed forward and assaulted them; roaring and shouting aloud, and again he attacked them, and roared out. He encountered the first ranks, and met them with all-potent thrusts; he struck them in their chests, and in their eyes. He slew the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth; and behold, a horseman came down upon Antar from behind. As he was blustering over the plain, and just as he was about to transfix Antar with his spear, lo! an arrow pierced his heart, and threw him from his horse. The terrible Shiboob dealt the deadly blow. When the party saw the state of the battle, they retreated from before him; but he marking how the enemy were dispersed, came up to the women, and said to Ibla, Check thy tears, thou light of my eyes, the man lives not that has harmed thee! and thus he spoke in verse:

“Check thy tears, for if thy heart is distressed,

"the noble lion of the den will protect thee. O
 "Ibla, fear not, indulge no alarms, for my whole
 "frame is labouring under the burden of its love;
 "and I am a lion to whom the warriors in the day
 "of contention bow in submission, and whom the
 "cowards dread. O Ibla, if persecution and absence
 "must kill me, O that the bonds of meeting were
 "loosened for ever. Verily, I will defend thee this
 "day, O thou my only hope, for I have a sword
 "whose blade cleaves the skulls. O Ibla, arise—
 "behold my actions, and my deeds under the battle
 "dust, when every man is cut to pieces. Behold
 "my exploits when they attack and come on, and
 "the supports of their tribe are destroyed. The
 "foe wishes to take thee captive, O thou my only
 "hope. O Ibla, palsied is the hand that would take
 "thee prisoner. I will steep my sword in their
 "blood, and I will glut the birds, and the wolves,
 "and the Ghuols, with their carcasses. Here let all
 "the world know that every foe of mine shall be
 "overthrown under the dust of the battle."

When Ibla heard Antar address her, she smiled
 with teeth more brilliant, and whiter than pearls,
 for she felt assured of his victory and conquest.
 Again he returned towards the foe, like a lion, and
 attacked them on the field of battle, scattering them
 to the right and to the left. Shiboob assisted him
 in the rear with his arrows, and the dust rose and
 filled the plain on all sides. The women were

praying for Antar, and invoking the God of heaven. He was eagerly assailing the foe, like a lion, and slew thirty of their horsemen. His horse being completely exhausted, he dismounted and vaulted on another charger ; and whilst all this was passing the slaves of the tribe of Abs looked on and gazed in wild dismay and astonishment ; but the chief Vethab, when he perceived his companions and those that were overthrown, cried out to the survivors, I alone am his match ; and he rode away to the field of battle, clothed in brilliant armour, a splendid sword on his loins, and a spear in his hand, and he thus exclaimed :

“ The vicissitudes of fortune, from the height of
 “ their mutability are launched against me, and every
 “ companion has abandoned me. The death of my
 “ tribe is at hand, from the arm of a slave who dis-
 “ regards his fate. It is no wonder when fortune
 “ raises up a poor wretch, that she should leave him
 “ in his infirmities a prey to the lions. O thou
 “ vile slave, that hast outstepped thy sphere, a
 “ warrior, one whom no words can describe, is come
 “ against thee. Away then with thy blind follies,
 “ thou son of Zebeebah ; for how many heroes have
 “ I destroyed at the moment of their attack.”

He had scarcely finished his verses when Antar answered him :

“ Thou wouldst abuse me, vile wretch, for that
 “ I am the colour of that night, whose dangers I

"dare. If I am a slave, I have slain thy chiefs,
 "and I have overwhelmed them with the vicissi-
 "tudes of fortune. I am the assaulting lion: in
 "the field of battle I rush impetuously when the
 "coward turns away in flight. The firm-rooted
 "mountains are up-rooted at my vehemence, and
 "let every one who dares to resist me, be certain
 "of death. How many heroes are punished as soon
 "as the lustre of my horse's front shines in the plain
 "of war! their hands instantly relinquish their
 "arms, and they tumble on the surface of the earth,
 "struggling with their limbs. How many warriors
 "have I left stretched dead, gored with the spear
 "thrusts! If thou art desirous to fight me, come on
 "boldly to the hero who will make thee taste the
 "food of death even from the tip of his fingers."

He instantly assailed him, and struck him on the
 breast, and driving out his spear between his shoul-
 ders, he rushed among his comrades like unto a
 valiant lion, and gored their sides and their bosoms:
 and when they perceived that his assault was like a
 vivid flame of fire, they fled over the plains and the
 rocks. In the mean time, the slaves of Shas and
 Rebia seeing what Antar had done to the tribe of
 Moostalik, and how he was coming down upon
 them with a loud shout, and also Shiboob, quick as
 the flash of lightning, in his rear; they turned their
 backs and fled. Antar returned, the blood streaming
 from his spear. The women joined him, thanking

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and praising him: and Ibla also came up to him and smiled upon him. God protect thee, said she, thou black in face, but fair in deeds—thou ornament of men. He expressed his gratitude, and having replaced her on the howdah, and ordered the slaves to collect the scattered horses and dispersed cattle, and the spoils of the slain, he travelled on with the women till they reached the tribe of Ghiftan, and informed Shedad of all that had occurred with the enemy. Shedad gave him thanks, and kissed him between the eyes; he took him by the hand, and his anger was soothed. And when they were at the feast, Shedad wished to place him among the chiefs; but Antar would not consent; and he went away and joined the slaves; and all the chiefs were astonished at his modesty. They stood in awe of him, and raised his dignity; however, all the elders and the youth came up to him, and made him sit down with them to drink wine, and treated him with all manner of kindness, and in return, he recited various pieces of poetry, and they were greatly delighted; and for seven days they continued this civility and honour, and not a day passed but the families made their acknowledgements to Antar.

And the feast being concluded, the tribe of Abs sought their homes and their own habitations, and travelled till they reached the land of Sheerebah and Mount Saadi. When lo! loud cries and increasing shouts, and shrill screams and clouds of dust, from

all directions assailed them. What misfortune, cried Shedad, what diasters have befallen us? They hastened away on their Arab steeds, and found their wives prisoners, and their daughters dishonoured. Loud and confused were their shrieks, and through the dust glared the dazzling brightness of swords : and the uproar of men was like the crash of thunder : and there was no one in the tents but a few men and the sons of King Zoheir, all covered with wounds ; and though they were still defending the property, they felt certain of drinking the cup of death.

Now the cause of this terrible event was, that King Zoheir had gone forth, accompanied by his warriors, against the land of Cahtan ; for he was informed that Mooteghetris was coming down upon him with all his tribe ; and it was Zoheir's intention to meet him at some distance, out of his own territories, and thus to prevent him from invading his country, and laying waste his lands. So he left his brother Zembaa with a small body of men and departed ; but chancing to miss the enemy on the road, Mooteghetris reached the country of Zoheir in safety, where he found the tents unprotected by warriors. He rushed against them, and the noble Absians rose to arms ; and violent was the contention between them, and many brave men were left dead upon the plain, and the brightness of the day became black. Numbers thickened upon the

Absians; loud and piercing were the shrieks of the women, and slavery seemed their undoubted fate. Temadhur was taken prisoner, and also Modehilah and Mekdada and Jemana, and they were overwhelmed in misery and disgrace. At that hour arrived Antar and Shedad, and the horsemen of Carad, and they amounted in all to forty warriors.

Cousins, cried Shedad, come on to these dastards! then those brave fellows rushed forward, leaving the slaves with the women and children. O son of Zebeebah, cried Shedad to Antar, I wish to day to see thee fight, that I may express my gratitude for thy noble deeds. O master, soon shalt thou observe what I do: he replied, Doubtless the chief of the tribe is here. Thou art right, said Shedad. They sought the enemy, and the whole plain trembled at their shouts: they shook their lances, and the women and servants shouted aloud, when they knew they were Absians coming to protect them. They attacked the right, and drove their left, and Antar assaulted the centre, plunging through confusion and horrors; and thus he exclaimed:

“ This day will I raise a battle, that shall humble the warriors of ages long past. I will make the blood to stream from their joints, when the skulls of the warriors leap from the blow of my sword. How many chiefs, when they see me eager in the fight, throw away their arms, and save themselves by flight! I am the bold one. As to

"the fire of war, I kindle it, and hurl the tribes into
 "punishments and death. Death, in the direful
 "combat, fears me, when the battle-dust rises ; and
 "the sand-cloud is like a blazing fire. My joy is in
 "the encounter of heroes, when spears and swords
 "clash in my grasp. How many battle-dusts have I
 "dived into, fearless of calamities ! The joy of con-
 "tests is my object ; it is all my desire. Verily, deeds
 "will I perform unrivalled ; deeds that shall be re-
 "corded on leaves and books. I will raise the
 "tumultuous din, and seas of blood : 'tis in their
 "crimson billows that my gladness abounds. I
 "will make the atmosphere like the sable night,
 "when the dust clouds roll over the regions like a
 "veil. No companion have I in battle but my horse
 "and my sword ; and they complain of my fury ;
 "they exalt me ; they subject death to me ; and I
 "am exalted above all mankind in my father. My
 "ambition soars above Pisces ; and my determination
 "raises me above the Arab and the Persian."

When Antar had ended, he shouted aloud to the
 combatants, and rushed madly into the midst of the
 enemy, and overthrew them ; he drove them before
 him over the plain : and the same did Shedad and
 his brothers on the left, and made them retreat in a
 shameful manner. After the flight, the Absians
 returned, and among the first was Zembaa, the son
 of Jazeemah ; they raised their terrible shout, and
 they gladdened in the destruction of souls ; they

pointed their lances, they cried out to their noble steeds—spears clashed against spears. Antar alone broke through the right, whilst Shedad and the Absians destroyed the left; then the horsemen again retired in disgrace, and the plain seemed too confined for them. Mooteghetris beheld his horsemen in confusion and discomfited, and the left wing intermixed with the right; that they were driven by Antar like a herd of grazing camels, and that he was roaring in their rear like the crash of thunder. Alarmed at this state of affairs, he poured down from an eminence with the people that remained with him, assaulting Antar with his warriors; and they all bore patiently this dreadful encounter.

Now Basam, the servant of Rebia, who had followed Antar that he might destroy him on his way to the tribe of Ghiftan, perceiving how he had slain the tribe of Moostalik, and also their chief, returned with his companions upon the day of this battle; and as he marked Antar's prowess on that occasion, he envied him in his heart, and, secretly designing to murder him, he assailed him, together with the party of Mooteghetris.

Antar encountered the enemy, and flinched not; and his assault was the assault of a ferocious lion. The storm of dust thickened, so that a father could not distinguish his son. Just then, Basam aimed his spear, and violently attacked Antar; for his accursed spirit was aware how much credit he should

gain by slaying him. He approached him, and was eagerly watching his opportunity, when lo ! an arrow shot through the back of Basam, and passed out by his chest ; and he who slew Basam, and made him drink the cup of death, was the dreadful Shiboob. Now Antar had recommended Shiboob to protect Ibla : nor did he ever quit her till he perceived Basam issuing from the tents, followed by some Absians, whilst his brother was labouring to attain the standards. Shiboob was alarmed, and quitted Ibla, and ran after him. But Antar knew nothing of all this, and when he saw Basam, he was just about to do the deed, at the moment the arrow struck him dead.

Now Antar was occupied in destroying the enemy, and he stopped not till he came up to Mooteghetris in the fury of the fight ; and he saw him driving back the troops, and beckoning with his lance to those who were flying from Antar like a flock of sheep. His soul would not submit to flight ; but he shouted, and rushed forward like the sea when it roars. And Antar received him as the parched up ground receives the first of the rain : he challenged him in a tremendous voice, and addressed him in the harshest terms ; he pressed upon Mooteghetris, and closed upon him, and blocking up all means of escape, he thrust his spear through his bowels, and tore out his entrails ; and when the horsemen saw that he was dead, they were disordered and took to

flight; and the spears of the Absians played upon the fugitives till the evening, when they returned and collected the spoil of the cattle. Every where the victory was celebrated with triumph, and all united in praising Antar, and describing his heroic deeds; how he had slain Mooteghetris, and had annihilated his troops.

CHAPTER III.

Now Shedad exceedingly gloried in Antar; aware that he had acquired new lustre by his actions, and not a person remained to complain of him or abuse him. He ran up to Antar and kissed him between the eyes. But Antar kissed his feet, and he appeared like the flower of the Judas tree,* so completely was he smeared with the blood of the combatants. Shedad's affection for him increased, and he said to his brother Zakmet-ool Jewad, By the faith of an Arab, our education has not been lost upon Antar. How should he not be noble, he replied, you being the cause of his existence? and the Arab Cadi decreed him to you, and told you he was of your loins; do not reject him, for he truly belongs to you.

Antar, as well as Shedad, heard these words, and he kept them secret in his heart; and he said not a word to any one; but in a short time, when they all repaired to their own tents, and separated each to his own family, and each collected his own party, Antar also retired to the house of his mother, and Shiboob was driving before him what came to his share of the plunder. And when the time of rest

* *Cercis Siliquastrum*, the flowers of which are of a very bright purple colour, coming out from the branches and stem on every side, in large clusters, and on short peduncles.

drew near, he became sad and sorrowful, and the house being entirely empty of people and neighbours, O my mother, said he, I have heard words to day, the meaning of which I cannot comprehend ; I wish you would explain them to me, and tell me who is my father, that I may know who brought me up. I will inform you of all that, said she ; so she then told him how Shedad had met her in the desert, and how all the ten had sought for her, and how he had repulsed them, and made them agree to give her to him, as his share : how they afterwards quarrelled about him, and went before the Arab Cadi, who had decided that he belonged to Shedad. Well then, said he to her, O mother, if the Arab Cadi decided that I was his son, and the ten have also agreed that I was sprung from his loins ; why does he not call me his son, as every one else does ? This would cost him dear, said she, and he cannot resolve on that, because he says you are a base-born ; and he is afraid of the disgrace he should incur by giving you the rank and honours of a son ; and the Arabs would not consent to it."

" I would not permit that to be the case, he replied, for whoever would bring shame upon him, I would soon reduce to annihilation. But if Shedad still denies me my right and rank, I will use my sword and spear upon him ; and should I perceive that the tribe dare despise me, I will level my scimitar at the whole of them, and I will go to another tribe,

who may better understand my value ; for how often have I rescued them from their dangers ; and liberated them from perils ! I will begin by striking off the head of Shedad, if he does not acknowledge my rank and condition ; and so will I treat also my uncle, if he does not give me Ibla in marriage ; him too will I make to drink the wine of disgrace." For heaven's sake, said his mother, do nothing of the kind, for they will only hate you the more, and you will gain nothing : but the men and women love you, I perceive, on account of your noble deeds, therefore proceed to no extremities, otherwise you will increase their hatred and enmity against you. But, my mother, added Antar, my aunt has once promised to give Ibla to me in marriage, and has engaged herself by contract to that purpose. Hush ! said Zebeebah, talk not of impossibilities ; this will never happen : how can a slave, without connexion or rank, aspire to marriage with an Arab woman ? particularly as you were brought up tending the sheep and the camels ! O mother, said Antar, I'll shew thee wonders ; my soul pants for honour and dignity, and with my sword will I dishonour the necks of the Arab chieftains."

Thus they continued to talk till morning dawned, when King Zoheir returned. He could scarcely believe that his family were preserved safe from ignominy, for he had heard that Mooteghetris had passed him on the road ; and severe indeed was his anxiety and affliction at having thus missed his foes

He marched therefore day and night till he reached his own country, and found all his people happy and secure.

But when the tribe of Abs saw their king returning with all his army and troops, the chiefs and nobles went out to meet him, and having congratulated him and prayed for his long life, they explained to him the destruction of his enemies, and all the heroic acts of Antar; how he had slain Mooteghetris, and what noble feats he had performed. Verily, said King Zoheir, we are ennobled in him above all Arabs; we have not appreciated his worth, and have not properly understood his greatness. Truly he will become the champion of this whole nation, if he live long, and all the horsemen will be under his authority and command.

King Zoheir proceeded to his own tents, and found his women exulting in the deeds of Antar; he afterwards entered his wife Temadhur's apartments, and found her also praising Antar in heart and speech, as she exclaimed, O King, it is not Antar, but a noble warrior; for he has done the deeds of a hero. Thus was Antar's dignity raised in the eyes of King Zoheir. Were we to decree to him our lives and our property, said he, it would still be a small return for such exalted acts. He soon after ordered some sheep and fat cattle to be killed, and having directed the meat to be served up and the wine to flow, he went out into the middle of the camp, and there erected a large tent of

velvet and silk, and placed in the centre a throne of ivory inlaid with burnished gold. The horsemen then presented themselves; Rebia and his brother attended, and each seated himself according to his rank: Shedad also came, and all his valiant dependants; Antar too entered, and kissed the ground, and made obeisance, and prayed for a continuance of Zoheir's glory. He was going to sit down amongst the slaves, but King Zoheir said to him, By the Mover of the heavens, no one shall be my companion to day but you, and no one shall eat and drink but I and you. And he made Antar come towards him. O King, said Antar, as he kissed his hand, I am but your slave. Then King Zoheir got up from his throne, and seated him by his side, and talked to him: and all present had their eyes upon him, and all his friends rejoiced; but Rebia and Shas, and his uncle Malik were bursting with rage, when they saw Antar raised to such honour, never conferred on any one before.

Now the cups of wine were handed round, and the delicacies were eaten with joy and pleasure; and they appeared secure from the viscissitudes of fortune, whilst King Zoheir conversed familiarly with Antar, and joked with him; he made him drink, and kept him by him. And they continued in this manner till the wine sported with the senses of the guests, and all of them, and Antar too, stood up, but the King prevented him; and when they

wished to depart, the King gave Antar a beautiful robe, and mounted him on an Arab horse, and a necklace of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels; he presented him also with an excellent sword; and Antar quitted the tents of King Zoheir clothed in that superb robe and cloak, and mounted on the Arab horse. But he soon dismounted, and walked by the side of his father; and when they entered the tent, Antar kissed his father's feet, O master, said he, why do you not grant me my due, as others far and near have done? or bestow on me what I so much desire? Tell me, said Shedad, what you want, make known what you wish, that I may be kind to you; I will not avariciously refuse you. Now Shedad thought he wanted a camel to ride, or a tent to live in, or a female slave to attend him. But Antar replied, I request of you, O master, that the rank and dignity of an Arab be appropriated to me; and that you would acknowledge me as your son, and yourself as my father, so that my rank may be made known, and I become a chief; and in truth, I will reward you as no one else can. I will reduce the Arab princes themselves to your obedience, through fear of my sword and my spear.

When Antar had finished speaking, Shedad's eyes started into the crown of his head, his affections cooled, and his disorder of mind increased. Thou base-born! he cried, hast thou forgotton that thou hast tended the camels and the sheep, and collected

the ordure of beasts amongst the mountains? Thou son of a slave, verily, the robe of King Zoheir plays about thy loins, and his words float upon thine ears; thou hast indeed made a demand, and hast raised thyself on high; and thou wouldst make me a by-word with every one that should hear thee: nothing have I for thee but a sword, and I will cut off thy head. Upon this, Shedad drew his sword, as soon as he had finished, and rushed at him, and all the slaves ran away from him.

Now Semeeah, Shedad's wife, overheard the dispute, and came out of her tent, crying and lamenting. She rushed instantly towards her husband, and kissed his bosom, and took his sword out of his hand, as she exclaimed—Never shall you slay him; me shall you destroy before him. I have not forgotten his virtues and noble deeds. Excess of wine must have urged him to this fancy: therefore do not punish him for what he has said. Semeeah did not desist till she had soothed his anger, and he retired to his tent.

But Antar was in the greatest agony; he was ashamed that the day should dawn upon him, or that he should remain any longer in the country; or that he should again look his father in the face. He accordingly went out, and sought the residence of Malik, the King's son: his clothes trailed upon the ground through shame, and his tears flowed from the excessive pain he endured, for intoxication

had overpowered his judgment. So he sought prince Malik, who was just then returned from his father's, and quite rejoiced at what had passed with respect to Antar, and the robes and presents he had received. At this moment a slave came in, and said, Antar wishes to be admitted into your presence. Let him in, said Malik ; and when he was introduced, Prince Malik looked at him, and saw his tears flowing from his tortured heart. He seated him by him, and talked familiarly with him, and asked him what was the matter, and what had happened to him. O my lord, he replied, I demanded of my father the rank and honour of an Arab ; but he has abused me, and beaten me, and wished to kill me, and has made me a laughing stock among the Arab chiefs.

You have been wrong, said Malik to Antar, in this sad affair ; you have done that which would not, at any rate, have induced him to acknowledge you. " Do not, my lord, continued Antar, reprove my ambition, which often robs me of my wits and discretion ; but had I not been intoxicated, this would not have happened, and I should have concealed my wishes, and submitted patiently to my misfortunes, till death had overtaken me. But in all circumstances thou art my master. Ah ! my lord, continued he, how often have I relieved them from their foes, and no one ever assisted me ! Know too, that I love Ibla, the daughter of my uncle Malik ; and she drives away the sleep from my eyelids, and in my sleepless

nights I am united to her ; but my father Shedad has cut off all my hope, and misfortunes upon misfortunes overpower me. I only demanded to be recognized as his son, that I might be united to her ; but truly all hopes of her are completely destroyed. No joy now remains for me, and the light of the day is the darkness of night in my eyes. I have no home but among the wild beasts and the reptiles.” His agony increased, and he wept, and complained bitterly. Sorrows and afflictions were multiplied upon him, and the tears rushed into his eyes, as he expressed his anguish and passion.

Had you informed me of your situation before, said Malik, greatly distressed, and pitying him, I would have sacrificed my person and property to remedy it. But what was easy, has now become difficult ; Ibla will be concealed from you from this day forward. I fear also that your father will contrive to kill you, and that no one will be able to relieve you. But stay here whilst I tell all this to my father. O my lord, said Antar, the only place of rest for me is on the highways ; and I must roam about the whole day and the live long night ; for men have conspired to destroy me, such as Rebia and your brother Shas. He passed the whole night with Malik, and at the dawn of day Antar mounted his horse, and put on his armour and his cuirass. He travelled on till he was far from the tents, and he knew not whither he was going : sometimes he

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took the left and sometimes the right, and again he struck into the wilds and deserts, till it became broad day. There he wandered about the rocks and mountains, and accusing fate, he thus expressed himself.

“ I rail against fortune that relents to no up-
 “ braider, and I demand security from the cruelties
 “ of fortune. She one day promises fair and excites
 “ my pride, but truly I know all her promises are
 “ false. I have served man, and I have taken my
 “ relations as protectors against fortune ; but they
 “ have acted like scorpions. Amongst themselves
 “ they call me the son of Zebeebah, but in the tu-
 “ multuous rush of horsemen, I am the son of
 “ nobles. Were it not for my love, one like me
 “ would not humble himself to such as they ; and
 “ the lion of the waste would not fear the foxes.
 “ Quickly my tribe will remember me, when the
 “ horsemen come charging amongst the warriors
 “ with their sword-blows. O that thy phantom
 “ would visit me, O Ibla, it would see the torrents
 “ of tears that stream from my eye-lids. But I will
 “ forbear, that my railers may have pity on me ; and
 “ that my patience may soften their hearts. Thy
 “ station is a post in the centre of heaven, but my
 “ hand fails in attaining the stars.”

Thus he roamed from the high road without friend or companion. The next day the tribe heard all that had passed between Antar and his father.

And early in the morning Prince Malik sent for Antar; but he was not to be found: he supposed he would return by the evening: still he came not. Now Prince Malik was sincerely attached to Antar; he was greatly distressed, and he did all he could to find him. He then acquainted his father with what had passed. As soon as the King heard the account from his son, he was much vexed, and reproached him. O my son, said he, why did you not immediately tell me of this, that I might have arranged the business? I concealed it, said he, in order not to occasion any disturbance, and for fear of exciting your indignation, for I have long seen my brother Shas hates him as the vilest of men; and Rebia will not raise his head towards him; and I see also that many of their friends detest him. But you love him and are interested about him; and I could not possibly tell you an affair you would not have approved. In the mean time Antar continued to wander over the plains of the desert, until the day shone, when behold! there arose a great cloud of dust, that darkened the country. Antar contemplated it for some time, and then perceived forty horsemen, each bearing a quivering spear, and a dazzling scimitar. He directed his horse towards them, and they proved to be of the noble tribe of Abs, and Ghegahd the son of Nasshib was their leader. When Antar saw them he saluted them, and they returned the salutation; O thou son of

Zebeebah, said they, why art thou straying here? I was hunting game, he replied, and when I saw you, I made towards you in order to bear you company. And we, said Ghegadh, have always distinguished you from the other slaves, and have always considered you in the light of a valiant knight: and if you will join us, we will agree to your sharing with us as a noble warrior. But how can that be? said Antar. Know that a slave, said Ghegadh, enjoys a half share with his masters. But, said one of them, Antar truly deserves more than two-thirds, and happen what will, he is a knight; and indeed not every one that is called a knight is a knight. They at length agreed that they would surrender to the slave a fourth of whatever plunder they might take.

In this manner they proceeded till they approached the land of the tribe of Cahtan, where they saw a great quantity of cattle, with some high-raised tents and lofty pavilions; many horses running about and camels grazing, and the people unsuspecting of a reverse of fortune. Here, my cousins, said Ghegadh, is a rich tribe, and the people few in number; let us attack and despoil them whilst it is dark, and we will quit their country in safety; before morning we shall be far away among the wastes. They instantly shook their lances in their hands, and drew their brilliant faulchions; and as they drove the camels and the horses from the tents

and the habitations, the men mounted to keep them off from the women and families. But the sons of Abs forced them back towards the tents and trampled them down upon the ground, seizing their property and spoil. Antar rushed down upon them, and obliged them to fly. Do you, said Ghegadh to Antar, drive away the cattle, and we will repulse all that dare pursue them.

Antar drove away the cattle, and had proceeded some way, when lo ! a knight rushed out from the ravines in the rocks, mounted on a dark coloured colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race much prized among the Arabs ; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin ; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears like quills ; his sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemama. When Antar cast his eyes upon the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, and his uncommon beauty, he felt that no horse could surpass them, so his whole heart and soul longed for it. The Absians, indeed, had plundered the horde and the country, but Antar's mind was occupied with the horse, so he galloped on till he approached the horseman ; and when the knight perceived that Antar was making towards him, he spurred his horse, and it fled beneath him ; for this was a renowned horseman called Harith, the son of Obad, and he was a valiant hero.

Antar galloped after him till sunset, and he found himself far separated from his party. Harith then

turned about to him ; and when he was quite close, said Antar to him, O young man, by the faith you profess and believe, will you not wait for me awhile and grant me a favour ? for I see you are a noble horseman. Hear what I have to say, and give me an answer ; I will be answerable for thy security.

O young man, said Harith, trusting to his promise, what do you want ? I see you also are a valiant knight. Will you sell me this horse you are riding, asked Antar, or will you give it me if you are the owner of it ? By heavens, young man, said Harith smiling, had you accosted me thus at first, I would have given him to you, with some camels also, and you need not have acted thus ; but, Arab, did you ever see any one surrender his horse and his armour in a plain like this, alone and a stranger ? and particularly a horse like this, whose lineage is as well known as that of the noblest warriors ; for should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him ; he moves and flies without wings ; and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you—he is called Abjer, whom Chosroe and the Grecian Emperors and the princes of the tribe of Asfar have anxiously wished to possess. I was angry with my own people, and repaired to this noble tribe. I ate with them, and remained with them a long time. It costs me much to part with this horse, but my heart is attached to this tribe, and is greatly distressed about them. I am no coward in the assault

of heroes ; but I was afraid lest this horse might receive a blow that should injure him, and I therefore only followed you, in order to draw off your attention till the men of the tribe might overtake you and pursue you over the hills and the wilds, and that I might point out to them your course ; for you have invaded a tribe where there are only women, and but a few men, unable to encounter so fierce a foe ; and I do not perceive there is a single feeling heart among you all.

Harith having ceased speaking, I much wish you would sell me this horse, said Antar ; demand what you please from me, for I must be the purchaser of it. O young man, said Harith, if you are indeed desirous of a horse, that is in this age quite invaluable, I will not sell it but in restitution of all this booty ; and then do not imagine you will lose by your bargain. I swear by the God who knows all secrets, I do not avoid fighting you from the fear of death, for I am a warrior, and can defend myself ; but I feared this horse would be injured. If you, young man, wish to strike a bargain, and act like a man of honour, as I am a guest of this tribe, and have eaten with them, my wish is to ransom their property with this horse ; and had it not been for this misfortune, I never would have parted with such an animal.

When Antar heard these words, he felt certain that Harith was a liberal minded man, and therefore, wishing to be on a par with him in respect to

his honourable and generous conduct: Well! said he, I will purchase of you this horse for this booty; and I shall be moreover exceedingly obliged: here is my hand in faith and sincerity.

Harith dismounted from the back of his noble steed, and gave him to Antar, who mounted him like a king of the land far and wide; and he told the slaves to conduct the cattle and women and servants to their own country. Harith took them, and went his way.

Now Antar upon Abjer watched them till they had disappeared among the deserts; and just then came up the Absian horsemen, and Ghegadh at their head, who, seeing Antar standing alone in the plain, without any of the booty, cried out, thou son of a base slave woman, where is the plunder? I bought with it this horse, he replied, and I have established your honour and credit in the land of the tribe; because I saw the owner was a man of worth, and jealous of the honour of women, gracious and liberal minded: I was therefore anxious to equal him in propriety of conduct, and would not leave behind us in this land, the remembrance of a foul action, and be a scandal amongst Arabs. It is the most ignominious of deeds to take prisoners free born women; and besides this, the spacious plain is open before us, and the Lord God is the bestower of all things, and the taker away; he is the distributor of every thing;

and God forbid he should send us back without a reward.

Thou base born, cried Ghegadh, in reply to Antar the lion-hero, We consigned them over to your care, but you have been buying, bartering, and selling, without asking our leave. What is done is done, said Antar; I will make it good to you elsewhere, if the Creator of all things pleases, and you agree to the protection I have granted: but if you wish to quarrel with me, I will protect my life with the force of this sword, and this well proportioned spear, and I will not live to forfeit my word.

Come on to this wretch, said Ghegadh inflamed with rage, to his companions; cut him in pieces with your cleaving scimitars, and make him drink of the cup of death and annihilation.

Upon that, Antar went to a little distance from them, and dismounting from Abjer, tightened his girths, and then mounting again, galloped and charged about, crying out to them, you base born wretches, to day will I shew you how I fight and thrust. Away, away, to shame and disgrace—this day you shall behold the furious lion. He thought of his beloved, and thus exclaimed:

“I abuse fortune, that never softens at the voice
 “of the counsellor. I conceal my passion in my
 “heart, but my tears disclose it. My tribe is leagued
 “with fortune to seek my blood, and they assault

“me with sword and spear. They have driven me
 “from the mistress I love, and I am plunged into
 “the well of the water of banishment. To expose my
 “cherished life is indifferent to me; and though I am
 “separated from her, my heart clings to her. O my
 “God, let not my life be a life of ignominy! let not
 “my death, O God, be among the weeping crowd!
 “but my corpse! let the birds hover over it, and
 “let the crows of the desert drink of my wounds.
 “God regards the man who is hospitable to his
 “tribe, and who becomes among them a chief in
 “authority. But when they see us invade their
 “dwellings, every warrior on a swift-paced steed,
 “they promise us riches, and high-bosomed damsels
 “with well formed hips, and beautifully-shaped
 “haunches. I will seize them on my horse, whose
 “like exists not; aye, and the youth sold it like a
 “man of honour. Whoever of ye, oh tribe of Abs,
 “wishes my death, I will appear before him in the
 “plain of battle, and I will charge among ye on my
 “stern-faced steed, and I will rush at ye as the
 “lion of the wilds.”

When the Absians heard Antar's discourse, they
 all shrunk from the conflict, and consulting with
 each other, said, Ghegadh, what stops you? and
 what occasions this fear and consternation at this
 black slave? O Ghegadh, said they, you have
 advised us to make the attack, and still you hold

back from the assault and the combat ; you are our superior and our adviser, so come on. O my cousin, said Ghegadh, much troubled, wise is the man between whom and Antar there is no contention. Explain this, said they, ere we endanger our lives in a contest with him. I observed, said he, when he dismounted to tighten his girths, his gigantic mien, his brawny arms, his full formed legs, and his cool undaunted eye. And I, said another, saw something more extraordinary than that. What's that ? said they. Oneday King Zoheir gave him one of his finest horses ; he went up to it to put on the bridle ; the horse would not take it, but was riotous, and reared at him. At the instant Antar lifted him off the ground up to the top of his head, and dashed him on the earth, and smashed his bones. When they heard this account of Antar, they trembled, and were afraid. Do you go up to him, said they, addressing Ghegadh, give him the plunder, and do not make it appear that we are afraid of him, that his avidity may not increase to our detriment, and he say, "I will not quit one of ye till I have slain him and taken his spoil."

So Ghegadh went up to him, O my cousin, said he, are you not ashamed to engage in battle against your cousins, when they were only joking and making merry ? O my cousins, said Antar, convinced they were afraid of him, I would not do any thing that could be thought wrong, but I have purchased

this horse, who will carry me against your enemies ; and you know that when a person seeks to destroy another, it is necessary to defend one's self. Ghegadh continued to speak flatteringly to Antar, till he softened him and cajoled him. O Arab Chieftains, said Antar, I have not forgotten your kindness, and I am but your slave. I am grateful for all you have done for me, and had it not been for you, I should not be known among the Arabs.

It was not fear that dictated these words, but in order to observe their sentiments towards him.

He has indeed purchased this horse, said Ghegadh to his comrades, in order to destroy our enemies, let us therefore grant it him. Be it so, said they all. Thus Antar became possessed of Abjer, whose equal no prince or emperor possessed. By way of precaution, Antar kept away from Ghegadh and his companions, who went on talking to each other. How that base-born has succeeded to his wish, said they, for verily that horse was worth his weight in gold ; we shall indeed be disgraced among the Arabs ! Antar proceeded on before them and heard all they said.

Now they continued their march till evening, when they reached a spot abounding in trees and streams ; wide and extensive were the surrounding plains. They dismounted and let their horses graze, and seated themselves whilst Antar stood watch over them, for their and his own safety. They did not

move from this spot till morning dawned, when they mounted their horses and marched till evening; when suddenly from the upper part of the desert a great dust appeared, and through it they distinguished a lofty howdah, and on its top there was a crescent of gold. The howdah was richly ornamented with velvet; in front were damsels and slaves, and they wore robes of divers colours, and behind were horsemen mounted on steeds all of different colours. No sooner saw they this procession and these fine garments, than they were sure it was a bride in the howdah; but they knew not her husband, nor any one connected with her. This is our plunder, said they; God has sent it to us in recompense for what has befallen us. They instantly bent their heads over their saddle-bows, and violently assaulted the party, and got possession of the howdah and all its accompaniments. But when the horsemen that attended the howdah beheld them, they attacked them, and man met man, and hero assaulted hero; blood was shed and spilt, and the horror was great: and in a moment the Absians were assisted by the deeds of Antar, the devouring lion, for his attack was the attack of an over-powering warrior. And three score and ten were the horsemen that accompanied the bride: he destroyed sixty of them; and the rest fled, five to the right and five to the left.

The Absians having taken possession of the howdah

and the property with the dispersed cattle, and a vast quantity of articles besides, asked the slaves about the bride, who was her husband, and who her father? Arabs, said they, she is called Aminah, the daughter of Yezid, the son of Handhalah, surnamed the Blood-drinker, the chief of all the princes of Tey; and her husband, to whom she is going, is called Nakid, the son of Jellah, a warlike and bold horseman, the protector of the race of Marah; and you have executed this villainous act of violence upon us, and have ventured on this hazardous enterprise!!

They proceeded, and passed over the deserts and the wilds, the lady weeping and lamenting at the misfortune that had overwhelmed her. But when Antar heard from the slave this account of her father and her husband, he was convinced he would come down on her account, and that a great battle and slaughter would ensue between them, and he wished the Absians should feel his power and weight, for what he had heard them say about himself. So he came toward them. God has granted you victory and safety, said he: and thou too, they answered, he has also given thee cause to rejoice. You are aware, said Antar, that this plunder is much more valuable and precious than the former; let us put it out in lots and divide it, and let us give to each his portion, that he may defend it with his soul and body.

You, Antar, took the first plunder for yourself alone, said one, and do you demand your share of the second? With respect to the first plunder, O my cousins, said Antar, did you not give it me? and it is not customary with chiefs to take back their donations. The fellow, said Ghegadh, is right in what he says; divide the spoil, and give him half of one of your shares. Arabs, treat me fairly, cried Antar, and speak the truth. Ghegadh got into a passion, What do you mean? said he. According to our agreement, said Antar, which was settled between you and me, of all the plunder we should take, I was to have one half of the whole; and all of you the other half.

Rage filled the heart of Ghegadh. Thou son of Zebeebah, thy avarice demands impossibilities; thou art indeed mad, and a villain. Verily thou hast not kept thy word; and O, had the day never come that we met thee in this road! No one, said Antar, is mad, but he who keeps company with you, and agrees to your demands; for ye are a set of fellows of little justice, and great oppression and violence; the fact is, I will not take a jot less than one half of the plunder, even were my soul to drink of the cup of death. Come on, on to this black slave, cried Ghegadh to his friends, who rebels, and outrages us. Upon this they all jumped up, and cried out against Antar, resolved to kill him, and make him drink of the cup of annihilation.

Antar went apart from them for a while into the rocky plain, then galloped, and challenged them to the contest, thus addressing them ;—

“ When my foe sues me for a debt, I settle the
 “ debt with the Redeinian spear :* my scimitar’s
 “ edge shall extirpate ye all, and shall justly
 “ decide between you and me. I am exalted by
 “ my sword and spear far above the minutest stars
 “ and the two bears. Foul wretches ! ye know not
 “ my power, but the inhabitants of the two hemi-
 “ spheres shall feel it. The grasp of fortune has
 “ not destroyed my strength, and the fingers of
 “ time have not been stretched out against me.
 “ Many a horseman have I left sprawling, his
 “ cheeks grovelling, his hands dyed in blood, whilst
 “ the birds of death hover round him, and the mag-
 “ pies assemble over his corpse.”

His verses finished, he was about to attack them, when lo ! a dust arose and covered the whole country. In a short time the cloud opened and discovered three hundred horsemen, all clad in steel, and the father of the damsel, the Blood-drinker, appeared in front of them. He roared like a lion ; his sword was an Indian blade. Whither would ye flee, O ye baseborn, he cried out—I am he, surnamed the Blood-drinker, the Cahtanian.

Now the cause of the arrival of these men was

* Redeini—the name of the wife of a famous spear-maker.

Richardson.

this: out of the ten that escaped by flight from the combat, five went to the father of the damsel, the lion of the land, and five went to Nakid the son of Jellah; but the residence of her father happened to be the nearest. So he set off with three hundred men, all stern lions, and he galloped on till he overtook the Absians, as we have mentioned; and it was he who prevented the combat between the Absians and Antar.

When Antar saw the father of the damsel coming on—See where the heroes advance, he cried; now protect your plunder, if ye are men of valour—no portion is mine, neither great nor small, not a camel or a sheep. I will quit you, and will neither be with you nor against you. He spurred away his Abjer from them, and mounted to the top of a high hill; he took his feet out of the stirrups, and sat cross-legged upon the neck of his horse, resting on his dreadful spear, and there he remained contemplating the terrors of the approaching conflict.

The Blood-drinker cried aloud to his warriors; and they rushed down upon the Absians, and men encountered men, heroes heroes; and blood was spilt and shed. In a moment swords clashed, every heart and feeling were roused; heads flew off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees. The Teyans rushed upon the race of Abs; also the Blood-drinker assailed them in his courage, and released his daughter. The Absians quitted their plunder, for

their souls could not stand firm ; and they fled over the wilds.

Now when Antar perceived this defeat, he replaced his feet in the stirrups, and raising his spear from the ground, pounced down from the height like an eagle, or a wild beast when it rushes from its den ; and he roared out to them in a loud voice that made the mountains rebellow. O ye ignoble dastards, I am Antar, the son of Shedad ! And he urged on Abjer, who started under him like a flash of lightning, or a tearing arrow : his eye-balls turned red, and foam issued from his lips : he shrieked aloud in front of the horses, and immediately they shrunk back on their haunches, and hurled their riders from their backs : and the heroes were scattered over the desert and the wilderness. In less than an hour he drove them from the plunder. As soon as the Absians heard the sound of Antar from under the cloud of dust,—Verily, Antar, the magnanimous warrior, will overcome them, said they ; may God assist him ! This is indeed true intrepidity, and he deserves half the spoil ; for if the heroes drink the cup of death, the greatest share will fall to him, for verily the eye of the sun cannot be concealed. Thus their hearts were purified towards Antar, and they all returned to his assistance.

When the Blood-drinker saw the Absians resume the contest, he said to the people about him, The

horseman of Abs and Adnan are coming down, and this day will they bring death and destruction upon us ; and he let the reins hang loose and fled. The Teyans spread themselves over the plains and the desert, following him in every direction, whilst Antar, having already slain about eighty men, approached the plunder ; and when all were fled, the Absian horsemen came up, and there was not one but praised and thanked him. So they took up the spoil, and the property, and the prisoners, and the bride, and departed, seeking the land of the tribe of Abs, and rejoicing in their victory and triumph ; every one in astonishment at Antar's intrepidity.

But as soon as the other five that fled informed Nakid, the husband of the bride, the light became dark in his eyes, and he shouted out to the tribe of Maan—To horse ! to horse ! and ere an hour had passed, five thousand valiant horsemen were ready, and he marched at the head of them in hopes of overtaking the race of Abs, and of overwhelming them in perdition and death, and of rooting out every vestige of them, so that not a record of them should exist. For indeed he was a warrior ferocious as a lion, one of the thousand heroes in those days of darkness. He travelled on night and day that he might overtake the tribe of Abs before they could reach their own country. Meanwhile they pursued their journey, seeking their own lands, when a dust

arose behind them, and darkened the whole region : it opened, and discovered the Maanites headed by Nakid. At this sight they were convinced of their destruction and death, as they said one to another, Verily the tribe of Maan have overtaken us ! They looked towards Antar, and they perceived him smiling and rejoicing at the arrival of the warriors. Verily, said they, O my cousin, the foe is come up with us, and to day will our booty be torn away, and our skulls will fly off. Know, my cousins, said Antar, that death will not be wanting, neither will it increase; but I have long wished for such a day as this, for I have not given up the tribe of Abs ; my heart is fixed on returning home ; and this fortuitous circumstance has happened to us by the will of Him who disposes life and death. Now is the flame of war at hand, and sorrow and anguish are approaching. Whoever among you is ready to fight, let him fight ; whoever wishes to fly, let him fly ; but for me, I will drink of their cups, I will contend with their heroes ; and thus he continued in verse :

“ This day the race of Abs shall behold my combat, and my actions in the contest when I charge.
 “ I will seize their property : aye, and the double of
 “ it with my supple, quick-moving, death-bearing
 “ spear. I will destroy the brave in war with my Indian blade, and I will drive down among them like
 “ a devouring lion. I will rave among their horse-

“men with my determined courage, and I will charge, and I will rush over them in the battle. I am the Knight of Knights, the lion whom no human being can withstand. The lions in their dens tremble at me, and in the day of battle the Ghuols fly from me.”

When Antar had finished, he encountered the warriors with most penetrating thrusts and rending blows. The Absians were obliged to endure it with him, and to assist him in the horrors. The messengers of death were distributed amongst the conquerors and the conquered; the sharp-edged swords came in contact with them, and the straight lances glided through them. The Absians repented of their firmness, and fled over the plains, whilst alone Antar encountered the whole calamity; and he stood firm, like one resolved to avert shame and disgrace. He aimed at the breasts of the heroes with over-powering assaults and thrusts, that would have made the deep-rooted mountains totter.

When Nakid saw the battle of Antar, and how alone he stood against five thousand, and was making them drink of the cup of death and perdition, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his deeds. Thou valiant slave, he cried, how potent is thine arm—how strong is thy wrist! And he rushed down upon Antar, that his bride might behold a proof of his courage: and Antar, seeing that he was making at him, presented himself before him, for he was all

anxiety to meet him. O thou base-born, cried Nakid, son of an uncircumcised mother ! But Antar permitted him not to finish his speech, before he assaluted him with the assault of a lion, and roared at him : he was horrified and paralyzed at the sight of Antar. Antar attacked him thus scared and petrified, and struck him with his sword on the head, and cleft him down to the back, and he fell, cut in twain, from the horse, and he was split in two as if by a scale ; and as Antar dealt the blow, he cried out " O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! I am ever the lover of Ibla."

No sooner did the tribe of Maan behold Antar's blow, than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand made an attack like the attack of a single man ; but Antar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain, exhibiting to them his power and his courage. His eye-balls were fiery red, and foam issued from the corners of his lips ; wherever he smote, he cleft the head ; every warrior he assailed he annihilated ; and as the warriors still pressed on him, he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him on high, and whirling him in the air, struck down a second with him, and the two instantly expired. " By thine eyes, O Ibla," he cried, " to day will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded until he terrified the warriors, and hurled them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints. At length the five thousand retreated from the

combat, for fear and terror had completely shaken them, and more than nine hundred horsemen he had slain, and gained an entire victory over them.

Just as Antar had nearly annihilated them, there appeared a dust that darkened the whole land. In an hour it was cleared, and there came forth a troop of heroes ; at their head was an horseman like an eagle, mounted on an horse that moved like a cloud. The rider was handsome, in the bloom of youth, and every tongue cried out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! Now this knight was Malik, King Zoheir's son. And he was coming in search of Antar, in consequence of the affair that took place between Antar and his father, who, when he demanded the rank and consideration of a son, wished to put him to death. Now Malik was expecting Antar the next day, but as he came not, he went and acquainted his father the King with all that had happened. Zoheir instantly sent for Shedad, who kissed the ground. Why do you not grant Antar's request, and call him your son, as every one else does ? asked King Zoheir : Think you, Shedad, that amongst the tribes of Cahtan and Adnan there is a more intrepid warrior than your son Antar, or a bolder heart than his ? O my Lord, answered Shedad, he is indeed my son, and a part of my heart ; but my brother Malik said to me, if you acknowledge Antar as your son, I will abandon myself to the Arab tribes ; therefore, on account of my brother Malik,

I have renounced him. Well, then, said Zoheir, I will have him return to his country in spite of his foes. And he dispatched a slave to gain information and to follow him. He waited until the slave returned, and told him that Antar had associated himself with Ghegadh, the son of Nashid, and at that moment he was, single handed, engaged with five thousand horsemen, and Nakid the son of Jellah. Malik wept. May God, said he, prosper him, for he has devoted himself to death and destruction ; never will he fly or retreat ; but by the life of my father King Zoheir, I must aid him, and if he is dead, never will I return till I have taken vengeance on his foes, and made his murderers drink of the loathsome cup. He set out, and appeared as we have just mentioned, and rushed forward with his troops as we have described.

But as soon as Malik and his people came forward, and the men had recognized each other, Antar felt his power expanded, for at that moment the enemy had resolved to slay his heroes. But at the sight of his friend Malik and his warriors, his heart revived, and he exhibited the whole courage of his soul ; and he made a most desperate attack upon his antagonists, and overwhelmed them in total ruin.

When the tribe of Maan saw Antar's destructive force, and his sweeping blows, and that the Absians were come to his assistance, their only resource was

flight, and retreat over the plains and wilds; for they said to each other, When Antar was alone, we could not resist him, What shall we do now, that the tribe of Abs and Adnan are come to his aid? So they took to flight and ran away in confusion, whilst Antar and the tribe of Abs having pursued them for three parasangs, returned for the scattered cattle and dispersed horses. Antar dismounted from Abjer, and running up to his friend Malik, wished to kiss his feet in the stirrup, but Malik would not permit him, and kissed him between the eyes, and rejoiced in his safety. And there was not one of the Absians but came up to Antar, and congratulated him on his victory and triumph. Antar thanked them. They halted there that night, and the next day they set out seeking their own country: Antar riding by the side of Malik, and relating to him all his adventures with Ghegadh and his companions, and how he obtained his horse Abjer. Malik informed him of all that had passed between him and King Zoheir, how he had sent after his father Shedad, and had threatened him. Antar was glad, and foreboded well, and felt convinced that his marriage might take place as long as King Zoheir was on his side: so that his love for Ibla increased. They thus proceeded on their journey till they came near to their homes; when Antar's passion seizing him, he thus exclaimed:

“When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi,

“ their freshness calms the fire of my love and
 “ transports. Let my tribe remember I have pre-
 “ served their faith ; but they feel not my worth,
 “ and preserve not their engagements with me.
 “ Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why
 “ should I prefer their society to absence ? Slimly
 “ made is she, and the magic influence of her eye
 “ preserves the bones of a corpse from entering
 “ the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her,
 “ and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise
 “ in my absence ; and the brilliant moon calls out
 “ to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when I
 “ am at the full, and in all my glory ! The Tama-
 “ risk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve,
 “ and say, Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of
 “ the laurel ! She turns away abashed and throws
 “ aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her
 “ soft fresh cheeks. She draws her sword from
 “ the glances of her eye-lashes, sharp and pene-
 “ trating as the blade of her forefathers, and with
 “ it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed :
 “ is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should
 “ be so sharp against its victims ! Graceful is every
 “ limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her
 “ glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes
 “ the night with musk under her veil, and its fra-
 “ grance is increased by the still fresher essence of
 “ her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from
 “ her forehead, and by the dark shades of her

“ curling ringlets, night itself is driven away. When
 “ she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture com-
 “ posed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat
 “ complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas!
 “ alas ! the effects of that throat and that neck-
 “ lace ! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik,
 “ ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure
 “ my heart of the sorrows of love ? If my eye could
 “ see her baggage camels, and her family, I would
 “ rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will
 “ kiss the earth where thou art ; mayhap the fire of
 “ my love and extacy may be quenched. Shall
 “ thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount
 “ Saadi ? or will the messenger come from thee to
 “ announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou
 “ art in the land of Nejd ? Shall we meet in the
 “ land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in
 “ joy and in happiness ? I am the well known Antar,
 “ the chief of his tribe, and I shall die : but when
 “ I am gone, history shall tell of me.”

Antar's eloquence and intrepidity made the
 Prince's heart bound with joy, for not an Arab
 amongst the neighbouring or distant tribes could
 equal him. Verily, said Malik, the spirit of God
 animates you, and inspires your mind ; for you
 have attained the full expression of words, and are
 perfect in rhymes. They went on, passing over the
 wilds and the deserts, until they approached their
 own country, when Malik sent forward one of his

men to give notice of his coming. The messenger preceded them, and informed King Zoheir of the approach of his son, and of Antar the bold warrior, at which being greatly rejoiced, he went out with all his noble comrades, except Rebia and Shas, to meet them : for these two were not pleased at the return of Antar ; and Malik also, the father of Ibla, would not congratulate him. But Shedad mounted with King Zoheir, and went to meet Antar, for his entrails yearned after him. They went out thus, and did not stop till they met the Prince and Antar ; and when they came near, Antar dismounted, and hastening towards him, kissed the hand of King Zoheir. But the King bent down towards him and kissed him between the eyes, and congratulated him on his safety. Think you, O Antar, said he, that we have forgotten you since you quitted us in anger ? Could our homes give us any pleasure when thou wert absent, and hadst abandoned thy country ?

O King, replied Antar, having kissed the King's feet, thou whose command is obeyed among the whole nation of Arabs, O high minded Prince ! I swear by your unbounded generosity and your noble mind, my departure was not the effect of passion ; I am but a lowly slave and dependant ; I did indeed depart the night I had been with your majesty, for my tongue had swerved from the road of propriety with my father ; my¹ ambition aimed at impossibilities, and I demanded what in fact only a fool

would have demanded. As soon as I was safe from his vengeance, and his kindness and favour were withdrawn from me, I could not, after such a fault, do otherwise than change my home ; till at last my lord Malik interested himself so much about me, and delivered me from death and perdition ; he has also informed me what interest you have taken in me : so that my situation is improved, and I am reconciled to my master Shedad ; and you have loaded me with obligations, mountains could not sustain. May you ever be under the protection of God ! Thus Antar went on talking with the King, when, Shedad coming up to him, Antar ran towards him and kissed his feet in the stirrup, thus saying ;

“ O my Lord, I am come begging forgiveness ;
 “ the slave is come like a criminal ; the sword and
 “ warhorse would fail, should presumption ever
 “ bear sway.”

When Shedad heard these words, and saw his humility, and considered all he had done, and his wonderful intrepidity, and truly Arabian nobleness of soul ; all his affections were excited, and his eyes almost shed tears as he said in his heart, may God curse every one who from this day forward would renounce him, and may the sword despoil his life ! He kissed him between the eyes, and Antar walked before his father, after he had saluted his uncles, and his relations. The whole tribe of Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and courage, and

they said one to another, No one possesses what his masters possess.

Now Antar felt no unworthy thought of fear respecting his father or his uncles, and only the passion that humbles warriors, humbled him. Malik presented the plunder to his father, and pressed him to accept it; and he divided the cuirasses, and armour, and horses, and coats of mail among the tribe of Abs who were with him at first. But King Zoheir took Aminia to his own tent, saying, This is a Princess, and the daughter of a King, it is not proper that she should be bought and sold. Thus they all departed home after the King had made up matters between Antar and his family and relations, and recommended him to their kindness. The King soon after heard from Antar an account of all his adventures, and how he had obtained his horse Abjer. And when he looked at him he was quite surprised at his qualities, and he said to his son Malik, This horse has been made for no one but Antar. And from that day he was surnamed Aboolfawaris.

Now Ibla's father addressed his son, saying ; My son, verily death would be preferable to this state of things ; how is it that this slave of ours, one whom we employed in tending our flocks, is now raised far in dignity above us with our King ? And this it is that makes him so presumptuous with us and your sister Ibla, and thus will our honour be

debased. There is nothing 'else to be done, said Amroo, but to marry my sister Ibla to one who can protect her against him, and then let us depart from this land ; for King Zoheir and his sons are strong in his favour. But, said his father, O my son, must we leave this slave safe and well ? No, by the faith of an Arab we must contrive his death. So they all retired to their tents, and were united to their families.

Now Antar came to his mother Zebbeebe. Why, my son, said she, do you not by my side tend the flocks and the camels ? It would be more agreeable to my heart than all this intrepidity and boldness, which every day expose your life to perils and dangers. Antar smiled at her sayings ; O mother, he replied, thou shalt see in thy son Antar what shall be registered and recorded.

Antar gave away to his father and his uncles all the plunder he had obtained ; though this was not his own idea, but at the instigation of Prince Malik. This Prince, when they were all established in their tents, related to his father and his brothers all he had seen Antar perform, and his undaunted conduct. The King took great pleasure in what he told of Antar, and being very desirous of hearing all he said both in verse and prose, ordered Antar into his presence, and as soon as he arrived, he made obeisance, and prayed for a continuance of his power and beneficence. Zoheir and his sons

welcomed him, and the King made him sit down by him, and supplied him with wine ; and his kindness for him increased. Aboolfawaris, said he, I wish to hear from yourself, the account of your expedition, and what happened to you, with your comrades, for my son Malik has related some of your hardy deeds, and has repeated some of your poetry ; but there is no reporter of words and acts like the actor himself. Upon that, Antar commenced and told them all that occurred with Ghegadh and his comrades, how he happened to associate with them, and how he agreed to their proposal of giving him half of all they should gain, and how they wished to kill him for buying the horse Abjer, and how they gave up their design on hearing his verses and discourse. Will you, said King Zoheir, let us hear the verses you made on your mistress Ibla, when you came nigh home ?

“ When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi,
 “ their freshness cools the fire of my love and my
 “ transport.” And he continued the repetition, till he came to this part, “ She is elegantly formed,
 “ and the soft magic of her eyes would arrest the
 “ bones of a corpse from entering the tomb.”

When Antar had finished, the King's astonishment and delight were unbounded at his eloquence ; and he turned towards his brother Asyed, and said, O my brother, I wish you would pay attention to Antar, and write down all he says, that we may

be reckoned amongst the most eloquent Arabs for poetry and propriety of conduct. They continued to drink their wine, and the hours passed in mirth and pleasure. But when Shas saw that his father became so exceedingly kind to Antar, his agony and distress of mind increased, and from the excess of his indignation his heart was near bursting; however he resisted till Antar accidentally left the tent for a while. When Shas being alone, turned round to his father; indeed, my father, said he, this black slave, this baseborn, has brought indelible shame upon us, and it is all on account of his love of Ibla, the daughter of Malik; and you also approve his conduct; but verily the whole tribe will be shocked with his wickedness when they hear his verses.

The King was exceedingly angry, and wrath appeared in his countenance. My son, said he, what say'st thou? Who is able to thwart the decrees of Providence? Perhaps God has resolved to testify in him his divine favours! And know, my son, the most ignorant of men is an envious man. Now Antar just then entered, and as he had overheard all their conversation, he thus spoke:—

“ This flame is for Ibla, O my friend, her lustre
 “ illumines the darkest night. She blazes—her
 “ form is in my heart, and the fire of love is in my
 “ soul. Her gently waving form has kindled it
 “ like the branches whose motion refreshes the

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“ breeze. Her breath diffuses a lively odour, and
 “ in her perfumes I pass the night in paradise.
 “ She is a maid whose breath is sweeter than
 “ honey, whenever she sips the juice of the grape.
 “ When I taste a coolness from her lips, she leaves
 “ in my mouth a hot burning flame. The moon
 “ has stolen her charms, and the antelope has bor-
 “ rowed the magic of her eyes. O grant me thy
 “ embrace, O light of my eyes, and save me from
 “ thy absence, and mine own griefs. Be just, if thou
 “ wishest, or persecute me ; for in thee is my para-
 “ dise, and in thee is my hell. No happiness is
 “ there for me in my troubles, but my lord, who is
 “ called the generous Zoheir. Wherever he goes,
 “ death anticipates him ; and he destroys his foes be-
 “ fore he meets them. Let them not abuse him if he
 “ aid a solitary creature, who spends the live-long
 “ night without sleep, and in tears. He is my sup-
 “ port and stay against those who, when they see my
 “ exaltation, would trouble me the more. He is a
 “ King to whose name Princes shall bow, and shall
 “ point at him to pay their homage. He is the
 “ asylum of all who refer to him to dissipate their
 “ sorrows, as he relieves my griefs. May fortune
 “ never deprive me of my King ! May he ever live
 “ in the purest joy and felicity !”

The King was so pleased with Antar, that he said,
 O Aboolfawaris, whatever I can give you for your
 poetry will be an insufficient return ; even were I

to give all I possess; for my property will pass away as if it had never been, but thy praises will endure for ever. So he presented him two virgin slaves, beautiful as moons, and two rows of large jewels, and some perfumes, saying, Aboolfawaris, you have often mentioned me in your poetry; it would be disgraceful in me to let you go away from me unrewarded, so calm thy heart and cheer thine eye; for by the faith of an Arab, I will not be separated from you until you obtain every thing you wish, and accomplish all your desires. Did you belong to me, I would admit you to my rank and connections, in spite of the blame the Arabs might heap on me.

Shas could not endure this, and rose up and quitted the place, but Antar remained drinking with the King till the evening, when he arose, and his hand was in the hand of Prince Malik; and they all departed from the tents, and went their way each to his own dwelling. Antar did not stop till he reached the habitations of the family of Carad, where he perceived a very strong light: he understood it not, but he went towards it and entered his mother's tent, and asked what was the reason of this light at such an hour. Know, my son, said she, the men of the camp are absent; they are gone with your master Shedad, and with him are also ten horsemen after the cattle, in order that they may release them from some Arabs; and the women are watching to this

hour in the expectation of seeing you, that you may relate to them all that has happened to you in your expeditions ; and Ibla the daughter of Malik is more delighted than any of them.

When Antar heard the words of his mother, he joyed in his heart, and a smile lighted up his countenance. So he immediately arose and sought the dwellings of his uncles, and entered the womens' apartments. As soon as they saw him they arose and received him, and saluted him. Semeeah kissed him. O Antar, said she, you have been with the King from the beginning of the day, and we are sitting up on your account. O my mistress, said Antar, I knew nothing of it, but had I known it, I would not have tarried, had my legs been even tied and fettered ; and he thus addressed them :

“ Darkness hovers over, and my tears stream down
 “ in copious torrents. I conceal my love and com-
 “ plain to no one. I pass the night, regarding the
 “ stars of night in my distraction, and the tears rush
 “ violently from my eyes like a hail storm. Ask
 “ the night of me, and it will tell thee that I am
 “ indeed the ally of sorrow and anguish. I live
 “ desolate, there is no one like me ; a lover without
 “ friends or a companion ! I am the friend of sor-
 “ row and desire. I am o'erwhelmed by them, and
 “ I am worn out with patience and trials in my
 “ grief. I complain to God of my afflictions and my
 “ love ; and to no one else do I complain.”

Ibla heard these verses, and perceived his tears and distress and his sorrow ; she pitied him ; and as she remarked the violence of his tears, they interceded greatly for him, for she loved him for his courage and his eloquence ; and as she noticed him with the flattering soothing expressions,—Where, said she, is my share of the plunder ; or am I now of no consequence or value to thee ? At these words the sight of her beauty and loveliness overpowered him. O my mistress, cried he, by the light of thine eyes and the black of thine eyebrows, to me the most sacred of oaths, thy slave Antar has obtained of plunder neither a small nor a large portion, but the whole I have given to thy father and thy uncles. So he presented her the two slave girls and the two strings of jewels that King Zoheir had given him ; and he added—the perfumes thou hast no occasion for ; thy breath is more delicious and more heavenly ; thy perfume is sweeter and more luscious. So he divided the perfumes between the wives of his father and his uncles. And to his questions about his father and his uncles, whither they were gone ?

“ Know, Antar, said Semeeah, that your master told us that there is a horseman of Yemen, called Kais, the son of Dibgan, and he is a horseman of the land of Yemen, and under his subjection are the lands of Senaa and Aden ; he has at this time invaded the land of Hejaz with forty horsemen: he is now on his return, and with him an immense plunder, and he is

seeking his own country. Shedad enquired of the peasants who gave him this information, where Kais was to rest this night and sleep : they told him at the lake of Jaree, in the country of Doom. Then said Shedad, by the faith of an Arab, I will go against him in the dark, and will attack him and take his plunder from him, and will reduce him to shame and disgrace ; and if there should be a thousand horsemen, I will not permit the tribe of Cahtan to escape with plunder taken from the land of Abs and Adnan. He accordingly mounted, and took with him ten horsemen, and he set out to follow their track."

When Antar heard this, he got up without delay, and kissing the mother of Ibla, and also Ibla between the eyes—this is the kiss of farewell, said he, for I know not when we shall meet again : and having eased his heart by gazing upon her, he returned to his mother, and put on his armour and his cuirass : he mounted his horse, and taking Shiboob with him, he departed in quest of his father and his uncles. And when they had advanced some way, said Shiboob to him—O my brother, a female slave of my master Shedad said to me—" Tell your brother Antar to be on his guard against his father Shedad and his uncles, for they have resolved on putting him to death. This Ibla heard from her brother Amroo and her father Malik, and told Semeeah, and directed her to warn you of it : now I

have told you be on your guard." Run on, father of the winds! was Antar's reply. He urged forward Abjer and they went on for some time till it became very hot, when a horseman met them coming from the centre of the plain. Antar marked him, and behold he was one of the men that had accompanied Shedad, and he was covered with wounds. When they came nearer to him, said Antar, Where is the plunder? O Aboolfawaris, he replied, I have got these wounds which you see in my body on account of it, for truly we sallied out with your master Shedad at night-fall, that we might overtake Kais, the son of Dibgan, and when we came up with him, we saw him carefully guarding his spoil. As soon as he perceived us he started up, he shouted out and assaulted us with the vehemence of a lion; first he speared me, then after me your father Shedad; I have returned to seek you and bring you; so if you wish to overtake them, make haste, and if you rescue them 'twill be noble of you.

By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Antar, never will I return till I have destroyed the whole party with my sword, and have liberated my father and my uncles; and I will not return but with the whole plunder before me; so away home, and I will revenge you. Aboolfawaris, he replied, I am not able to retain my seat on the back of my horse. So Antar ordered Shiboob to place him by the side of

a pool of water. Shiboob came to him and placed him by the side of the lake, and tied up his horse, where they quitted him, and proceeded over the plains and deserts until the day closed, when they came up with Kais and his prisoners that were marching before him, Kais following them with his comrades. As soon as Antar saw his father and his uncles tied across their horses, he indeed knew not then the heavens from the earth, and he gave a shout that made the mountains tremble. "Ye ignoble dastards! Quit your plunder. Come on! Slaughter is the word!"

No sooner heard Kais the shout of Antar, than he was alarmed and confounded; he pricked on his horse, and turned round upon Antar; but Antar cried out to him—Son of Dibgan, who hast urged thee against the warriors of Abs' and Adnan, whom none shall attack but the eagles shall devour his flesh? Thou vilest of Negroes, cried Kais, thou shalt soon see that I am a man not to be wearied in the contest of spears; and as he fell on Antar like the fall of fate and destiny, he thus burst forth—

"I am renowned in every nation for the thrust
 "of the spear and the blow of the sword. I am the
 "destroyer of horsemen with the lance, when the
 "spears are interwoven under the dust. How
 "many contests have I waged on the day of battle,
 "whose terrors would turn grey the head of
 "infants! Long ago have I drunk the blood of

“horsemen, with which they fed me before I was weaned. This day will I prove my words when the blood streams from my sword. This foul wretch I will slay with the edge of my sword, that cleaves through the flesh before the bones. His dwellings shall this eve be found waste and desolate, and I will not swerve from my word: his body shall lie on the deserts, cut down, and his face thou may'st see grovelling in the dust.”

As soon as Antar heard this speech of Kais, son of Dibgan, Silence, said he, may thy mother bewail thee! and thus he replied to him.

“Verily, thy spirit has urged thee to abuse me, and thou hast spoken the words of a vile dastard: thou art ignorant of my exploits in every battle, from the land of Irak to the sacred shrine: thou shalt have no time to reply, no justice but the sword; for ignorance among mankind is a trait that conducts the ignorant to their death. This is the scene of conflict, and in it doubtless will be proved the skill of the coward and the base-born. Let him repent who has only shewn his vanity, and let him prefer flight to resistance. I am Antar, and my name is far spread for the thrust of my spear and the blow of my sword.”

When Antar had finished, equally impetuous was his assault: he drew forth his scimitar, and struck him between the eyes, and split his helmet and wadding, and his sword worked down to his thighs,

down even to the back of the horse; and he cried out—Thou wretch, I will not be controuled—I am still the lover of Ibla. · Thus Kais and his horse fell down, cut into four pieces !

When Shedad and Malik and his son Amroo saw what Antar had done, they trembled and were afraid, and from that day a dread of Antar filled their hearts. But Antar rushed amongst the remainder like a devouring lion. When the tribe of Dibgan perceived the force of Antar's blows, and how he overthrew their chief, and split him and his horse into four pieces, they wheeled about their horses and fled. Antar pursued them, and having slain twenty of their men, returned. He roared even as a lion in his wrath ;—he took possession of the plunder ; he released his father, his uncles, and the other horsemen, and they all rejoiced in their delivery, except Malik and Amroo his son, who said : —Oh ! that we had fallen by the sword, rather than be rescued by Antar, the slave of Shedad ! But they concealed their anguish, and appeared to be stout of heart, and thankful to Antar, though, in fact, their galls burst with spite. They drove forward the plunder, and returned seeking their own country, whilst Antar embraced his father and uncles, and thus spoke.

“ As I approach my friends, my transports increase, and on their account my cheeks are bedewed with tears. This day I march towards

"them, and I am surrounded by the chiefs of my
 "tribe. I have slain the son of Dibgan, a lion in
 "battle, and with my Indian scimitar I have cured
 "my pains. I have engaged to cleanse their hearts
 "from sorrow. I have rescued my tribe, and that
 "is my dearest reward. My companion, whenever
 "I march by night, is my sword and my spear; and
 "the Dæmons of the earth dread my vehemence.
 "O Ibla, how many horsemen have I raised up on
 "my double-edged cleaving scimitar in my strength!
 "O Ibla, how many horsemen, in the midst of the
 "war throng, as soon as I come, fling away their
 "arms in fear of me! Ask every lion hero of my
 "exploits; they will tell thee every lion is terrified
 "at my violence. My tribe abuse me that I am
 "black; but my deeds in battle are fairer than the
 "dawn. If I wish, I will seize whole countries
 "and subjugate them, and all the princes of the
 "earth are within my grasp."

Thus they travelled on till they came to the pool
 near which Shiboob left the wounded man, and they
 perceived that he was dead; they were exceedingly
 vexed. Verily, said Shedad, we have lost horsemen
 more valuable than the plunder!

Now that plain was very extensive, and as even-
 ing was advancing, they halted till midnight, and
 then departed, seeking their own country, where
 they arrived in the morning: and they met King
 Zoheir at the lake of Zatoool-irsad, and with him

were his sons, and Rebia son of Zeead. As soon as they saw the King, they hastened to him, and saluting him, laid the plunder before him, and told him what Antar had done, how he had joined them, and liberated them from misery and destruction, and had slain Kais, and dispersed part of the tribe of Cahan. Confer this great obligation then, on thy son, he so longs for, said Zoheir to Shedad, that you may be rewarded by his great actions, and be ennobled by his sword to after generations.

Rebia, Shas, and Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, were greatly enraged at this; but Prince Malik, the friend of Antar, rejoiced.

He then divided the spoil in equal portions, but out of respect for Antar would not take even a halter. And Antar immediately presented the whole of it to his father and his uncles; and all the tribe of Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and filial love. Zoheir sacrificed camels and sheep, and ordered a feast to be prepared, and as they ate and drank, King Zoheir turned towards Antar and said, recite, Aboolfawaris, some of thy verses; and he thus complied.

“ May fortune bring thee every wish of thy heart,
 “ live in peace, for every result will secure thy
 “ comfort ! This is the lake whose residence thou
 “ hast sweetened; and were it not for thee, its
 “ rain fraught with exhalations would not fall upon
 “ us. Thou art present, and all its herbs are

"green or yellow, and all their wonders and charms
 "are expanded before us. The breeze of musk
 "wafts the essence of its flowers, and it smiles from
 "east to west. O then, let us do it ample justice
 "with wine; let us mix it till its banks o'erflow.
 "Let us drink with thee out of cups of joy, and
 "let us hold up thy train, thou lord of honor!
 "Thy countenance is decked in smiles, laughter
 "lives in thy teeth, and there is a sword whose
 "blows draw the blood of thy foes. O do not
 "then reproach me if I weep for Hima, when I
 "call to mind the friends that dwell there, and its
 "neighbours. In my heart is an ever burning
 "flame, but I am ever in alarm about these dear
 "warriors and these tents. Over the extent of the
 "waste are marvellously rich canopies, and the
 "whole is ornamented with fine curtains of Grecian
 "velvet, painted with every surprising form, that I
 "am amazed at their starry brilliancy. My heart
 "was in agony the day they quitted Hima, but it
 "soon returned to hail its royal master. Should it
 "be said amongst the people—Who is the most
 "determined hero? What youth is ennobled high
 "o'er the rest? We will say it is Zoheir, illustrious
 "in his birth, towering above all men, who can
 "never attain his eminence. His exploits avert
 "from us the obscurity of night, and all is
 "luminous, so that his star is one mass of onyx.
 "May he ever succeed in every enterprize; may
 "death ever march wherever his armies march."

These verses delighted the King. May God never renounce thy mouth, or man do thee harm, said he. By the faith of an Arab, thou art one of the wonders of the world; and he continued to praise and thank him; when lo! a great dust arose, and there appeared a hundred horsemen, all clothed in steel, headed by a Knight like a lofty date tree on an elephant, on his head was a turban of Kufian cloth, and over him a painted mantle of Grecian fabric; beneath him was an Arabian steed; they came down towards the lake, and when they reached it, the foremost rank stopped short, and their leader dismounted, and presented himself before King Zoheir, bowing before him. His tears began to flow, and with a heart rent with anguish he thus addressed him.

“ O thou, the defender and protector, be my
 “ defence and support against mine enemies. Thou
 “ art the defender of orphans, and thy beneficence
 “ heals the wounded spirit. Fortune has over-
 “ whelmed me, my bosom bursts, and my soul is
 “ full of grief. A perfidious minded oppressor has
 “ overpowered us with his strength, and has
 “ violated our virgins. Wherever he goes, death
 “ precedes him, so he destroys his foes before he
 “ presents himself. Protect us from his violence
 “ before all our women are dragged prisoners by
 “ their hair.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE suppliant had not finished his intreaties, ere Prince Malik sprung towards him, and throwing his arms round his neck, O my brother, said he, may God never permit thy eyes to weep! What is it that has called forth thy grief? Now this suppliant was Prince Malik's foster-brother, and his name was Hassan the Mazinite. The King had taken the mother of this youth a prisoner from the tribe of Mazin; he was an infant at her breast, and as his father was slain in the affair, King Zoheir carried her away, and as Temadhur had just then brought forth Prince Malik, she consigned her child to her, desiring her to suckle the infant with her own child. So she remained with her a long time, and suckled and weaned her son and Prince Malik together, till her sister, who had heard of her, came to her and pressed her exceedingly to return home. She asked permission of Temadhur, who granted it, and gave her and her sister many very valuable presents. She then departed with her sister for her native land, and employed herself in educating her son Hassan, until he grew up and his limbs strengthened, for in him was the essence of the

noble tribe of Mazin. And he became a blazing flame, and a fiery thunderbolt, and the tribe of Mazin loved him for his courage, and they made him the protector of their land.

And Hassan's sudden arrival at King Zoheir's tent was occasioned by the following circumstance. Hassan had a maternal uncle, whose name was Nedjem the Mazinite, and he had a daughter perfectly beautiful and lovely, and her form was symmetry itself. Hassan was in love with her, but he was never able to address her, till a man of the name of Awef the son of Alkem, of the tribe of Terjem, presented himself one day to his uncle. He was also a renowned horseman, and a valiant hero, rich in property and cattle. And when he came, his uncle invited him to a feast, and slew camels and sheep, and poured out wine for him; and when the liquor began to play about the head of Awef, he threw himself at his feet, and demanded his daughter, and won him by his wealth and riches. Hassan was present, and when he perceived that if he remained silent, his cousin would be betrothed to another, he started up and eagerly exclaimed: O my uncle, do not marry thy daughter to this man, for I am to be preferred to him on account of my rank and consideration: never will I permit the daughter of my uncle to quit her tent for a stranger's, were my limbs to be torn asunder! Ignoble wretch, cried Awef, canst thou presume to address, where I have already put

in a claim? for thou art numbered amongst the herd of orphans.*

Wert thou not in mine uncle's tent, replied Hassan, I would soon tear off thy head, and silence thy existence. And if thou wouldst boast of thy wealth, know, that all the property of the Arabs is mine, and in the grasp of my hand; and if thou wouldst domineer over me with thy courage, come, let us to the field! that I may make an example of thee amongst the horsemen.

At these words the light became dark in the eyes of Awef; he instantly sprang on his horse's back, and Hassan did the same; and they both rushed to the plain, and dashed at each other, and the earth quivered under the feet of their horses, and all the tribe of Mazin sallied out in order to see what might be the result of the battle and contention. Naeema, the daughter of Nedjim, was there with many other women. And when Hassan observed his cousin, and that she was viewing the engagement, he instantly seized his antagonist and grappled him, and pressing him hard, stopped all means of escape; then catching hold of the rings of his coat of mail, he made him his prisoner, dashed him on the ground, and almost smashed him to atoms. He instantly dismounted to cut off his head; but his

* Young orphans did not inherit at the death of their fathers; all property belonged to the tribe; as they had not laboured, they had not merited.

uncle sprang towards him, saying, O my son let him go, accept of my intercession, for he has eaten of my meat and been under my protection. So Hassan admitted his uncle's interference, and pardoned him. Awef quitted the tribe of Mazin, for shame and mortification overwhelmed him; and the event was spread among the Arab tribes, and every one stood in awe of Hassan.

About that time a female slave came to Hassan. Your uncle, said she, has been just saying to his wife, Verily Hassan is a valiant and a brave fellow, but he has not wherewithal to keep up an establishment, and I fear, should I give him my daughter, she will be reduced to penury and difficulties with him. As soon as Hassan heard this, he assembled all the men in whom he could confide, and took them away, and he went in search of plunder from some of the Arab hordes.

Now, among the Arab tribes of Cahtan, there was a King whose name was Oosak, and he was one of the thousand warriors of that period of ignorance, who could engage a thousand heroes at once. He had at his command an intrepid army; but a famine having wasted his lands, he departed with his troops and his armies, and attacked the land of the tribe of Mazin, amongst whom he settled. And it happened that as he rode out one day, and was amusing himself by the streams and the fountains, he rode on till he came to a pool of water, when it happened by

fate and destiny, from which there is for man no retreat or escape, that in that day Naeema, the daughter of Hassan's uncle (who with her friends was gone to procure a dower for her) came also to the lake. Oosak, as he looked at her and the young girls employed in their games and amusements, distinguished Naeema, for her face was brilliant like the moon when it is full ; and as she was smiling, with her teeth like rows of pearls, and as the weight of her haunches prevented her from standing up, Oosak was quite surprised, and his senses failed him. But the women turning towards him perceived Oosak looking at them, so they all surrounded Naeema. O brother Arab, they exclaimed, are you not ashamed of this action, thus to come and stare at the daughters of warriors ?

Oosak smiled and laughed at what they said, and called out to an old woman who was with them, and asked her about the damsel. Whose daughter is she ? Whether she was a virgin or a married woman ? This is Naeema, the daughter of Nedjim, said she, and is unmarried. When Oosak heard this, his love and passion increased. He staid quiet that night, but as soon as the day dawned, he sent to Nedjim to demand his daughter in marriage. But Nedjem refused him, saying—Verily, I have but one daughter, and have affianced her to my nephew Hassan, who is now on an expedition, seeking a dower for her. I cannot therefore dispose of her,

for he is a horseman that would not put up with such an affront, and also a man of a harsh disposition. The messenger reported this to Oosak who swore in his wrath that he would not take her but as a captive, and that he would pour down death and destruction on the whole tribe of Mazin.

About that time arrived Hassan, bringing with him immense wealth ; and as soon as he approached the dwelling, he gave his uncle the marriage present for his daughter. He also made a partition amongst the warriors of the tribe, and put aside five hundred camels for the marriage feast, and besought his uncle to have the ceremony performed. His uncle then informed him what Oosak had done, how he had demanded his daughter, and how he had refused him. On hearing this the light became dark in the eyes of Hassan. If Oosak dares to molest me, said he, I will tear out his lips and crush him to pieces, and I will drive him out of our land, even against his will. I will repair to King Zoheir, and will relate the affair to him, and then will I come upon him with the warriors of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, who heed not even Chosroe Nushirvan.

Thus Hassan calmed the mind of his uncle, and they made ready the marriage ceremony, and sacrificed the camels and the sheep, and poured out the wine ; and seven days they continued in mirth and jollity ; but on the eighth day, as they were adorning

the bride with jewels and robes, and were about to wed her to Hassan, intelligence reached them that Oosak had resolved to make all the women his slaves, plunder their property, and slay the men.

On hearing this, Hassan stood in front of his party, as they were consulting what was to be done. Hassan, said they, we are not able to contend with Oosak, for he has assembled all the tribe of Cahtan, and there comes with him the tribe of Zerker, and the tribe of Anka; and he has sent to Masood, the son of Moosad the Kelbian, and with him also is Awef, whom you made prisoner, and whose hair you cut off; and we have not that confidence in ourselves to suppose that our means can resist such accumulated forces. Upon this Hassan went to his uncle. Uncle, said he, have patience with me for ten days, and I will shew you what I will do with those haughty boasters.

So he took with him an hundred horsemen, and went his way till he reached the lake of Zatoool Irsad, and on seeing King Zoheir, he told him what we have now related as the cause of his coming. Antar was present and heard all that had happened to Hassan, and being much interested about him, he instantly arose and kissing the King's hand—O my lord, he cried, let me be deputed by you for this service; let me go with Hassan, and I will destroy his enemy. Go, my son, cried Zoheir to Malik,—go to the assistance of your brother, and

take with you whomever you please of our warriors, and Antar among the rest, and return not till you have blotted out every vestige of Oosak.

The King then ordered the dinner to be prepared for Hassan and his companions, whilst Malik was employed in getting ready for the expedition, and chose from the tribe a thousand experienced warriors; and in three days Hassan and his associates all mounted their horses with Prince Malik, and Antar the impetuous horseman, and Shiboob as his attendant; and Hassan was the happiest of men in the assistance of the tribe of Abs. Thus they marched on, clad in steel, and their bright cuirasses sparkled on their bodies. And as they rode, said Malik to Antar—O Aboolfawaris, recite to us some of thy verses. Willingly, my Lord, he replied; and thus spoke :—

“ I lust after the blows of the cleaving scimitars,
 “ and I idolize the thrusts of the well made spears.
 “ I long for the cups of death, when they are pure,
 “ and they circle round the heads of the illustrious
 “ brave. It is the blow and the thrust when the
 “ horses stumble among the death-bearing lances,
 “ and the armies are in confusion, that please me
 “ under the shades of the dust, like the wings of
 “ darkness, as the coursers storm over the earth,
 “ the barbs of the lances plunge into obscurity, and
 “ start from it like the sparkling stars. Faulchions,
 “ gleam in it in every direction, like the flashes of

" lightning in the darkness of night. O by thy life,
 " honour and glory, and eminence, and the accom-
 " plishment of hopes, and exaltation of fame are for
 " him who rushes into the combat magnanimously,
 " where alone in the height of glory are the highest
 " honours. Let him thrust among the warriors and
 " the chiefs with a heart unmoved in the fall of sword
 " blows. Let him brandish furiously his sabre and
 " spear in the boldness of his spirit, undaunted
 " at calamities. Let him do justice to the lance of
 " Cahtan in the contest, and let him stretch forth
 " proudly his shoulders with the edge of the sci-
 " mitar. Otherwise, let him lead a contemptible
 " life in ignominy, and when he dies, his friends
 " will not mourn over him. The beauteous virgins
 " will not weep in anguish for any but the
 " horsemen noble in the hour of trial. I am the
 " hero well known in the field of battle, and I am
 " the eager knight amongst my relations. I am
 " the assaulting lion, and the hero who defends their
 " dwellings and habitations."

O Aboolfawaris, said Hassan, verily you surpass
 all the horsemen of the age in eloquence and cou-
 rage, and generosity and nobleness of mind. You
 are in truth the jewel of the times. Antar thanked
 him, and they travelled on for three days, and on
 the fourth day (for the Lord of Heaven had decreed
 the glory of Antar, and that no one should exceed
 him in prosperity) Antar happening to stray a

little out of the way, descended into a deep valley: and lo! there were two horsemen engaged in desperate combat. Antar urged on his steed, and coming up to them, Stop, ye Arabs, he cried, and tell me the cause of your quarrel. At the instant one of them stepped aside, and came up to Antar. Noble horseman of the desert and the town, said he, I refer myself to you, for you are able to protect me. I will take your part, said Antar, I will protect you, I pledge myself to you but acquaint me with your story, and what has rendered necessary this combat between you.

Know then, noblest knight of the age, said the youth, that I and this horseman are brothers, of the same father and the same mother; he is the eldest, and I am the youngest; and our father was one of the Arab chieftains, and he was called Amroo, the son of Harith, the son of Teba, and Teba was our ancestor; and one day as he was sitting down, his flocks strayed away, and one of his camels was lost, and as he was very partial to it, he questioned some of the herdsmen about it. One of them said, Know, my Lord, yesterday this camel strayed away from the pasture; I followed behind it, and it still continued to run away, and I after it, till I became tired, and perceiving that it lagged behind, I stretched out my hand and took up a stone, black in appearance, like a hard rock, brilliant and sparkling. I struck the camel with it, and it hit the

camel on the right side and issued out on the left, and the camel fell to the ground dead. On coming up to it I found the stone by its side, and the camel was weltering in its blood."

On hearing this, my ancestor mounted his horse, and taking the peasant with him, went to find out the pasture. They passed on till they came to the camel, which they found dead, and the stone lying near it. My ancestor took it in his hand, and considered it very attentively, and he knew it was a thunderbolt; so he carried it away and returned home. He gave it to a blacksmith, and ordered him to make a sword of it. He obeyed, and took it and went his way; and in three days he returned to my ancestor with a sword two cubits long and two spans wide. My ancestor received it, and was greatly pleased when he saw it, and turned towards the blacksmith and said, What name have you given it? So the blacksmith repeated this distich: "The sword is sharp, O son of the tribe of Ghalib, "sharp indeed, but where is the striker for the "sword?" And my ancestor waved the sword with his hand, and said, As to the smiter, I am the smiter; and struck off the head of the blacksmith, and separated it from his body. He then cased it with gold, and called it Dhami, on account of its sharpness. He laid it by amongst his treasures, and when he died it came in succession to my father, with the rest of the arms, and when my father perceived his death

was at hand, he called me to him privately. O my son, said he, I know your brother is of a tyrannical obstinate disposition, one that likes violence and hates justice, and I am aware that at my death he will usurp my property. What measures shall I take? said I. He answered, take this sword and conceal it, and let no one know any thing about it; and when you see that he takes forcible possession of all my property, cattle and wealth, do you be content, my son, with this sword, for it will be of great benefit to you, for if you present it to Nushirvan, King of Persia, he will exalt you with his liberality and favours, and if you present it to the Emperor of Europe, he will enrich you with gold and silver.

When I heard these words, I consented to what he demanded, and took it out, in the darkness of the night, and having buried it in this place, I returned to my father and stayed with him till he died. We buried him, and returned home; but my brother took possession of all my father had, and gave me nothing, not a rope's end; and when he searched for the arms, and saw not the Dhami, he asked me for it. I denied knowing any thing about it; he gave me the lie, and abused me most violently; at last I confessed, and told him I had buried it in such a spot; so he came with me hither, and searched for it, but could not find it. Again he asked me where I had buried it; and when he saw me roaming about

from place to place, he rushed upon me, and cried out, saying—Vile wretch! you know where the sword is, and act thus to deceive me. He attacked me, and sought to slay me. I defended myself until you arrived, and now I demand your protection.

When Antar heard this, his heart pitied him; he left the youth, and turning to his brother, said, Why do you tyrannize over your brother? and do not divide with him the property your father left? Base slave, cried he, highly incensed, look to yourself, and interfere not so arrogantly; and he turned upon Antar, thinking him a common man; but Antar gave him no time to wheel, or direct his reins, ere he pierced him through the chest with his spear, and thrust it ten spans through his back, and threw him down dead. And now, young man, said he, to the other, return to your family, and assume the rank of your father, and should any one molest you, send and inform me; I will come and tear his life out of his sides. The youth thanked him and expressed his gratitude. Now my brother is no more, said he, I have no other enemy: and he departed home. But Antar fixed his spear in the ground, and dismounted from Abjer, and sat down to rest himself; and as he was moving the sand with his fingers, he touched a stone; on removing what was about it, behold! the sword the youth had been seeking. He still cleared away, and drew it forth, and seized hold of it, and it was a sword

two cubits in length, and two spans wide, of the metal of Amalec, like a thunderbolt. And Antār was convinced of his good fortune, and that everything began and ended in the most high God.

Antar mounted and pursued his comrades and Prince Malik, bearing the sword in his hand. He shewed it to Malik, and told him all about the youth and his brother, and the sword; of his having buried it, and all that passed between them; and Malik was greatly astonished, saying, This is a gift sent you by the Lord of Heaven.

They marched forward, passing over the wilds and the deserts that day and night; and the next day at dawn, behold there was great dust, and when dispersed, five hundred horsemen appeared all clothed in steel. Go and learn for us, said Antar to Shiboob, what means this dust, and what news there is beneath it. Shiboob quitted them, and returned as quick as a bird on the wing, O son of my mother, cried he, these are your enemies, the army of Gheidac. But the circumstance that occasioned the approach of this horsemanship was this: it happened that Oosak had demanded assistance of Gheidac, in his meditated attack on the tribe of Mazin.

Now there was blood revenge between Gheidac and Antar, because Antar had killed his father, and he had been brought up an orphan, but when he grew up he became a valiant horseman, and

destroyed his opponents; and he was a blazing thunderbolt, and overthrew knights and slew warriors. And when his name was spread abroad among the tribes, they gave him supreme command, and he sat in the place of his father. He became proud, and behaved haughtily to his people.

Now there was a man in the tribe called Codhâah, and he hated Gheidac. O Gheidac, said he one day, thou art a marked man; it does not become thee to behave so haughtily towards the horsemen, when thou hast not yet revenged the murder of thy father: how canst thou presume to boast over the brave and the valiant? And Gheidac said, Who is the stout king on whom I am to be avenged? Thy revenge is on Antar, son of Shedad, said he. Then the light became darkness in his eyes, and he cried out to the horsemen of his tribe, and he ordered them to prepare for an expedition to attack the tribe of Abs, and he swore he would slay Antar, and make him drink the cup of perdition, and destroy the whole tribe of Abs and Adnan. The tribe assented to his directions, and took with them all their warlike instruments for the expedition.

Just at that time arrived Oosak's messenger to request Gheidac's assistance against the tribe of Mazin. So Gheidac gave up his former intention, and went with the messenger of Oosak to perform what he required of him, and he was marching on this object when he met Antar and the Absians, and

Antar dispatched Shiboob, as we before stated. This day, said Antar, I will unite Gheidac to his father; I will curse his family and his relations. As soon as Gheidac saw the tribe of Abs, and Antar the destroyer of horsemen, his heart was overjoyed, and he cried out to his party—'This is a glorious morning; to day will I take my revenge, and wipe out my disgrace. So he assailed the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and his people attacked in his rear like a cloud when it pours forth water and rains. And the Knight of Abs, Antar, assaulted them likewise, anxious to try his sword, the famous Dhami. They all rushed forward, and horsemen encountered horsemen. Cowards fled, and the weak-hearted were disgraced; but the bold were firm in the assault, and the equals in courage met each other in the field. The earth trembled under trampling of the horses,—the heavens were obscured with the clouds of dust,—the warriors were covered with wounds, and the swords laboured in the cause of death; exertion was alive, and all jest was at an end. Thus they continued fighting till mid-day; and the impetuosity of Antar was the impetuosity of a resolute hero. When Gheidac observed the deeds of Antar, the bold warrior, he roared like a lion in his den, and he rushed down upon the lion Antar, who met him, his heart undaunted in the midst of terrors, and occupied him in the contest, and continually drew him on, as a lion draws on weaker cubs, until having

weariéd him, he shouted at him and struck him with horror ; then assailed him so that stirrup grated stirrup ; and he struck him on the head with Dhami. He cleft his vizor and wadding, and his sword played away between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even to the ground : and he and his horse made four pieces ; and to the strictest observer, it would appear that he had divided them with scales.

Gheidac's companions beheld their chief, and that he was dead ; and they said one to another—Never did we see such a blow ; were not this slave endued with the whole power of courage, he could not at one blow have thus destroyed our chief. So they took to flight and ran away, exclaiming—May God curse thy harlot mother ! how fierce is thy blow ! how piercing is thy thrust !

Antar and the horsemen soon returned from the pursuit, having filled the earth with the dead, and having collected the scattered horses, and all the booty and plunder from the plains and deserts ; as they prosecuted their journey towards the tribe of Mazin, Antar preceded the troops of warriors like a noble lion, and thus addressed them.

“ I am he that makes the warriors drink of the cups of death with the sharp-bladed glittering Indian scimitar. I am the raiser of their dust, and the atmosphere is thick and darkly turbid with

"blows at which cowards are humbled and ter-
 "rified. I am the death that never rushes into
 "the fiery day of battle without a tongue to speak.
 "I have slain Gheidac, because he was oppressive
 "and insulted me, and soon will I send Oosak after
 "him. I charge right and left through their horse-
 "men, and dash through the midst of them. I cut
 "down to the ground the warriors in the fight,
 "whilst the horses stumble and slip over their
 "heads. O Ibla, though they abuse me for my
 "blackness, yet the fairness of my exploits shines
 "and flashes. O Ibla, the men of my tribe have
 "witnessed my spear-thrust and sword-blow rag-
 "ing among the skulls. I destroy the heroes
 "of war with my scimitar, and whole armies are
 "extirpated at the edge of my sword. How many
 "horsemen throw away their arms in terror of me,
 "when they behold me robed in black gore. My
 "ambition is raised above the Pleiades, and the
 "fortune of my star is suspended from heaven."

They marched forward without delay, until they
 reached the tribe of Mazin, where they perceived
 the glittering of spears, the glare of armour, the
 flash of swords, and warriors engaged round the
 tents whilst the women were earnestly encouraging
 them to the contest and battle. Who is it that
 fights with children and women? and who is it that
 shrinks from his enemy and foes? cried the heroes.
 When Antar saw and heard the cries of the women,

and the screams of the children from the crowd (for he was particularly solicitous in the cause of women), the light was darkened in his eyes, and he knew not the right from the left. Do you take your warriors towards the quarter of the women, cried he to Malīk, and I will attack these horsemen who have taken their property, and have dispersed them in the plains and wilds. And he shouted forth in his well known voice when incensed—Ignoble dastards, he roared, I am Antar, the son of Shedad! He attacked, and at his assault the mountains tottered. He rushed down upon the enemy, and at once overpowered the warriors and destroyed the heroes, driving away the enemy out of their tents; and at his second attack all the scene of action was expanded; he shouted in front of the horses and forced them back upon their haunches; and when the horsemen crowded about him, he snatched hold of one from the back of his horse, and grasping him by his feet, and whirling him round as a sling, with him he struck down a second, and the two instantly fell dead. Thus the battle was raging among them, when Antar heard the voice of Prince Malīk, crying out, O son of Shedad, haste to my assistance."

Now the Prince was engaged with the party of Moosad, the lord of the waters of Traeer; he had dispersed them, and was about to repeat his attack, when Moosad came upon him roaring like a lion. He was an experienced horseman: he attacked Prince

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Malik, and pressed him hard ; and when Malik saw that his life was in danger he cried for Antar's aid ; who no sooner heard him than he turned Abjer round, and like a ferocious lion rushed down upon Moosad, who was about to gallop around and charge at him ; but Antar gave him no time. Come on ! he cried : and he terrified him, and struck him with Dhami on the chest, and he divided him down to the girdle of his back, and hurled him down, hewn in two. He then assailed the army of Oosak, his heart undaunted at death.

And when the tribe of Mazin saw Antar's prowess, the hearts of the heroes were encouraged, and they hastened to the combat ; men met men, and heroes heroes ; blood flowed and streamed, scimitars glittered, and spears goaded ; armour was riven ; lives were plundered ; the ground was discoloured with blood ; the warriors were covered with glory ; the flames of war greatly raged ; innumerable were the blows and the thrusts, and the easy became difficult : the battle field boiled like the boiling of cauldrons ; mighty was every act, and fate descended amongst them. The eagles and vultures hovered round ; cowards were overthrown, and the brave were overwhelmed : heroes were slain on both sides. The horror of the scene was tremendous, the universal cry among them, was Death ! Hands and arms were torn asunder. Antar cut through the troops, and made heads fly

off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees. The van cried out to the rear ; they roared against Antar from afar ; but not one dared to approach the spot where he fought.

Antar eagerly sought after the plume that floated above the head of Oosak, and he stopped not in his attack until he was beneath the standard where Oosak was waiting for his people to bring him his beloved Naeema : neither could he be roused till Antar came before him and encountered him. Then ensued a dreadful engagement. The combat lasted an hour ; when nerveless sunk the arm of Oosak. Antar seeing the state he was in, clung to him and grappled him ; and drawing his sword from his scabbard, he aimed a blow at his head, but Oosak received it on his shield. The sword of Antar came down upon it and shivered it in two, and split his vizor in twain, and it penetrated even to his thighs, down to the back of the horse ; and the rider and the horse fell in four parts ; and he cried out—O by Abs ! I am the lover of Ibla ; never will I be controuled ! I will not be restrained !

When the troops of Oosak saw this deed, they were bewildered ; they became confounded ; and they said to one another, this is no human being, —every one that comes before him drinks of the cup of death. So they wheeled about their horses and retreated into the rocky deserts, whilst Antar and the tribe of Abs and Mazin pursued them, and

having driven them away out of that land, they returned to the scattered cattle and dispersed horses ; and as they all came back to the tents, the tribe of Mazin dismounted, and met Antar, and marched by the side of his stirrup, celebrating his victory and triumph till they reached their camp, where the women and the men came out, and the tribe of Abs were accommodated with the best spots. Hassan was the happiest of them all with Antar and the Absians. He prepared feasts and festivals and entertainments, which lasted for seven days ; and on the eighth night Naeema was married to Hassan.

Early the next morning all the Arabs went to their respective countries and homes, and the tribe of Abs also departed ; but all the tribe of Mazin, in order to take leave of them, accompanied them a whole day's journey, when Antar besought them to return home, and he and Malik pursued their journey towards their own country, over wilds and plains. And when they were nigh, Prince Malik sent on a messenger to announce their approach. All the tribe of Abs were extremely anxious about that expedition, particularly King Zoheir, with respect to Antar ; because his enemies, and those that envied him, exceeded his friends and well-wishers.

Now Rebia the son of Zeead had a brother, whose name was Amarah : he was one of the nobles, but a great coxcomb, was very particular in his

dress, fond of perfumes, and always keeping company with the women and young girls. About that period, happening to hear much said about Ibla, and what Antar had reported of her, and repeated of her in his verses, a passion was kindled in his heart, and from hearsay, he conceived a violent love for her; and as Poets term it, his ears fell in love before his eyes. Amarah sent for one of his female slaves, and said to her, Go to the habitations of the tribe of Carad, and obtain some account of Ibla for me, and learn if what Antar says of her be true, or disbelieved amongst the people, for if she has all the beauty and charms that are attributed to her, I shall demand her in marriage, and will be lawfully wedded to her. She promised to obey him, and departed. She came to the habitations of the tribe of Carad, and presented herself to Ibla, pretending to come on a visit; so Ibla gave her a kind reception. Thus the slave girl ascertained the point about Ibla, and found her a perfect miracle of beauty and loveliness. She remained about an hour, and returned to Amarah. Blessed be God, how great is his power, and how fair are his works, cried she, as she entered the tents, and in Amarah's hearing; and he asked her what had occasioned her so much astonishment. O, said she, it is that damsel, whose equal exists not; for the most high God has granted to her such beauty,

and such charms, as he has never yet bestowed on any one of the daughters of the greatest Kings.

At this his heart fluttered, he was agitated, he instantly leaped up, and put on his best clothes, and perfumed himself all over, and let his hair float down his shoulders, and mounted a white-faced horse, and set out for the habitations of the tribe of Carad. He happened to meet Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, on the road. Amarah saluted them, and said to Malik—Come along with me, my uncle, for I have something particular to communicate. If you have any business with me, replied Malik, you might have sent a servant to me, and I would have waited on you. What I want of you, said Amarah, must be done personally between us. I wish to be nearly related to you, and am most anxious to be connected with you. I am a suitor with you, and am desirous of wedding your daughter; and I have only done this out of my anxiety for her on account of her shepherd, who has disgraced her among the Arabs of the desert.

Thus Amarah continued his talk, till Malik's eyes wept tears of joy: his bosom was elated and transported with delight. O chief, said he, my daughter is your slave, and I and my son Amroo are the most obedient of your servants—and he stretched out his hand to Amarah, and promised his daughter

to him ; and when they all returned home, Amarah informed his brother Rebia of all that had passed between him and Malik, son of Carad. I shall not permit thee thus to connect thyself, said Rebia ; have nothing to do with such fellows ; for if Antar hears it, he will not leave a single man alive of all the tribe of Zeead. And pray who's Antar ? asked Amarah—have I not a thousand slaves like him ? and if the foul wretch presume to interfere with me, I will shew him the valour of Amarah the munificent ; I'll shew him what I'll do with him. If you can effect the marriage tomorrow morning early, said Rebia, give her father the dower and marriage presents without delay, and introduce yourself to her in the absence of Antar ; for he is an uncontrollable horseman, and a man rough and harsh in his manners ; but if you can gain her whilst he's away, there will be an end of it. Amarah assented to the proposal of Rebia, and thought his advice prudent ; for he feared Antar would kill him and make him drink of the cup of death and dissolution.

So the next day Amarah mounted his horse and went to Malik to give him the dower and marriage presents ; and just at that moment arrived a messenger at the tents of the tribe of Abs, announcing the approach of Prince Malik son of Zoheir, and Antar son of Shedad, and all the noble warriors in their suite. Every one mounted his steed to go

and meet them. And friends saluted friends. Antar went home, and entered his aunts apartments, and staid till morning with his mother, whom he questioned about Ibla, enquiring whether she had mentioned him during his absence? God be with thee, my son, said his mother; talk no more about Ibla, and that lovely form—if thou art asleep, awake! Antar upon this instantly jumped up—What king or prince, exclaimed he, has taken her away! The chief Amarah, said his mother, has taken her. Every thing is completed but the giving of the dower and marriage presents. By the faith of a noble and faithful Arab, cried Antar, to morrow will I slay that Amarah, were he even concealed within the chambers of Nushirvan, king of Persia; tomorrow will I tell the whole affair to my friend Prince Malik, and ask his counsel.

He remained at home that night, but early in the morning, he repaired to the habitations of the Prince! he entered his tent, and kissed his hand. Malik received him kindly, seated him by his side, saying—how hast thou passed the night, Aboolfawaris? My night was the night of thy most accursed foe, replied Antar. What means this? said Malik; inform me what's the matter, and be sure of success and triumph. Antar told him what Malik had done, and how he had betrothed his daughter to Amarah; but my lord,

I must indeed slay that Amarah, and the whole race of Zeead, and I will depart from this land and country. But why quit this land? said Malik, greatly disturbed; I am a foe to those who are thy foes, and a friend of those who are thy friends; have patience until we go out to the chase, and then will I speak to thy father Shedad, and will urge him to acknowledge thee as his son, and that thou art a part of his heart. Then take Ibla from her father; and if he does not assent, I will put my name on her, and will keep off any suitor or wooer till the ceremony is performed, and thou art in possession of thy wife.

At this, Antar's grief and anguish were appeased. So they mounted their horses and sought the habitation of King Zoheir, whence they all went out on a hunting party. And Amarah rode by the side of Ibla's father: he was dressed out in his finest raiments, and his limbs were perfumed and scented, and his hair flowed down his shoulders. Go, Aboolfawaris, to my tent, said Malik to Antar, that I may speak with thy father Shedad. Antar departed, and Prince Malik riding up to Shedad, said—How long will you reject your son Antar? does not your heart lean towards him? and do you not yearn after him? all the horde envies you on his account. Grant me this request, Shedad, and let me make a noble entertainment, and let me raise his head above a state of servitude, and you will see

what he will do in return for such a favour. Who, answered Shedad, whilst his wrath was evident in his features, who is the Arab that ever did such a deed before me? Do you wish that it should be said of me that Shedad was captivated with a Negro woman, even to desire to marry her, and she bore him a son, and he acknowledged him as such because he became a great warrior, and a destroying hero. And who is he, said Malik, that having a son that resembles your son Antar would deny him, even were swords to cut his body in pieces?—According to my opinion, you should glory in him. Let the Arabs follow your example.—Good practices are to be admired, even though they be new. My lord, we'll consult about this, said Shedad; and he went his way home; Prince Malik also returning unsuccessful, found Antar in the greatest anxiety—he required what had passed with his father—Malik told him.

Antar remained that night with Prince Malik, but early next morning he mounted his horse and went towards his mother's tent, and as he was passing along the road, he met Amarah in the quarter of the tribe of Carad. He had been that night consulting with Malik, Ibla's father, about the marriage, and in the morning he was returning home followed by his attendants. He was riding in a most affected, coxcomical manner; and as soon as he saw Antar he trembled, and was in great dismay;

however, he plucked up courage, and let his tongue run glibly on. Son of Shedad, said he, where wert thou last night? thy masters were seeking thee; for I was there with them, and having heard of thy talent for eloquence, it was my intention to give thee a robe suitable to such as thou art.

On hearing this, the light became dark in Antar's eyes; he came up to him—Amarah, he exclaimed, I am not worthy of receiving a robe or present from thee; but when thou enterest unto my mistress Ibla, the daughter of Malik, verily, vile wretch, I will wrench thy neck off thy shoulders; I will curse thy family and thy parents, and I will make thine the most fatal of marriages; and Antar ran close up to Amarah, and seized him by the waist, heaved him up in his hand till he had raised him above his head, and then dashed him on the ground, and almost smashed his bones. Amarah fainted with fright, and gave unfeigned signs of cowardice and alarm.

Immediately there arose an uproar among the tribes of Abs and Zeead, and soon appeared Prince Malik at full speed; for as soon as he heard the news, he was afraid some mischief would befall his friend. He came up with his drawn sword and joined Antar, who stood firm, with his trusty Dhami in his hand. By the faith of an Arab of Medder, said Malik, verily Antar in the tribe of Carad, is

like a rare onyx amongst people who know not its value or worth. Come on, Aboolfawaris, he continued, now for the family of Zeead ! and he plied his sword among them. Were the tribe of Zeead in any other place, cried Antar, hastening towards him, and kissing his hand, I would shew thee what I would do with them in battle and war ; but I am afraid of blame and reproaches ; and least the noble Arabs should say, that a slave of the tribe of Carad put his cousins to the sword. Malik was amazed at Antar, and his magnanimity ; and just then Rebia came up at full speed with the intention of killing Antar the lion-hearted hero, for he too had heard of the event : so he mounted his horse, and came greatly alarmed lest his brother should be killed and buried ; for he had previously told his brother that he did not wish him to interfere with Ibla, or expose himself and family to danger with the slave Antar. He rushed upon Antar, eager to destroy him. Stop, Rebia, cried Malik, or by the faith of an Arab I will not spare one of your people or warriors. Matters were in this state, when lo ! King Zoheir arrived, with all his heroes of the tribe of Abs and Adnan. The attendants cried out, hold ! stop ! fight not ! ye have put in motion King Zoheir, the ruler of the age.

Now on that day King Zoheir had received intelligence that the tribe of Tey were coming down

upon him on account of Aminah, the daughter of the Blood-drinker, and with them were twelve thousand horsemen. King Zoheir was therefore troubled in his heart, and he kept it secret, for he feared that death and ruin were coming upon the tribe of Abs. At that moment also reached him the account of Amarah and Antar; and he was greatly alarmed that dissensions should arise amongst the tribes: so he mounted his horse and came to them. As soon as King Zoheir arrived, they held back from the fray, and they presented themselves, both Amarah and his brother, whilst all the people cried out unanimously—O great King, there is no security for us in your country, unless you permit us to slay this diabolical black slave, Antar; for he rebels and revolts, and no one but you can restrain him. O my cousins, said Zoheir, tell me what is the matter, what has Antar done?

Rebia came forward and told him that Amarah had demanded in marriage Ibla, the daughter of Malik, and what Antar had done to him. So the King knew that Antar had been ill-used, and that what they had told him about the marriage of Ibla was only to deceive him: but observing how many complained of Antar, he said, tell me what is your intention, or what shall I do to him. O King, said they, either kill him, or banish him from our country, or send him back to tend the sheep and the camels. As to killing him, replied the King, I cannot

submit to you, because he has eaten of our meat, and our protection is on him ; and as to banishing him or sending him back to tend the camels and the sheep, that does not depend upon me—it is Shedad's affair.

So the King sent for Shedad ; and when he came—these people are much exasperated against your son, said Zoheir, but you have the entire disposal of him, therefore do with him what you please, and I will be witness for you. I am quite bewildered and distressed about this business, replied Shedad, but my opinion is that he should return to the care of the sheep and the camels, and repent of his conduct. Call Antar here, cried Zoheir, and make the compact with him in my presence. Shedad called for Antar, and he came. Thou wicked slave, said his master, it is my determination that thou return to the care of the sheep and the camels, for I will not irritate the whole tribe, and submit to thee. I will not molest my brother Malik, and obey thee.

When Antar heard his father's orders, the tears rushed from his eyes, and he regretted greatly what had passed. Do, said Antar, what you please, for I am one of your servants, and a slave has only to obey his master, though he torment and afflict him every day of his life : and from this day will I never mount a horse, and will never be present in battle, nor go anywhere but by your permission. And

King Zoheir and others witnessed for Antar, and for his promise ; and this flame that had blazed was extinguished ; and they all returned to their tents ; and his enemies, and those that envied him, exulted over Antar, particularly the family of Zeead.

And Now, my cousins, cried Zoheir, prepare your warlike instruments this instant, to fight the tribe of Tey, for they are coming down upon us with twelve thousand horsemen, on account of Aminah, the daughter of the Blood-drinker, in order to release her from slavery and indignity. They all assented, and separated to prepare immediately. But Antar was rejoiced and glad at hearing this intelligence, for he knew the tribe of Abs would be beaten and routed, and that they would be in want of him. So he went home and entered his mother's apartment, and asked about Ibla. Ibla was with me just now, said she ; and she said, soothe the heart of my cousin Antar, and tell him from me that if my father even makes my grave my resting place, none but him do I desire, none but him will I choose."

Antar's heart rejoiced and gladdened when he heard what Ibla had said of him. He staid at home that night, and the next day he took his brothers Jereer and Shiboob, and went to the pasture, driving the cattle and the camels before him.

And King Zoheir mounted his horse with all his warriors of the tribe of Abs, in number four

thousand, all armed and accoutered, and set out to meet the tribe of Tey, leaving in the tents for the protection of the property, three hundred horsemen, with the sons of Shas and Cais, and Rebia the son of Zeead. He traversed the deserts: and the tribe of Abs remained in safety one night; the next day Antar conducted the cattle and camels to the pasture, and Shiboob and Jereer went out also with the cattle and the sheep, seeking the pastures. No sooner had they quitted the tents, but a dust arose that darkened the whole country. It was a party of the tribe of Tey, who had passed King Zoheir on the road, and reached the land of Sharebah like a blazing flame.

What is your counsel now? O Ebereah, said Antar to Shiboob. If you listen to my advice, said his brother, to-day you will obtain all you wish and desire, and you will become the noblest of the tribe of Abs, and be admitted to the rank and consideration of an Arab, and be reckoned one of the horsemen of Arabia. My opinion is, you should take the camels and the cattle, and ascend this eminence towards Mount Saadi; I will bring you your horse and your armour: for I know that the tribe of Abs will be routed, and will stand in need of you; and they will come to you, and will intreat you: but do not mount your horse, do not take part in the contest till your father admits you to his own rank, and acknowledges you as a son, and as a part of his heart, and

your uncle gives you his daughter in marriage, and makes you a partner in his wealth—then descend and destroy your enemies and those that envy you ; and thus, my brother, you will attain the object of your wishes.

Antar heard this advice of Shiboob ; and he drove away the cattle and the camels, and ascended the hill of Mount Saadi ; whilst Shiboob went and brought him his horse and his armour, and they all three sat down to watch the result of the contest between the tribes of Abs and Tey : but the Teyans attacked the pastures of the Absians, and carried off their camels and their cattle, with their shepherds ; and the whole country and vicinity were filled with them. Many of the herdsmen returned in flight, and spread alarm among the tents, informing the Absians of the arrival of the Teyans, and of their attack upon them, and that their army was like the tempestuous sea. They were amazed, and confounded ; for they knew that King Zoheir must have missed them on the road.

Shas called out to the warriors, and assembled the men. Come on, my cousins, cried he, behold the enemy, let us fight for our women and our tents, and let us infuse fear and terror into their hearts, or they will cut in among ye, and nothing will secure us against the cup of death, but the blows with the sword. They all mounted, the men were encouraged, and rushed on to the combat ; man opposed man, and

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hero encountered heroes ; blood flowed and streamed, limbs were hewn off, and horrors were spread among them for an hour ; when at length the noble Absians were so hard pressed, that the Teyans overwhelmed them, for there were twelve thousand of these, and the Absians only three hundred. Shas and Rebia and Amarah were wounded, and nearly dead. The Absians abandoned their property and families, and sought the wilds and the deserts, and the enemy took possession of their country and lands.

Alas ! said Ibla's father to Shedad, O my brother, where is thy son ? Let him come to us in such a dreadful day as this, and liberate us from death and misery. We cannot raise our heads towards Antar, said Shedad ; but were he present, our condition would indeed be the reverse of this. Shedad raised his eyes towards the hill, and he saw Shibboob and Jereer and Antar seated on the ground and contemplating the tribe of Abs, and their defeat. So he ran towards them, and his brother Malik followed him—Canst thou, in an hour like this, said Shedad, employ thyself in tending the cattle and the camels ? Behold ! the enemy have succeeded in their attempts, and have plundered our property and slain our horsemen, and have threatened to capture our women and our families.

What dost wish me to do ? said Antar ; I am indeed grieved at thy distress. O that I could rescue thee from destruction and defeat ; but I am a slave,

and am not capable of doing any thing, and am not worthy your consideration; I am indeed a poor slave, and one who conducts cattle and camels to the pastures, and one employed in milking, and picking up wood, and tending cattle and sheep—am I not for this contemptible and despised? And he quitted his father and his uncle Malik where they stood, and went away from them.

Shedad was vexed at his conduct. What means this indifference about us, said he? What do you want of me? Said Antar—Hast ever heard of any one asking protection and countenance from a slave? And abandoning noble princes? Mount, descend, and destroy the enemy, Antar! cried Shedad, and I will grant thee all thy wishes and hopes, and I will raise thee to the rank and honour of an Arab. But what will be this rank and honour? said Antar. I will, said Shedad, recognize you as my son, and as a part of my heart. O my nephew, descend and drive away the enemy from us! exclaimed Malik, and I will acknowledge thee of our family.

Whilst all this was going on between Antar, Shedad, and Malik, the Teyans attacked the tents, and plundered the property and goods, and captured the women and families, even the females of King Zoheir's family; and his daughter Mootejeredah and his wife Temadhur were both taken prisoners; and they seized Ibla, and Shereeah and Semeeah; and dreadful was the wailing of Ibla when they

threw down their dwellings to their very foundations, and they left nothing worth a halter; for they were Arabs, and greedy of plunder, and only conquered for spoil; and there were men among them who loaded their horses, and loaded themselves with a good horse load besides; and in a short time they left the whole country a barren waste, driving away with them the females and the families, as they departed over the hills and the deserts. .

Malik, Ibla's father, looked towards the women, and seeing Ibla was a captive among the warriors, O my nephew, cried he to Antar, dost thou not see thy beloved Ibla, and wilt thou not defend and protect her? If I mount this instant, Malik, said Antar, and destroy this party, and release Ibla from her affliction, wilt thou give her to me in marriage? Yes, said Malik, by the God that created her and beautified her. And he extended his hand towards Antar, and swore by the God of mankind, and said, If thou dost liberate Ibla, she shall be thy wife for ever: and Shedad admitted his pretensions to honour and rank, and swore he would not deny him again, were the foe to tear his body to pieces.

Shedad and Malik having finished speaking, and Antar having made them confirm their oaths, Shiboob brought him his horse Abjer. Now mount, O my brother, said he, for thou hast no more to say

to thy father and thy uncle—Put to the rout these hateful foes. Antar clad himself in armour, and encased himself in arms 'till he was like a tower, or a mass rent from the mountain's side. He rushed impetuously down from the height like a tremendous lion, his heart harder than stone, and his soul more buoyant than the waves of the sea when it roars. He shouted with a voice so loud that the whole country and vallies trembled at the shock—Ye ignoble dastards, I am Antar the son of Shedad ! and he thus spoke:

“ Soon shall ye behold my deeds this day with
 “ the foe in the field of spear-thrusts, and the battle
 “ fire ; and my furious courage amongst the tribes ;
 “ so that in my sublimity, I will mount above the
 “ Pisces. I plunge into the flames of war with the
 “ cleaving scimitar, and I extirpate them with the
 “ goring lance. I drive back the horses on their
 “ haunches from the lofty seat of my thin-flanked
 “ Abjer, and with the blade of my sword Dhami,
 “ at whose edge flow the waves of death over the
 “ enemy. This day will I exhibit my ardent soul
 “ with my Indian sword, and I will meet the chests
 “ of the horse with my thrusts. I will establish the
 “ market of war in its field on the top of my steed,
 “ in the protection of my country. My sword is
 “ my father, and the spear in my hand is my father's
 “ brother ; and I am the son of my day in the
 “ heights of the deserts.”

He bent his head over the saddle-bow, and made his attack. First, he sought the horseman who had captured Ibla; he was in the rear, and his assault was the assault of fate and destiny. He wished to pierce him through the chest, but he feared the point might touch Ibla, and she be slain with him: so he wheeled his horse on one side, and came upon his right like a ferocious lion, and shouted out in a voice like thunder when it bellows, and pierced with his spear his right side; the point issued out on his left, and he hurled him down dead, weltering in his blood. Ibla was terrified at the thrust of the spear, but she was unhurt. Antar dismounted and came to Ibla. "Fear not, thou light of my eyes, said he, thou shalt behold thy Antar perform to day, deeds that shall be narrated and recorded."

Again he rushed upon the enemy like an outrageous lion; and Shiboob attended him shooting his arrows, with which he transfixed the hearts of the warriors. At the first attack he dispersed the troops from the tents, and in the second he laid bare the whole plain. He poured down upon them and he destroyed them, and overwhelmed them with shouts, and horror and death. He hewed off their arms and their limbs, and put to flight both the right and the left. And God prospered him in all he did, so that he slew all he aimed at, and overthrew all he touched. How numerous were the

heroes he terrified ! and at his shouts all the land trembled.

Now the tribe of Abs distinguished his voice through the confusion and thick dust, and they said to one another, " he has indeed routed them." They returned from the mountains and ravines, and joined the battle, and their hearts gained courage at the sight of Antar, the lord of war. But when Shas saw how Antar moved amongst the enemy, and how he overwhelmed them in slaughter and destruction, his gall burst, and his hatred increased. He turned towards his brother Cais, and said—dost not behold the deeds of that foul Black, how he cuts down the enemy with his sword? Verily, he has discomfited them, and dispersed them among the wilds and the plains, and his greatness will raise him above us all. But I wish, my brother, to take him unawares and kill him whilst he is engaged in the conflict, and make him drink of the cup of perdition, that we may be relieved from his foul influence; and it will be said that the Teyans have slain him.

What mean'st thou, O Shas ! replied Cais ; does Antar deserve this of us, after having defended our wives and our families? How can we be guilty of such an act? Had it not been for Antar's sword, the enemy would not have left one of us alive—not one to tell the tale. My advice is that we should aid him in the conflict, and drive away from us these warriors, or we shall become a common proverb.

Cais continued to make such representations to Shas, till he dissuaded him from his project. The whole tribe of Abs then collected together, and made one united effort against the enemy ; and men encountered men, and heroes heroes, blood flowed, limbs were hewn off, and the Absians exerted all their powers to join the lion warrior ; but it was impossible at that time, for Antar had plunged into the midst of the Teyans, on account of their horseman whose name was Rebeeah, who was the leader of the troops. He was eminent for his bravery, and it was he who had wounded Shas, and had destroyed many Absians, and had dispersed them among the mountain sides. And Antar continued slaughtering, and searching him until he overtook him, and did not give him time to turn or move his bridle, 'ere he struck him with Dhami upon his breast, dividing him down to the thong that encircled his back, and he tumbled over cut in twain.

When the Blood-drinker saw Antar smite the warrior, he was terrified and confounded, and said to his troops about him, this is no mortal man ; all that have dared him, have drank of the cup of perdition. And as soon as he had released his daughter, he placed her behind him, and sought the wilds and the deserts, followed by the tribe of Tey and all the troops that had survived. And they fled to the mountains and the rocks, their standards reversed.

But the tribe of Abs pursued and drove them before them full three parasangs from their country, and then returned for the dispersed horses and the scattered property. And they went back to their own tents, Antar at their head, like the flower of the Judas tree, thus exclaiming :

“ I have abused fortune, but how can she humiliate such as me ! I too that have a spirit would cut down mountains. I am the warrior of whom it is said, he tended the he and she camels of his tribe. When I assaulted Kendeh and Tey, their hands brandishing the long spears, with armies, that when I thought of them I imagined the whole earth filled with men ; and as their hardy steeds trampled our lands, whilst you might see them talking and exulting, 'twas then their steeds fled away horrified at me, and the redoubled thrusts that gored them as they sought the fight. The noble hero feels no fatigue ; him no challenger need call to the combat. It was the slave alone that drove back the horsemen whilst the flame of battle was blazing,—then speeded away their troops in terror of my arm,—light they fled, burthened though they had been. Crushing were the stamps and tramlings on their necks, and the horse shoes dashed and pounded their skulls. How many warriors were laid low by my sword, whilst they tore, in very rage, their hands with their teeth. I rescued the maidens and

“ virgins, and not one did I leave but bereft of
 “ sense. Mine is a spirit for every enterprize, high
 “ is my fame, exalted is my glory.”

These verses excited surprize and admiration among the chiefs, and they thanked him. But Malik, Ibla's father, and Shas and Rebia, and the tribe of Zeead, cherished a flame in their hearts; they thanked him in appearance, but in their soul their gall was burst. When they approached the tents the women came out to meet them, beating the cymbals, and the slaves brandishing their swords; and Ibla stood in front of them like a full moon when it shines, as she cried out—May I never lose thee, O thou defender of women, and destroyer of every foe and enemy. At these words, Antar's grief and anguish vanished, and he thought that in her presence he could slay a host of enemies. The warriors then went down to their tents, and no one but talked of Antar, how he slew, and fought with the invaders; and they passed a night of joy, glorying in the deeds of Antar the invincible hero.

The next day arrived in haste King Zoheir with his companions, for he had heard that his foe had passed him on the road: he feared his family might be destroyed and cut off; and he could scarcely believe he should find his family safe from the treacheries of the times; and as he approached the tents he saw dead bodies scattered about, broken

scimitars and shattered spears, and his heart misgave him. But when he reached the tents, the chiefs came out to meet him: they saluted him, and related what Antar had done. And when King Zoheir heard this of the great Antar, he said to his surrounding heroes—Verily by the faith of an Arab, we are glorified in Antar above all that inhabit the wilds. And Antar came out to meet him; the King approached him, and kissed him between the eyes—O Aboolfawaris, said he, we are unable to reward thee for this act, even were we to give thee all we possess in dominions and property.

Then the warriors went to their tents, and the King to his own pavilion. And his wife, Temadhur, came up to him, and kissing his hands—O King, said she, if you are wise and good, be kind to Antar; for it is he that has protected your wife and children. Thus was his joy in the deeds of Antar augmented, and he slept at ease until the morning dawned, when he ordered the sheep and camels to be slain, and a feast to be prepared, and a magnificent entertainment to be made ready for all the tribe of Abs and Adnan. The most highly honoured were Antar and the horsemen of the tribe of Carad. After dinner they began conversing, and Shedad related to the King all his son Antar had done: how he himself having acknowledged his relationship and connexion, and his brother Malik

having promised him to Ibla, he mounted his horse and routed the enemy, and dispersed them amongst the wilds and the deserts.

This struck to the heart of Shas, and his soul was filled with indignation and rage, and his whole frame was ready to burst. Shedad, said he, how could you take upon yourself to introduce Antar, the son of a slave, to our tribe, and admit him to our rank and our consequence? Now we shall become a shame amongst the Arabs to the end of time, and they will say the tribe of Abs has associated itself with black slaves.

O Shas, said Cais, give up this envious disposition, in which no one partakes with you. And King Zoheir turned also towards his son Shas, and rebuked him. O my lord, exclaimed Antar, standing up, the heart of Prince Shas is not inclined towards me, I will therefore retire from you to another tribe. Tears flowed from the eyes of Antar, and King Zoheir and the tribe of Carad gazed at him in astonishment; when at length the King arose, and having kissed Antar between the eyes, he thanked and praised him. Then turning towards the warriors of Abs, he cried out—"O ye tribes of Abs and Adnan, and all ye that are here assembled, ye all know the purity of my connexion and rank, and my father and my mother, yet let Antar be called as I am called, for he is, by the faith of an Arab, my cousin, the antidote to all my

sorrow and my grief, and he who honours him, honours me; and he who despises him, despises me,—and he cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin, thou reliever of sorrow !”

Among the first who succeeded Zoheir was Prince Malik; he sprang towards Antar, and embraced him and kissed him between the eyes; and he likewise cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin, the reliever of sorrow! When the horsemen saw what King Zoheir and his son had done, they could not avoid following the example; so they sprang towards Antar and embraced him, and kissed him between the eyes, and admitted him to the honour and rank of an Arab, and all cried out—Welcome, welcome to my cousin! But Shas was violently enraged; he was nearly bursting with passion; he arose hastily and went to his tent. But the warriors sat down and began talking and jesting, anxiety and sorrow left them, and they were all joy and merriment; they ate meat and drank wine till night brought on the darkness; and at the termination of the feast the King clothed Antar in a robe worked with red gold, and girded on a trusty sword, and gave him a pike of Khata, and mounted him on an Arab horse, and called him the Champion of the tribes of Abs and Adnan. And Antar returned with his father and his uncles towards the tents, and his glory and honour were exalted among all the horsemen; the warriors of the tribe of Carad

rejoiced, but his enemies and the envious were grieved, particularly the family of Zeead.

Amarah went home, and his regret and affliction increased ; he laid himself down at full length, and a fever and trembling attacked him, and his knees and legs pained him, and he was fearfully indisposed. He sent for his brother Rebia, and wept before him ; O brother, said he, if Ibla escape me, I shall die of grief, and no one will know of my death. Amarah, said Rebia, verily you have done a deed you ought not to have done. We must now consider this slave as our equal. From the first, I never wished you to interfere with Ibla, or connect yourself with the tribe of Carad ; and now that this vile slave has liberated her from slavery we can do nothing with her, and cannot succeed, unless her father indeed be inclined towards you. To-morrow I will go and see about your business, and if I find that he still wishes for you, it may be accomplished : otherwise make your heart easy, Amarah ; for if he inclines towards Antar on account of his courage, we will consult how to destroy him, and annihilate his life ere he actually obtain her.

Thus were his alarms and jealousies in part relieved. He waited patiently till the next day, when he dressed himself in fine clothes, and perfumed himself, and sent for Malik and his son Amroo, who attended him and complimented him ; and instantly

Amarah arose and received them with all due courtesey. And Malik said to Amarah, what do you wish of us? Most noble and excellent sir, I only invited you to day, he replied, that I might see whether your heart was pleased in marrying that guarded pearl and concealed jewel to that black slave, that feeder of camels and sheep, whom the horsemen have preferred to their rank and condition. Thus will your daughter be disgraced amongst the noble Arabs. If indeed you do such a deed, it will be impossible for us to remain in this land. We only promised so to Antar, and only admitted him to our relationship and rank, said Malik, when he assisted us in the battle and conflict; but we never thought he could escape safe out of those perils, and rout such armies.

Well, said Amarah, to morrow when we repair to King Zoheir, and when we are in full assembly, I will demand your daughter; do you assent and settle the amount of the dower, and when once the dower is decided on, neither King Zoheir or any one else can say any thing to the contrary: and I promise you that the dower shall be a thousand he and she camels, and a thousand head of sheep, and twenty Ooshareeyi camels, and twenty horses of the noblest breed, and a hundred silk robes, and fifty satin garments spangled rich in gold, and twenty strings of the finest jewels, and a hundred skins of wine for

the marriage feast, and a hundred male, and as many female slaves.

Malik overjoyed, agreed to this proposal; Amarah too, flattered himself he should succeed in his expectations; and soon after Malik and his son went home and tarried there till the morning. The next day King Zoheir was sitting in his tent, surrounded by the nobles of the tribe of Abs, when Amarah and the family of Zeead presented themselves before him; they had greatly enlarged their turbans, and seated themselves according to their rank on the left of the King, and Antar and the Carad tribe were on the right, and the horsemen took their places. O Chief, said Amarah, turning towards Malik, do you think my rank mean, or my connexion low? Are you not, said Malik, one of our illustrious horsemen? We are now in the presence of King Zoheir, continued Amarah, and I come to you as a suitor to your daughter, and I am solicitous for your favour; therefore decide on the marriage dower and donation, and demand even what the princes of the universe would fail in giving.

All this passed, and Antar sat still and heard it and observed; and he was convinced his uncle Malik favoured the Zeead family, and he feared that if his uncle should decide on fixing the marriage donation with Amarah, and should confirm it, Ibla would pass out of his hands, and he would have no

more to say—in vain he would reproach and revile. Thus roused by the urgency of the moment, he started up, and turning towards Amarah, exclaimed, “thou he goat of a man—thou refuse!—thou villain! Dost thou at such a time as this demand Ibla in marriage?—thou coward, did not I demand her when she was in the midst of twelve thousand warriors, waving their bone-cleaving swords, and thou and thy brother were flying among the rocks and the wilds? I then descended—I exposed my life in her dangers, and liberated her from the man that had captured her; but, now that she is in the tent of her father and mother, thou wouldst demand her! By the faith of an illustrious Arab, thou dastard, if thou dost not give up thy pretensions to Ibla, I will bring down perdition upon thee, and I will curse thy relations and thy parents, and I will make the hour of thy wedding, an hour of evil tiding to thyself and thy posterity!”

O Antar, said Amroo, Ibla is our daughter, and it is for us to command; no prince or chief is empowered to oblige us to marry her to any one but whom we choose and approve.

At these words the light became dark in his eyes—his hand hurried to his irresistible Dhami—he sprang from the ground on the back of his Abjer, resolved to put Malik and his son Amroo to death, and Rebia and Amarah too, and the whole family of Zeead; and to carry off Ibla, and live

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with her in the mountains ; but he thought of King Zoheir's kindness, and how he had transferred him from servitude to honour and freedom ; so he immediately changed his mind, and thus addressed the Absians :

“ When the family of Carad are ungrateful, and
 “ the family of Zeead are violent in their acts, then
 “ there is no blame or reproach to me, if I protect
 “ mine own honour and rights by arms or by stratagem. Is not fire kindled from a Zanad when the
 “ stone is rubbed against the Zanad ? Enjoyment
 “ is ever desired after absence, and approximation
 “ is wished for after separation. I have been merciful to those who are not aware of the value of
 “ my mercy, and my friendship has not been properly appreciated. But after this forbearance I
 “ shall act in another manner, till the towns and
 “ deserts shall flow with my blood, and my sword
 “ shall complain of fatigue in my hand, and my
 “ joints shall murmur at the burthen of my belt.
 “ Ye observed me well the day of Tey, and my
 “ deeds with my Indian spear ; and had my lance
 “ a tongue, it would tell ye of the splitting of ribs
 “ in the battle. How many challengers called to
 “ me on the day of conflict, and hailed me, and I
 “ answered each antagonist. O family of Zeead,
 “ ye have opposed a noble lion that never flinches
 “ from the fight—artless in speech and deeds—with
 “ a sword that cleaves heads and arms. Be on thy

"guard then, O Amroo, on thy guard against him.
 "Let not thine eyelids be weighed down with sleep.
 "But had I not a chief who commands me, liberal
 "in speech, and exalted in power, I would do
 "myself justice with my sword, and soon would I
 "shew the difference between virtue and outrage."

When Antar had finished, the chiefs admired his eloquence : King Zoheir went up to him, and made him dismount. May God never renounce thy mouth ! said he : may no one ever harm thee, O thou protector of the tribes ! And then turning towards Malik, Ibla's father, he said—How is it that you will not marry your daughter to a hero ? You engaged her to him when he liberated her from her perilous situation ! My lord, my daughter is in my tent, said Malik, you may command her, and marry her to whom you please ; I will not oppose your directions, and I will not swerve from your orders. Then said King Zoheir, Ibla can belong to no one but our defender, the brave Antar. So they sat down and ate, and thus they remained till dark, when they went home, each to his tent.

CHAPTER V.

Now then, said Amarah to Rebia, when they had retired, now that Antar has vanquished me, and has taken Ibla by force, I can no longer remain in this country; I must go and roam about the wilds and deserts. Cheer up, Amarah, said Rebia, let us still contrive the means to overthrow him, and to make him drink of the cup of destruction and death. Rebia left Amarah and went home, and sent for Malik and Amroo, and when they arrived he said unto Malik, pretend to be good friends with Antar; appear very kind to him, and do not prevent his entering your tents. Sooth him with gentle words, and when he comes to you, ask him about the dower for Ibla; then he will say—what do you wish? tell him you only demand a thousand Asafeer camels, that your daughter may pride herself in them above the high and low.

Know then, Malik, that these camels are in the possession of Monzar son of Massema, the King of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of Nushirvan; and I know that Antar in the greatness of his courage, will go in search of them among the tribe of Shiban, and he will expose his life to danger and death, and

you will never see him again. Malik eagerly listened to his advice ; and it happened on that day that Antar was out hunting ; and when he returned in the evening, his uncle gave him the kindest reception, and ordered a slave to take away what he had brought in ; he introduced him into his house, and gave him meat to eat, and wine to drink, and he spent part of the night in his company. Antar was much pleased at this reception and kind treatment, and thought that his wishes with respect to Ibla would be accomplished, for he knew not the plot conceived against him. So they continued to shew these civilities to Antar, and he was in raptures in the enjoyment of Ibla's conversation for ten whole days.

On the night of the eleventh, Malik was more than usually kind to him, and when the noble warriors had all separated for the night, and Shedad had gone home, and also Zakhmetulgiwad and the rest of the tribe of Carad : and no one remained but Antar, his uncle Malik, Amroo, and Shereeah, Malik's wife, and Ibla, their daughter, Malik plied Antar with wine till he made him drunk, when he addressed him and said ; Tell me, I pray you, what you wish to be done for my daughter Ibla ; you have prohibited all suitors ; and do you intend to take her by force without any marriage gift or dower, and will you bring disgrace upon us in every part of the world ? That can never be, said

Antar, were I even to drink of the cup of death and condemnation. God forbid that this guarded pearl and this concealed jewel should be thus sold to the highest bidder. I am only waiting orders—tell me what you demand, ask whatever you choose, that I may grant her what will give her reason to pride herself above the chiefs of the earth. Nephew, said Malik, I will not make you engage for what is beyond your power, and I will not demand of you but what an Arab would demand; such as he and she camels. I ask of you then a thousand Asafeer camels, that my daughter may boast of them; for in our tribe there are none; nor are there any like them in Cahtan. Then will you and I obtain all our wishes and our desires, and we shall destroy our enemies and those that envy us,—this is all I ask of you, and then will I make your marriage feast out of my own property, and will give you whatever may be required of my own he and she camels; all our possessions shall be united, and we will live in perpetual felicity. Malik continued talking with Antar in this manner till he gave way and consented; and he knew not that the camels were in the kingdom of Monzar, the King of the Princes of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of Chosroe Nushirvan, whose armies were innumerable.

Uncle, said he, I will give you these camels loaded with the treasures of their masters; but give me your hand, and betroth me to your daughter,

and thus shew me the purity of your intentions. So Malik gave him his hand, and a fire blazed in his heart. Antar's joy was excessive, his bosom heaved, and he was all delight—he started on his feet—he took off his clothes, and put them on his uncle ; and Ibla saw Antar's arms, and smiled. What art thou smiling at, fair damsel? said Antar. At those wounds, she replied, for were they on the body of any other person, he would have died, and drank the cup of death and annihilation : but thou art unhurt by them. Her words descended to his heart cooler than the purest water, and he thus addressed her :

“ The pretty Ibla laughed when she saw that I was black, and that my ribs were scratched with the spears. Do not laugh nor be astonished when the horsemen and armies surround me. The spear barb is like death in my hand, and on it are various figures traced in blood. I am indeed surprised how any one can see my form in the day of contests, and survive.”

He then departed to his mother's tent, for he was restless, and the words of Ibla were as a blazing fire in his heart. He wakened his brother Shiboob, and told him to get ready his horse Abjer—he did as he was bid ; Antar clothed himself in armour, and stood like a tower. Where art thou going? said Shiboob, that I may shew thee the nearest roads. Well, said Antar, tell me the nearest road to the land of Irak, for there are many

Arabs in that country, and their property and camels very abundant ; with them is my object, and what my uncle has demanded.

Shiboob trembled and was confounded at this intelligence, for he knew the country. Why not stop till morning, said he, that thou mayst acquaint King Zoheir and Prince Malik ? for they may perhaps be able to assist thee in this affair. Return my brother, and expose not thy life to difficulties and dangers. Away ! away ! cried Antar ; not a word ; none but the Creator of mankind can aid me ; I must destroy my accursed enemies. Mine be the dark and nightly course, after the manner of mighty heroes ; for if I travel by day they will lay plots against me. Shiboob was convinced he was right, and conducted him to the land of Irak. And they continued their way over the wilds and the deserts till the third hour, when on a sudden there arose a great dust, and there appeared a troop of horsemen like eagles. As soon as they saw Antar, they closed their vizors and waved their lances, and slackened their bridles and fixed their spears : and when they came near to him they cried out, down, down, from that steed, thou dastard, strip off those accoutrements of war and armour, or we annihilate thee ! whither art thou going over the plain ? Here we have remained in expectation of thee. As soon as Antar heard these words, he shook his spear in his hand, rushed on,

and roared like a lion, and darted towards them with a heart fearless of death and danger,—thus speaking:—

“ Fortune insults me as if I were day and night
 “ her foe, the enemy seek me in every peril, and
 “ imagine I am unable to fight; but were they to
 “ present to me the form of death itself as an anta-
 “ gonist, I would imbrue its hands in the blood
 “ of its own wounds.”

He attacked them, and his assault was like the assault of the most furious lion: he rushed upon their chief, when lo! he let fall his vizor from his face and cried out, check thine arm, O Knight of the age! sufficient is the mischief and danger, for I am thy friend Harith, son of King Zoheir. Antar threw down his spear, dismounted, and ran towards him, and kissed his hand.

Now Harith was an undaunted warrior, in the prime of youth, and eloquent in speech; he loved Antar, and was much interested about him, like his brother Malik; and the cause of his meeting Antar in the deserts was, that he had been invited to a feast by the tribe of Ghiftan, and was returning. He met Antar, and the above passed. And when he saw that death was hurrying from the ends of his fingers, and that destruction was stamped upon his spear, he let down his vizor, and Antar recognized him, and dismounted and saluted him.

Why, my lord, said he, why hast thou acted thus?

Thou hast endangered thine own life, and those that were with thee. Harith smiled, and was surprised at his humility, after such proof of his superiority over him. God prosper thee, O Aboolfawaris, said he, jewel of the multitude ! whither art thou bound, and what great expedition hast thou undertaken ? He who wishes, replied Antar, that his nuptial ceremony should be performed, must expose his life to danger. Thou knowest what dangers and what disgraces I have submitted to on account of my cousin Ibla, in order that her father might give her to me. He has demanded of me a marriage dower, and a settlement, and I must bring what he requires from Irak.

Terrified at Antar's words cried Harith, what is it thou sayst, Aboolfawaris ? For God's sake return with me, trouble not thyself about such matters, and do not banish thyself from amongst us ; our property is not so small ; and verily I am astonished how my father and brother could let thee depart alone. I told no one of my departure, said Antar ; My lord my uncle demands of me camels that we have not, and are not in our tribe, and I have engaged to procure them, and I have said yes : and he thus continued.

“ Say not no, after thou hast said yes, for thou wilt be clothed in shame, and repent. Truly, no, after yes, is foul ; and base is the word, no after yes. When thou wouldst have a friend, associate

“with a noble person, one who is chaste, modest, and liberal ; and when he says no to a thing, do thou also say no, and when thou sayest yes, let him also say yes.”

Harith was surprised at his eloquence and virtuous mind, and his admiration of him increased. If such is thy business, said he, I will accompany thee and assist thee in all thy difficulties. I cannot possibly consent to that, replied Antar ; return with thy warriors to thine own country. So Antar bade him farewell and departed over the wilds and deserts, and Harith and his people returned, praising Antar's intrepidity and eloquence. Antar and Shiboob proceeded on their journey, Shiboob ever shewing the way, till evening coming on, they sought a pool of water where they might repose from their fatigues, and at length they reached a tent pitched near a spring ; and behold there was an old Shiekh, with his back bent. They made towards him.

“An old man was walking along the ground, and his face almost touched his knees. So I said to him, why art thou thus stooping ? He said, as he waved his hands towards me, my youth is lost somewhere on the ground, and I am stooping in search of it.”

He welcomed them, and brought them a cup of milk, cooled in the wind ; Antar took the milk and drank, and gave some to his brother, and came to

the door of the tent. The old Shiekh laid pillows for them, and presented viands, receiving them in the most hospitable manner. And when they had finished eating, the Shiekh made bold to ask Antar his adventures, and why he was travelling. So he related to him all that had passed with his uncle Malik, and what he had demanded as a marriage dower.

May God disgrace and overthrow and destroy thy uncle, and not save him ! exclaimed the old man ; for his only object in making this demand of thee, is to annihilate and ruin thee. How is that, said Antar, how so ? Know, Aboolfawaris, replied he, that these Asafeer camels are only to be found among a tribe called the tribe of Shiban, and their chief is King Monzar, son of Massema, the lieutenant of King Chosroe, whose armies are innumerable, whose power is irresistible, and he rules all the Arabs of the wilds and the deserts ; and if thou wert to carry off these camels, who is able to protect thee from King Monzar, or shelter thee ? My advice is, that thou shouldest return home, and not expose thy life to dangers and death.

Antar remained that night in the tent, and the next day mounted his Abjer, bade the Shiekh farewell, and thanked him. Shiboob attended him by his side, and they sat out in quest of the land of Hirah, and when they had advanced some distance,

Antar thought of Ibla, and his absence from her, and what he had suffered for her, and thus spoke :

“ In the land of Shurebah are defiles and valleys ;
 “ I have quitted them, and its inhabitants live in
 “ my heart : fixed are they therein, and in my
 “ eyes ; and even when they are absent from me,
 “ they dwell in the black of mine eye ; and when the
 “ lightning flashes from their land, I shed tears of
 “ blood, and pass the night leagued with sleepless-
 “ ness. The breeze of the fragrant plants makes
 “ me remember the luscious balmy airs of the
 “ Zatoool-irsad. O Ibla, let thy visionary phantom
 “ appear to me, and infuse soft slumbers over my
 “ distracted heart ! O Ibla, were it not for my love
 “ of thee, I would not be with so few friends and so
 “ many enemies ! I am departing, and the back of
 “ my horse shall be my resting place ; and my
 “ sword and mail my pillow, till I trample down
 “ the lands of Irak, and destroy their deserts and
 “ their cities. When the market for the sale of
 “ lives is established, and they cry out, and the
 “ criers proclaim the goods, and I behold the troops
 “ stirring up the war-dust with the thrusts of spears
 “ and sharp scimitars—then will I disperse their
 “ horsemen, and the foe shall be cut down deprived
 “ of their hands. The eyes of the envious shall
 “ watch ; but the eyes of the pure and the faithful
 “ shall sleep ; and I will return with numerous

“Asafeer camels that my love shall procure, and
 “Shiboob be my guide.”

As soon as he had finished, his tears flowed abundantly. They travelled on till they reached the land of Hirah, where they saw populous towns, plains abounding in flowing streams, date trees and warbling birds, and sweetly smelling flowers; and the country appeared like a blessing to enliven the sorrowing heart; and the camels were grazing, and straying about the land: and they were of various colours, like the flowers of a garden; and there were she camels, and young camels, and slaves and attendants. And as soon as he saw them he was all anxiety, quite out of breath with eagerness. And he felt that his uncle had sent him on this commission to insure his death and destruction, unless his intrepidity should guide him through.

Ebe Reeah, said he to Shiboob, I well know that this is a land great in power, and in no region is there one to be compared to it. We have nothing for it but prudence and daring fortitude in danger, and a timely submission to power, that we may obtain what we are in search of, and return rejoicing and successful. Hasten then, son of my mother, and look after these Asafeer camels, and mark them, whilst I let my horse Abjer rest himself. Shiboob consented to what he directed, and leaving his bow and quiver, disguised himself in the clothes of a slave and feigned himself sick. Thus he went

towards the pastures, where he saw the camels like young brides ; and when the slaves marked Shiboob, they sprang towards him, welcomed him, and made him sit down, and took out some of their provisions, and made him eat, asking him whence he came, and what had happened to him.

I am a slave of the tribe of Zebeed, said he, and Shedad is my master's name ; and he is a stubborn cruel man, and had no compassion for his slaves, male or female. So I have run away and have left him, and my wish is to meet some one who will protect me from him. Remain with us as long as thou pleasest then, my cousin, said the slaves pitying him, and be welcome ! and thy time shall pass pleasantly enough.

Very thankful was he, and remained with them the rest of the day, and he told them all manner of lies and deceitful tales till he had marked out the Asafeer camels, and he saw they were the miracles of the age ; and when evening came on, the slaves and attendants drove away the camels, and sought their habitations and homes, and Shiboob went with them. But when they came nigh to the tents, it being now dark, he separated from them and gave his feet to the wind, seeking the plain till he was in the presence of Antar, who sprang up to meet him, exclaiming—Tell me, O Ebe Reeah, what news hast thou ! Nothing, said Shiboob, but that we are in a dangerous position, and under fate

and destiny, unless the Lord of Heaven is our defender and protector.

O Shiboob, said Antar, is it not well known that when a slave exposes his life to the abyss of danger, he is exalted to the height of glory? They then concealed themselves till morning dawned, when Antar clad and incased himself in armour till he appeared like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain; and he went forward till he reached the pastures, crouching along as a wolf after a sheep.

And when it was day, the Asafeer camels were driven to graze, and behind every thousand she camels were ten slaves to attend them, that the males might not annoy them. The she camels ranged about grazing, and the slaves began to amuse themselves; for they were slaves of the King of the Arab chiefs, and knew not what it was to be attacked.

These are the Asafeer camels, said Shiboob, so make thy plan, and act as it seems best to thee. Run on, said Antar, and occupy the road to Hirah, so that their cries be not raised against us, ere we be far away out of this country. As thou pleasest, brother, said Shiboob. And he moved along on tiptoe over the plain, till he came in the rear of the slaves, when he seated himself on his knees, and emptying his quiver of arrows before him, waited their attack. As to Antar, he urged on Abjer, and plunged amongst the he and she camels, and cut off a thousand of the

Asafeer camels with his spear, crying out to the slaves—Ye base born, drive away these camels, and on before me ! or my sword will be stained with your blood.

When the slaves heard Antar, they were terrified at his enormous bulk and gigantic shape, and the rolling of his eyes, and the weight of his arms. They drove the camels before him, and goaded them on with the points of their spears, and they fled away before them like eagles. And thus they proceeded till about the third hour, when behold a great dust arose and darkened the land ; and when it dispersed there appeared a party of Arabs of the tribe of Zakhm and Juzam, about twelve thousand horsemen ; all hardy warriors, armed with sharp swords and long spears, screaming out—Whither are ye going, ye dastards—hence is there no escape out of this land !

Now the cause of the arrival of this troop of horsemen was as follows—The slaves that had escaped from Antar and Shiboob sought their homes and habitations, and it happened that they encountered the train and equipage of Monzar on a hunting party, attended by his warriors and his troops ; who, turning towards his son Numan—Speed your horse on a little, my son, said he, and bring me intelligence of these shepherds. Now Numan was his eldest son. So Numan directed his horse towards the slaves, and enquired whither they came. O Prince,

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said the shepherds, a black Knight, mounted on a black steed, and whose voice is the roar of a lion, darted down upon us and seized a thousand of the Asafeer camels, and carried them off.

No sooner had Numan heard this account of the shepherds, than he cried out to the men and the warriors that accompanied him, and slackening his horse's bridle, galloped after Antar, and twelve thousand in number were the lion heroes that followed him. And they halted not till they overtook Antar, as we mentioned, and cried out as we described.

When Antar saw them, he smiled, for battle was his joy and delight. O! thou black born, said he to Shiboob, I want thee to guard the camels, whilst I shew thee a day of horrors among these miscreants. He then turned the camels into a mountain cave, and received the warriors as the parched-up earth receives the first of the rain; and he penetrated through the thick dust with blows irresistible and never failing. Whatever he struck, he slew, and wherever he thrust, he hurled down; and for one hour he overwhelmed them in death and perdition; and the foremost shrunk back upon the rear, crying out at him from a distance, for no one dared to approach the spot where he was. As to Shiboob, the slaves betrayed him, and refused to drive on the camels.

But when Numan saw that his troops and men

fell back, and perceived how Antar was handling them in the combat, his mind and senses were greatly agitated, and he cried out to them—May God disgrace you among the Arabs!—are you reduced to this by a single black slave, a mean, paltry herdsman? The horsemen took courage, and poured down upon Antar from all sides, but Antar continually slaughtered them, always gaining upon them, never flinching, though their numbers were immense. Thus was he in the midst of dangers, when lo! his horse stumbled, and throwing him on the ground, rushed from out the thick dust and tumult, his saddle unoccupied by his master Antar. Shiboob thought he was killed and trampled to death! the tears flowed from his eyes, he gave his feet to the winds, and he sought the wide desert, whilst the slaves and shepherds cried out to the horsemen and warriors, who pursued Shiboob from all quarters; and they were seventy in number, all after Shiboob, who depended on the power of his muscles. The horses were straining themselves to catch him, but they could not pass him, or come up with him, from the grey dawn of day till the sun became tinged with yellow. But when evening came on, woe and dismay fell upon him, and just as he was convinced of his ruin and death, he reached a cavern in the hollow of a mountain, and near it stood a swarthy youth tending sheep; before him was a fire blazing; and he was sitting down

preparing his dinner, and his sheep were grazing in front of him. As soon as Shiboob saw him, he made towards him, O young man, he cried, help me—I put myself under thy protection, for I am a stranger, and I am exposed to peril and danger in this land. I am nearly dead, and my enemies have already slain my brother. Yes, by thy father, said the youth (for his heart had compassion on him.) I will indeed protect thee, and I will not deliver thee up till I am myself slain. Enter the cavern, and consider thyself secure from the deceits of the wicked.

Shiboob entered the cave, where he had scarcely concealed himself, when the horsemen also arrived, fleet as eagles, shouting aloud—Boy, son of a two thousand horned cuckold, bring out to us that devil who has slain our horsemen, and staggered our senses, that we may tear his body in peices with the points of the spear, and hack him with the blades of our scimitars. God curse him who gave him birth ! how strong are his muscles !

O Arabs, said the shepherd, grant him to me, I pray ye, and accept of my guarantee for him, for I have protected him, knowing nothing about you ; he is under my security and protection. Thine is not and never shall be any protection, cried they, so bring him out, or we will slay thee together with him ; for his brother has destroyed three thousand of our famed horsemen ; he is indeed a very devil,

and we have experienced from him what we never even saw from the Genii.*

When the peasant heard them he was fearfully alarmed, for were he to oppose them, they would soon destroy him. O Arabs, said he, do but remove about seventy paces from the cavern door, that I may enter and bring him out of my protection. Do so, said they; and they retired from the cavern, and the shepherd entered, and perceived Shilcob trembling for his life. You have heard, young man, said the shepherd, what has passed between me and these men. My vows have been overruled, and I have exposed myself to death and annihilation. I can do nothing towards your escape, but at the hazard of my own life; yet will I not forfeit my protection. Had I but ten horsemen of the tribe of Asad, they should not approach you, no not one of them; but I am alone in this wilderness and desert. So throw off your clothes, and put on mine; take these provisions and this wallet, sling it over your shoulder, and with my staff in your hand, hasten out of the cavern, and drive away the sheep, and when you come up to them, say—O Arabs, I went into the cave, in order to bring him out, but he will not stir, so come along, and I will shew him to you—they will dismount and enter the cavern, and then do you look after yourself.

* This is one of the very few passages which occur throughout this work, containing any allusion to supernatural agents.

Shiboob thanked him from his heart for his kind assistance: he slung on the wallet, and took the staff in his hand, and went out of the cavern, and the darkness of night concealed him from the eyes of observers; and when he came up to them he spoke to them as the shepherd had directed him: they immediately dismounted and went towards the cavern; but Shiboob gave his feet to the wind, and traversed the rocky crags until he was far off among the wilds and the deserts: and thus he secured his life from death and destruction, and sought relief from the contents of the wallet.

In the mean time the Shibanians entered the cave, and dragged out the shepherd, thinking it was Shiboob; they looked at him by the light of the fire, and they saw it was the shepherd dressed in Shiboob's clothes; for he had preferred to expose his life to death and torture, rather than discredit his protection. Why hast thou done this deed, cried they, and given up thy life to death and perdition for the sake of a stranger?

Arabs, replied the shepherd, he sought my protection, and I protected him. You came in search of him; you would not accept my proposal, and I was not able to drive you away. But if I have enraged you, kill me at once, and I shall have rescued him by the sacrifice of my life and existence, and shall not have forfeited my word, or broken my faith. Moreover between you and me, there is no

blood or revenge. I have indeed fallen into your power; but if you will have the kindness to release me, I will thank you in every part of the world, otherwise do as you list, and decide as you judge best.

The Shibanians were astonished, and they could not find it in their hearts to kill him. He indeed rejoiced in his friendly act, and the preservation of his duty; so they let him go, and returned vexed and dispirited. As to Shiboob, as soon as he was safe, he travelled on till morning, passing over plains and deserts; but what was most grievous to him was the thought of returning to the tribe of Abs, and the triumph of his foes and the envious; particularly the family of Zeead, and the ruffian Amarah, and Shas and Rebia; then he wept for his brother Antar, in these verses.

“ O Knight of the Horse, why, alas, has the steed
 “ to mourn thee? why, alas, has the barb of the
 “ spear to announce thy death in wailings? O that
 “ the day had never been, that I saw thee felled to
 “ the earth, cut down—stretched out—and the
 “ points of the lances aimed at thee! Could the
 “ vicissitudes of fortune accept of any ransom, oh!
 “ I would have redeemed thee from the calamities
 “ of fortune! Thine uncle has in his wiles and
 “ frauds made thee drink of the cup. But may
 “ thy cup-bearer, O son of my mother, ne’er taste
 “ of the moisture of dew! and thy cousin will
 “ mourn thee, and she belongs to thy foe, whose

"slave thou wouldst never consent to be. O
 "Knight of the Horse, I have no strength of mind
 "—I have not a heart that can ever feel consolation
 "for thee in my sorrows! and the war-steed
 "amongst the troopers as he neighs will turn
 "towards thee, mourning for thee, like a childless
 "woman in despair."

When Shiboob had finished these verses, he went on passing over deserts and wilds, seeking the tribe of Abs and Adnan, whilst his tears flowed in streams. But as to Antar, when his horse stumbled beneath him, he started on his legs, he brandished his sword in his right, and supported his shield on his left, and he made towards the warriors—he slew them till he made mounds of dead, he overwhelmed them with his shouts, bellowing out—"O Ibla, by thine eyes, will I slay this day these horsemen!" and he rushed upon them like a furious lion, till the blood flowed from all parts of his body. And in the thickest of the battle he happened to step on a skull, and his feet slipping from under him, he fell down at his full length. And they gave him not time to rise ere they bound fast his shoulders, his arms, and his ribs and his feet, and brought him before Numan.

He was all astonishment at the horror of his make, at the immensity of his stature, and the agitation of his eyes. Numan ordered them to tie him across the back of his horse and convey him to the King, that he might do what he thought proper

with him. They obeyed his orders, and bound him on the back of Abjer, and they all returned to the land of Hirah. At the moment of their arrival, King Monzar returned from hunting. When, behold there appeared against them a lion of the lions of Khifan. Now the wild beasts of Khifan were proverbial; and he came upon them with a loud roar, and the fierce warriors attacked him. Numan presented Antar to his father, and when he looked at him, he was terrified and confounded.

What Arab art thou? said he. My lord, replied Antar, I am of the tribe of the noble Abs. One of its warriors, demanded Monzar, or one of its slaves? "Nobility, my lord, said Antar, amongst liberal men, is the thrust of the spear, the blow of the sword, and patience beneath the battle dust. I am the physician of the tribe of Abs when they are in sickness, their protector in disgrace, the defender of their wives when they are in trouble, and their horseman when they are in glory, and their sword when they rush to arms."

Monzar was astonished at his fluency of speech, his magnanimity and his intrepidity, for he was then in the dishonourable state of a prisoner, and force had overpowered him. What urged thee to this violence on my property, added Monzar, and seizure of my camels? My lord, said Antar, the tyranny of my uncle obliged me to this act: for I was brought up with his daughter, and I had

passed my life in her service. And when he saw me demand her in marriage, he asked of me as a marriage dower, a thousand Asafeer camels. I was ignorant, and knew nothing about them ; so I consented to his demand, and set out in quest of them ; I have outraged you, and am consequently reduced to this miserable state.

Hast thou then, said Monzar, with all this fortitude and eloquence, and propriety of manners, exposed thy life to the sea of death, and endangered thine existence for the sake of an Arab girl ? “ Yes, my lord, said Antar ; it is love that emboldens man to encounter dangers and horrors ; and no lover is excusable but he who tastes the bitterness of absence after the sweetness of enjoyment ; and there is no peril to be apprehended, but from a look from beneath the corner of a veil ; and what misfortune can drive man to his destruction, but a woman who is the root and branch of it ! ” Then tears filled his eyes, and sighs burst from his sorrowing heart, as he thus exclaimed :

“ The eyelashes of the songstress from the
 “ corner of the veil, are more cutting than the edge
 “ of the cleaving scimitars ; and when they wound
 “ the brave are humbled, and the corners of their
 “ eyes are flooded with tears. May God cause my
 “ uncle to drink of the draught of death at my
 “ hand ! may his hand be withered, and his fingers
 “ palsied ! for how could he drive one like me to

"destruction by his arts, and make my hopes
 "depend on the completion of his avaricious pro-
 "jects. Truly Ibla, on the day of departure, bade
 "me adieu, and said I should never return. O
 "lightnings! waft my salutation to her, and to all
 "the places and pastures where she dwells. O ye
 "dwellers in the forests of Tamarisks, if I die,
 "mourn for me when my eyes are plucked out by
 "the hungry fowls of the air. O ye steeds,
 "mourn for a Knight who could engage the lions.
 "of death in the field of battle. Alas, I am an
 "outcast, and in sorrow. I am humbled into
 "galling fetters, fetters that cut to my soul."

When Antar had finished, Monzar was surprised
 at his eloquence and fortitude, and strength of mind
 and virtue. Now Monzar himself was one of the
 most eloquent of Arabs, and he was convinced that
 Antar was sincere in his grief; but he knew
 not the story of his life. Whilst Antar and Monzar
 were conversing, behold the people ran away from
 their presence. On inquiring what was the mat-
 ter, O victorious and irresistible monarch, they
 exclaimed, a savage lion has appeared among us,
 is destroying the horsemen, and dispersing the
 brave heroes. Spears make no impression on his
 carcase, and no one dares to attack him. Assault
 him, cried the King, before he takes refuge in the
 forest, and cuts off the road of the travellers, and
 renders the ways unsafe, and we therefore be dis-

honoured. As soon as Antar heard this, his afflictions were relieved. Tell your people to expose me to this lion, said he to the King, and if he should destroy me, you will be amply revenged, and your dishonour be cleared up: for I have slaughtered your troops, and destroyed your warriors; but should I slay the lion, reward me as I deserve, and do not refuse me justice. The King ordered the cords to be loosened: the guards came up to him and untied his hands, and were about to untie his feet also; but he cried out, Loosen only my hands, leave my feet bound as they are, that there may be no retreat from the lion. He grasped his sword and his shield, and jumping along in his fetters, he thus exclaimed.

“ Come on, thou dog of the forests and the hills !
 “ this day at my hand will I make thee drink of
 “ death. Soon wilt thou meet a Knight, a lion
 “ warrior, a chief tried in battle. O then, attack
 “ not one like me, for I am a chosen hero. Attack
 “ the horsemen, thou dog of the waste, but whither
 “ wilt thou escape from me this day ? Take this
 “ from my cleaving sword, that deals sorrows, deaths
 “ and pestilence from the slave of a tribe, that braves
 “ death and woe, and never fails.”

Monzar was much astonished at his address to the lion, and he advanced with his attendants, to behold what Antar might do. And when they came near him, they perceived it was an immense lion, of the

size of a camel, with broad nostrils and long claws, his face was wide, and ghastly was his form; his strength swelling; he grinned with his teeth clenched like a vice, and the corners of his jaws were like grappling irons. When the lion beheld Antar in his fetters, he crouched to the ground, and extended himself out; his mane bristled up; he made a spring at him: and as he approached, Antar met him with his sword, which entered by his forehead, and penetrated through him, issuing out at the extremity of his back bone. O by Abs and Adnan! cried Antar, I will ever be the lover of Ibla. And the lion fell down, cut in twain, and cleft into two equal portions; for the spring of the lion, and the force of the arm of the glorious warrior, just met. Then, wiping his sword on the lion, he thus spoke.

“ Wilt thou e’er know, O Ibla, the perils I
 “ have encountered in the land of Irak? My uncle
 “ has beguiled me with his hypocrisy and artifice,
 “ and has acted barbarously towards me in demand-
 “ ing the marriage dower. I plunged myself into a
 “ sea of deaths, and repaired to Irak, without friends.
 “ I drove away the camels and the shepherds
 “ single handed; and I was returning home burn-
 “ ing with the flame of anxious love. I quitted them
 “ not till there arose behind me the dust of the hoofs
 “ of the high mettled steeds. I encountered on
 “ every side the war dust, and illumined it with
 “ my thin bladed faulchion, whilst the horsemen

“ clamoured beneath it, so that I thought the thun-
 “ der had let loose its uproars. As I retired, I
 “ found that my uncle had deceived me with his
 “ frauds and stratagems. But I did not fail till
 “ my horse was exhausted, and faltered in the
 “ charge, and the crush of combats. Then I dis-
 “ mounted and drove away whole armies with my
 “ sword, as I would have driven away the camels.
 “ I rushed upon the horsemen that fiercely scoured
 “ the plain, piercing chests and eye balls ; but at
 “ the close of the day I was wearied and made
 “ captive ; for my elbows and my legs were depriv-
 “ ed of all strength. They dragged me to a noble
 “ prince, high and magnificent—May his glory
 “ endure ! Then too, I engaged a lion, fierce in
 “ the onset, and harsh of heart, with a face like
 “ the circumference of a shield, whose eye balls
 “ flashed fire like hot coals. I rushed at him with
 “ my sword. I met him in my fetters, so that Mon-
 “ zar might bestow on me what might gratify my
 “ uncle, and favor me with the desired camels.”

Monzar heard him, and beheld his acts. This
 is verily a miracle of the time, and the wonder of
 the age and world, said he to his attendants ; his
 intrepidity and eloquence and perseverance are
 enough to confound the universe ; with him I will
 effect with Chosroe what is the object of my wishes,
 and I will establish the superiority of the Arabs
 over the Persians.

Now Monzar was an intelligent man, and very regular in the administration of justice, and prudent in policy. For this reason Chosroe had appointed him King over the Arabs; and when he was present in the palace of Chosroe, he enjoyed superior dignities, and he was never stiled but as King of the Arabs. And Chosroe used to treat him as a friend, and to eat and drink with him; and when they were busy in conversation, Monzar used to describe to him the peculiarities of Mecca and the sacred shrine, and their glory over the Deelimites and the Persians, and used to recite to him the verses of the eloquent men. And Chosroe, in his impartiality, was pleased with him, and enjoyed his society, and loved to dignify him with presents of gold and silver, for the Chosroes of Persia were renowned for their love of justice and impartiality, and abhorred oppression and violence, ruling mankind with liberality and generosity. He had over his head a bell of red gold, and a chain attached to it on the outside of the palace; and whenever he touched the bell, the attendants went out and complainants entered his presence; and he decided such matters himself.

Now it happened that Monzar, previous to Antar's falling into his hands, had visited Modayin, and presented himself to Chosroe, and staid with him some days, and he was honored with a rich robe and various presents. One of the officers envied him, and when he was alone with the King,

he ventured to say, Why do you so honour, O King, this wild Bedoween, this worshipper of stone, and raise his dignity so high? Whether he is absent or present, he is a poor despicable wretch; for all the Arabs are but shepherds, and worshippers of images; there is no religion and no faith among them, and they are only ennobled by theft and cunning, and robberies and rogueries.

This officer thus became jealous of the honours enjoyed by Monzar, and his heart was estranged from him. And he was one of the warriors of Deelim, and was a leader of twenty thousand Persians, and he was called Khosrewan, the son of Jorham. He was always talking contemptuously of the Arabs, repeating falsehoods of them, till at last he effected a change in the heart of the just King.

If, O King, said he, as he ended the conversation, thou art desirous of thoroughly understanding this man whom thou hast appointed over the Arabs, and of having a proof of his ignorance and ill-breeding, ask him to come and eat meat and dates; order the servants to give him dates from which the stones are not extracted, and to place before you dates ready stoned; and let there be instead of stones, almonds, sugar plumbs, and skinned nuts, and see what he will do. Chosroe complied, and invited Monzar to eat meat and dates; and he ordered the servants to do as Khosrewan had recommended. So after dinner, the servants produced

the plates of dates. Chosroe and the Persians ate away and swallowed them, for there were no stones to throw aside. Monzar looked at them, and thought within himself—Most certainly to day is a festival with them, for they are worshippers of fire; so I must eat like them, and must fashion my manners to theirs. So Monzar ate, and swallowed the stones; but one sadly puzzled him, so the attendants burst out into a loud laugh; and Chosroe also laughed. And Monzar was abashed at their pleasantry. May your glory last for ever, O King, of the world, said he. But the wrath and indignation of Monzar increased. What makes your attendants laugh? said he. You have eaten dates and swallowed the stones, said Chosroe; 'tis for that we are laughing at you. I, O King, said Monzar, imitated you and your companions, and I ate as you ate, for I perceived you eating the dates and swallowing the stones, and I wished to do as you had done. Our dates, said Chosroe, are without stones; and instead of stones there are almonds and sugar plums and peeled nuts, so that we eat them without trouble or annoyance. Why, said Monzar, did you not give me some of what you eat yourself? Still I am your guest. Yet this is a proof that I am an object of ridicule to you, and you have only invited me that you and your companions might expose me. But I am still at all times your slave, and indebted to your bounty for whatever you have thought proper to do unto me.

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He remained some time longer with Chosroe, and then returned to the land of Hirah, having asked permission to revisit his family and native country. And when he reached his capital, he wrote letters to the tribes of Wayil and Bekir and Jelhema, and he said in the letters—Attack Modayin, plunder the people and the inhabitants, lay waste the villages, and put to the sword the merchants of Persia, and plunder the property of Deelem. Be afraid of no man should any oppose you; but slaughter them and seize their property, and plunder them.

When these letters, in which the whole circumstance was described reached the different tribes, they were greatly incensed, and sent Sewid the son of Amil to plunder the inhabitants. And Handala ransacked the stores and granaries, and seized the property of the travellers; and Harith the son of Joshem plundered the lands of Zilah, sparing neither high nor low. After this, confusion and rebellion rose up in the villages, and the whole country dreaded the Arabs. Many of the Persians were beheaded, and the Persian merchants cried out from all quarters against Chosroe. The day of judgment seemed to have come upon him, and he was overwhelmed with shame. He desired his minister Mubidan to write to Monzar an account of all that had passed, and that he should punish the Arab tribes, or he would disperse them among the plains and the deserts.

So the minister wrote to Monzar a letter, in

which he said " To him, whom we recognise as King of the Arabs ! Truly the heart of the just King is greatly irritated against you, on account of the depredations committed by the Arabs on his subjects. You must slay the rebels and offenders, and chastise those that have oppressed the weak, if you are obedient to the Persian government, and attend to the orders of the imperial monarch ; and peace be with you from the protecting fire !" He folded up the letter and sealed it and sent it to Monzar, and when it reached him he opened it and read it, and wrote in answer to it these words :

" To him whom we recognise as the just King ! Truly my character is despised amongst the Arabs, my reputation is on the decline, my authority amongst them is weakened, and my honour is considerably discredited, since they heard what you did to me about eating the dates. My power is at an end, because they think I am an object of ridicule with you ; so they have therefore renounced their allegiance to me, and have separated themselves from my dominion. Such are the acts they have committed, and they will not obey my commands. You must look after your own country, and mind your own administration."

When Chosroe received this answer, he read it, and understood its contents. Verily, said he, these vagabond Arabs have a design upon me, and this dog of dogs would trample upon me. But if I do

not degrade and humble him, I am not the King of the age.

Who, O King of the age, said the satrap Khosrewan, the original cause of all this trouble, is this Monzar, that you should trouble yourself about him? By your life, I am able to take him prisoner, I will slay his horsemen, and will destroy his allies. I will bring him and his children to you, all bound with cords; and if you order me, I will kill them all, and will bring you his sons and his daughters, and most costly plunder.

Khosrewan, said Chosroe, you are the only person for this expedition, for it is all your doing; so prepare, and march with the troops under your command; and if you conquer the King of the Arabs, kill him not, but bring him to me a prisoner, that I may disgrace him and punish him, and let him feel his own situation; and afterwards I will grant him his life. Khosrewan accordingly made his preparations in three days, and set out with twenty thousand horsemen, armed with gilded shields and cleaving swords; and Khosrewan was at their head, like a lion.

But King Monzar, as soon as he observed Antar's blow at the lion, and remarked his eloquence and his poetry, felt assured that he was a distinguished hero and warrior, and he thought it wiser to spare his life, and not put him to death: but for the ends of justice he determined to keep him a

prisoner. So he detained him in custody ; saying, by the faith of an Arab, I will not proceed to extremities with respect to this black warrior, for his equal is not to be found in the whole world. Guard this horseman, said he to his sons, until an answer reach us to our letter from the Persian King ; and we will then persuade him that it is this wretch who has plundered the cities and killed his subjects, and who has excited against us the Arab hordes. This will give a strong colour to our excuses in all points, and thus we shall gain our objects upon our enemies. So Antar remained with the King imprisoned and chained ; and Monzar entered Hirah and awaited the answer.

It was about the beginning of the day when Monzar mounted his horse and rode out to inhale the news ; when lo ! a dust from the direction of Persia appeared, and the whole country was blackened and darkened, and from beneath it came forth Persian horsemen, and the armies of Deelem. Take your implements of war, cried Monzar, ply the blow and the thrust, and protect the families and the women, or eternal will be your disgrace ; for truly the offences against propriety in conversation, and the blunders of the tongue are the calamities of man. And he sent for all the clans of the tribe of Shibān, and all the Arab hordes ; and the Persian troops gave them no rest, but poised their spears, and grasped their swords. The two

parties met, and attacked: blood abundantly flowed, eyes were fixed, and were scared. Khosrewan advanced: he assailed the tribes of Arabia, and his heart was overjoyed; he dashed towards the standard of Monzar; he overset them, and he destroyed the horsemen, and annihilated them.

Now Monzar had encountered the Persians with only twelve thousand men, and the evening did not close before four thousand of them were slaughtered, and the remainder returned, seeking safety in flight; the Persians pursuing them until the shades of night surrounded them; when the Persians dismounting to repose themselves, Khosrewan also halted and shouted aloud; and when they had pitched their tents and lighted their fires, he ordered his satraps and generals to surround the whole city of Hirah, and to guard the roads and highways.

But Monzar, who entered Hirah routed and discomfited, gnawed his hands from shame, and was quite bewildered and beside himself. He sat down attended by his three sons, Numan, Aswad, and Amroo; and whilst they were consulting and debating, in rushed a slave—O my lord, cried he, that Absian warrior who is in my custody, when he heard the uproar in the morning, asked me what was the matter? We informed him what had happened; then, said he, Conduct me to your King, that I may point out to him the means of destroying

his enemies, even were they as numerous as the sand of the desert. Produce him, said Monzar, let us hear what he has to say, and let us release him from his fetters. But Antar was that day thinking of his cousin, and of his expedition to procure her dower, and to seize the Asafeer camels, and his falling into captivity, and his failure. Then, as he sighed from his overcharged heart, he thus recited :

“ Tell Zoheir and Malik of me, tell Ibla of me
 “ in unvarnished language, that I seized the
 “ camels flaunting over the plains, and that I felled
 “ down the armies on the day of terrors ; say
 “ that I was marching away with the property and
 “ the beautiful camels, when the stern faced horse-
 “ men of Sakhm forced them from me. My steed
 “ hurled me on the battle field, and betrayed me,
 “ and subjected me to the thrusts of every shield-
 “ armed hero. Then I retired as a hostage, in
 “ chains : and I have merited them ; and I moved
 “ along in them, like one overwhelmed with con-
 “ fusion. Had it not been for the assault of the
 “ lion among them, and their cry to me—Aid us,
 “ O Antar ! when I met him, fettered as I was—
 “ they never would have acknowledged that I was
 “ the slayer of armies. When the furious beast
 “ flew at me, I feared not. My sword cleaved the
 “ body of the lion, and I forced it out through his
 “ thighs in an instant, and I wiped it on his skin.

“ They have cast me into a sea of deaths, anxious
 “ for my destruction, but I tumbled him down like
 “ one precipitated from a mountain’s height.”

We have told King Monzar, said the attendant as he entered Antar’s prison ; he now demands you, in order to hear your proposal. Antar got up and went with them into the presence of the King, who ordered the fetters to be taken off from his feet, and the cords to be cut that bound his hands. Then he sighed, and thus spoke.

“ May God forgive me that my soul is hardened,
 “ for my uncle beguiled me and exposed me to
 “ perils, and in his vile artifices has cast me into an
 “ abyss of fire, whose flames encompass me. I am
 “ become tortured of heart, fettered, my fingers and
 “ hands bound round my neck. Few are there like
 “ me in the day of the wood-entangled spears, when
 “ heroes contend in the fierce charge : O King of
 “ the world, thy sea is expansive as the glittering
 “ sword among men and dæmons. When the
 “ warriors charge—then expose me to them and
 “ try my assault—my battle among them. Be
 “ thou victorious, with Antar’s aid, and convert, my
 “ lord, thy fears into security. Protect but my rear
 “ with a thousand lion heroes, and thou shalt view
 “ the wonders of my sword and my spear. Thou
 “ shalt see a lion driving away the horsemen with
 “ a scimitar that surpasses the lightning’s flash in
 “ brilliancy. Grant me the dower for my beloved

“Ibla, of the thousand camels, that have excited
 “me to this enterprize. O Ibla, fear not the foe
 “on my account, when they crowd about me, and
 “the war horses charge: for death is but my own
 “form—my own qualities, and there is no pros-
 “perity but what is attached to my bridle. I am
 “the youth that fells the horsemen in my strength
 “—a youth whose equal exists not on earth. O
 “breezes! I implore ye by the pillars at Mecca, by
 “Zemzem—by the sacred plains and Mesdelifa,—
 “when ye pass the land of Sheerebah, waft my
 “salutation to Zoheir and his royal sons, and say
 “to the sorrowing Shiboob, hast thou forgotten my
 “faith—renounced my vows? for thou art my
 “foster brother, my stay, my support when my
 “friends betray me and persecute me—O Shiboob,
 “haste then, my brother, haste that thou mayst see
 “what I have suffered, and what has befallen me
 “—that thou mayst see a battle that will make
 “thee forget the past, and that thou mayst see, O
 “Shiboob, the boundless height of my glory.
 “For my ambition soars above the Pleiades, and
 “my fortunate star sparkles with brilliant rays.”

The King was exceedingly surprised at Antar's
 bursts of poetry and strength of mind; and he was
 convinced of victory with his sword and spear. O
 Absian, said he, what is this I have heard of you to-
 day, when you heard the shouts and the attack of
 the enemy? Truly, my lord, replied Antar, my

gall was nearly bursting when I heard that you had been obliged to fly from these cauldrons of dogs ; this disgrace can never be erased from the Arabs. What can men do, said Monzar, when double their numbers attack them ? and they are overwhelmed by those who do not fear their carnage ? Man, said Antar, must patiently resist, and drink of he cup of death as he drinks the purest water, and not fly or run away. I am now in your power, and I demand of you the marriage dower of Ibla, my uncle's daughter ; restore me my sword, my cuirass, my arms, and my horse, and give me a thousand men to defend my rear ; and you shall see what my courage and force will effect against your foes.

By the virtue of the Kaaba, said Monzar, O Absian, if you perform what you state, and destroy this army—all my property, my he and she camels are all at your disposal. Not one of us shall remain behind the tent wall, but we will exert our utmost energies against the foe, and we will strike with our swords, and thrust with our spears. And he ordered his horse and his arms and his cuirass to be restored. And early on the morrow, a loud shout arose from amongst the Persians, eager to plunder the property and capture the women and the children ; but the Arabs went forth against them, and at their head was Antar, the hero of conquest ; and he cried out—Your hopes have failed, you cauldron

of dogs, you shall this day see Antar perform what nations shall record. Then he cried, O by thy eyes, O Ibla, and thus repeated :

“ On the day of battle exquisite is the carnage.—
 “ Come forth then against me, ye men of abomina-
 “ tion—in me ye shall meet a Knight whose blow
 “ strikes life dead. I am the Antar of horsemen in
 “ the contest, that makes armies and warriors drink
 “ of ignominy, a draught from his hand with the
 “ polished sword that glides through the neck, in
 “ the battle field. Soon will I plunge into the war
 “ dust till I encounter Khosrewan, and make him
 “ drink of the cup of death ; I will make him taste
 “ from my sword a draught, after which he shall
 “ never taste of pure water. Ye shall see the horse
 “ scattered o’er the wastes—the Himyarite chiefs
 “ shall be bound on their saddles. I am the lion,
 “ foremost in war, and mine arm is the horror of
 “ warriors. Mine is honour and good fortune and
 “ glory, and my star is high above the brilliant
 “ Arcturus.”

He then received the attack of the horse as the parched up ground the first of the rain ; and his thrusts were the thrusts that blinded vision, and equalled fate and destiny. He overthrew heroes and destroyed warriors, and in an hour blood was flowing and streaming, and bowels were ripped open. When the Persians observed these dreadful deeds, they advanced from all quarters. The voice of

Antar was like the thunder's peal, and his thrusts more rapid than the flash of the lightning; and the Arab warriors, encouraged at his steadiness, felt convinced of victory after defeat; but as soon as the Persians saw these descending misfortunes, their hearts regretted what had passed, and the land and the region appeared too confined for them. The whole country was blackened in their eyes, their avidity was frustrated in the capture of the sons and daughters.

Affairs continued in this position till mid-day, and they toiled in the battle fiercer than a blaze of fire. And when the heat oppressed the warriors, the Persians gave way, and sought refuge in their tents, and gave a loose to their despair. Many were the horses deprived of their riders. Their chief, Khosrewan, stood under the standards, and the delay seemed tedious, for he was expecting that his companions would return with the captives and the spoil; when, lo! they indeed returned, but in flight. O my lord, they cried in reply to his questions, the Arabs have vanquished us—we have seen a prodigy among them—and if you do not come down upon that chosen horseman, not a head or tail of us will survive; for he fails not where he aims; he succeeds in whatever he undertakes; and if he attacks a whole troop, he disperses it; if he assaults a horseman, he overthrows him, and his voice is like a crash of thunder; the moment a man

hears it a universal ague seizes him ; and he is like a lion when he assaults, and he drives away the warriors before him like a flock of sheep.

As Khosrewan heard this he was greatly enraged, and fire flashed from his eyes. Whence comes this horseman, he exclaimed, to this country ? and to what Arabs is he related ? Then starting from beneath the standards he sought the place of slaughter, and the scene of attack. In his hand he bore a long mace with which he assailed the troops ; he dived through the dust, and the heroes trembled at his mace, as the dust rolled over his horse.

Now Monzar was directing his sons to move beyond the precincts of Hirah, when the form of victory and triumph appeared to him in the odour of that black lion. He sat down in his tent, and seated Antar by him, for he was dearer to him than all his family and relations ; he congratulated him, and gave him to eat, and there was no end to his attentions and kindness ; and as he engaged to him every favour, he said, if I knew your heart would be gratified by remaining with me, I would send a messenger to your King, and would offer him my friendship, and I would direct him to take Ibla from her father, and send her to us, whether he will or not. But I fear you will not allow me to do, what your heart would not sanction.

I cannot possibly remain here, replied Antar ;

every day appears a thousand years to me ; but I swear by all your munificence towards me, were even my heart to burst with the fierceness of my love and passion, I will not quit this country till I have accomplished your wishes in destroying your foul enemies : to-morrow, by the grace of God, I will rout their army. To-morrow I will go out to the field of battle ; I will challenge Khosrewan ; and I will invite him to terminate the affair, and if he engages me, I will make him drink of the cup of death ; and afterwards I will put to flight these troops of horse over the plains and the deserts. When they had finished eating and drinking, and their conversation about the battle and the contest, they retired to rest and sleep. As soon as the morning dawned with a smile, the horsemen rushed on anxious for the fight and the conflict ; and as Khosrewan was preparing to proceed to the field, lo ! from the Arab army there came forth a man between the two ranks, and stood conspicuous amidst the two armies, and both parties gazed at him. He was like a strong battlement, quite immersed in steel ; in his hand was a sparkling blade, and he had a long spear slung over him, and under him was a steed of the colour of gold, indefatigable in labour, as an Arab poet has described.

“ Praise a yellow steed of the colour of gold, for
 “ he is of the horses noblest in pedigree ; his rider

“shall outstrip every warrior in the beauty of his
 “shape and paces. He may be in the evening at
 “Tekmet, and in the morning at Aleppo.”

And he galloped over the plain to and fro, and he disclosed a countenance like that of a Ghoul; the warriors and heroes marked him: and lo! it was the illustrious chieftain and intrepid warrior, Aboolfawaris, Antar the son of Shedad; and he came forth to put an end to the Persian contest, and to slay their general; and thus return to his family and country with wealth and riches. He dashed into the centre of the army; he disdained the common herd, and would not condescend to challenge them. He burst on the right, and discomfited it; and slew threescore and ten—he rushed on to the left, and forced it in confusion on the right; he returned again to the centre, seeking carnage and bloodshed. He was mounted on a mare, for his horse Abjer, wounded the day before, was still unfit for the day of encounter. And when he was in the centre, between the two armies—he thus spoke.

“Relieve my pains—ease my sorrows. Sally
 “forth, aye, every lion warrior. Taste a draught
 “at the edge of my sword, more bitter than the
 “cups of Absynth. When death appears in the
 “crowded ranks, then challenge me to the meet-
 “ing of armies. Ye Persians, I heed ye not, I
 “heed ye not. Where is he who wishes to fight

“ me, and wants to make me drink the liquor of
 “ death. Bring him forth, let him see what he
 “ will meet from my spear under the shades of the
 “ war-dust. I swear, O Ibla, he shall eat of death.
 “ By thy teeth, luscious to the kiss, and by thine
 “ eyes, and all the pangs of their enchantment, and
 “ their beauty, were thy nightly visionary form
 “ not to appear to me, never should I taste of
 “ sleep. O thou my hope ! O may the western
 “ breeze tell thee of my ardent wish to return
 “ home. May it waft thee my salutation, when
 “ the sparkling dawn bursts the veil of night.
 “ May God moisten thy nights, and bedew thee
 “ with his rain-charged clouds. May peace dwell
 “ with thee as long as the western and northern
 “ breeze shall blow.”

When Antar had finished—behold Khosrewan—
 he appeared on the plain, and he was mounted on
 a long tailed steed, marked with the new moon on
 his forehead, and on his body was a strong coat of
 mail well knit together, the workmanship of David ;
 and armed with an imperial casque and a glittering
 sword ; and under his thighs were four small darts,
 each like a blazing flame. And when he came
 forth on the field of battle he roared aloud, and con-
 temptuously of the Arabs. Antar assailed him : high
 arose the dust about them, so that they were hid
 from the sight. They exhibited most extraordinary
 prowess ; they separated, they clung to each other,

now they sported, now they were in earnest; they gave and took, they were close, they were apart, until it was mid-day, and both had severely toiled. But whenever Khosrewan attempted to assail Antar and strike him with his mace, he ever found him vigilant and on his guard, and aware of his intent. So he darted away from him in order to gallop over the field, and would exhibit all his manœuvres and stratagems; but Antar kept him employed, and wearied him, and prevented his executing his designs, so that the chieftain's wrath became intense. He snatched up one of his darts, and shook it and hurled it at him—it flew from his hand like the blinding lightning, or descending fate. Antar stood firm, and when it came near him, he met it, and dexterously turning it off by his shield, it bounded away, and fell upon the ground far off. Khosrewan snatched out a second dart and levelled it at him; but Antar sprang out of its way, and it passed harmless. He aimed a third; but Antar rendered it fruitless by his dexterity and his persevering activity. He hurled the fourth, but it shared the same fate as the others.

When Khosrewan saw how Antar had parried the darts, his indignation was extreme. Again he took up his mace, and he roared even as a lion roars—then stretching himself out with it, he hurled it, backing it with a howl that made the plains and the air rebellow. Antar threw away his spear

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and met the mace and caught it with his right hand in the air ; then, aiming it at Khosrewan, he cried out, take that, thou son of a two thousand horned cuckold ! I am the lover of Ibla, and am alone - the Phoenix of the world. Khosrewan saw him grasp the mace in the air, and was horrified, for his strength and force were exhausted. He retreated, and attempted to fly from his antagonist, for he was now convinced of his destruction. He moved round his shield between his shoulders ; but he felt that his fate was nigh at hand, for the mace fell upon his shield more forcible than the stone of a sling ; furiously it rattled on the Persian chief, and hurled him off his saddle to the distance of twelve cubits, and broke his ribs and snapped his spine.

Every warrior was intensely agitated at this surprising deed ; and when the Persians saw it they were bewildered ; they rushed upon Antar, agonized as they were at this calamity, and exposed their lives to certain death. The Arabs received them with undaunted courage at the points of their spears ; and their spirit was exhilarated by the acts of Antar. The two armies assailed, and the earth was pounded under the trampling of the horses. The horsemen and the clans encountered, clouds of dust thickened over their heads. And their fury increased, till they were like the waves of the boisterous ocean. Spears penetrated through hearts and waists, heads were flying off, blood was

boiling, cowards were scared, the courageous full of fire; the King of Death circled round the cup of mortality; and the commands of the Most High were executed upon them.*

Antar, the ferocious lion, felt his heart assuaged in the midst of slaughter, and in the concussion of heroes and warriors. He exhibited terrors amidst the concourse of heroes, and scattered whole armies over the plains and the mountains. King Monzar cried out aloud to his troops, and they exposed themselves to the enemy: roused afresh was the flame of war; it fiercely raged, and its sparks flashed; the dust blackened the whole land, so that both earth and heaven were veiled. The ground tottered under the hoofs of the noble steeds, until the sweat even moistened their entrails. Blood flowed from the throats of the chiefs. Antar strewed the brave on the earth, and souls complained of their sufferings to him who knows the secrets of the world. Heads were hewn from the branches of their bodies; and the Persians saw in the deeds of Antar that day, what terrified them, and magnified their horror. They fell back in flight upon the plains in agony at their dispersion and discomfiture, and complaining of what had befallen their nobles and their chiefs. The Arabs in their rear drove them on to their fate, and truly their desires and wishes were accomplished. As they exulted in the realiza-

* Διος δ' ἠελίουτο βαλὼν.

tion of their hopes and expectations, they crowded round Antar to thank and praise him, and he stood before them like one immersed in a sea of blood. Then as he recollected the horrors he had suffered, these verses boiled in his heart, and he thus exclaimed :—

“ Ask, O Absian maid, my spear and my sword
 “ what they did on the day of the battle of the Per-
 “ sians. I steeped them, whilst the spear gored
 “ through the horse, in the blood of the foe mixed
 “ with bitter Absynth. I dispersed the army that
 “ bellowed out their thunders, and beneath it flashed
 “ the lightning of their swords, mounted as I was
 “ on a noble Arab charger, that flies when the
 “ sword blades crash in the fight ; he neighs for joy
 “ whilst the spears are directed at him, that vibrate
 “ like speckled serpents. I urged him into the sea
 “ of deaths ; he snorted, and plunged into the
 “ tempestuously roaring waves. How many horse-
 “ men, O Ibla, at the edge of my faulchion have torn
 “ their hands with their teeth in repentance ! but I
 “ felled them down on the battle plain, that the wild
 “ beasts and eagles and hovering vultures might
 “ drink of their blood. I must love the tribe of
 “ Abs, were they even to shed my blood unre-
 “ venged,—such is my love for thee, thou daughter
 “ of noble chiefs ! I will endure the burthen of
 “ grievances, and sorrows, and captivity, and shew
 “ that I am a warrior and the son of a warrior.

“ May the peace of God be with thee, O Ibla—soon
 “ will I come to thee with my trophies! ”

Antar having finished these verses, the chiefs and the warriors were astonished at his eloquence, and they repaired with the spoil and plunder to the presence of King Monzar, who started up to meet Antar, kissed him between the eyes, and could only congratulate him on his safety, for he was confounded at such instances of his bravery. Horseman of the day, he cried, protector of Abs and Adnan ! all that the Persians have left this day be thine, O Knight of the time and age ! for thou hast earned it by thy sword and thy spear. Thou hast brought peace and comfort to the Arabs. Let this plunder be a grant from me to thee, together with the Asa-feer camels ; and moreover, out of mine own will I bestow immense wealth on thee ; but I cannot permit thee to wed the daughter of thy uncle any where but here with me in this land, and I will fulfil all thy wishes and thy desires ; for I am resolved to send letters to the tribes, and to assemble the hordes from the waters and the springs, and make ready for war against the just King.

O my lord, expel that thought from your mind, cried Antar, for by the life of the eyes of Ibla, to me the strongest of oaths, I alone will stand thee in stead of the whole race of Arabs—never will I cease from the blows of my Indian sword till I have not left in your presence one of your enemies alive,

not a cuckold of them. Moreover, 'tis my intention to put you in possession of the throne of Nushirvan. Monzar expressed his thanks, for he knew he could perform what he promised, from what he had observed of his intrepidity in the black rolling dust.

Thus they entered Hirah, and rejoiced in their victory and triumph; and Antar went to the habitation that was prepared for him. Monzar retired to rest; but he was greatly disquieted, and feared Chosroe and his stratagems.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the next day when Monzar was seated on the throne of his kingdom, and the horsemen of his clan were around him, they consulted and deliberated, and they were unanimous that the Arabs should be written to, and precautions be taken against Nushirvan. And when they had come to this resolution, an attendant entered, and kissing the ground, said—O King, excellent tidings for you in the arrival of your Vizier Amroo, the son of Neefeela ! Now this vizier was one of the oldest men of the age, for he was four hundred years old ; he was well versed in history, and acquainted with every event, and he was one of the wise men who had predicted the mission of Mohammed the seal of Prophets and delegates ; and he generally resided at Mecca, expecting his appearance, that he might be directed by his light.

When Monzar heard of his arrival, he was rejoiced and delighted at the good news. In a short time he presented himself, and saluted him. Monzar sprang up to meet him, congratulated him, and saluted him. O Chief, said he, you are come just at the very moment you are required, for I am overwhelmed with anxiety ; and for its removal I depend

first on God, and then on you. I am quite disconsolate at the state of my affairs, and I have repented of what I have done, and I wish for you, O Vizier, to bear some of my burthens.

And when he had informed him of all that had passed between him and Chosroe—You have indeed acted wrong, O King, said Amroo, in this business ; verily as soon as I heard the news, I came as fast as I could from the land of Mecca and the sacred shrine, fearful lest your country should be laid waste, and the Arab chiefs destroyed by the hands of the worshippers of fire, and you would be thus involved in disgrace and in misery. Indeed, I have recommended to you a thousand times not to make the fire-worshippers your enemies, until you should hear that Mecca is illuminated with the light and appearance of the chosen Prophet to be sent from Adnan, for then will the temples of fire be extinguished, and the palace be rent : but now you have only to bend to error, and take care to obey the orders of this monarch, even should he outrage you. For you have slain his satrap and cut up his horsemen ; so beware of his deceits. Moderation is now most advisable ; renounce writing to the Arabs, but have patience till I go to Modayin, and observe its inhabitants, and mark the state of affairs. I will visit their minister, Mubidan, and request him to give up this point, and direct him to avert from us the ill-will of Nushirvan.

Your advice is most judicious, said Monzar ; act, O Vizier, as it seems fit to you ; I will oppose nothing you say. So Amroo went to repose himself ; and then Monzar reported to him the deeds of Antar, how he had slain Khosrewan, and destroyed an army of twenty thousand horse, and had given victory to the Arab warriors after their defeat and flight ; the Vizier was astonished at Antar's acts, and intrepidity, so superior were they to any thing hitherto known in deserts or towns.

On the third day the Vizier Amroo mounted his horse and repaired to Modayin, having first recommended Monzar to treat Antar with attention and kindness, and to prevent him from returning to his own country. He traversed the deserts and cultivated places till he reached Modayin, when he presented himself to Mubidan, the Cazi of the worshippers of fire, without ceremony and without permission. Mubidan rose up in haste to meet him, and received him with the highest honour and distinction ; he made him sit by him, and spoke to him in the most friendly manner, saying,—What has induced you to visit me ? What has made you trouble yourself about me ? I was not at hand when these events took place, said the Vizier, and I was not present at these occurrences ; I was at Mecca, and in those parts ; but as soon as the news reached me, and I heard how King Monzar had eaten the dates with the stones, I was convinced that troubles

would arise between them. I came at full speed, for I feared some great disaster, and I wished to settle the business ere I died. But I did not arrive till all was over ; so I have hurried to you, in order to arrange matters, fearing that these human considerations would bring about unnecessarily disagreeable consequences. Therefore, O Chief, be benevolent as long as kindness is in your power, and be not revengeful on account of a difference in religion.

Mubidan was pleased from his heart, and the flame of his anger was extinguished. O Amroo, said he, before you arrived, I had resolved to arrange this business : the army has returned routed, and its chief has been slain ; but I have not reported this circumstance to the just King, fearful that blood would be shed, and men be slaughtered. I have also my anxiety about events which have lately occurred, and I wish to relieve the heart of the King of some of his burthens ; for governments sicken as men sicken, and they have no other physician but their Viziers ; and these are acquainted with the evils and the remedies.

What is it, cried Amroo, that has troubled the heart of the just King ; for he is the ruler of all the tribes ! You know that the Emperor of Greece, answered Mubidan, has always been accustomed to send to Chosroe a vast quantity of goods, and precious stones and metals and jewels, and male and female European slaves, and other objects, in short, that the

tongue fails in describing. At this present time a Grecian chief is come with the treasure, and in his suite are five hundred horsemen of his nation, and ten priests, and five monks ; he presented himself before Chosroe in his palace, and spoke to him by an interpreter saying—O mighty King, I am indeed come with the wealth and jewels and rich presents, such as fire cannot consume, and beautiful virgins and slaves ; but I must make one stipulation with you, viz. that I will not deliver them to you, unless you have a horseman that can vanquish me in the field of battle.

Now the cause of the arrival of this Chief, continued Mubidan, and of his appearance before Chosroe, was this extraordinary circumstance.—He had quitted the Isles of the Sea, in order to visit the holy shrine at Jerusalem, and the fountain of peace ; and when his pilgrimage was terminated, he heard a good report of the cities of Syria, so he repaired thither, and resided there some time ; and one day being in the presence of Harith, in the course, he exhibited his horsemanship and intrepidity, far superior to the other horsemen. Harith having remarked his extraordinary prowess, sent for him and presented him with a robe, and exalted him in rank above the nobles of his court, accommodated him in a house suitable to his station, and supplied him with provisions.

And Harith for a long time engaged him against

the warriors, and he overcame every antagonist in force and ability, and in course of time he conquered all the armies of Syria, who acknowledged his intrepidity and superiority, and yielded to him the highest honours, so that Harith greatly rejoiced in him; and he said, this is indeed the sword of Jesus; and he resolved to present him to the Roman Emperor. So he wrote to the Emperor, and mentioned what feats this Chief had performed. Keep him with you, said he in his letter, and prevent his returning to the Isles of the Sea, in order that you may obtain, through him, what you wish and desire from the Arabs and the worshippers of fire; and he sent his letter by a messenger.

On the next day Harith dispatched the Chief with a party of his attendants to wait on the Emperor. The messenger travelled with the letter till he reached Antioch, and being admitted to the presence, he delivered him the letter, which he took and read, and having understood its secret meaning, was rejoiced in the Chief. He even went out to meet him with all the nobles of his court and ministers of the kingdom. So when the Chief reached the suburbs, he was greatly surprised, as were all his companions, for he thought this meeting of the Emperor was accidental, not being aware of the letter Harith had sent forward. The Chief dismounted and crossing his face before he spoke, kissed the earth in the presence of the Emperor, who, much

surprised at the courtesy of his manners, desired him to remount his horse, and taking him by his side, they all returned together to Antioch, every one gazing on the Chief, and astonished at his gigantic shape and stature, till they arrived at the city, when all their anxiety and trouble being at an end, every one returned home. And there being no one present, the Emperor sat down, and made the Chief do so likewise by his side, and invited him to tell his adventures, and offered him riches and possessions.

O most beneficent monarch, said the Chief, I left not my country in search of wealth, but the reason of my departure was to seek the reward of virtue and meritorious acts. I have reached your presence, and my wish is to exhibit my prowess before the inhabitants of this land, that I may attain the object of my desires. The Emperor showed the warrior every possible attention.

Now the name of this Chief was Badhramoot ; he remained three days as the Emperor's guest, on the third he appeared on the plain, and the horsemen came out against him ; but they retreated from before him in shame and disgrace, and he remained galloping about like a dæmon. For three days he continually exhibited himself on the course, till he had marked all the troops of the Emperor in the combat ; and when the Emperor perceived his superior skill, he was much surprised, and wished to detain him with him, that he might, through him, be victorious over

his enemies ; and amongst other things he thought of marrying him to his daughter, and of sharing with him his dominions.

One day Badhramoot came to the Emperor and found him sitting down, and all his treasures before him ; he was selecting the best metals and jewels, and was putting them in cups, and was sealing them up, and was packing them up in boxes, and was preparing them for a long journey by land. Badhramoot was much agitated and surprised at this. To whom do you intend sending this treasure ? he asked. To Chosroe Nushirvan, the lord of the crown and palace, replied the Emperor, for he is the King of Persia and Deelem, and the ruler of nations. O monarch, this King, is he not of the religion of Jesus the son of Mary ? the chief asked. He is the great King, he replied, and he worships fire ; and he has armies and allies whose numbers are incalculable, and on this account I send him tribute, and keep him away from my own country.

At these words the light became darkness in Badhramoot's eyes. By your existence, O King, said he, I cannot allow any one to adore aught but the Messiah, in this world. We must wage a sacred war, and have a crusade against the inhabitants of that land and those cities. How can you submit to this disgrace and indignity, and humble yourself to a worshipper of fire ; you who are the Emperor of the religion of the Cross, and the Priest's

gown ? I swear by him who withdrew a dead body from the earth, and breathed into clay, and there came forth birds and beasts, I will not permit you to send these goods and presents, unless I go also against those people, and fight them with the sword's edge. I will engage the armies of Chosroe, and exert my strength against them ; if I am slain, then you may stand to your covenant.

Rid us of this affair, exclaimed the Emperor ; avert and withdraw from us the supremacy of Chosroe and his armies ; but do not open upon us a gate which we shall not be able to close : and if you wish to make a journey to the land of the King, go with these presents, and when you are in his presence, tell him your own story—examine the extent of his dominion, and his horsemen, and the number of his troops, and his allies. Ask him to let you fight his bold warriors—whatever you desire, he will grant you ; and when you have engaged the horsemen and succeeded in your attempt, then inform me, that I may shew you what I can do. But if you find that his power is too great, conjure him so spare this land and realm.

Badhramoot agreed to this proposal, and he departed with the presents, and he arrived at Modayin, his heart free from fear. He went to Chosroe and presented his letter, and said through an interpreter, O most glorious King, you know that Kings will not submit to tribute until they have been van-

quished in battle. I am now come with all this property as presents to you ; but I wish to avert this disgrace from the Christians, and I will engage your warriors in your presence. If they slay me in the combat, my blood is rightfully your's ; but if I am superior to all your heroes and combatants, then relieve us from tribute, and do not expose mankind to difficulties and hardships, for in all religions it is tyranny and oppression to shed blood.

All this being interpreted to Chosroe, his anger and indignation, though considerably excited, were softened by the mildness of the Chieftain's representations. He pondered the subject some time, and then, being convinced that he had only made a reasonable demand, he turned towards his satraps and said—Take this Chieftain, and conduct him to a mansion suitable to his rank, with his suite, and provide them with every thing to eat and drink, that we may comply with his requests ; let the property be left with him, that we may likewise fulfil his intention : to-morrow we will go to the plain to view the combat of the horsemen, and we will not receive the presents but on your terms.

Accordingly the satraps conducted the Chief and his suite to a spacious mansion, and left all the property with them. The next day the armies mounted and repaired to the plain, and all being assembled, Chosroe mounted his horse, surrounded by the standards and ensigns ; and when the

two parties were drawn up, the Chief came forward like a huge camel, his priests and monks attending him; he urged on his horse into the field of contention, and the brave heroes were rushing upon him from all sides; but Chosroe issued orders to his people that they should draw lots, and thus proceed in rotation against him, and whoever should conquer him should receive all the presents he brought with him.

When the combatants heard this, they retired from the scene of combat and drew lots, and the lot fell upon the first of the generals named Shirkan, son of Tirkan. He sallied out against the Chief; but the Grecian warrior waiting till he came close to him, drew his foot out of his stirrup, struck him on the breast with his foot, and hurled him on the ground. The whole body of horsemen were confounded, and their limbs trembled within them. Again they drew lots, and the lot fell upon a sturdy warrior, one of the worshippers of fire: he fought with various arms, and he was indefatigable in the combat: he rushed at him armed with a mace, roaring like a lion; he opened wide his arm as he came near to him, and endeavoured to strike him and knock him down; but the Chief struck him with the but-end of his spear; and dashed him to the earth; he had already drawn out the barb from his spear; and there was not a combatant that came forward but he stretched him on the ground:

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and before the close of the day he had vanquished a hundred valiant warriors. Then Chosroe sent for him, and received him kindly, and gave him a robe. By the burning of fire and its flames, said he, you have earned all this property from these vile miscreants.

Chosroe then returned, and he was greatly enraged with his own troops; but the Chieftain was rejoiced, and he reposed that night in security. The next day he returned to the contest, and Nushirvan also mounted his horse, and the combat was the same as the first day; and the Grecian quitted not the scene of action till he had overcome more than a hundred warriors, many with their ribs broken, suffering the pangs of death and perdition. And Chosroe was exceedingly wrath with his troops.

Thus continued the Chief to engage the heroes of Persia for fifteen days, and he excelled them all; and the armies of Chosroe were disgraced. In affliction he passed the night, and he rose up to grief and gloom. Matters were in this situation, when lo! Mubidan entered. O Vizier, cried Chosroe, watch over us in this important affair; behold what is befalling us with respect to this experienced Greek, for verily, he will tear our empire in pieces with his intrepidity; and we are unable to rid ourselves of his power. I wish to write to Khosrewan, to come to us with his horsemen against this Grecian devil.

Refrain from such expressions, O King, said Mubidan, for you may still accomplish your wish, and degrade and hold in contempt this Chieftain, and the affair terminate to your glory and success. How can that be? said the King, and what do you propose? My opinion is, said he, that you write to your Lieutenant, King Monzar, the ruler of the Arabs, under whose command are all the tribes, and order him to send you a few of his slaves, and they will subjugate for you this obstinate Chief, and will accomplish what you covet and desire; for the Arab horsemen are the horsemen of victory and conquest; they only are brought up in plains and rocks, in battle and slaughter; in such emergencies the horsemen of Hijaz are most renowned; but our horsemen, O King of the world, are only famed for magnificent entertainments.

The King laughed, and said—How can this be brought about, Mubidan? Monzar is irritated against us by what has happened between me and him, owing to the satrap Khosrewan, who is now gone against him with his troops and forces, and I have no intelligence of him. Live for ever, O King of the world, said Mubidan; but for your Satrap, the fire has received his soul, and its smoke and its flames have consumed him. His army is returning routed and beaten. I have kept this circumstance a secret from you, but now the fire has made me think it proper to disclose it to you.

O Vizier, said Chosroe, greatly distressed—In this extremity, what is your plan ; how can I possibly send to Monzar, now that he has rent in pieces my honour, and slain a satrap of my government ?

O King, said the Vizier, the honor of your Empire is in his hands—he alone can save it ; for he possesses a warrior of the race of Adnan, who would encounter every horseman and hero you possess. Then informing him of all that concerned Antar from beginning to end—It would, in my opinion, be right, added he, to send to King Monzar a robe and presents, and direct him to produce before you this lion horseman, for he will surely destroy you Chief, and will remove this distress and affliction from your heart. But, said Chosroe, I fear Monzar will not obey my orders, and he will suppose that dismay has stricken us.

Be assured, O great King, said Mubidan, that Monzar is terrified at your wrath and your vengeance, and just now his Vizier Amroo, the son of Nefeelah, came to me, and asked me to intercede with you, and request you would pass over what he has done, and forgive his improper conduct. Well, said Chosroe, do what you think proper ; perhaps the difficulty may be removed. Order this horseman into our presence, and promise him on our part all manner of riches. So Mubidan departed, and having acquainted the Vizier Amroo with what had occurred on this important point,

he desired him to write to Monzar, and tell him what had passed, ordering him to bring Antar into the presence of the King at Modayin.

The Vizier wrote the letter, as follows—"To him whom we acknowledge as King Monzar, King of the Arabs, Ruler of the tribes Lakhm and Juzam and Shiban! Know, O King, that the business on which I came has been effected, and all your projects are accomplished. Moreover, I have promised Chosroe, the monarch of the world, that Antar shall overcome this Grecian Chief, and shall relieve his heart from his present distress and affliction; come therefore hither without delay, and be there no other answer to this letter but placing your foot in the stirrup."—He folded and sealed the letter, and dispatched it under the wings of a bird, and they remained expecting the result. But the Chief, as soon as the day dawned, sent some of his people and horsemen to demand of Chosroe permission to go out to the plain that he might again engage in his presence his armies and his warriors. So Chosroe mounted, and all his people and horsemen also came forth: and the Greek overpowered the heroes of Persia, who combatted with him even to the close of the day, when they returned; and the glory and honour of the Persians were tarnished.

The next day the two parties mounted and were

drawn up in order ; and the Grecian fought, and galloped, and charged, and sought for the combatants and antagonists, when lo ! a horseman from Deelem, Bahram by name, the son of Johram, engaged him, and he was a warrior rapid as a burning flame, and he fought with different sorts of arms, indefatigable in war. He was the son of the uncle of that Khosrewan whom Antar had slain, Antar, the destroyer of horsemen ! On that day he fought on the plain, and he wore a Davidean cuirass, solid and firm, that blunted the javelin's point, and in his hand he bore a pike with which he gave the blow of death. He was also girt with a cleaving faulchion, and under his thighs were four short javelins. He assaulted the Chief with all his force, and engaged with him in the combat.

Their engagement at first was sport and play, but it ended in impetuosity and fury. They continued their labours and exertions till mid-day, and the Greek having experienced Bahram's might and strength, at length put forth all his powers and energies in the contest ; and the pike of the Chief was without a barb, as he had agreed on in the presence of Chosroe Nushirvan. But he stretched his hand over the pommel of his saddle, and plucked out a barb like the tongue of a serpent, and fastened it on the end of his pike, and rushed upon Bahram in his rage ; he extended the barb

towards his chest, and he gave a loud shout; but Bahram struck it with his sword and clipped it off. The Greek threw away his pike, and drew forth his sword from the scabbard, and they engaged with their sabres till both were near partaking of the draught of death. Then the ranks closed upon them, and the Deelemites rejoiced in their warrior, and their expectations were raised high. The warriors ceased not the battle and the contest till the end of the day, when they separated unhurt; and neither had marked his adversary. So they retired, and each related to his companions the circumstances of the conflict. Chosroe sent for Bahram and gave him a robe.

Early next day Chosroe mounted, attended by the Persians, and Turcomans, and Deelemites, drawn up in ranks on the plain of battle. The Grecian Chief came with all his suite, and charged and galloped over the plain. Bahram came down upon him, and they dashed at each other and charged to and fro, and ranged over the plain, extending their long spears till every eye was sickened: then they commenced the battle, and continued till sun-set, when they again separated unhurt. But Chosroe was greatly distressed, and he ordered the Magi to make a circuit of the fire in his presence, and to throw aloof Comorin into it, praising the unity of the adored King: so they did as he ordered. And the Chief performed the same ceremony, and his

priests and monks recited the Gospel, and marked themselves with the Cross, and both parties reposed in blasphemy and heresy.

The next day at dawn the horsemen were ready for the contest, when lo ! a dust arose and obscured the land ; and there appeared coming forth a hundred horsemen, all sturdy Arabs, armed with long spears and sharp swords, mounted on noble coursers. King Monzar headed them, and by his side was Antar. The Vizier and Mubidan went out to meet them with a party of satraps and horsemen, and the troops on all sides crowded to look at them. Mubidan related to Antar all that had passed between the Grecian and Bahram.

O Vizier, said the lion Antar, assure the just King, whose beneficence and liberality are well known, that I will encounter this Grecian, and Bahram, and all the warriors of Persia, Turkistan and Deelem, and will not leave a man in Modayin. Mubidan smiled, for he was convinced he could execute what he said, observing the immensity of his bulk, and the horror of his form, and the rolling of his eyes, and the muscular powers of his arms.

O Horseman of the age, said he, should you not execute your engagement, and not slay this hero of the Cross ?—If I do not fulfil my agreement, cried Antar, drag me by my feet through the temple of fire, and make a sacrifice of me. Mubidan smiled,

and he introduced him to the officers of Government who wore golden bracelets on their arms, and afterwards to those who wore crowns on their heads. King Monzar dismounted, and all his horsemen, and then entered the apartments of the Nobles, and the Viziers, and Satraps, and Grandees, and Dignitaries. Antar was in amazement at what he saw, and the people also stared and gazed at him ; and this continued till they came before Chosroe. Monzar stepped forward and saluted him, and prayed for a continuance of his glory and power. Then Antar too paid his homage, and thus spoke :

“ May God avert from thee the evils of fortune,
 “ and mayst thou live secure from calamities !
 “ May thy star be ever brilliant in progressive
 “ prosperity, and increase in glory ! May thy
 “ sword be ever sharp, and cleave the necks of
 “ thy foes, O thou King of the age ! May thy
 “ renown be ever celebrated in every land, for thou
 “ art just and beneficent. So mayst thou ever live
 “ a Sovereign in glory, as long as the dove pours
 “ forth its plaintive note.”

Chosroe was stonished at Antar's eloquence, and was confounded at the height of his person, and his prodigious form, and the rolling of his eyes, and the strength of his arms. O King of the world, said Mubidan, this is he who has slain your satrap Khosrewan, and destroyed his army of twenty thousand bridles, and he is come now to

take away the life of this Greek, and to remove every grief and sorrow from your heart, and no doubt he will slay all that are with him. Should this be the case, said the Monarch, we will pardon his fault, and ennoble him with gifts. Let them repose: treat them with all kindness and hospitality. And he sent for King Monzar, and gave him a robe. O King of the Arabs, said he, the error was mine at first, and his who raised this rebellion amongst you; but the fire has destroyed him in your presence. The heart of Monzar was delighted at these words, and his joy was great.

And when Mubidan wished to pitch tents for them that they might repose till the next day—By the Holy Shrine, exclaimed Antar, I will not eat meat with you, or drink wine with you, until I have slain this foul-raced Greek, and made him drink the cup of death: for he has moved the heart of the just King. So he prepared his arms and his cuirass, and sprang from the ground on the back of his horse. Mubidan informed Chosroe of what Antar had said, and he went forth with all his Viziers, Satraps, Princes and Deputies, to see the result of the combat between the two warriors.

Mubidan also repaired to the Grecian Chief, and said—Know that Chosroe has in his justice acted towards you with the greatest impartiality, and he has loaded you with favours, and he has only found amongst his people, Bahram, that can contend with

you ; and the King observes even his inferiority. But as he does not wish that his reputation should be lost, his Vicegerent over the Arabs is arrived this day, and with him a warrior selected from the heroes of Arabia, who says he will meet you and make your companions and comrades groan for you. So prepare ; and if you kill him or overcome him, return to your master with all the property you have brought with you.

Badhramoot was overjoyed at this ; his bosom swelled, and he was in extasy, and he said—Let Chosroe order out this angry horseman—this day will I haste against him, and make him drink the cup of disgrace. And Mubidan added—Let the persons of your faith bear witness for you. Antar understood not what they were saying—Prepare for battle, he cried ; and immediately the Greek let go the bridle, and assailed Antar the son of Shedad. Antar was like a furious lion, as he thus spoke :

“ This day I will aid King Monzar, and I will
 “ exhibit my powers and my prowess before
 “ Chosroe ; I will break down the support of Greece
 “ from its foundations, and I will sever Badhra-
 “ moot’s head with my scimitar. I will exterminate
 “ every lion hero with my sword : let him vaunt,
 “ let him boast, let him scoff. Is it not known
 “ that my power is sublime on high !—Is it not
 “ among the stars in the vicinity of Jupiter ? I
 “ am he whose might is uncontrollable in battle.

" I am of the race of Abs, the valiant lion of
 " the cavern. If thou art Badhrāmoot, I am
 " called Antar among men. It was easy for me to
 " vanquish the armies of Chosroe in the contest,
 " and soon will I overthrow Cæsar's self with my
 " spear. Hear the words of an intrepid lion, reso-
 " lute, undaunted, all-conquering. I am he of
 " whom warriors can bear witness in the combat
 " under the turbid battle-dust. My sword is my
 " companion in the night-shades, as are also my
 " Abjer, and my lance and my spear in the conflicts.
 " Night is my complexion, but day is my emblem ;
 " the sun is unquestionably the mirror of my deeds.
 " This day thou shalt feel the truth of what I
 " have said : and I will prove that I am the Phoenix
 " of the age."

Then Antar rushed down upon the Grecian like
 a cloud, and the Greek met him like a blazing fire.
 They engaged like two lions ; they maddened at
 each other like two camels, and they dashed
 against each other like two mountains, so that they
 frightened every eye with their deeds. A dust
 rose over them that hid them from the sight for
 two hours. The Greek perceived in Antar some-
 thing beyond his capacity, and a sea where there
 was no rest : he was terrified and agitated, and ex-
 claimed—by the Messiah and his disciples ! this
 biscuit is not of the same leaven—this is the hour
 of contention ; and now is the time for struggle and

exertion. So he shouted and roared at Antar and attacked him with his spike-pointed spear, and dealt him a furious thrust; but Antar eluded it by a dexterous movement, and struck him with the heel of his lance under the arm, and made him totter on the back of his horse; and he almost hurled him on the ground: but Badramoot with infinite intrepidity, sat firm on his horse's back, and galloped to the further part of the plain. Antar waited patiently till he had recovered, and his spirit was renewed, when he returned upon him like a ferocious lion, and recommenced the conflict.

King Monzar was highly gratified at the deeds of Antar, and felt convinced that he was only sparing him, and dallying with him, and that had he wished to kill him, he would have done it. But the Monarch was perfectly astonished at Antar's courage; and turning to his attendants, said to them—By the essence of fire, this is indeed horsemanship and intrepidity. Never have I remarked such but in an Arab! And he advanced towards the field of battle that he might observe what passed between these dreadful combatants, and that he might see how the affair would terminate.

Now Bahram, when he perceived that Antar was superior to himself in strength, and was mightier than the Greek in the conflict, felt assured that he would obtain the promised reward; so he was seized with the disease of envy, which preyed in flames upon

his heart and his body, particularly when he heard that Antar had slain the son of his uncle ; then he resolved to betray Antar, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. So he waited till both were involved in dust, when he drew from under his thigh a dart more deadly than the misfortunes of the age ; and when he came near Antar, he raised his arm and aimed at him the blow of a powerful hero. It started from his hand like a spark of fire ; but Antar was quick of mind, and his eyes were continually turning to the right and to the left, for he was amongst a nation that were not of his own race, and that put him on his guard, and he instantly perceived Bahram as he aimed his dart at him ; and then casting away his spear out of his hand, he caught the dart in the air with his heaven-endowed force and strength, and rushing at the Greek, and shouting at him with a paralysing voice, he struck him with that very dart in the chest, and it issued out quivering like a flame through his back ; then wheeling round Abjer, like a frightful lion he turned down upon Bahram ; but Chosroe, terrified lest Antar should slay Bahram, cried out to his attendants—Keep off Antar from Bahram, or he will kill him, and pour down annihilation upon him. So the warriors and the satraps hastened after the dreadful Antar, and conducted him to Chosroe, and as the foam burst from his lips, and his eye-balls flashed fire, he dismounted from Abjer, and thus spoke :

' May God perpetuate thy glory and happiness,
 " and mayst thou ever live in eternal bliss! O
 " thou King mighty in power, and the source of
 " justice on every occasion! I have left Badrah-
 " moot prostrate on the sands—wallowing in blood.
 " At the thrust of my spear he fell dead, and his
 " flesh is the prey of the fowls of the air. I left
 " the gore spouting out from him like the stream
 " on the day of the copious rain. I am the
 " terrible warrior; renowned is my name, and I
 " protect my friend from every peril. Should
 " Cæsar himself oppose thee, O King, and come
 " against thee with his countless host, I will leave
 " him dead with his companions. True and unvar-
 " nished is this promise. O King, sublime in
 " honours—illustrious and happy, thou art now
 " firm refuge; and my stay in every crisis. Be
 " kind then, and grant me leave to go to my
 " family, and to prepare for my departure: for my
 " anxiety, and my passion for the noble-minded,
 " brilliant-faced Ibla are intense. Hail for ever—
 " be at peace—live in everlasting prosperity, sur-
 " rounded by joys and pleasures!"

Chosroe again marvelled at his eloquence, and
 clothed him with an imperial robe, and presented
 him five Arab horses, with saddles of burnished gold,
 studded with pearls and jewels. He then addressed
 Mubidan, and said—Deliver to this warrior all
 that came with the Greek, whether merchandize or

beautiful maidens ; and he knew no bounds to his generosity, adding—Bring him to me to-morrow that I may exalt him with favours, and that I may make him one of our Viceroy's of the age. Do ye want any thing further ? cried he to the companions of the Greek ? Does any one wish for the combat and the conflict ? If so, let him hasten to the field of battle.

No more talk we of war and contention, said they all ; we only came to this country with the Chief to be witnesses of this event and conflict ; and verily, O King of the age, we have experienced every justice from you. So they departed, and turned away their steeds, and traversed the plains and deserts, hardly crediting their escape.

Chosroe repaired to his palace, and Mubidan had charge of Antar's affairs : he conducted him and Monzar to the house of the Greek Chief, where were the treasures and the presents. He opened all the trunks, and presented to Aboolfawaris all the pearls and the jewels and the precious stones. Antar rejoiced and smiled, and exclaimed—O what joy ! where are thine eyes, O Ibla ? but by the faith of an Arab there is not in all the treasures of the King, one atom of her, no not one grain. And as he regarded the maidens of Greece and of Europe and the Cophtian slave girls, his joy was increased, and he blessed the termination of his expedition ; and he kissed Mubidan's breast and beard, and he praised him in these words :

“Thou hast granted me favours, and I must
 “publish my gratitude; thou hast accomplished
 “my every wish for happiness. I will thank thee
 “as long as I live, and if I die, my bones in their
 “grave shall praise thee.”

Mubidan was truly gratified at Antar's praises. Renowned hero, said he, we do not mean that you should be content with this small gift, for this is not our property. You shall soon behold our beneficence; this is the wealth and these the jewels, the blue-eyed Greek, whom you killed and made to drink of the cup of death and disgrace, brought with him. But we would not have consigned this most precious property, and these maidens who resemble the constellations, but to one who should vanquish and debase him: and verily, you are the irresistible one, that has done that, and the property becomes your property, and you have obtained it by your actions. He then ordered the slaves to spread carpets in a splendid mansion, and to arrange the vases and ewers; and they did as they were ordered; they laid out the dinner tables before Monzar and Antar and their companions. And when Antar observed the variety of delicious meats, of mutton and pigeons and thrushes, and the quantity of doves, and the profusion of sweat-meats, he turned towards Monzar, and said—My lord, are these various viands their usual victuals? are they at all times accustomed to such luscious

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things? for I see here no camel's flesh. What art thou talking of? cried Monzar; think no more of the inhabitants of the wilds and deserts, and those that drink camels milk night and day; habituate thyself to the inhabitants of towns and cities, for thou must live in the vicinity of great Kings. So Antar ate till he was satisfied; the glasses passed round, and they killed the jovial hours in mirth and merriment: and when the female slaves knew they were the property of Antar, they came to offer their service, and whenever he got up or sat down, they surrounded him: but he would not take the least notice of them, for no one but Ibla was in his heart.

O Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, thou dost not delight in, or seem to look on thy slaves with pleasure; or feel sensible of thy high dignity. Remove all painful reflections, or thoughts of thine own country, for thou hast risen to the rank of princes; and were the Chieftains of thy nation to see thee, how they would envy thee! Antar heard this; he sighed from his sorrowing heart, and tears flowed from his eyes. O my lord, said he, I swear by your existence, all this grandeur has no value, no charm in my eyes; love of my native land is the fixed passion of my soul, and he thus continued:

“The fresh breeze comes in the morn, and when
“it blows on me with its refreshing essence, it is

“ more grateful to me than all which my power has
 “ obtained in nightly depredations—than all my
 “ property and wealth. The realms of Chosroe I
 “ would not covet, were the phantom of my love to
 “ vanish from my sight. May the showers of rain
 “ ever bedew the lands and mounds of Sheerebah !
 “ lands, where the brilliancy of the veiled full
 “ moons may be seen in the obscurity of their sable
 “ ringlets—where my heart chases among them, a
 “ damsel whose eyes are painted with antimony,
 “ more lovely than the Houri. Thou mayst see
 “ in her teeth a liquor when she smiles, where the
 “ wine cup is studded with pearls. The fawn has
 “ borrowed the magic of her eye, and it is the lion
 “ of the earth that chases its prey for her beauty.
 “ Lovely maid—delicately formed—beauteous—en-
 “ chanting ! and at her charms is the brightness of
 “ the moon abashed. O Ibla, the anguish of
 “ absence is in my heart—thou mayst see the shafts
 “ of death driven through my soul. O Ibla, did
 “ not thy visionary form visit me by night, I should
 “ pass the night in sorrows and restlessness. O
 “ Ibla, how many calamities have I endured and
 “ have plunged into them with my highly tempered
 “ faulchion, whilst the charging steeds and un-
 “ daunted warriors dive into the ever perilous
 “ ocean of death.”

Monzar was greatly surprised at Antar's fluency
 of speech, and the force of his love and passion, and

he began conversing with him about what occupied his mind ; and thus they continued till it was dark, and sleep came upon them. So they passed the night there. In the morning came Mubidan to them, accompanied by a troop of slaves. He complimented them, and enquired about their night's rest, and how they were pleased. Mount your horses, he continued, to go and compliment Chosroe, for he is prepared to go out hunting and amuse himself. As to me, said Antar, I have no other desire but speedily to return to my family and my country, that my friends and companions may see me, and the Asafeer camels I have with me as a marriage dower for my uncle's daughter.

Mubidan smiled at these words, and knew his wish and object. O Aboolfawaris, said he, your expectations shall be gratified with respect to the Asafeer camels, all laden, and many others besides ; and you shall not return to your native land, 'ere you receive them all piled up with burthens. Antar expressed his thanks, and with Monzar mounted, and they all accompanied Mubidan, till on perceiving Nushirvan, they instantly dismounted. Antar presented himself, and attempted to kiss Chosroe's feet in the stirrup, but the King not only prevented him, but stooped towards him and kissed him between the eyes ; and never had Nushirvan conferred such a mark of distinction on any one but Antar, the destroyer of heroes, on account of his having vanquished the

Greek warrior, and having removed distress and affliction from his mind. He ordered some noble Arab horses to be brought before Antar ; and the satraps delivered to him some of the finest breed, all glittering with housings of burnished gold. Antar mounted, and Chosroe kept him by his side and treated him as a companion, and conversed with him, and enquired about his night's rest, and his love for his tribe and friends. They continued their ride till they reached the hunting spot ; but no one entered that place except Nushirvan, when he wished to hunt and amuse himself ; and guards were stationed over it on all sides, fearful that any one should enter ; and as it was filled in all quarters and directions, the wild beasts and deer ran away from before them ; and as the horsemen advanced, the birds took to flight from every part ; the warriors galloped and the heroes raced their steeds, and they spread abroad in all directions.

When Antar observed this sport, he urged on his horse with the other riders, and pursued a herd of deer with great eagerness, and at length overtook them ; he galloped among them, and stretched many of them on the plain, and he was much amused and pleased. But whilst he was thus occupied, behold an horseman pounced down upon him like an eagle, and as he came up to him, he opened wide his arm, and stretching himself out, struck Antar a violent blow ; it fell between his shoulders ; it stag-

gered him, and almost laid him prostrate ; but he recovered himself ; he was however tottering from the back of his horse, when—Take that, thou Hedjaz dog ! cried the villain ; and if thou hast any breath of life in thee, come on and fight, for I must slay thee, thou vile black, as thou slewest my cousin Khosrewan, and the Greek, and made them drink of the cup of death and disgrace ; and thou hast obtained possession of all that property and those beauteous slaves, and thou art exalted in the presence of Chosroe.

Now this horseman was Bohram, the Chief of Deelem. He conceived against Antar a deadly hatred and envy, which consumed his heart and his body ; and when Chosroe ordered him not to get into any disputes with Antar, warning him against his superior powers, Bohram went to his own people, and said to them—If this slave depart in safety with all his spoil and plunder, our honour will be debased among the tribes of the Cross and the Priest's gown, and no one will have any respect for us. From that time he indulged to such a degree his envy against Antar, that he watched him till he thus caught him alone in the hunt, and traitorously assailed him. But he knew not that Antar was a warrior, fixed as the mountain's roots ; and as he still saw him firmly seated on his horse, he grasped his sword and advanced at him ; but Antar, recovering from the violence of the blow, wheeled round his

horse and waited till he recognised his foe : then he sought him as a bird of prey the weakest dove, and his assault was the assault of the fiercest lion ! and thus he addressed him :

“ The Almighty has exposed thee to a lion
 “ warrior, that thou mayest fall subdued by my
 “ sword, O thou, sprung from the worshippers of the
 “ sunbeams, and from those who adore the blazing
 “ flames. Fate will repay thee, for it has devoted
 “ thee to the fight with me, and to the horrors of
 “ my strength. Despair ; all thy hopes are frus-
 “ trated, founded on the crush of thy mace and the
 “ warrior-yell. Thou art indeed like the moth,
 “ that when it sees the flame, imagines its safety is
 “ in its destruction. Stand firm then to the spear-
 “ thrust of him whose force thou hast sought.
 “ Thou wouldst insult a lion, powerful in every
 “ combat. Take then the spear-thrust from the
 “ hand of one to whom the dæmons of the desert
 “ have bowed in submission, and from whom they
 “ implore the aid of God.”

Then he came down on him like a cloud, and he aimed a slight thrust at him with the heel of his spear, and broke his ribs, and threw him from the back of his horse the distance of two spear's lengths. The warriors of Deelem beheld the deed, and thought he was dead and in a state of annihilation ; and they all rushed down upon Antar, crying at him in their various dialects. But he met them

like a flash of lightning, and he began driving at them and repulsing them—his eye-balls turned red, they appeared like crimson blood—he grasped his never failing Dharni in his hand, resolved not to leave a Deelemite alive. Just then came up Chosroe with his visiers and satraps, and they cried out to the Deelemites in Persian, for they had heard what Bohram had done: and the Deelemites withdrew from the combat, saying, this black slave has brought disgrace upon us, and has slain our Chief! 'Tis false, said Mubidan, ye foul wretches of Deelem, your Chief is the aggressor; but he ought in duty to have treated him kindly, and have waited on him himself, for he has done for us what no human being could do, and if he has slain your Chief, he is not to blame.

Mubidan then requested Antar to advance, who related all that had passed between him and Bohram; and Chosroe believed his words, for he was aware of the folly of his servant. He then ordered his satraps to seize the Deelemites, and bring them before him to strike off their heads. They seized them all, and pinioned their shoulders and bound their arms. But Antar, seeing Bohram's attendants thus disgraced, dismounted from Abjer, and advanced towards the great King, and kissing the earth before him, begged him to pardon them, saying, O my lord; pardon is becoming in you, and most suitable for such as you—here I kiss your

noble hands, praying you to forgive them this crime, for to-morrow I intend to return home: my objects and wishes with respect to you are accomplished, and I do not wish to be mentioned after my departure, but for virtuous deeds; and let it not be said of me, I went unto a tribe, and left it in disgrace, and clothed with shame.

Chosroe admired Antar's benevolence and generosity of soul; he granted his request, and released the Dcelemites. At mid-day he returned from the hunt, and repaired to a garden unequalled in any city of the world, and in it was collected all that the lip or the tongue can covet. It was a superb palace, like a fairy pavilion—ninety cubits in length, and seventy cubits wide, built of marble and red cornelian; in the centre was a fountain filled with rose water and purest musk, in the middle of it was a column of emerald, and on its summit a hawk of burnished gold; its eyes were topazes and its beak jasper; round it were various birds, scattering from their bills upon Chosroe and all that were present, musk and ambergris. The whole edifice was scented with perfumes, and the ceilings of the palace glittered with gold and silver. It was one of the wonders of the period, and the miracle of the age. When Antar entered, his mind was bewildered at the pictures and colours he saw, and he thus expressed himself.

“ A Palace—greetings and peace be on it—Time

" has spread its beauties over it. A Palace—the
 " roofs of cities might stand beneath its roof. On
 " it are the directions for the paths of virtue.
 " Strong are its columns, gilded are its walls ;
 " mankind may glory in its magnificence. Over
 " its gates have jewels and pure unalloyed gold
 " disposed their honours ; there is nothing further
 " to be desired. On it are the wonders of every
 " species of miracle ; the senses are bewildered in
 " describing it ; beautifully perfect is every elegant
 " device : nothing can exceed its excellence. And the
 " King shines above all Kings in his acts and his
 " justice—May days and years endure for him ! "

At the upper end of the gardens there was
 raised for Chosroe, a throne of burnished gold and
 pillars of green emerald, and pedestals of silver that
 sent forth refulgent rays in the darkest night.
 Round it were stools of ivory and ebony inlaid with
 brilliant gold. Chosroe seated himself on the
 throne, and ordered Monzar and Antar to sit by
 him : thus exalting him high above all that were
 present. The attendants and suite also sat down ;
 every one took his place ; and they were no sooner
 arranged than the dinner tables were served with
 various dainties, and a profusion of fruits and
 sweatmeats. Chosroe advanced, and all that were
 present, and partook of the repast. But Antar's
 eyes were in confusion. He sat down on his knees,
 and bared his arms, chucking the things into his

mouth, but never moved his jaws : he gorged himself like an hungry Arab, and roared like a wild beast, to the great amazement of Chosroe, who supplied him with every variety that was before him : and Antar devoured them, as he asked Monzar the name of each. So they brought him meats of all kinds till he had crammed his stomach ; then raising his head up he thus spoke :

“ Hail, O King, whose bounties, in his age, stand
 “ in lieu of the rain. O thou, the Kiblah* of
 “ petitioners—O crown of glory—O full moon of
 “ this period—O thou planet Saturn. O thou
 “ whose seat is raised above Pisces—O thou the
 “ refuge of all that sorrow—thy station is on high
 “ far above the world—it is a rain-cloud that
 “ bestows its showers on mankind. When he fights,
 “ all the world fear his assaults, as if a lion
 “ were by his side. He is the seat of justice in his
 “ age—liberality and equity reign in his realms.
 “ O ye dwellers in the land of Abs, I have received
 “ from Chosroe and his munificence, what cannot be
 “ described or enumerated—no day can suffice to
 “ detail an account of such goodness. The King
 “ has attained the heights of virtue by his glory ;
 “ and happiness dwells in his palace. With him I
 “ am firmly established in honour, and in his
 “ gardens I have beheld a fountain whose waters
 “ abound like his favors, and the liberality of his

* The point to which the Arabs turned their faces in prayer.

“palm. His garden contains every flower of every species, and brilliant are their charms. The birds in every note sing as if they were praising his bounties to us. He is a King! whenever he charges in the day of battle, the lions of the war are astonished at his greatness, Victory is among his companions, and glory and honour are his friends. Amongst nations then will I speak my gratitude for his favours, and I will engage the horsemen on his side.”

When Antar had delighted the King by his eloquence, the slaves presented him the wine, and they poured him out wine that was like fire, and resembled the rosy cheeks of a mistress, till the liquor played with his wits, and refreshed all the pleasures he had enjoyed. Antar looked upon this jovial feast as a dream: for his heart and soul were at home, and all his desires centered in Ibla. After some time Chosroe addressed him, and asked him questions, and joked and laughed with him, enquiring about his country and its habitations. Antar related all that had passed with his uncle Malik and the tribe of Abs and so forth; and when the King was certain that his affection for Ibla was unshaken, and that his love could not possibly admit of increase; —I am truly surprised, O Absian, said he, at your forbearance and your reserve, your grievances being of such a nature. O my lord, said Antar, I swear by the existence of your munificence, that is unbounded, and the liberality of your hands, that can

never be forgotten, I am a dead man among the living! O Aboolfawaris, added Monzar, abandon the expressions of ignorant Arabs, and recollect that you are in a place, where decorum and civility are expected. Fill your glass and drink, and listen to the voice of the songstress who would soothe the afflicted; and enjoy the happy hours. Ah! said Antar, how delightful would be all you say, were my heart at ease, and thus he exclaimed.

“Wine cannot calm my heart, sickness will not quit my body—my eyelids are ever sore—tears ever stream in torrents from them. The songstress would soothe my heart with her voice; but my love-sick heart loathes it. The remembrances of Ibla draw off my mind from her song, and I would say to my friend, this is all a dream. In the land of Hedjaz are the tents of my tribe, and to meet them again is forbidden me. Amongst the tents of that people is a plump-hipped damsel that never removes her veil, and under her veil are eyes that inspire sickness, and the pupils of her eyes strike with disease. Between her lips is the purest musk, and camphor diluted with wine. My love and madness are dear to me, for to him who loves, sweet is the pang of love. O daughter of Malik, let my foes triumph in my absence; let them watch or sleep. But in my journey I have encountered events that would turn children gray in their cradles. Pleasures have succeeded

“to difficulties, and I have met a monarch whom
 “no words can describe—a King to whom all the
 “creation is a slave, and to whom fortune is a vas-
 “sal, whose hand distributes bounties, so that I
 “know not whether it is the sea or a cloud. The
 “sun has invested him with a crown, so that the
 “world need not fear darkness. The stars are his
 “jewels, in which there is a moon brilliant and lumi-
 “nous, as at its full. Mankind is corporeal, and he
 “is spiritual. Let every joint and every member
 “laud his name. Live for ever, Prince of the
 “horsemen, long as the dove pours its plaintive
 “note, live for ever!”

Chosroe was greatly pleased and surprised at these verses, for he was himself eloquent in the Arabian dialect. Were I to give you my kingdom, O Absian, said he, it would be a small gift in comparison with your deserts, for what I can grant is but transitory, like all other things; but your commendations will endure for ages. Oblige me, and demand of me what may gratify you, that I may at any rate make you some compensation for your praises. Indeed, said Antar, I have fallen by your bounty into a sea that has neither length nor breadth, and I shall not return but with what will raise my glory amongst my countrymen; but I really do wish my uncle's daughter, Ibla, had on her head a tiara like this, for it would set her off finely; but I know it is very ill-bred in me to make such a request.

Chosroe laughed and smiled at Antar's remark ; he spoke to one of his satraps, who rose up, and in a short time returned, and with him were four slaves bearing a canopy of silver ; on the top of it was a hawk formed of burnished gold, its eyes were of topazes and its feet emeralds. This canopy, Aboolfawaris, shall serve your uncle's daughter to sit in on the night of her marriage with you, and in this tiara shall she be wedded to you ; and he took the tiara from his head, and untying his girdle and mantle and his coronet, he laid them down in the pavilion, desiring Antar to accept them all. Antar advanced towards the King, kissed his hands, and thus addressed him :

“ O King of the universe, I thank thee for the
 “ vast gifts thou hast bestowed upon me ; thou hast
 “ granted me favors I cannot bear ; thou art the
 “ most beneficent of all that tread the earth ! thou
 “ art the man to whom all Kings bow in the day of
 “ battle ; every Arab and every Persian. But thy
 “ slave still lives in the agony he endures from his
 “ love, his weakness, and his passion. He lives far
 “ from his friends, for whom he thirsts ; and languish-
 “ ing for Ibla, he lives restless in torments.”

The King's astonishment increased. Absian, said he, oblige me by demanding what more you want ; I request of you, said Antar, the renewal of the appointment of King Monzar. I will do it, Antar, said Chosroe ; and he directed it to be written

throughout the imperial dominions, that Monzar should not be removed from his government of Massema, and had he even a blind daughter, she should be the ruler thereof. Have you any other want, said he, delivering the letter to Antar. I have no other wish, said Antar, but to return to my country and home.

When those that envied and hated Antar among the Persians, on account of the presents and honours he had received, saw this, they conspired to destroy him, and carry off his property. Now Chosroe had a famous wrestler, called Rostam, and he was celebrated for his pugilistic skill through various realms and cities. Antar's enemies went to him in order to instigate him against Antar, saying—Know, most expert of men, that this insignificant worthless black slave has received Chosroe's tiara, and immense wealth, and is returning with it to his own country. Rostam sprang up like a lion, and presenting himself to the King without asking permission, kissed the ground—O great King, said he, if you have any consideration for me, let not a slave of the desert be more dignified than I am. You have made him one of your associates. I am the pugilist of your throne, and therefore let not that head be raised above me.

Antar heard and saw, but understood not what was passing. Rostam, said Chosroe, abandon this envious disposition, or thou wilt die of anguish. I

wish, said Rostam, he would present himself before you, and then I will prove to you he is not worthy your esteem. I will slay him with this mace, and will unite him to the tribes of Aad and Themood.

On hearing this the King was greatly vexed. Do you comprehend, said he to Antar, what he says, Aboolfawaris? I have not understood what he said, but I can perceive that he is very jealous, and that his head is like the head of a camel, said Antar. Let me hear what he wants, that I may comply with his request. This man is my wrestler, said Chosroe, and is come to try his strength with you in wrestling, and prove your powers in the combat. Is he not one of your warriors, asked Antar, and those with him are they not your men? Yes, said Chosroe. I forbade his interference with you, but he will not be dissuaded. Well, said Antar, I cannot allow my arm to be extended to his injury, and my heart will not allow me to hurt him on account of your bounty and favour, and great kindness towards me: not that this unwillingness on my part originates in fear, or in any inferiority to him; but that the Arabs should hear of me, and accuse me of making troubles and dissensions; nor that the noble Arabs may say of me that Antar, the son of Shedad, presented himself to Chosroe, and partook of his food, and then slew his subjects in his presence. Aboolfawaris, said the King, much agitated, if you wrestle with him, will you kill him? Yes, said

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Antar, for he only seeks to wrestle with me, that he may destroy me ; and you know, O King, that wrestling is one species of warfare ; and justice and propriety are required in it ! and if one antagonist prevails over the other antagonist, he abuses and reviles him, but should his antagonist be angry at him, he kills him.

Listen to me, said Chosroe to Rostam ; do not provoke this man. I fear for you, lest he overcome you, and if you do not behave properly to him, he will tear out your life from between your ribs I must wrestle with him, said Rostam ; if he kills me, let my blood and property be his, and esteemed duly won among these warriors. Strip off your clothes then, said Chosroe, his countenance inflamed with wrath, and prepare for the combat. I will tell him that he may engage with you, and that your blood will be fairly his. So Rostam took off his garments, and was stripped from his shoulders, that were harder than a rock, and his twisted arms were like columns.

Arise Aboolfawaris, said the King, and wrestle with him, and if he plays the fool with you, slay him, and hasten his death, and mind not the consequences ; you are not answerable for his blood.

Antar sprang on his legs, and threw about his arms and twisted his skirts about his waistband ; and as he was about to begin, Aboolfawaris, said Chosroe, you have not stripped, or put on the short breeches, as every pugilist does. By your existence, O King

of the age, replied Antar, I never in my life wrestled with short breeches, and never will I wrestle but in the clothes of a horseman. Chosroe was greatly troubled. By the burning of fire, he exclaimed, Never, in the course of my life, have I seen a man wrestle as a horseman, without breeches. To day, said Antar, you shall see what I will do with Rostam in the presence of these warriors.

Antar went up to Rostam. Rostam bent himself like an arch, and appeared like a burning flame. He rushed upon Antar with all his force, for he looked on him as a common man, and he did not know that Antar, even in his youth, used to wrestle with he and she camels in the plains and the rocks. They grasped each other with their hands, they butted with their heads, they assaulted with their whole might, like two lions or two elephants. Then Rostam stretched out his hand at Antar's waistband, and clung to it, and attempted to lift him up in his arms, but he found him like a stone fixed in a tower, and he tottered before him. Then he repented of what he had done, and of having provoked Antar. He slackened his hold, and he ran round him for an hour, in the presence of Chosroe and his attendants. He then sprang behind him, and thrust his head between his legs, and attempted to raise him on the back of his neck, and to dash him on the ground; but Antar knew what were his intentions and his secret designs: so he closed his knees on Rostam's neck, and almost

made his eye-balls start from their sockets, and nearly deprived him of life. Rostam was terrified, and wished to escape from between his legs, but he could not ; every attempt failed ; Antar was like a block of stone growing on a desert or a mountain. Antar siezed him by his breeches, and clung to him, and raised him up in his hands like a sparrow in the claws of a bird of prey, and walked away with him among the multitude, wishing to wrestle quietly before the King. But Rostam, when he saw his life was in Antar's hands, like a young child was abashed and mortified before the warriors and satraps, and the great King. He clenched his fist, and struck Antar on the ear. Antar soon recovered from the blow—he returned to the threshold of the palace, and dashed him on the ground, and smashed him to atoms. Then presenting himself to Chosroe he thus spoke.

“ Death has resolved he should die slain, and
 “ should be subdued and disgraced by me. Curses
 “ on his hands ! It was his arrogant folly that
 “ pointed out the road by which he should be
 “ destroyed. Had thy eyes beheld my deeds in
 “ the combat, where the spears tears the hands of
 “ the lancers, thou wouldst have feared for the
 “ extinction of his days when he outraged me in
 “ this lengthened action. O King, who has en-
 “ joyed every glory, listen to my story and the
 “ account of my honours. He sought in every

“ way to increase his fame by his deeds ; so I left
 “ him after that reduced to infamy. Truly he
 “ hastened the time of his own fate, and his destiny
 “ was at my disposal. God ordained his death for
 “ his acts, and determined it should be executed by
 “ my hand. Hail, then, O King ! live for ever in
 “ protected happiness that may never fail thee.”

Then was Nushirvan quite confounded at his powers. O King, said Antar, I swear by the two eyes of Ibla (to me the most sacred of oaths), that when I raised him on my hands, my only intention was to bring him before you and wrestle in your presence : but as he transgressed the fair laws of battle, there was nothing for him but death. Chosroe believed what he said, and ordered Rostam's property to be confiscated, and to be transferred to Antar, and he gave him a written assignment of his possessions and fiefs.

And when the day was spent, Monzar hemmed the signal for rising : Antar got up, and asked Chosroe's permission to commence his journey : the order being given for his being supplied with the finest steeds, and all their golden accoutrements and rich housings. They went to the house that was set apart for them ; where Antar found treasures of wealth, and horses and mules, and he and she camels, and other goods no words can tell. Antar asked whence they came : Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, this is the property of Rostam : and they reposed

till morning ; when Mubidan came and complimented them, and as he was going with them to Nushirvan, I wish, my lord, said Antar to the Vizier, that you would introduce me to the temples of fire.*

* *The*

*Continuation of this History has
not yet been received in Eng-
land. ED.*

December, 1818.

London : Printed by W. Bulmer and Co
Cleveland-row, St. James's

A N T A R,
A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC,

BY

TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

**ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT
CONSTANTINOPLE.**

PART THE FIRST.

VOL. II.

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To the BINDER.

The Binder is particularly requested to place signatures x, y, z, half-sheet AA, and quarter-sheet BB, of Vol. I., immediately after the title-page of Vol. II., so as to precede sheet B of Vol. II., which will connect the first volume with the second.

The Sixth Chapter continued.

———said Antar to the Vizier, Indeed, my lord, you have overwhelmed your slave with favours and kindnesses, no tongue can describe; still I have one wish that you would allow me to view the Temples of Fire, that I may behold their ministers and treasures, and the service required in them. There let me observe its blazing, and how the officers supply the flame; so that, on my return home, I may be able to relate to my friends what I have seen in the Temples of Fire. O Aboolfawaris, replied Mubidan, I cannot possibly conduct you to the Temples of Fire, because you scoff at them. But if you are verily anxious to enter, purify your thoughts towards the adored God, and prostrate yourself in worship. I swear by the Almighty God, added Antar, that I do not visit them but with the purest views; for I am aware they are one of God's miracles. Upon this, Mubidan led him to the Chief Temple, where he beheld a magnificent building, of yellow brass, raised on pillars of steel, with precious stones in the interstices—the wonder of the age, to astonish the wisest of men. It had three stories, and to each story were three portals, and to each portal were

slaves and servants, stationed over the edifice. Antar gazed at these men with glittering forms; and round the waists of each were leather coverings in the form of short breeches; and they were standing at the doors of the Temple, some near and some at a distance. In their hands were pokers of steel, with which they raised the flame, heedless of the God of the two worlds, and uttering Magian words, that ravished the soul: whilst their Sheikh, seated on a bench of skin, chaunted in his own tongue. The fire blazed before him; the fuel was of aloë-wood; towards which they all addressed their prostrations, saying, "I and you, we laud the adored God." Mubidan accosted him with salutations, and prostrated himself before the fire, and walked round it, whilst Antar followed in great astonishment and surprise at all he did. However, he imitated him in every thing he observed him do; at which Mubidan was extremely pleased, seeing him thus walk round, and offer up his prayers. Ever, O Aboolfawaris, said he, may you continue your adorations to the fire, night and day; in it have I ever found my safety and prosperity. Never may any injury assail you! may no foe ever harm your person! My lord, replied Antar, where can we ever find a fire like your fire, for you kindle it with aloë-wood and perfumes; thence proceeds a delicious vapour, and thence issues this fragrant essence, that exhilarates the heart. But our abode is a barren waste, where nought is to be procured

but the dung of camels, and branches of green wood, whence proceeds a smoke and smell, to blind the sight and distract the brain, and to confuse the senses. Mubidan laughed, and felt convinced that Antar would never relinquish the worship of statues and images. After this, they quitted the Temple of Fire, and the fragrant odours, more exquisite than ambergris. Just then the recollection of Ibla occurred to his mind, and his imagination being agitated with his passion, he thus spoke :

“ The logs of aloe sparkle in the fire, and the
“ flames blaze high in the air ; the sweetness of its
“ vapour refreshes my heart, when it is wafted
“ with a northerly wind. Its brilliancy and flame
“ are like the face of my beauteous Ibla. But,
“ O fire, blaze not—burn not—for in my heart is
“ a flame more furious than thee! Sleep has abandoned my eyes by night, when I behold my
“ friends in the wings of darkness. Delightful
“ would be to me the abode of my tribe, were I
“ even poor, and not worth a halter. In a distant
“ land, I should feel no more anxiety for the song,
“ though all its cities were in my possession. The
“ smoke of the herbs at home, when it is scented
“ even with camel’s dung, is sweeter to me than
“ the aloe-wood, and more brilliant to my eyes in
“ the obscurity of night. O my lord, my anxiety
“ increases to see my friends: so permit me to depart ; thou art my stay and my support ; be merciful, and compassionate my situation. I have

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“no succour in the world but thou, towards the
“success of my projects. So grant me my request ;
“and mayst thou ever live happy ; mayst thou
“live long, and glorious, and great, in every felicity
“city and every honour.”

After this, Mubidan conducted Antar to the treasuries of the Persian monarch, where he opened chests full of the precious metals, and jewels, and pearls, and articles, that confounded the sight, and amazed the senses. Come, Aboolfawaris, said he, what do you want? What the king, in his munificence, replied Antar, has already bestowed on me, is sufficient for me. An Arab only prides himself on the number of his horses, and his he and she camels, and I have already obtained endless abundance ; but to show my obedience, I will take these three strings, and this chaplet of jewels, for the daughter of my uncle, Ibla. But as he cast his eyes around, he beheld a pavilion, whose like no king of the world possessed. It was called the Hemisphere, and it was a load for forty camels. It first belonged to Shedad the son of Aad ; it descended to Pharaoh, and afterwards to Nimrod, the son of Canaan ; and it continued to descend from King to King till it came to the Emperor of Greece. At that time Chosroe and Cæsar reigned over the whole earth—and the Euphrates divided them. The Emperor ruled over the countries of Europe and the Christian tribes, and Chosroe Nushirvan ruled over the Arabs and the Persians.

But at all times the Emperor was obliged to pay tribute to the Monarch of Persia, for his orders were obeyed in every land. But one year the Emperor went to visit the Persian king; and as amongst all his riches he had nothing to offer as a present but this pavilion, he gave it to him; and by the command of Chosroe it was pitched at Modayin, and it occupied in its immensity half the land of Modayin. The Persian king was greatly astonished, and every beholder was amazed; for it was of network, formed of plates of gold and silver and emeralds; and there were painted on it all that God had created—cities, villages, towns, trees, birds, countries, waters, and rivers. And Chosroe, as he looked at its beauties, was so overjoyed, that he relieved the Emperor from the capitation and tribute for ten whole years. It remained in the treasury of the King till Antar came with Monzar to Modayin, and slew the Greek warrior, and entered the treasury of the Persian Monarch: and as he looked at the pavilion, he said to Mubidan, I wish to have that pavilion, that I may present it to Ibla on the night of my marriage. Mubidan smiled, and ordered the slaves to remove the pavilion to the house; and they did as they were bid: and as they were quitting the treasury, said Antar to Mubidan, Know, my lord, that when I entered the temples of the Fire, I asked of it a favour; I know not whether it will grant it, or whether it will detain me longer, and withhold it. What was

thy wish, horseman of the age? said Mubidan. I requested, replied Antar, a speedy return to my family and country. Know then, said Mubidan, if the Fire consent to thy prayer, to-morrow, at an early hour, preparations shall be made for the journey. Upon this they proceeded to the King's palace. He received them most graciously, and seating Antar near him, inquired after his health, and what he had received. Verily, said Antar, the tongue fails in describing what I, your slave, have received from your bounty and munificence; and I have nothing further to demand, but a return to my family and country. But the King, turning towards Mubidan, threw him a roll of leaves, and said, Put aside all that is noted in this roll, property and jewels, for Aboolfawaris Antar. I have written to the treasury for money—to the wardrobe for superb stuffs—to the armoury for cuirasses and arms—and to the keeper of the women for male and female slaves; and let the whole be given over to Antar, in addition to the confiscated property, and with what he has chosen, and the pavilion called the Hemisphere; so that no blame or reproach be attached to me, but the reproach be on you alone. His departure must still be delayed three days: and when all is prepared for his journey, inform me, that I may also go forth to bid him farewell, and do towards him as he deserves at my hands.

Early next day Antar started up, and having

kissed the ground, he and Mubidan went forth. The latter sent for the treasurer, and told him what quantity of money the king had assigned to Aboolfawaris Antar; and he said, I have the Great King's order for a hundred thousand imperial dinars, and a hundred thousand Dakyanos dinars, each dinar of the value of seven, and four hundred thousand dirhems of silver to distribute; and five hundred embroidered velvet robes, and a thousand silk vests, of the royal manufacture, as presents; and, moreover, four thousand pieces of light silk for khelaats, to give away; and be all this property ready, in chests and on mules. Mubidan called for the armourer, and told him what the King had ordered respecting pavilions, tents, and cuirasses, and arms, for Aboolfawaris Antar, saying, I have received the royal signet to assign over to Aboolfawaris Antar twenty of the grandest pavilions, and pavilions denominated Quarter Globes; and four thousand common tents, and four thousand cuirasses, and four thousand breast-plates, and every thing of that description, according to the list; and all with their respective cases and camels. Mubidan sent for the keeper of the women, and communicated the orders of the Great King respecting Aboolfawaris Antar, saying, I have received the royal signet to consign over to Antar four hundred white male slaves, with their clothes and accoutrements, and their horses and their trappings; and four hundred strong black slaves, fit for battle and war, with their Chief Abool-

mout, with all their horses and their accoutrements, and their breast-plates, and cuirasses; and four hundred Georgian female slaves, and four hundred fair European slaves, and four hundred Copht, and four hundred Persian slaves, and four hundred slaves of Tibah; and let every slave be mounted on a mule, and under every slave let there be two chests of rich silk.

And Mubidan having directed his deputy to prepare all he had enumerated in three days, Antar and Monzar, and the heroes that were with them, withdrew, preceded by servants loaded with presents, and khelaats, and money. But when the three days had expired, the slaves came forth with their burthens, and prepared the camels and the mules. And just as Antar was setting out, behold Mubidan came towards him, and taking him by the hand, conducted him to Nushirvan. As soon as Antar entered the hall of audience, he kissed the ground. The King directed him to be seated. Aboolfawaris, said he, I have heard from King Monzar that you slew in his presence one of the lions of Khifan, your feet being fettered, and only your hands at liberty.—Now this event is thus explained:—When Bahram, the Chief of Dilem, saw that Antar had acquired such an increase of wealth, all that the Greek had brought with him from the Emperor, and all the property of the wrestler Rostam, and presents and donations which were in Mubidan's possession, the disease of envy fell upon

him, and preyed upon his heart and body. He presented himself to Chosroe, and exclaimed, O most noble Monarch, the Kings of the world have not received from you what you have bestowed on this black slave; and he is a worthless, insignificant wretch! He slew your satrap Khosrewan; he routed his army of twenty thousand horse; and the Kings of the age will say of you, that your munificence is only the result of your fear of his sword and spear. The Emperor will also be enraged against you, because he has slain his warrior, and made him drink of the cup of death and perdition; and he will demand of you blood and revenge. My opinion is, you should seize this wicked slave; take back all the presents you have made him; and detain him in slavery and bondage. Slay him, and make him drink of the cup of annihilation. The King was exceedingly wrath; And what, he exclaimed, shall be my excuse with the Kings of the world, when they shall say, Nushirvan gave a Bedoween immense wealth, then betrayed him, and took back all he had bestowed on him? I shall be called a miser. Renounce such a project, O Bahram! If you fear the reproaches of Kings, returned Bahram, send for this slave into your presence! tell him you have heard from King Monzar that he slew a lion of Khifan before him when his feet were fettered, and his hands alone at liberty. He will say, Yes, O King! Then say you wish to see him combat

with a lion. Let loose at him your lion, that you have brought up and named Khemees—huge as an elephant: a beast, your armies and your horsemen dare not face. Should he slay that ferocious lion, he will have merited at your hands the wealth you have bestowed on him. Should the lion destroy him, all your property will revert to you. The Kings of the wilds and the deserts will hold you excused, and no reproach be attached to your name. The Monarch hung his head towards the ground; and after a little reflection, he exclaimed, But should Antar slay the lion, and make him taste of the cup of vengeance —. Should Antar slay the lion, said Bahram, interrupting him, then let my blood and my property be legally his. Chosroe joyed in his heart, and ordered him to be seated; and Mu-bidan was directed to produce the hero. So he repaired to his dwelling, and, preventing his departure, conducted him to the presence of the Great King. When Antar entered the audience-chamber, he made his salutation, and kissed the ground. The King ordered him to sit down; and after talking familiarly with him for a while, I have heard, he continued, O Aboolfawaris, from King Monzar, that you engaged a lion in his presence, your legs being fettered, and only your hands at liberty. I am very anxious to see you thus contend with a lion which I have brought up, and named Khemees; huge as an immense elephant—of amazing strength

and fierceness. O my lord, cried Antar, have you only sent for me to meet a lion? He is the veriest dog of the wilds and the plains. By your life, O King of the age, I was thinking that you could only have called on me in some great crisis, or against a vast army, in order that I might destroy them with my sword. But if it be only to encounter this brute, come on, as you please! The Monarch was struck with wonder at the strength of his heart, and commanded the lion to be brought forth. A concourse of people went out; and having bound the beast of the forests with chains of iron, and five stout warriors holding each a link of the chain, they dragged him out. His body was of enormous length, his make broad, his chest wide, his nostrils flat, his mane yellow, and flashes of fire shot from his eyes. Each fang was a horror, and his claws terrors. At the sight, the King's indignation against Bahram increased; but turning towards Antar, Now, Aboolfawaris, he cried, descend; let me behold your contest with this furious lion. Antar instantly sprang up; and tucking the skirts of his garments within his girdle, he grasped his sword in his right, and his shield in his left hand, and, thus armed, stalked towards the lion, his heart harder than rock; and, as he thought of Ibla, he thus spoke:

“O lion, stand firm—flinch not, attack me, for
“I fear thee not—assault me, I will not shrink
“from the fight with one like thee—I dread thee

“not. If thou thinkest thy face stern, I am also fierce of aspect, but no coward. This day thou shalt lie prostrate—thou shalt be humbled low in the dust.—Receive the blow from the arm of Antar, and lie deeply dyed in thine own blood.”

The mind of the King was rapt in astonishment at these verses; and he felt more and more the intrepidity of Antar, who stood in front of the lion, and, shouting at him, began to draw him on, as a ferocious lion does a weaker animal:—sometimes he assailed him on the left, sometimes from the right; and the lion knew not which way to turn in the presence of Antar, who, at length, crying out “O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla!” struck the beast with Dharni between the eyes, and the sword continued to slide through his body till it issued out between his thighs. Antar cut him in twain before the Hall of Audience as if he had divided him with a scale; then, coming forward, he prayed for the continuation of the Monarch’s glory. “Never be thy hand paralysed!” cried Chosroe: “may no one ever harm thee, O Aboolfawaris, thou ornament of every assembly! for thou art indeed an undaunted lion, and a victorious warrior! and thy enemies are overthrown.” He instantly ordered Bahram to be seized and his head to be struck off, and his property to be given to Antar—money, furniture, and slaves; and though Antar wished to intercede for him, “By the burning of the Fire, O horseman of

the world!" exclaimed the King, "he is a villain. "It was he who persuaded me to order this combat: but I only consented to his suggestions, that all his possessions might devolve on you; and I now grant you all his wealth. Take them, and depart, but do not reproach me for my offence." The officers struck off Bahram's head, and loaded Antar with every article he possessed. Monzar rejoiced at Antar's accession of wealth; for he had been the cause of raising the honour and credit of the Arabs among the worshippers of Fire. Thus Antar departed from the land of Modayin with boundless riches and incalculable wealth. The Great King also mounted, with Mubidan and all the Satraps, to take leave of Antar: and when they were at some distance from Modayin, and had plunged into the barren desert, Antar dismounted from Abjer, and, moving towards the King, kissed his feet in the stirrup, and begged him to return with his attendants, thus addressing him:

"O thou whose station is sublime—in thy beneficence above the height of Sirius and Aries!—
"thou art the king like whom there is no king,
"and whose munificence is renowned over hill and
"dale. O thou, my hope! thou hast overwhelmed
"me with favours. O thou whose largesses resemble the beauteous rain-cloud! thou hast bestowed gifts on me whose extent I cannot count;
"so liberal is thy hand, O thou, my life and my
"hope! thou art the man to whom all kings must

“submit; and in thy justice thou hast surpassed
“all thy predecessors.”

Do not imagine, exclaimed the King with augmented delight, that we have been able duly to recompense you. What we have given you is perishable, as every thing human is—but your praises will endure for ages. He then kissed Antar between the eyes, and bade him adieu, giving him as a last token a rich robe: and begging him to visit him frequently, he departed.

Monzar and Antar travelled side by side, traversing the rocks and the deserts in social converse, and reciting verses day and night until they reached Hirah: and the day of their arrival was a general festival. The flags and standards were waved over their heads; and the Arabs were amazed when they saw the immense wealth that accompanied Antar. Monzar lodged Antar at a magnificent mansion, and made a splendid entertainment and feast for all classes. Antar, after a stay of three days, on the fourth morning resumed his journey. Monzar presented him a thousand Asafeer camels and five hundred loads of the rarities of Irak, and fifty noble steeds, of the most generous breed, with their armour and coats of mail, and a hundred female slaves and two hundred strong male slaves; and the chief of all the slaves was Aboolmout. O Aboolfawaris, said Monzar, will you take an escort to protect you and conduct you home? What say you? exclaimed Antar; is one like me in want of

a tax-gatherer? can one like me fear even a countless host? Were even whole armies to assail me, I would meet them! Were even Death to encounter me, I would engage him! O my lord, he added, I only consider all this wealth as proceeding from you. I am now one of your freedmen and your slave—for when you had power over me you gave me liberty, and when I was a prisoner you released me. May your sword be ever drawn in conquest against your foes! and may your munificence ever flow towards your suppliants! And as he kissed the ground he thus continued:

“ O great and renowned Monarch, be glorified!
“ for no one can ever vaunt himself superior to thy
“ glories. As to liberality, thy hand has grasped
“ it all: as to rain, thy palm bestows it—and thy
“ hand calms every woe. How many hast thou
“ relieved from sorrow, whose pains vanish as soon
“ as thy countenance appears! The copiousness
“ of generosity flows from thy hand in eternal
“ streams; and one may see thy fingers ever sup-
“ plying, ever showering. The armies of battle
“ are thy drawn sword, and wherever it moves
“ against the foe, it vanquishes. May the glory it
“ desires never fail it, and may the world ever be
“ at thy command! May thy lord ever grant thee
“ every favour, and mayst thou avert and subdue
“ all thy enemies! May the projects and efforts of
“ man ever fail against thy enterprises, and may
“ glory ever belong to the grasp of the hand and

“the fingers of King Monzar! He has attained every honour, every virtue, every excellence, every felicity, and universal liberality.”

Most marvellous! exclaimed Monzar: this is indeed the man who has so nobly treated me, and raised me to the highest dignity with his laudatory poetry. Antar embraced Monzar, and bade him farewell: whilst Monzar, dismounting from his horse, took off all his clothes, and put them on Antar, giving him also every thing else he had with him on that day, and then returned home with his attendants. But Antar traversed the deserts and the wildernesses, his slaves marching before him with all his property: and he rejoiced in the accomplishment of his hopes, except when the greatness of his anxious love afflicted him; and as he approached the land of Hijaz his passions were roused, and he thus spoke:

“Is it the breeze from the heights of the land of Shurebah that revives me and resuscitates my heart, or is it the gale from the tamarisks? Is it the flame that consumes me for Ibla, or is it the lightning’s flash from her dwelling that deprives me of my senses? O thou spot where she resides, may thy hillocks be ever inhabited by the families, and may thy plains be ever crowded with friends! Have thine eyelids been seen to watch at night, as my eyelids have watched ever since I quitted thee? And has the turtle-dove’s moan filled thee with sorrow in thy sleeplessness,

“ as the turtle-dove’s moan has distressed me? I
“ departed from thee not uneasy, or much in
“ anguish; but my uncle has outraged me, and
“ coveted my death. He has exposed me to a sea
“ of dangers, but I plunged into it with my glitter-
“ ing two-edged blade. I have cut through the
“ neck of fortune, and the nocturnal vicissitudes
“ and the nightly calamities have trembled. My
“ good fortune has seated me in a mansion of glory,
“ man and genii could never attain. I have en-
“ countered in Irak horsemen that may be accounted
“ as whole tribes when the battle rages. I am
“ returning with the wealth of Chosroe and Cæsar
“ —with he and she camels, horses, and slaves;
“ and, when I reach home, my enemies shall weep,
“ as one day they laughed when Shiboob announced
“ my death. They indeed sought my destruction
“ in a distant land; but they knew not that death
“ was—my sword and my spear!”

CHAPTER VII.

ANTAR continued to pass over the plains and wilds until he arrived at a place called Zatool Menahil. Now Antar, whenever he approached a halting-place, always sent a slave forward, lest any one should be concealed there. Accordingly he despatched a slave, who on reaching the spot saw it already occupied by five black slaves, of the colour of pitch and night; and with them was a magnificent howdah, on the summit of which was a golden crescent. Within was a person weeping and sobbing from a wounded heart, and screaming out, Woe unto these dastard slaves! Where are thine eyes, O Antar, that they might behold me? And thus she continued her lament:

“Where are thine eyes, O knight of men and
“genii? Oh! that thou couldst see me in the infamy
“of despair with wretches who respect no protection.
“No—no, and have no mercy! O that I had never
“lived in this age of traitors, who only see in thee
“my misery and dishonour! Why has God pro-
“longed my existence now the lion is gone, who
“ever protected the country and the women? May
“God ever bedew his grave with plenteous showers
“that fail not! for, in truth, he was a knight and

“ a hero that could vanquish with his fingers the
“ beasts of the desert, and destroy the warriors in
“ the day of battle, whenever he appeared in the
“ plain of contention.”

Antar arriving at that moment, was greatly surprised at this address; and hastening up to the slaves, Ye accursed wretches! he exclaimed, whose are these tents? Who is it that intends to halt here? Who is this that is crying and weeping, and is calling on the name of Antar? Go to thine own work, replied one of them: Away! away! or thou wilt soon be a corpse—Away to the desert, before the Nocturnal Evil overtake thee, or the Depredator of the Age take thee prisoner, and seize thy arms and thy horse, and join thee to his other captives. Antar's whole heart and soul throbbed at such language; his agony and anguish were intense, when lo! the stranger raised up the veil of the howdah, and a damsel appeared, exclaiming, O my cousin! art thou among the living, and I in the power of the foe? Antar gazed earnestly, and behold it was Ibla! She had thrown herself on the ground, and was endeavouring to rise, but she could not stand, so exhausted was she by her grief. At such a sight Antar's distress and affliction augmented. What means this dreadful event, this calamity? he cried: Who is it that has forced thee to this desert? Whence come these slaves with thee? He instantly rode towards her; the slaves raised a loud scream, but Antar roared like a lion: he slackened the bridle

of his horse—he encountered the first, and pierced him through the chest, driving his spear through his back—he transfixes a second through the mouth, and forced out the weapon at the back of his head—a third he pierced through the right side, and impelled his spear out on the left—and when the other two perceived the effects of his thrusts, they fled to the wilds and the deserts.

Now the occasion of this extraordinary event was as follows: when Shiboob returned from the land of Shiban, and quitted his brother, he launched into the deserts and escaped. Day and night he mourned for his brother, until he reached the country of the tribe of Abs, where he announced the death of Antar. On entering the tents he bared his head and tore off his clothes, raising loud lamentations and screams; and the weeping and the wailing were universal. Shedad rent his garments, and was clamorous in his sorrow and affliction; he threw down his tent, his brother Zakhmetool Jewad did the same, and all their friends and associates; and there was not one but wept bitterly. The same did also the sons of King Zoheir; and they assembled together and came in a body to Shedad, and when he saw them he thus mourned the death of Antar:

“ The affliction is extreme! fixed is it in my heart.
“ Its intenseness blinds me—Evil is let loose upon
“ me—Murdered is the hero of the brave, Antar!
“ Alas! the misery and wretchedness that have fallen
“ on me. He is gone—how long will my tears flow

“ in sorrow for him ! How long shall I endure this
“ torture ! O expedition in a luckless hour ! How
“ fatal was that marriage to him ! Alas ! alas for
“ him, whose person has vanished from us ; buried
“ low beneath the earth in the place where he
“ fought. Let the heavens weep his loss and death
“ in tears ! May its showers be exhausted for ever !
“ Let the beauteous stars fall at his fatal end ! Let
“ the air be darkened, and the sun be eclipsed ! Let
“ the full moon be veiled also in her station through
“ grief, and may she ever be involved in obscurity !
“ Abandoned are the steeds and the camps by the
“ Absian youth ; his dwelling has forfeited its pos-
“ sessor. O race of Abs ! ye have lost a chief—
“ How many were the heroes he slew ! How many
“ the captives he rescued ! He was the prostrator
“ of horsemen in the entanglement of spears, and
“ on the day of battle how many heads laid he low !
“ He was an intrepid lion in the day of contention—
“ the smiling, and the stern champion of his tribe.
“ Woe to the Absians ! now that he is gone, soon
“ will ye encounter misery ; and the grim-visaged
“ warriors will plunder ye. Gone is he who pro-
“ tected the women from the foe ! Hereafter never
“ will the trampling hostile steeds quit the dwellings ;
“ he used to fell them down with his sword and
“ spear, and make them drink cups of death. Noble
“ and magnanimous was he in every act ; high-
“ prized was he among men. Oh ! I will weep for
“ him as long as the west wind blows, in tears that
“ shall stream and shall moisten the sands.”

Prince Malik repaired to the tents of his father King Zoheir, his tears streaming from his eyes; and as he sobbed aloud, he sent for Shiboob, and made every inquiry of him : O King of Kings, he ended by saying, truly Ibla and her father have brought ill luck on Antar, and the whole tribe of Abs. But when King Zoheir inquired for Malik, Ibla's father (for he wished to speak to him about this affair), he was told that he and his son had been long absent, and none but the women were in the tents. For Prince Malik, and the companions that loved Antar, ever reproached and abused them, saying, Why did ye resolve on exposing the protector of the tribe to an ocean of deaths and dangers? You have now left the Arab hordes to plunder us in every plain and wild; and by the truth of Lat, and Uzza, and the great Hibel*, every one that comes near us may slay us, and make us drink the odious draughts of death. So Malik, seeing how matters stood, determined to pass some time in roaming about the deserts, and not to remain with his family an object of scorn and disgrace. Accordingly he took with him fifteen horsemen and departed, with the view of gaining some spoil among the Arab tribes. They set out, and traversed the deserts and the sands, until they reached the land of Kenanah, where water failed them, and their thirst became intense. Truly, my son, said Malik to Amroo, thirst grievously afflicts me; gallop on, and descend into yonder valley.

* Three idols of Arabian idolatry.

Amroo galloped away into an extensive plain, watered with gushing springs. On one side of the valley was a hovel, and at the entrance was a spear fixed in the ground, and a horse ready saddled. He halted, and, as he looked attentively around, there issued forth an old woman, who screamed at the sight of a stranger, exclaiming, What makes thee stop at the dwelling of the outrageous lion, thou son of infamy and disgrace? O mother of horsemen, he replied, I thirst, and I am come hither in quest of water. What people are ye? We are of the tribe of Kenanah, said she, an honourable and trust-worthy race; our habitation is in this spot, for the lion only dwells in his lair. But whilst they were thus conversing, lo! a youth started out of the hovel, and shouted at Amroo. He was a horseman of consummate bravery, and an intrepid hero. His name was Vachid, son of Mesaar, the Kenanian; and being just then displeased with his tribe, he had removed to this place. He stared at Amroo, and seeing him talk with his mother, he became like one frantic. Tell me who thou art? he roared. Amroo's eyes shot fire. Check thy wrath, young man, he replied, for we are of the tribe of the noble Abs, horsemen of destruction and sudden death. Thou son of infamy and disgrace, cried Vachid, to one like me dost thou speak thus? to me whom the lions of the forest dread? Dismount and be humbled, before thou art extended a corpse on the earth. Amroo was highly incensed. But Vachid vaulted on his

steed, snatched up his spear, and drove at him like a lion: he assailed him, and tearing him off his saddle, dashed him down at the door of the hut, roaring and bellowing. The old woman pinioned his shoulders, and Amroo was almost dead.

Now Malik, alarmed at his son's long absence, went in search of him, accompanied by the others, until they came to the valley, where they perceived the flowing streams, and, not far off, the horseman on the back of his steed, and Amroo bound with cords. Alas! my son, exclaimed Malik. His eyes rolled in horror, and he rushed down on Vachid, who received him as the parched ground the first of the rain. He shouted at him, and driving the heel of his spear against his chest, threw him on his back. He immediately plunged into the midst of his companions, and hurled them to the earth; three only were unhurt; and they all delivered themselves up to him, seeing death flash from his eyes. Vachid bound some, and as his mother secured the remainder he thus spoke:

“ When I degrade every horseman in the day of
“ battle, I defend my wife with my Indian blade.
“ Noble is the youth that braves every evil, and
“ knows that man is not eternal; that clads himself
“ in armour during the meridian heat, and wanders
“ during the nights and the thick darkness. Ask
“ the Absians of me, O Amimah! mark my conduct
“ towards them, and laud the glories of my birth;
“ I gave them to drink of bitter-flavoured blood

“ with my hand, when they came complaining of
“ thirst ; I cut down the chiefs of the party ; blood
“ gushed from their wounds, and they were strug-
“ gling with their hands on the ground. Who
“ refuses such water to those who scour the wilds
“ where dwell and prowl the dæmons ? I am the
“ night, though I am not black ; I am the ocean,
“ though I do not foam. Kenanah is my tribe, the
“ door of every virtue ; they are noble, high-minded,
“ and proud ; and I have a spirit no other knight
“ ever attained—I am exalted above the Sun, and
“ Moon, and the Great Bear.”

Vachid passed that night rejoicing in his triumph over his enemies ; but at the dawn of day, being resolved to demand a ransom from his prisoners, lo ! fifty horsemen of the tribe of Kenanah joined him, wishing to make peace with him ; and he showed them the captive horsemen of Abs ; and treating them kindly, he marched back with them, the whole party driving the Absians before them, till they reached their own country, where he was received with great joy. Having pitched his tents, and erected his standards, Vachid reposed that night with his family ; but early next day he summoned Malik, son of Carad, and the captive warriors, and demanded of them a heavy ransom in he and she camels, threatening and menacing them with his vengeance. O Arabs, cried Ghayadh, do not ask of us beyond our means, for we are poor Arabs, and the greatest of us all is only master of what his

sword and spear can procure. Know, too, that we only quitted our country from poverty and want; not one of us possesses any he or she camels, I assure you. I know very well, replied Vachid, when the Arabs are taken prisoners and are in difficulty, they always talk after this manner. But by the faith of an Arab, if you do not guarantee to me all your property, and hasten with all your he and she camels, I will bring annihilation down upon ye all; not one of ye will I spare. Whilst Vachid was thus haranguing, up came the old woman, who recognizing Malik among the captives, My son, said she to Vachid, do you mark that prisoner? Yes! he replied. By your existence, she continued, he has a daughter called Ibla, whose equal in form and beauty the heavens do not shadow. Take my advice, demand her in marriage, and release him from bondage. Arab, cried Vachid, addressing Malik, know that I was determined on killing you; but I have just now heard from this old woman that you have a daughter called Ibla, lovely and beautiful; and she has described her charms in the most extravagant manner; I therefore desire you to marry her lawfully to me. Malik, now considering his escape as secure, eagerly replied; Arab, you deserve her more than any one else, but we have in our family a thousand rivals, and they will not permit me to wed her to a stranger. Malik then related to Vachid all that had passed about Antar, and all the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred; how he had exposed

Antar to extreme danger in sending him to procure camels for the marriage dower; how he was assured of his death, and that he was reduced to dust. But there is still another man in the tribe, called Amarah, who loves her; and I fear, continued Malik, he will oppose your pretensions. This is but a juggle, cried Vachid; I shall instantly set you free that you may execute this engagement; but not one of your cousins will I release until your daughter is mine: and beware, for if you are not as good as your word, they shall be laid low headless. Well! said Malik, I will satisfy you. I swear to you, that I will perform every thing I have promised. Let my son Amroo and myself depart; my companions I will leave in bondage. I will only be absent ten days, and if I fail in my word, cut off the heads of my cousins, and make me responsible for their blood, and I will pay their families the compensation-money*. May God never comfort thee! exclaimed Ghayadh, it is solely on thy account we have fallen into this state of captivity and torture, and our expedition will terminate in the forfeiture of our lives. Cousin, cried Malik, reproach me not; it is to save you that I have promised my child; and my heart consents to abandon my tribe and my brethren merely that I may preserve you and myself. However I will not let Vachid release one of ye till ye engage yourselves most solemnly to keep the whole a secret from

* Diyet—in those days it amounted to ten camels.

the Absians. Who would be such a fool, exclaimed Ghayadh, as to tell it? Who will venture to confess that one horseman has thus reduced us to disgrace, and has thus tied us up like so many mules? Soon after, Malik and Amroo departed for the tribe of Abs. Vachid followed him three days after, taking with him a troop of noble Arabs; but when they reached the tribe of Abs, they concealed themselves among the rocks, that Malik might have time to visit his daughter and his family. Malik having thus given his hand and contracted the marriage, and imagining that his affairs, though once in a luckless state, were now in proper train, set out for the land of Shurebah and Mount-Saadi; Ghayadh having enjoined him not to delay his return. He and his son Amroo hastened over the hills and the sands; but they did not feel secure until they had reached their country, where, under cover of the night, they skulked among the tents, and found all the families in grief and affliction on account of Antar. Malik repaired to his own tents, near which he perceived a newly-made grave, his daughter sitting by it drowned in tears, in the deepest affliction, and clothed in black. The tears flowed in torrents down her cheeks, and she was tearing the flesh off her wrists with her teeth, and beating her bosom with her hands; and, as she dashed her head against the grave, she addressed it in these words:

“ O grave, my tears shall ever bedew thy earth!
“ my eyes have renounced sweet sleep! O grave,

“ is there any one but my cousin Antar in thee, or
“ is his sepulchre in my heart ! Alas, alas for thee !
“ felled to the ground art thou, and the groans of a
“ distracted mourner survive. They slew him bar-
“ barously, and his foes exult when they see my
“ agony and misery on his account. O, by God !
“ never will I surrender myself to another, were he
“ to come with a thousand charms.”

Malik now feeling assured of Antar's death, displayed all his artifice and hypocrisy by expressing his grief and distress ; and, as he entered his wife's apartment, O my cousin, said he, what misfortune is this ? on whose account is all this lamentation and wailing ? Your nephew Antar ! she replied : accounts of his death arrived during your absence ; and there is not an individual in the whole tribe but abuses you ; never will you escape from the perils that surround you. Upon this, Malik made show of still more vehement sorrow ; he rent his clothes, and exclaimed, By the faith of an Arab, we rather deserve their prayers, for many of us are slain, some are now captives, and now that I am returned, I find you in this afflicted state. Never can we deliver ourselves from these troubles but by emigrating. He then repaired to his daughter, and kissing her head, My child, said he, let not this sad affair prey upon thy mind, moderate thy grief and distress : and whilst he pitied her, she blushed for him. She sprang up from the tomb, and starting off from him, Away ! she cried, no one slew my

cousin but thou ; thou wast the man that exposed him to an ocean of perils ; truly will thy treachery soon share the evils thy arm has brought on him. Her father made no reply, but hastened to the tents of Shedad ; and as he drew nigh, he heard Shedad sobbing and sighing, and in tears, thus giving vent to his sorrow :

“ O my eyelids, let your tears flow abundantly,
“ weep for the generous, noble horseman ; a knight
“ in whom I took refuge when my efforts failed, at
“ my up-risings and my down-sittings. My brother
“ exposed him to a sea of death in his malice, and
“ the hearts of the envious exult. He planned his
“ murder, and he has abandoned me. No more
“ will my honour and my engagements be respected.
“ He behaved cruelly to him in exacting the marriage dower, and he now refuses to do him justice.
“ *He* was the drawn sword of the race of Abs,
“ cleaving through armour above the skin. *He*
“ used to fell the foe in every land, till the warriors
“ cried out for succour. Prostrate, fallen, bowed
“ to the earth is *he* now, beneath the shadow of
“ lances and the waving of banners. Now *he* is
“ gone, the Absian dames are in sorrow, dashing
“ their hands against their cheeks in fear of slavery ;
“ dishevelled is their hair, streaming are their tears
“ over their fair necks decorated with chains ; sighing they mourn the hero of Abs in sobs of sorrow,
“ that give pleasure to the envious. Grieve they
“ must ever in tears from their eyes for him who

“ was the illustrious knight. May God destroy
“ Malik, son of Carad, and make him suffer what
“ the tribe of Themood endured !”

Having listened to this lament, Malik entered : he tore off his garments, and renewed his sighs and his tears. Indeed, my brother, said he, we also require your prayers. And he attempted to kiss him ; but Shedad turned away from him. Away with this deceit and hypocrisy, said he. Who but you sent my son to Irak ? But there are who will demand his blood at your hands, and will requite you for his death. Malik shrunk away, and hot coals were burning in his heart, as he sought for pretexts to cover his guilt. He laid not down that night before he told his wife what had happened to him in his expedition ; how he had betrothed his daughter, and had by her means rescued his life and soul ; but that his cousins were still detained as hostages ; and how he had engaged them to keep the whole affair a secret. Upon this they resolved on emigrating, and Malik concealed himself, on account of his companions whom he had left in captivity, and lest Amarah or Rebia, on hearing what he was doing, might mar his project ; for these were again bent on their former plans, the moment they heard that Antar had fallen. Amarah indeed was in ecstasies, and whispered to himself, “ now then will Ibla be mine.” So taking with him Oorwah, son of Wird, and ten other horsemen, he departed on a plundering expedition for a marriage dower, from

the land of Yemen. Malik no sooner heard of Amarah's departure, than he made his preparations for migrating. But the three days had scarcely elapsed, when a slave arrived from Vachid, to inform him that his master was already at the springs of Zeba, accompanied by forty horsemen, concealed hard by. Return ! said Malik, return to him, and tell him we are on our way. And at night Malik struck his tents, and loaded the camels. What means this ? inquired Ibla. Whither, my father, are you going ? We cannot possibly remain here any longer, replied Malik, for the very stones cry out against us, and all the families are convinced that you and I were alone the cause of Antar's destruction ; but I swear by the life of your eyes, that I only despatched him for these Asafeer camels in order to raise your dignity amongst the high and low, and now our relations consider us as enemies. It is my wish, therefore, to absent myself until this is somewhat blown over, and then we will return again home ; but should we remain long here, Amarah will come and demand you in marriage ; you do not like him, and I have no excuse by which I can elude his pretensions ; besides, I cannot ever force you to a marriage with any one, not the object of your choice. No one but Antar can my heart ever love, said Ibla ; and, moreover, what can that wretch Amarah do ? And thus she recited :

“ O heart, be patient under the agonies I endure.
“ But how can my tears cease to flow ! no balm is

“there to soothe them. How can my tears be
“soothed away! ever must they flow for the loss of
“him who shamed the brilliancy of the loveliest.
“High exalted are his glory and his exploits: noble
“is his birth, permanent in the pinnacle of honour.
“He who dwells in every life, he, the eternal
“Cupbearer, has made him drink of the cups of
“death. Oh! I shall weep for him for ever, as
“long as the dove pours forth its lament on the
“boughs and the leaves. O Aboolfawaris! I have
“not a breath of life remaining: Oh! then, how
“can I be patient under my transports and my
“passion?”

Her sorrows burst forth anew, but her father regarded her not. About midnight they departed, traversing rocks and deserts, and before morning they had quitted the country. When King Zoheir heard of it, Wherever he goes, may death overtake him! said he. God grant he may never return, and never be seen or heard of more! How diabolical are his malice and hypocrisy! how detestable his art and deceit! By the faith of an Arab, had we not been related, I would have ordered him to be put to death, before he could have escaped. But wherever he goes, his punishment will overtake him for his conduct to Antar.

In the mean time, Malik travelled on till he reached the Springs of Zeba, where Vachid was concealed with his prisoners; their feet bare, their bodies naked, and their heads uncovered: misery

and disgrace were their lot. At day-break arrived Malik, with his loaded camels, and slaves, and all his property. His male slaves led the camels. Ibla was mounted on a howdah, and many attendants walked by her side. Vachid, the moment he saw the cavalcade, recognized them: he sprang out of his concealment; he slackened his bridle, and grasped his spear, followed by his horsemen; and when they came close to Malik, they saluted him, who, in answer to their inquiries, told them what had passed. Salute your spouse, he added. I have faithfully brought you the object of your wishes. Soothe her heart, and then, perhaps, she will return your affection; and if you request any thing of her, she will not refuse you. Ibla was seized with horror at hearing these words. Who are these people? cried she; whom is my father addressing with so much respect? who is this horseman? O my sister, replied Amroo, we owe him our lives: he had taken us prisoners, but has released us out of regard for you; and we have married you to him. He is your husband, and your protector; and it is our intention to make his country our home; for he is a man of honour, and he is one of the Chiefs of the tribe of Kenanah. He then informed her of their imprisonment and distresses; and that some were even detained in captivity as hostages for her marriage. We, he continued, are bound to him by solemn engagements, and now we have fulfilled his wishes. Ibla's agony was severe indeed: she

tore off her garments, and screamed in the fulness of her grief, hopeless of rescue. Who is he that demands me in marriage of you? she cried. The die is cast, he replied; receive him—deny him not; he has not his equal—no one is to be compared to him. And as he was about to return to the horsemen, Ibla flung herself on the ground, weeping and sobbing. She cast the sand over her head, exclaiming, Alas, O Antar! may God destroy him who destroyed thee! Now thou art gone, how infinite is my misery. O by the Arabs! O for that high-minded Chief! O for that renowned hero! And in the midst of her tears and sighs she thus complained:

“Copiously flow my tears; disease arises in my
“frame; a fire is kindled in my bowels and my
“liver. No support have I against my afflictions.
“I have lost all patience, and anguish consumes
“my body. Is there any hope for me in my
“agonies, now that fortune has betrayed me in the
“hero of the Battle of Lions—the cleaver of skulls,
“and of ribs, and of armour—the scatterer of hos-
“tile armies over the universe? Flow then, my
“tears, in grief for him; increase, that I may see
“my tears moisten every spot of rust. Mayst
“thou, O Wild Beast, be drowned in the water of
“my tears! O my tears, never be ye exhausted;
“ever be ye multiplied. My dishonour in the
“deserts shall never be accomplished by my con-

"sent. But patience! never, never more will I complain to any one."

Whilst Ibla was thus speaking, Vachid stood gazing at what God had given her of beauty and loveliness; and his heart was pierced by the arrows of her glances. Her brother would have beaten her, and driven her back to the howdah; but Vachid kept him off, for he began to pity her. Keep off, he cried, for truly her heart is overcharged with affliction; her distress and sorrow are great. Have patience with me till we reach home, continued he, addressing Ibla in a softened tone; I will appoint slave-girls and free-born women to attend on thee. And he attempted to kiss her between the eyes, and raise her into the howdah. But she struck him violently on the chest, and threw him on his back. Avaunt, she exclaimed, thou vilest of Arabs! basest of all that ever struck a tent-peg in the desert: thy marriage with thine own mother is nearer at hand than with me. Begone: never mayst thou be respected! never protected! When her father and brother heard these words, they stood abashed in the presence of Vachid. Amroo ran towards her, and, raising his arm, with a stick beat her over the shoulders, saying, Is it in such terms you receive your husband? he is indeed a noble Chief. And he drew forth his sword, and beat her with the flat part of it. Paralysed be thy hand! stiffened be thy limbs and joints! thou foulest of men,

exclaimed Ibla, sighing deeply. Strike me dead at once, if thou art a horseman, and put off the garments of infamy and disgrace; for truly thou art degraded among the Arabs in every plain. Ye have all been taken prisoners by these horsemen, and have ransomed your lives by a shameful bargain, sacrificing a poor girl, helpless and ignorant. May God pour down on you all the miseries of the age! At this her brother was still more exasperated; and he beat her with his whip till he made the blood flow. He then replaced her in the howdah. Mind not what she says, said he to Vachid, who also mounted his horse, and led her camel by the bridle. But the prisoners being released, set off on their way home. Ibla, in the mean time, made the plains re-echo to her shrieks; and Vachid thought he should never reach his tents: whilst Ibla continually called on the name of Antar, looking out to the right and to the left, and weeping till evening came over them; and she remained three days without food or sleep. On the fourth day she was quite exhausted by hunger and watching, and excess of grief. Often did she invoke her father and her brother, exclaiming, O God, send down enemies upon them, and dreadful calamities. Thus she continued, till one morning a great dust arose, and darkened the land; when lo! there appeared thirty slaves like eagles, and they came down like voracious hawks. They no sooner marked the howdah, and the party with their camels, than they

fixed their spears and let go their bridles, whilst their Chief directed himself towards the howdah, crying out, Oh what a glorious morning! I am the Nocturnal Evil, and the Depredator of the Age. Now this slave was called Abooddegi, son of Nabih the Kelbian, born in some of the corners of Yemen, of a tribe named the tribe of Riyan. His constant practice was to carry off the Arab maidens: he acknowledged no protection, and made no distinction between right and wrong. He only stayed three days in one country, during which time he overwhelmed it with blood and massacres; for he was one of the prodigies of the time. The maiden whom he made captive he kept for three days to himself, and then consigned her to his slaves, who, when they had glutted their barbarity, seized all she had, murdered her, roasted her, and devoured her. They afterwards departed for another country. Such was their usual conduct towards the women of Arabia; and their leader was surnamed the Nocturnal Evil, the Depredator of the Age. As soon as he beheld Ibla, and the horsemen of Kenanah, he darted towards her, followed by his slaves like black eagles. Vachid stared; his eyes became like burning coals. Remain with your daughter's howdah, said he to Malik; tell her to mark my deeds in the field of battle: long have I wished to meet this warrior. He galloped away, grasping his spear, and assaulted the slave in the boldest style. But he found him a tempestuous sea. The contest became general;

warriors attacked warriors, and horsemen encouraged each other. Steel clashed against steel, and the close and the distant met. Vachid fiercely engaged the Chief, and a furious conflict ensued, Vachid, fearing Malik would regard him with the eye of inferiority, exposed himself to every peril: he exerted every energy to attain victory and glory; he poured down his thrusts with the utmost vehemence, and he imagined his enemy must fall beneath his blows. But his hopes were unavailing; for the slave at length struck Vachid's lance, and made it shiver into four pieces; he pierced him in the chest, and forced his spear out behind his back, Vachid fell prostrate on the earth. When Ibla's father beheld this frightful accident, rage and indignation possessed him; and exclaiming to Ibla, Ah! what a wretch art thou! he and his son mounted, wishing to keep off the Nocturnal Evil from the women. But they were seized with the greatest horrors. The slave shouted at Malik in a voice like a peal of thunder; and quickly turning round his spear, he struck him with the butt end—overthrowing him, and nearly killing him: he then drove at Amroo, his eyes rolling like burning coals. Amroo delivered himself up without difficulty, crying out, Young man, may God preserve thee! Pity thy prisoner! take the women and the families; but spare us the terrors of the combat. So the slave pinioned him, and tied down his arms; and having treated Malik in the same manner, he

sprang on his horse to assist his companions. Ibla rejoiced over her family, and her sorrows were relieved: but the unhappy girl was distracted, not knowing what to do, so overcome was she by fears and terrors: but whilst she was conversing with her mother upon this subject, Wretched woman, exclaimed Malik to his wife, come to me, and unbind me, for I am nearly dead. Let us mount these scattered horses; let each of us take one; and let us escape. His wife accordingly alighted, and unbound him. Ibla did the same for her brother. Malik and Amroo mounted two horses; and taking each a female behind him, they sought the wilds and the plains, considering themselves now beyond every danger. In the mean time the slaves were employed in combating the Kenanians. But Malik and the rest were traversing the rocks and deserts, happy in their deliverance from the enemy, when on a sudden there appeared ten horsemen like eagles, preceded by a string of camels, which they were goading on with the spikes of their lances.

Now these were horsemen of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, headed by Amarah and Oorwah, who were returning from their expedition into the land of Yemen, exulting and victorious. Amarah's sole anxiety was to reach home, that he might again set eyes on Ibla's face. At that moment he heard Malik's shouts: he immediately advanced; and as they came nigh they recognized each other. Amarah dismounted, and hailed Malik and Amroo, who

were in such fright and alarm they with difficulty discovered their friends. Amarah gazed at the brilliant Ibla, and lo ! her complexion and her face turned from a bright red to a deadly pale. He was amazed. What means all this, my cousins ? said he. O Amarah ! replied Malik, hasten to your prize : hurry over the plains before the troop of horsemen overtake us, and you fall into the misery and distress into which we also fell. Malik now recounted his adventures : how he had betrothed his daughter to Vachid, and what had occurred on the journey. He also described the slave and Vachid, and their intrepid conduct, so forcibly, that when he finished his narrative, an universal trembling seized Amarah and Oorwah. Just at that moment arose a great dust ; loud shouts struck them ; and lo ! the blacks rushed on them—the terrible slave at their head, roaring out, Whither, ye dogs, have ye escaped ? Behind ye, close, is the Nocturnal Evil, and the Depredator of the Age ! Having secured Malik and Amroo with cords, he went to aid his comrades, and attacked the people of Kenanah, who amounted to forty horsemen, as we before stated. It was not even mid-day when he had slain thirty-five of them, and hurled them to destruction. The other five escaped over the plain by the speed of their horses. After this the victors turned back in quest of the howdah, but they found no one in it ; for their prisoners had fled. The slave galloped in pursuit of them, and sent forth a shriek that would

have split a rock ; for he was in the fiercest agony of rage. He hastened after the fugitives, followed by his companions, till they perceived the party ; who no sooner discovered them, than they were horror-struck. O my cousin, said they to Oorwah, the slaves have overtaken us ; and the Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age is at their head, Let us turn upon them : let us die like brave men : let us not live like cowards. Amarah, O Amarah, cried Ibla, this is the moment for energy and exertion. He who once opposed you on my account is dead, and crushed to the earth : had he, indeed, been alive, never should I have been a captive in the hands of enemies : greatly would it have grieved him to have seen me in this state of distress. In short, there is now no one but thee to assist me. Exhibit before me this day a proof of thy bravery, of which thou boastest so much : let me see how thou canst fight these black slaves. At these words, all the pride of an Arab sprang into the heart of Amarah ; death itself appeared indifferent to him. By the life of thine eyes, O thou joy of my heart, O thou dispeller of my sorrows, replied he, this day will I exhibit before thee all my prowess in its true blaze ; and thou shalt learn that all I have said of myself is true. So he summoned up his courage, adjusted himself properly, tucked up his skirts, twirled his whiskers, and folded up his hair under his turban, drawing it off from his shoulders. He then pulled forth his spear, and set out on a full gallop, exclaiming,

This assault, O Ibla, is for thy bright eyes; and he went off among the foremost, accompanied by Oorwah, who cried out, Do you look out on the right, I will to the left. But Amarah recited these verses:

“To-day I will exhibit my prowess and my courage: the warriors and the horsemen shall stand in awe of me. I will plunge into a sea of blood, in quest of glory, and the heroes shall behold my impetuosity and my thrusts. Ibla shall mark the deeds of a ferocious lion. Now that it is all over with that infernal black, I shall be glorified among the Arabs, and they shall acknowledge my valour in the field of battle.”

Amarah had not finished his speech, when one of the slaves gave him a blow that upset him, and laid him sprawling on the ground. Abooddegi attacked Oorwah, and shouted at him in a voice like thunder: his assault was that of an eagle; and a vigorous contest ensued, would turn an infant grey. Abooddegi darted close up to him, so that their stirrups grated: he seized Oorwah by the breast-plate, and, dragging him towards him, wrenched him out of his saddle, and held him suspended in his hand. Dismounting, he pinioned him, and bound his arms tight. The conflict continued till the sun turned pale; and the slaves having slain all that remained of the Absians, the Nocturnal Evil hastened up to Ibla's father and his son, and, wounding them severely, threw them on the ground. He reposed in that spot for the night, with his slaves and prisoners; but at day-

break they departed : Ibla ever in tears and grief, and the men tied on the backs of the horses, plunged in infamy and disgrace. Do not be so distressed, said the Nocturnal Evil, to calm their sorrows ; rather rejoice in your safety. I shall not demand of you money or camels : but whoever has a beautiful daughter or sister, let him send her to me for three days and nights. Then will I set him at liberty. But whoever does not consent to these my terms, will instantly be my victim. Hast thou ever, O my cousin, said Amarah to Oorwah (for Amarah was bound by his side, stripped and exposed), hast ever heard of a more iniquitous fellow than this base slave ? Thou, indeed, wilt be able to escape : Malik, also, and Amroo : they will all get well out of this scrape. But I, poor I, must die under stripes and tortures. How so, thou foul mustachioed fellow ? cried Oorwah. Oh ! continued Amarah, you will give him your lovely sister Selma, and Malik will surrender that woman of women, Ibla ; and the unhappy Amarah will die in misery and wretchedness. I am sure there will be no occasion to touch me once with a sword or a spear ; for were I but to see him alone with Ibla, my death and dissolution would be instantaneous : indeed, I should expire of anguish. Ibla cannot be otherwise than of ill omen to him, said Oorwah, as she has already been to others before him. To whomsoever she is affianced, his mother will weep and mourn for him. Whoever takes her will forfeit his property, and have his throat cut. You have

observed how we travelled over hills and dales, and how we obtained these camels; but as soon as we beheld *her* face, misfortunes were let loose on us, and miseries came down upon us. Whilst this was passing between Amarah and Oorwah, the Nocturnal Evil sent on before him five slaves; and consigning over to their care Ibla's howdah, Hasten, said he, to the spot of Zatool Menahil; pitch our tents there; for there I intend to remain three days with this lovely damsel. After which, mark what I will do to these wretches when I have taken away their property, and received their ransom. The slaves rode forward, and Antar met them, as we have already described: some of them he slew; the rest he put to flight. Antar was now wholly wrapped up in Ibla, frequently asking after her health; for misery had impaired her charms. She was bewildered at the sight of her beloved: her tears flowed profusely. At last recovering, she thus addressed him:

“ All my misery—all my grief is past, now that
“ we have met after so long an absence. Time
“ now happily announces the existence of one who
“ had been trampled beneath the dumb grave.
“ Now the eyes of the age are illumined, after a
“ period of darkness, and I am returned to life
“ after my death. O Knight of men and Genii!
“ O thou that excellest every warrior in glory!
“ my eyes gladden at beholding thy liberality, and
“ the beauty of thy truth. I will implore God ever
“ to exalt thy glories, both morning and evening.”

She concluded by relating to Antar what had happened to her with the foul slave and Vachid : how the latter had taken her father and brother prisoners, and how they had ransomed themselves by sacrificing her. As Antar listened, he wept. In return, he detailed to her the horrors he had undergone : what had happened to him with Chosroe, and all that had passed in Persia : how he had extricated himself from his troubles : and he described the riches he had brought with him. Now her soul seemed to revive after death. O my cousin, said she, by my life that is in thy heart, bear me away, and return to the nation that has loaded thee with favours. Leave my father and brother with this adulterous slave ; let him treat them as he pleases : return no more to the tribe of Abs. Antar smiled at her expressions of love, and rejoiced in her faith and constancy. Hail to all that can give thee pleasure, he replied ; dismiss from thy mind whatever can pain thee ; for by the life of thine eyes and the black of thine eye brows, I will subdue all the world for thee. I will make thee supreme over the high and low. Then calling to his attendants, whom he ordered to halt there, Protect my cousin, said he, the mistress of all this wealth. This day I will give you the joyous spectacle of the destruction of her enemies. And he advanced to meet the horsemen. The Nocturnal Evil was following fast his companions, whom he had sent forward to pitch his tents ; and so happy was he, he thought he should never arrive ; when

lo! two of his slaves came towards him at a full gallop, not daring even to look behind them. What has befallen you in this desert? he exclaimed: where are my Absian damsel, and your other comrades? Our comrades, they replied, are already a prey to the birds and the eagles. But a black, not even like a negro, has taken possession of your maiden. His look terrifies the senses: his face is that of a Ghoul. When he strikes a skull, he cleaves it; when he thrusts at a horseman, he annihilates him. He hears not what any one says; to no human being does he deign to reply. His thrust is his address; his blow is his answer. At hearing this, Abooddegi hissed like a serpent; he roared and bellowed, Does one like me fear man, dæmon, genii, or the devil? and he instantly gave the rein to his steed; and, poising his spear, he departed, in order to clear up this mystery; and as he pursued his way, he thus exclaimed:

“ Were I afraid of the conflict of man, I should
“ not be called the Nocturnal Depredator. How
“ can I fear man or genii, I, who have a heart
“ harder than mountain rock? I dwell alone in
“ the wilds and the wastes, to chase the lions, the
“ inhabitants of gloomy haunts. How many nights
“ have I passed where the Ghouls watch with me,
“ and tremble at my shadow! How many horse-
“ men have I left felled to the earth, gnawing their
“ right hands and their left! Faith has no charms
“ for me; no pleasure has a guest in my favour.”

“ To break a piece of bread is even hard to me, as
“ I fear my evening repast may be but scanty.
“ I have no connexion with men, and they evince
“ their enmity to me on that account throughout
“ the world. I have no protection among man, for
“ treachery is the sole rule of my conduct. No
“ relative have I but my spear and my sword;
“ those two in the contest are my paternal and
“ maternal uncle. On the back of a steed was I
“ born by night. How then shall I fear nocturnal
“ calamities !”

He continued his course over the plains till he met Antar the valiant lion. Who art thou, he cried, that hast slain my companions, and hast seized my Asbian maid ? To-day thou shalt die ; to-day thou shalt fall into annihilation ! Thou dastard—thou offspring of an uncircumcised race, exclaimed Antar, since when has Ibla been thy slave ? By God, thou foul Arab, had it not been for my absence in quest of a marriage dower for her, thou wouldst have waited long for such an opportunity. Away with thee ! thy success is but a dream. Heroes have turned grey for her ; and every one, on foot or on horseback be he, has failed in his attempts on her. Come on : let us to the field this instant. Now to the battle of swords ; and know, that this will be the most inauspicious of days for thee. Antar immediately assailed him : he galloped and charged with him, and commenced the conflict. As soon as Ibla's father beheld Antar in full con-

test with their common foe, Protector of Abs and Adnan, he cried, release us from this dæmon: make him drink of death, nephew! for he is a perfidious wretch; and hadst thou not arrived thus opportunely, Ibla would have been rendered infamous among the Arabs for ever. O that thou hadst never been born, nor Ibla either! exclaimed Oorwah; for she brings ill luck on every one that seeks her. By Heaven, said Amarah, she is not too dearly purchased by the loss of lives or the sacrifice of souls, or by the cleaving of skulls and heads. This misery, this disgrace we endure, are all on her account. But still never, oh never! shall I be able to command one embrace or one kiss. Yet I think it is only on account of this black slave that she is so obdurate. Whilst they were conversing, Antar was engaging his antagonist; and a battle ensued between them that would have daunted the boldest warriors. And they continued the combat until Antar, observing his adversary flag, pressed on him, wearied him, and terrified him; then, extending his spear, pierced him between the breasts, and forced the barb out through his shoulders, crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla! He hastened towards the captives, and liberated them, expressing his delight at meeting his uncle Malik. Rejoice at this deliverance from death, he exclaimed, but know that all your late sufferings are only a just punishment for your past conduct. You promised your

daughter to me hypocritically and deceitfully : you despatched me to the land of Irak in search of her dower, and you exposed me to a sea of perils and dangers. In the meantime, you affianced her to a horseman of Kenanah : but God has at last rewarded your treachery and insult. Do not reproach me, dear nephew, replied Malik ; your brother Shiboob returned home, and, announcing your death, deprived us of every hope of seeing you again. And Malik recounted all their adventures, from the return of Shiboob to the encounter at Zatoul-Menahil.

O Aboolfawaris ! exclaimed Amarah, every one gains his own in time. Praise be to God that you came off victorious, and thus saved us from death. Antar thanked him, and conducted them to his tents, where they halted ; and as they beheld his countless profusion of wealth and jewels, their minds were stupefied, their eyes were scared, and their senses bewildered. Nephew, said Malik, whence is all this property, this wealth, these tents, and these pavilions ? doubtless some of the noble Kings of the land have stopped here. Uncle, replied Antar, all this wealth belongs to your slave, Antar. You demanded of me a thousand Asafeer camels ; I have brought them loaded, by the great King their owner, with gold and money. Having conducted them to the tents, he ordered his slaves to slay camels and sheep, and to prepare a feast ; whilst he sat down to relate to them all his adven-

“ lion was there his power. I have lost the knight
 “ of war, the invincible hero: my heart is on fire.
 “ I have lost all resignation for a prince who taught
 “ the Arabs on the day of combat with his spear.
 “ O Cais, depend on me; for in my heart is a flame
 “ of fire that consumes it, and my forbearance I can
 “ no longer persist in. Rise with me; let us seek
 “ vengeance speedily, for death is sweeter to my
 “ heart than honey. Reproach me not for my wars
 “ —I love them: I will hear neither word nor re-
 “ buke. Night is my complexion, and the lions of
 “ war know me. The coat of mail is my strong
 “ tower, and my heart is hewn out of a rock. War-
 “ riors are reduced to contempt by me in the day of
 “ combat, as the Arabs can witness for me. Woe,
 “ woe to my heart, for what it has lost. Death,
 “ now Zoheir is no more, is my noblest aim. O
 “ race of Abs, haste ye to vengeance against the
 “ tribe of Aamir, and fear not death. Exert your-
 “ selves with me, for you have a slave that has felled
 “ into disgrace every knight of the plains and the
 “ mountains. How many tribes are there in whose
 “ blood I have dyed my sword in the day of battle!
 “ How many the heroes I have laid low! How
 “ many valleys has it tinged! How many lions have
 “ bowed to me! How many multitudes have I ex-
 “ tirpated! death can bear me witness. Khalid!
 “ soon will I leave him stretched on the face of the
 “ earth, and his women as childless mothers shall
 “ mourn him. To-morrow will I annihilate ye, tribe

“ of Aamir, quick with the point of the spear, and
“ the edge of my polished sabre. I will capture
“ your women ; I will leave no vestige of them ; I
“ will plunder your cattle, your property, and your
“ camels. I am Antar, whose qualities are well
“ known ; the destruction of warriors, undaunted at
“ death.”

When Antar had finished his verses, he went to his own dwelling, where all his regrets were renewed. But Cais was resolved on immediate departure ; and he set out with the tribes of Abs and Fazarah, and the Arabs of that land and country. Antar also wished to go and aid him ; but Malik, the brother of Cais, came to him : O Aboolfawaris, said he, stay at home, and do not follow my brother this time, for he would ill-use you, and perhaps even reject you, and make you ashamed on account of that miserable Amarah, and his despicable brother. How so ? said Antar. Malik upon this related to him about Harith, and told him all the news ; how Hadifah had written to him requesting his assistance, and last night Rebia hinted that the expedition would not be offered to you, and it is he who has concerted this plan. Then he described to him Harith's intrepidity and prowess, and how the Arabs boasted of him, even above you, said Malik.

Antar was exceedingly annoyed at hearing this : Go you, however, and join your brother, and tell him that Antar thanks him, and begs his pardon for all he has done. May the praise of God be on the

man who assists him, and can serve him instead of me in this expedition ; and if he can take his revenge on Khalid, son of Giafer, praise be to the only and Omnipotent God ! but, if he does not subdue his foe, then will I go against him alone, and will do unto him and his, what shall be for ages recorded. Thus Malik taking leave of him, astonished at his magnanimity, said, O Aboolfawaris, were I not afraid of being a scandal among the Arabs, and of their reproaches, for refusing to seek vengeance for my father, I would not follow him on this occasion. At last he departed, and his tears streamed copiously.

The camps, and horsemen, and troops, all followed Cais: his army amounted in all to twenty-five thousand men, all bold horsemen. Every one of them thought that Antar only staid at home to have his fill of Ibla, whilst Amarah headed all the warriors, brandishing his spear in his left hand, quite delighted at the absence of Antar on this expedition. But Antar, as soon as Prince Malik quitted him, returned home ; he took off his warlike weapons, and entering the tents, his tears burst from his eyes, and he was absorbed in an ocean of reflection ; when lo ! the wives of his uncles came to him, and congratulated him on his safety. He paid them great respect, and received them with honour and attention ; and they thus addressed him :

“ Had we known of your arrival in the night,
“ we would have hasted to you on the crowns of
“ our heads. We would have given you the most

“honourable reception. O you illustrious one! the
“life of our existence!”

Ibla and her mother were among the women; so Antar was much pleased, and his heart was filled with joy at seeing his beloved. He inquired about her health, &c.—to which she replied, Nothing has happened but what you have heard respecting King Zoheir and his son Shas—every one is acquainted with that. But we have been expecting your arrival, and that you would take vengeance on them; but we see all the men are gone, and you remain at home. Daughter of my uncle, said Antar, the party have obtained one who will seek their retaliation without me: they rejected me; I wished to accompany them, but they refused me. He told her what Prince Malik had imparted to him, at which the women were greatly surprised, saying Ay! that is the foul plan of the rogue Amarah and his iniquitous brother, for King Cais never did any thing but by the advice of Rebia. Well, cousin, said Ibla to Antar, pray where is my share of all this spoil? or am I no longer an object of value or consideration with you? By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, my share has been five hundred he and she camels, of the camels of Sewda, and the mountain of Volcano, and they are all blue-eyed, with black hair and bodies. So tell your black slaves to drive them out to-morrow morning, and mix them with the Asafeer camels, and excuse the trifle, for I was on Asyed's business. Then he told her all that had occurred

the truth, O Malik ? he asked. Yes, by the Ruler of empires, replied Malik. They all started up, and mounted their horses. They were soon scattered about ; they seemed like a torrent, all exclaiming, Welcome, joy ! begone, sorrow ! and they sallied forth to meet Antar. The news soon reached King Zoheir. Well ! said he, this is the most wonderful of all events : it must be noted down, and written, as unheard of amidst the Arabs or the Persians. By the truth of Lat, and Uzza, and Hibel*, we must all go and meet him, and twitch the noses of his enemies, and rejoice the hearts of his friends. So he went forth, accompanied by his sons, and the whole tribe of illustrious Arabs. Antar, having separated from his uncle, stayed behind till near midnight ; when he set out, conversing with Ibla, the most beautiful of human beings, and feasting himself with looking on her until it was daylight ; when, riding close to her, O my cousin, said he, know that your father is gone forward to announce our approach, and to tell King Zoheir to come out and meet us. I wish, also, to precede you, and to meet them nearer home ; for I now feel secure about you against all the treacheries of fortune, and the calamities of night. Having then given orders to some slaves to protect her, and to keep off the road, fearing that the dust of the horses might

* Three idols of the Arabian idolatry.

molest her, he departed, and the whole earth was too confined for him in the expansion of his love and joy. He travelled on till mid-day, when lo ! a great dust arose, and the horsemen of Abs and Adnan advanced : before them marched the slaves, flourishing their swords, and damsels playing on cymbals, and the standards floated over their heads. First was seen King Zoheir, like a lion starting from his den, and over his head waved the eagle banner. The instant Antar beheld him, he dismounted from Abjer, and the delight of this meeting made him forget all his past troubles : and as they drew nigh, they expressed their satisfaction in one acclaim. Oh what a glorious day ! was the universal shout. Antar stood before the King, kissed his hand, and prayed for his eternal glory and happiness. And as he advanced towards Prince Malik, he thus exclaimed :

“ The age has removed its vizer from that radiant form, glorious in perfect brilliancy, sparkling in splendour ; so that darkness is illumined by it ; like an hitherto unseen youth, glowing in beauty, moving towards sublimity in matchless lustre, and dashing to the earth all that would rival him, like birds shot by the arrow of the archer. Victory has firmly linked its banners to his stirrups, to fell all thy foes with the waving spear—O thou phoenix of this age ! thou illustrious hero of the period ! thou attainer of all glory ! ”

O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Prince Malik, may

God curse the world when thou art gone! And he besought him to mount his horse. The noble Abisians all surrounded him, whilst in reply to King Zoheir's inquiries, he related his adventures. His mother and his brothers wept, and sobbed, and clamoured at the ecstasy of meeting, and in the excess of their happiness after all their past alarms and afflictions. When Antar had spoken to them all, his slaves arrived conducting the camels, headed by the fierce Aboolmout, who in front of the blacks galloped round them to the right and to the left. The whole land was involved in dust. In the rear came Ibla's litter, all of silver studded with precious stones; before her marched the imperial steeds and beauteous slaves like the Houris of Paradise, encompassing the lovely full-moon of Majesty, as she approached. Antar dismounted from Abjer, and girded his loins with a zone of gold brocade worth a hundred thousand dirhems. He directed the slaves to lead aside some camels and mules that were laden with wealth, and also ten fine coursers of unrivalled beauty, with their chests and baggage, and presented them to King Zoheir; and kissing the ground before him, he begged his acceptance of them. The King received them, and before each chest stood a slave-girl, either Grecian or Abyssinian. To all the horsemen he distributed robes and money, and gave them slaves and youths, so that there was not one but partook of Antar's bounty. King Zoheir was amazed and in the

greatest astonishment at the quantity of goods. By the truth of the holy Kabaa, said he, Antar must have completely impoverished the King of Persia; and he desired all the Absians, to whom Antar had given something, to make a suitable return. To his father Shedad he presented abundance of silver and gold, and many stout slaves; but the remainder with the Asafeer camels he delivered to Malik, his uncle. Thus they separated, and every one sought his own tent. But Amroo, Ibla's brother, made the camels that conveyed his sister kneel down—he lifted up the curtain of the litter—but Ibla was not there!—

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

A N T A R.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

AMROO cried out; he screamed; he wept; he sharply questioned Antar. Alas! said he, from the moment I parted from her I know not what has happened. The women and slaves were instantly sent for:—not one could give any information respecting Ibla. Then was Antar's grief and anguish most severe—his tears flowed rapidly down his cheek. But the heart of her father was replete with gladness; and all Antar's enemies exulted in secret. King Zoheir and his son Malik soon learned what had happened, and their hearts felt what the heart of man never felt before. This event lay heavy on them all. The horsemen mounted their steeds, and scoured the country in every direction, till, darkness coming on, they returned without gaining any intelligence. Be comforted, be con-

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soled, said King Zoheir ; let it be my business to clear up this mystery. O King, continued Antar, I am alone to blame, for I left her with those who knew not her worth. I was induced too hastily to come and meet you, fearful that the dust of the horsemen would distress her. After this, he repaired to the habitation of his mother, who threw herself into his arms and wept for joy.

But Oorwah and his companions, on their return home with Malik, Ibla's father, acquainted Rebia with all that had happened to Amarah — how Antar had rescued him and his comrades from captivity and disgrace. Our grand object, said Rebia, is the destruction of Antar ; and all my exertions shall be directed to that point. I will demand of no one but of King Zoheir himself vengeance for my brother's untimely fate : he shall deliver Antar over to me, that I may kill him and bring down perdition on him, for he must have been the cause of Amarah's death. The next day, as King Zoheir and his sons were sitting in their tents, Rebia presented himself, accompanied by his brothers. Having kissed the ground and made obeisance, he explained the extraordinary disappearance of his brother when in company with Antar ; saying, No one, O King, slew him but Antar. I therefore demand of you his person, that I may kill him with my own hand. King Zoheir was convinced that this representation was only founded in fraud and hypocrisy. Cousin, he

replied, let Antar alone in his grief: he is now under great affliction for the loss of his uncle's daughter. But if his guilt on this subject should be ascertained, I will either deliver him over to you, or I will slay him with my own hand. When Rebia heard this, he departed overwhelmed with shame.

The cause of Ibla's disappearance was the following.—Soon after Antar had quitted Ibla in the morning, in order to meet King Zoheir, sleep came upon her by the visitation of Fate and Destiny: in the same manner, too, the women and slaves all fell asleep on the backs of the camels. Ibla awoke, and, finding herself in the midst of an extensive plain, she said to her female attendants, Let me alight and relieve the weariness of my limbs. The slaves assisted her to descend, and over their eyes immediately fell a heavy sleep: the camels passed on, and they left her behind. But, whilst Ibla remained thus abandoned, lo! a horseman rode down towards her, exclaiming, "Hurrah! by the Arabs! Fortune has at length awakened from her sleep, and is recovered from her supineness—she has given me what no human power could command." This horseman was Amarah: for when he beheld Ibla clothed in all those rich robes and garments, he roamed among the rocks and the plains; and as he continued straying, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, he thus exclaimed:

"I wander, and my heart is the captive of

“ Hope. I long to facilitate a meeting, but it is
“ arduous. I weep for my dishonour, yet am I a
“ noble chief, and warriors consult me. Were
“ it not for the vicissitudes of Fortune, Fate would
“ not have distressed me — a slave would not have
“ succeeded, and a Chief be humiliated. O daughter
“ of Malik ! my love draws me towards thee
“ with strong ties, and I am thy captive ; I mad-
“ den, and I complain of my passion in the deserts ;
“ and within my ribs is a raging flame at this
“ separation.”

Thus Amarah raved till he came near home, when his agony and anxiety became intense. In the night he chanced to pass over the track of the camels, and thus he discovered Ibla. As soon as he saw her, he recognised her ; and he felt as if all his hopes were accomplished. But still fearing that Antar would annihilate his existence, in a moment he snatched her up violently from the ground, and, placing her behind him on his horse, he launched into the deserts. What ! Amarah, thou mine of filth and infamy, cried Ibla, dost thou dare to make the daughter of thy cousin a prisoner ? thou foul-mustachioed wretch ! I have caught thee, he replied ; and now I shall not perish in the sea of love for thee. By the faith of an Arab, never, as long as I breathe, shall Antar see thee more. All his wishes and desires being thus realised, he urged on his steed, and sought the land of Yemen, the

country of the Cahtanians, in order to request the protection of Meljem the son of Handala, King of the tribe of Tey, and remain under his shadow. He had travelled on till mid-day, when, lo! a dust arose, and thirty horsemen appeared, who, as soon as they drew nigh, surrounded Amarah. This party was of the tribe of Tey, and their Chief, a noble horseman, called Moofrij, son of Hamam. And as they closed on Amarah they perceived a damsel weeping and wailing, and most sumptuously attired. Congratulate yourselves on this plunder and spoil, said their leader to his comrades; doubtless this damsel is a daughter of some great King, and this miserable fellow has carried her off. Come on—let us rescue her: if he resists you, kill him. At the word, they made towards Amarah. Dismount, young man, they exclaimed, and wait on this noble horseman, Moofrij, son of Hamam. This order soon convinced Amarah that he had fallen into a scrape; and though he was willing to secure himself, and bargain for his life with the property, yet his love for Ibla checked him. “ Daughter of Malik, said he to her, dismount, that I may drive these antagonists away from thee, even though I may drink of the cup of death. But if this should prove the termination of thy meeting with me, I swear by the God that created and beautified thee that no human being after me shall possess thee.” Amarah, cried Ibla, may God never let thy native soil flourish, nor suffer thee to escape from the

perils of fortune, thou son of infamy and disgrace. Ibla had not finished her speech before the horsemen surrounded them on all sides; and Moofrij attacked at their head. Ibla looked round to the right and to the left, shooting arrows from her eyelashes. Moofrij marked the beauties of her form: his heart throbbed. But one of the horsemen assaulted Amarah, and, wounding him, took him prisoner, and secured him with cords, a miserable, contemptible wretch! What Arab art thou? thou foul-mustachioed fellow! he exclaimed. I am the Chief Amarah, the brother of Rebia son of Zeead, of the noble race of Abs, he replied. As Moofrij listened to this, his senses fled away with joy. Woe unto thee, that wanderest over these deserts, thou son of infamy and disgrace! he cried; for between us there exists an ancient feud. So he fastened him across his horse, and carried him away towards his own country. My cousins, said he to his friends, a rich spoil is fallen to my share, namely, this damsel; but the ransom that may arise from the captive, that be yours. It is for you to command, O noble Chief, they replied. They travelled on till it was dark; and when they had dismounted to repose and sleep, Moofrij demanded of Ibla what man demands of woman. She repulsed and reviled him. Keep off, touch me not, cried she, or thou diest, as many others before thee have done; for my husband is a man men cannot resist—a warrior warriors cannot withstand; and

never will his endeavours to discover me cease. To whom dost thou allude, unhappy girl? said he. I mean, replied Ibla, Antar, the son of Shedad. As soon as he heard this, his indignation redoubled; he seized on a whip, and beat her till he made her groan with pain. He left her; and, having reposed till morning, he resumed his journey: and in a few days they reached their own country, and their families rejoiced at their return. Moofrij delivered Ibla over to his mother. As to Amarah, he handcuffed and fettered him, and beat him with a stick three times a day—morning, mid-day, and sunset; saying, Ransom thyself, thou filth! Moofrij was continually with Ibla, importuning her to marry him; but she ever rejected his proposals, weeping and shrieking at him: and, as this continued a long time, he became greatly enraged at her, and beat her with a stick till the blood came; when his mother, hearing her screams, ran in and took her away from him. “O my son, said she, you torment yourself about one that regards you not, and you have given your heart to one who will not keep it. Apply to the daughters of your uncles, and fix not your affections on one who has no inclination for you. Let her be your menial servant—for there are certain people who will not give way but when they are disgraced: others there are, who, being nobly born, yield to mild treatment.” His mother’s remonstrance had its effect. He complied; and, stripping her of her

rich garments, clothed her in a coat of undressed leather: and Ibla became his mother's slave-girl by day and by night, and her employment was to draw off the milk and to milk the buffaloes. The old woman also always spoke to her in the harshest manner, that she might stand in greater awe of her son. Thus Ibla passed her days in such servile offices, and her nights in weeping and wailing, and interrupting the repose of the house, and ever calling on Antar. The ruffian Amarah often heard her, and his heart was rent with anguish—anticipating death and every thing dreadful. Now Amarah had despatched one of Moofrij's slaves to his brother Rebia, to tell him what had happened; and the slave hastened away till he reached the dwellings of Abs and Adnan. But Rebia had about that time gone down to the valley of Thaklan, in consequence of King Zoheir's having said to him, You can establish no charge against Antar; so depart, make inquiries, investigate the affair of Ibla's disappearance, and we will punish the criminal according to his actions: for I will not deliver Antar up to you—I will not leave him to your discretion. This was the cause of Rebia's removal from the tribe of Abs; and he set out with his brothers in high dudgeon, his heart greatly inflamed against Antar. He came and settled in that spot, and two hundred tents of the tribe followed him: but they were scarcely established when Moofrij's slave arrived and informed Rebia of his brother Amarah's

situation, and demanded his ransom. At this proposal he flew into a violent passion. He instantly assembled his brothers and adherents, to whom he related the whole story, explaining the cruel predicament in which Amarah was placed. Verily, said he, we shall be disgraced amongst all the Arabs on account of my brother's affair with Ibla ; for it is an unheard-of injury. But, should we decide on ransoming him with our property, this disgrace will for ever cling to us ; and it will be said, the family of Zeead, unable to liberate their brother by force of arms, ransomed him with money and effects. It is my opinion we should set out with these two hundred horsemen, and cast ourselves amongst the hot coals of the Teyans. Let us exercise every energy, that our enterprise may succeed ; and if we can lay hands on any of Moorij's property we will seize it, and rescue my brother from his misery : but if we cannot thus effect our purpose, we will secrete ourselves in the country ; there we will watch him day and night, until some one may fall into our clutches with whom we may procure his exchange. However, let all this be kept concealed from King Zoheir ; for should he hear it, he may bring charges against us, saying, your brother has offered violence to the wife of a man and the daughter of his uncle, and you dared to demand reparation for his blood. It is, indeed, a severe calamity that Amarah has brought down upon us. Most true, said one of

his brothers ; we are in difficulties, so do what you think best ; consult on the state of our affairs ; haste away before the transaction become publicly known, and we become a tale in the mouths of men and women. Upon this they secured the slave, the bearer of the intelligence, and quitted their homes, seeking the mountains of Aja and Selma and the habitations of the Teyans. Oorwah was of the party. And they pursued their journey, traversing the plains and the wilds.

But Antar had despatched Shiboob to gain some authentic information about Ibla. He remained in anxious expectation of his return, whilst a flame of fire blazed in his heart, as he frequently exclaimed, Alas, alas ! I feel a grief that cauterizes my very soul. Oh for some news ! Oh that I could enjoy one look at her face ! And, as his afflictions completely subdued him, he sighed and groaned, and thus spoke :

“ My tears stand in drops on my eyelids, and
“ short is the sleep of my eyes. For love there is
“ no rest—no comfort when the railers advise. We
“ met—but our meeting quenched not the flame.
“ No ! it did not cool the boiling heat. How long
“ shall I mourn for the mate that grieves me ?
“ Tears and lamentations avail not. I have im-
“ plored a peaceable life from Fortune, but her
“ favours to me are like the boons of a miser. I
“ am dying, and the most extraordinary forbear-
“ ance aids me not in my calamities.”

Thus Antar passed a long time in the greatest agony and affliction, never eating or drinking, except in the society of King Zoheir, till Shiboob returned. Antar, the instant he saw him, started up. My soul is on fire at your long absence, he cried. Have you gained any information of Ibla? or, after this long absence, have you returned in vain? O my brother, replied Shiboob, I am not come without intelligence: I have news for you that would cure even the deepest buried disease of the heart. After I had passed through various cities of Yemen, I came to Sana and Aden, and encountered numerous difficulties until I reached the tribe of Tey. It was there I found Ibla in the power of Moofrij: there she attends on the camels and the sheep. He has clothed her in garments of raw leather, and makes her serve in the meanest offices day and night. His mother too threatens her, and treats her harshly in her speech: so that she weeps both when she rises and lies down. She calls on your name, and seeks her wonted succour from you both night and day. Antar listened, and trembled. He shook with fear, and the tears gushed from his eyes. Well, Shiboob, said he; but what was the cause of her falling into the power of Moofrij? How came he, of all people, to obtain possession of her? Son of my mother, replied Shiboob, the cause of all this is Amarah; in whose mind are ever harboured evil and deceit. Shiboob then related all Amarah's contrivances. His envy at last overpowered

him, he added, at the sight of that vast wealth that you had with you. He turned aside into the desert; but his love for Ibla was so violent, that he followed your traces, and watched her after you had quitted her in the morning. Fate and destiny overcame her. He seized her; and though he was desirous to vanquish her, Moofrij overtook him in the desert. He tore her away from him, and reduced him to a most pitiable state. Antar's heart was almost bursting as he listened to this narrative. Brother, said he, how did you obtain this information? Know, continued Shiboob, that when I quitted you, I made the circuit of every tribe and horde, and made inquiries of every one I met, whether on horseback or on foot, until I came to Aja and Selma and the waters of the tribe of Tey. With every family I passed one night, saying to myself peradventure I may learn something. On the last night of my stay I slept in the dwelling of Moofrij, and my place of rest was close to that of one of his slaves called Moobshir. He invited me to converse with him, and was very kind to me; and to his questions about my connexions, Son of my aunt, I replied, I am of the tribe of Jalhema, of the family of Saad, son of Khoozrej—and this is the family of Hatim Tey. So he complimented me. But when all was still and quiet, and every one asleep, the voice of Ibla struck upon my ears. She was loudly wailing, and exclaiming through the calmness of the night, Oh for the joys of Mount

Saadi and the land of Shurebah ! and she was expressing her regrets at being separated from her native soil, and her loss of friends ; adding, O protector of the tribe of Abs, how often have I called on thee ! Where is the path by which I can give thee news of myself and meet thee, O son of my uncle ? for torments distract me. My eyes are ulcered with weeping, O son of my uncle ! Thy foes triumph, and watchful are the eyes of thy enemies. It was the very moment of meeting, when separation closely followed its traces ; and thou hadst but just arrived from Irak, when we were again scattered over the globe. Woe to me ! my lot is nothing but tears and sighs. What a misery it is to put on raw leather for a garment ! Cruel is this grievous state. Hasten then, son of my uncle, thy arrival ; rescue me by thy exertions, that laid low the lions of the caverns. Let me hear thy shouts in the tumult of spearsmen and swordsmen. After this doleful effusion, my brother, she sobbed and sighed so bitterly, it might almost be said that she was dead, and that her soul had departed. Again she sighed from her sorrowing heart, and thus spoke :

“ My anxious love is vehement, and my tears
 “ flow profusely, and they ease the anguish of my
 “ pains in my frame. Ask my burning sighs, that
 “ mount on high—they will tell you of the flaming
 “ passion in my liver. By your violence you over-
 “ power my weakness : I have not forbearance or

“resignation to endure it. O bird of the tamarisk! all the livelong night, drooping, he mourns for his mate that is gone and returns not. This is thy sorrow, and to-morrow thou art relieved: but, alas, what is the state of the captive of love and anguish! O western breeze, blow to my country, and give information of me to the fierce lion, the hero of Abs, and their champion when start forth the foreheads of the horse and warriors in multitudes! How oft has he protected me with the edge of his sword—he, the refuge of mothers fearful of being bereft of their children! Here I dwell, hoping for a relief from my agonies at his hand: to no other will I complain.”

(As Shiboob repeated these verses, streams flowed from the eyes of Antar.) I immediately turned, continued Shiboob, towards the slave near whom I was lying; Son of my aunt, said I, why is this damsel grieving? does she not sleep? does she pass her nights generally thus? Young man, replied the slave, she is a foreigner, and she is a captive: it is thus she passes her mornings and her evenings. Her name is Ibla, daughter of Malik, the Absian. I soon contrived to draw from him the whole story: how Moofrij happened to meet Amarah and her: how he took Amarah prisoner, and carried her home; and when he demanded of her what man demands of woman, how she used the most opprobrious expressions towards him—threatening him

with her cousin, a fierce lion, who had raised himself from the state of a slave to that of a Chief: how Moofrij upon this treated her most vilely—stripping her of her clothes, and overwhelming her with cruelties: how also he behaved in the same manner to Amarah—handcuffing and fettering him until he should ransom himself with money and camels; and that he had sent to Rebia to rescue him from misery. At hearing this, O son of my mother, sweet sleep abandoned my eyes, and I anxiously waited for the dawn of day, that I might hasten to you, and return with my intelligence. But on my way I met the family of Zeead, travelling towards that tribe. I turned out of the road, so that they did not see me: and this is what I have seen and heard during my absence. Antar listened to all these details. At last he swooned, and though alive he seemed lost to all feeling, so violent was his rage against Amarah—so vast his love for Ibla. I must be revenged, he cried, on that family of Zeead: I will deprive them of their sweet slumbers. He instantly summoned his father and mother; and as he informed them of all these extraordinary events, they began to weep and wail; and soon was the circumstance known among all the family of Carad. The next day Antar hastened to Prince Malik, and informed him of the discovery of Ibla: upon which he conducted him to the tents of King Zoheir. O my lord, exclaimed Antar, bursting into tears in his presence, let this be a judgment on

them for their false accusation of me respecting their brother's blood, after I had kindly liberated him from that Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age. When King Zoheir had heard all this infamous transaction, greatly exasperated against Amarah and Rebia, he exclaimed, May God curse the family of Zeead ! Truly have they committed a most dastardly act ; for their brother has carried off Ibla, the daughter of their uncle by birth, and has brought indelible disgrace upon her, according to the usages of Arabia. They even dared to demand vengeance of me upon Antar, guileless and nowise implicated. O Aboolfawaris, he added, do what you please. Observe what will be their fate. The Lord God has driven them to their ruin. I am convinced they will be subdued by their foes, and that not one of them will return home. I will stop till I hear of them : then let us all march together, and let us ease our hearts upon them ; and never will I trace my way back till I have rescued Ibla with the sword, and have slain Moofrij, son of Hamam. Antar thanked him for his kind intentions. O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik as they were returning, what have you resolved on doing after this conversation ? My lord, replied Antar, I cannot wait here after what I have heard of my cousin Ibla ; I must absolutely be gone in quest of her, were I even to die on her account. It is my determination to set out this very night : but, as I do not wish to impose difficulties on any

human being, I shall this time depend entirely on myself. I will not put the King to any trouble, nor harass him by an expedition with me. I request, therefore, you will keep this affair secret. No, Aboolfawaris, cried the Prince, I will not suffer you to go on this adventure alone. I will accompany you. I too will expose my life in the liberation of Ibla. All I beseech of you, by my life that is yours, is to wait a little; perhaps my father will go forth to the chase, and leave the tents unoccupied: then let us avail ourselves of the opportunity, and consult what measures should be taken, so that my father may not impede us, or prevent our departure. Antar assented to his wishes. He went to bed, but his eyes were suffused in tears, watching till the day dawned; when in rushed Prince Malik. Come, Aboolfawaris, he cried, prepare for the journey; acquaint the family of Carad; take with you your uncle Malik and your father Shedad. Shibboob was accordingly despatched to summon Shedad and Malik, with his son Amroo, whom he desired to make ready for an expedition, as they had been all insulted; whilst the Prince hurried to his own tents, and ordered the slaves to call out the horsemen and his adherents. And the day was not illumined, or the sun risen high, before the horsemen started from their dwellings, and assembled, to the number of two hundred noble warriors, clothed in steel, in front of whom stood Antar, on Abjer; and Shibboob went ahead. But Antar's imagination was totally

occupied with the idea that Ibla was calling on his name, and he was in the severest inquietude about her. I am at hand, he cried, O daughter of my uncle, I am at hand. I have heard your cry. I am going to annihilate your enemies. And turning to Prince Malik, Truly, my lord, he said, it is very absurd in me to set out to the assistance of my foes. This is the most grievous circumstance of all; for I am aware, that though they become victorious by my means, they will not let me be quiet. But it is on Ibla's account I act thus. Some poet has observed, "Had I a heart of pity and compassion for myself, I would not pass the night grieving in the agony of love. It is extraordinary, that from thine eyes I feel no arrow, but still my heart is pierced with shafts. I am kind to thy friends in my love, though they are my foes; and on account of two eyes, a thousand eyes are respected." Again turning to Prince Malik, he said, On Ibla's account I will submit to these pains. And thus he continued:

"I endure torments from my relations that fatigue me, and I conceal from them my passion and my transports. When they question me, I say, Kill me, for I am an oppressive tyrant. They insult me, and seek to separate me from my beloved; and she is my hope and my object. They long for my death. It is their sole wish to see me felled to the ground in the day of battle. But when the foe comes upon them, they entreat

“ my aid, and are inclined to love me. I will have
“ patience till I obtain my desire, and I will punish
“ the enemy by my resignation to insults.”

May God never abandon thy mouth ! exclaimed the young Prince, highly gratified at these verses ; may no one ever harm thee ! Thus they travelled on, traversing the deserts and the rocks on the backs of their horses.

In the mean time, Moofrij was expecting the ransom, and importuning Ibla morning and evening. It so happened, that the story of Amarah and Ibla became so well known throughout the tribe of Tey, that Selma the mother of Vachid at last heard it. (Now she was clothed in mourning for the death of her son.) She no sooner learnt the captivity of Amarah, than she mounted her camel, and took with her a party of slaves, bent on revenge, that the flame now blazing in her heart might be appeased. On reaching the tents of Moofrij, she presented herself to him. She blushed, and wept. She demanded of him vengeance for her son, requesting him to deliver Amarah over to her, that she might slaughter him with her own hand, and drink his blood—that perchance the fire in her entrails might be quenched. O aunt, he replied, I will have vengeance for your son. But I will not have done with these boors of Absians till I have received their ransom, and taken their Chiefs, and have massacred them all at the tomb of thy son, that his grave may be watered with their blood. I will also

drag before thee in chains their black, Antar: direct me to punish him as it may please thee, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. As to this Amarah, I have only demanded his ransom as a stratagem. Some one of his brothers will probably come with the ransom, accompanied with a party of their Chiefs: I will seize them all. Their black slave will hear of it, and he will haste to rescue them: him too will I capture, and deliver over to you. The heart of Selma was overjoyed. Oh, cried she, I long to torment this prisoner we have already in our power, until the others arrive, and fall into our hands. Do as you please, said he. At the word, she started up like a lioness, and snatching up a whip, she went to Amarah. She beat him like a fury, and in her madness tore off his skin with her teeth. O mother of men, cried Amarah, I have ransomed myself with money and camels. How, cried she, you filth, how have you ransomed yourself? do you imagine that you will be delivered from death and destruction? By the faith of an Arab, were all the wealth of the whole tribe of Abs to be proffered, it should not release you from your tortures: I will positively slaughter you as I would a sheep. She then discovered to him who she was, and what had befallen her son. And as to the slave Moofrij has despatched to bring the ransom, she added, it is all a trick and stratagem, that he may seize your property, and lay his hands on your friends. Amarah was thus con-

vinced that his death was nigh, and he felt how impossible it was to escape from immediate dissolution; and he repented sorely of what he had done. Ah! I never indeed laid my account to this, groaned he to himself; never more shall I taste of food or wine: unless Antar come in quest of Ibla, never shall I be liberated. Thus Amarah endured his sorrows. Moofrij, in the mean time, was expecting of Ibla the completion of his hopes; and thus was he occupied.

But Rebia was hastening with his hardy warriors, passing many a horde, till he reached the tribe of Tey. Know, said he to his comrades, we are now in the land of the Teyans, our enemies; our object is the deliverance of my brother. Nothing is required in this affair but prudence in our plans, that they may be surprised, and we attack them to advantage. Let us therefore detain the slave, and despatch one of our own people to Moofrij as a decoy: let him say to him, Mount your horse, O Chief, the Absians are arrived with only ten horsemen, to escort the ransom money; they met some travellers in your country, whom they have plundered. They are now in your territories with their booty, which of right belongs to you: meet them, and rescue your property from the foe, or eternal will be your disgrace. Now I am sure, sons of my uncle, he will come down upon us with a few attendants, in the height of his folly and intrepidity. But let us disperse ourselves, whilst ten are sta-

tioned to reconnoitre; and when he approaches, let us all rush out on him; let us take him prisoner; and having ransomed our brother with his own person, let us return home safe; thus converting our afflictions into honour and glory. Rebia's plan and stratagem amazed them, and they felt certain of their brother's deliverance. (We have already mentioned that Rebia was a great adept in every fraud and artifice.) They reposed till morning, when his brother Anis was sent on to Moofrij, with every requisite direction. He set out, and reached the tents of Moofrij. At that time Selma, Vachid's mother, was with him, and they were in deep conversation. The fumes of wine were still working on him, when one of his attendants came in, and said, Master, at the door of the tent stands a stranger, inquiring for your tents. Moofrij went forth, and beheld Anis, on horseback. God preserve you, O Arab, said he; what do you want? Anis repeated to him what Rebia had instructed him to say, adding, Overtake the Absians before blood be shed, and the property be lost that is now at your disposal. Moofrij turned back into his tent, roaring like a lion, and in great wrath. He put on his breast-plate, and girded on his sword, and ordered his slave to prepare his black steed; but he said not a word to any one of his family. Selma heard all that was passing, and saw the confusion in which he was. Son of my uncle, said she, what is the matter? what have you heard from

this horseman that has so much disturbed you? Let me hear it; and be not too precipitate, lest you fall into trouble. He accordingly explained to her all he had learnt from Anis, and his eyes were like two balls of burning coals. Now Selma was one of the most subtle women in all Arabia—very cunning and clever in every act. Lion-warrior, she cried, this is all false. He is come to deceive you, in order to entice you out: they will overpower you with numbers, take you prisoner, and ransom their brother from bondage with you. This is a common trick among such fellows. I am fully persuaded you ought not to go forth with less than two hundred horsemen; for undoubtedly they are lying in ambush for you, and waiting for you. Moreover, the proof of there being some fraud intended is, that the slave whom you sent has not returned; so look to what you are about. Moofrij was astonished. How must this business be arranged? said he. The best plan, she replied, is to seize this horseman, who has come on this errand: imprison him, and chain him to his countryman. Then take with you some of your warriors, in whom you can confide in difficulties. Set out all at once, and let your meeting be the assault of the cleaving scimitar; and thus take them all prisoners. Moofrij approved of this advice; and instantly rushing out, pulled Anis off his horse, and pinioned him, saying to a slave, Carry him to his countryman, and torture him: soon will I cut off their heads, and march

to their country, and destroy it. Having selected two hundred horsemen, he departed, traversing the plains and the wilds. The slave dragged Anis to Amarah, and threw him down opposite to him. Oh, my brother, said Amarah, truly I am quite bewildered and confounded ; for what has happened to me never befel any human being before, so vast are the horrors I have endured ; and I am expecting my ransom of you and Rebia. Anis upon this acquainted him with Rebia's stratagem, and how Selma had discovered it all to Moofrij, advising him to seize him. Amarah burst into tears. Alas ! said he, this is a sad affair—a most deplorable expedition : every vestige of the family of Zeead will be effaced. All this, added Anis, is owing to thee, O Amarah. Thou hast brought us into this scrape by thy villany. We warned thee against Ibla, but thou wouldst not be dissuaded ; and thou hast continued thy violent proceedings till misfortunes have overwhelmed us all : and if the family of Zeead be destroyed, it will be owing to thy obstinacy and ill luck. It is very true, my brother, cried Amarah ; but still I wish that Ibla was in my power, and then I should not care what happened.

When Rebia had despatched Anis, he divided his people into three parties, leaving ten to keep a look out ; and saying to them, As soon as you observe Moofrij and his horsemen, with my brother Anis, ride up to him. Salute him, and say, O Chief, we are the persons come to ransom our brother from

bondage: but we chanced to encounter a band of horsemen, who carried off the cattle we had with us. We have been sent on to inform you, that you may come and rescue your property; for we are now in your country, and under your protection. Contrive to conduct him among the ravines: then the ambuscade shall rush out. We will overpower him; for I know he will only come slightly attended, on account of his confidence in his superior gallantry and prowess. The party lay concealed, and the ten were looking out, when lo! Moofrij appeared, accompanied with a troop of warriors; and they no sooner came up with the Absians, than they plied their swords among them, and split open their skulls. Grief and dismay fell upon them, and their consternation was great. In a moment seven were slain; three fled towards the concealed party, and communicated the event. The ambuscade being now brought to light, and all their artifices being made manifest, Moofrij saw that Selma's hint was correct. The whole plot was now discovered. He rushed down upon them like a lion in his wrath, and shaved off their heads from their bodies. Cousins, exclaimed Rebia, our stratagem cannot succeed, unless it is well supported. I strongly suspect he has seized my brother Anis, and is now come to fight us; so that we have no means of escape but our sharp swords and our long spears: otherwise we shall be destroyed in this land, and Antar will exult over us. He spoke, and as-

sailed the foe. The dust arose. He wielded his sword among them. The confusion was universal. Cowards sought the mountains: but the bold plunged into a sea of distress, and patiently submitted to calamities. They desisted not from fighting until the day closed, when they quitted the contest. The family of Zeead took refuge under the sand-hills; fifty being killed, and many wounded. Moofrij returned to his tents, and congratulated his friends on the termination of their difficulties, saying, Truly was Selma's advice perfectly correct. Having reposed till morning, the two parties mounted their hard-hoofed steeds, slung on their spears, girded on their swords, and sought the field of battle. Moofrij started out between the two parties, and appeared between the two corps, exclaiming, O family of Zeead, we understood you were coming with camels, but ye are come with troops and warriors. You imagined you would succeed against us: but now only anticipate the devastation of your lands, and the extirpation of your families. Come on—to the battle—the thrust and the blow! Him whom you came to rescue you shall never reach, and him whom you sent I have seized; and thus he continued in verse:

“ The snort of the war-horse, with the pliant
“ spear, and the blow of the sabre on the thin
“ casques, are sweeter to me than gaming over cups
“ and the goblets, and the cupbearer. Ye think,
“ O Absians, that I am dead, and that your slave

“ survives in the tents ; but your stratagem has
“ made him a captive, and he is in chains. Ye
“ have perfidiously deceived me, and this is one of
“ the results of treachery. I imagined the party
“ were come light, only leading baggage and ca-
“ mels ; but they came heavy-armed and laden,
“ tight-waisted, girthed for the chase. But I have
“ sworn that I will disperse your numbers in the
“ day of encounter, and I will steep my lance in
“ the blood of horsemen as it streams at my feet
“ and legs.”

Rebia came down upon him ; but Cais, urging on his horse, engaged him first. The dust arose between them : the horsemen approached the scene of uproar, and extended their necks, with anxious looks. A general shout, “ O by the valiant Cah-tan,” arose from the midst of the black dust-cloud ! and lo ! Moofrij had taken Cais prisoner, and bound him with cords, a miserable wretch ! And he instantly returned to the contest and clamour. Rebia was confounded, and repented of what he had done. Alas, he cried, we have fallen into misfortune ; we shall be totally annihilated by our enmity towards Antar. Could I but feel certain that we should escape safe out of this conflict, I would send to King Zoheir and make our excuses for our base and improper conduct ; I would beg him to despatch our countryman and defender, Antar, to rescue us from perils. He had scarcely spoken these words when a shout from Moofrij and an-

other yell were heard issuing from the black dust ; and, lo ! he had taken a third brother prisoner. Rebia screamed out in horror of his situation, and he resolved on attacking him ; but Oorwah anticipated him. He was a lion-like horseman ; and he rushed against Moofrij, thus reciting :

“ Away with boasting, for Fortune builds up
“ and throws down. She is impartial or oppressive
“ unintentionally, and elevates to glory him who
“ has passed a life in ignominy. She makes the
“ afflicted smile—now giving, now denying. To
“ him who lives in the glories of the world the day
“ sometimes brings joy that turns to bitterness.
“ May I forfeit the high-bred steed if I do not
“ plunge with him into seas of death and the over-
“ shadowing dust. I will smite every warrior with
“ my Indian blade, that rebounds from the frac-
“ ture and is not blunted. I will sacrifice myself
“ for the tribes with my long spear until it be ho-
“ noured and respected.”

But Moofrij soon interrupted him and assailed him. A dreadful conflict ensued between them ; till Moofrij, rushing furiously at Oorwah, overwhelmed him, and, assaulting him with the vehemence of a lion, grasped him by the throat : he clung to him and made him his captive. The Absians raised vast shouts. The Teyans attacked them from all quarters : and the contest was so fierce, that, the noise of it being soon spread throughout the whole clan, both riders and pedes-

trians joined the party; and they did not desist till it was dark. Rebia now saw death and destruction were at hand. Accompanied by his party, he took refuge among the sand-hills; and there were only seventy remaining out of the two hundred. Thirty were prisoners, fifteen had fled, the rest were slain, and all were wounded with the points of the arrows. Distracted and bewildered as they were, thirst augmented their anguish. Well, said they to Rebia, what is your plan now? what is your advice? Sons of my uncle, he replied, we have indeed fallen into the sea of Destiny and Fatality—we can find no favour with any one; and all these calamities are owing to my brother Amarah and that black slave. We have no other resource but to send to Moofrij and demand his protection; here to remain with him in bondage until we can redeem our lives by our property. They reposed, waiting for the day-light; and it was scarcely dawn when Rebia despatched a man to Moofrij, saying, Noble warrior! lion-hero! Arabs do not pride themselves over the Persians but on the sanctity of their protection and hospitality. We demand protection of you, that we may surrender ourselves to you and procure our ransom: but if you will not abstain from shedding blood, at least let us be supplied with water. Be just to us in the conflict—come out against us with equal numbers, that we may exert ourselves and die under our standards and our ensigns. When the messenger

had communicated this proposal, Moofrij laughed. What consideration is due to you, he cried, now that you have falsified your word? By the faith of an Arab, you have no refuge against death unless you throw away your arms, and all of you come dismounted before me, that I may shave off your beards and cut off your noses and your ears. On this condition you shall be furnished with water. Then will I hang ye all, by Lat and Uzza! My lord, said the messenger, whose name was Jemeel, and he was a celebrated orator, here I stand in your presence: take my horse and my arms; cut off my ears, if you please; shave off my beard; but, oh! let me moisten my heart and soul with one drop of water. Moofrij was softened: he accorded him his protection and allowed him some water, saying, You are now under my protection, but not so your companions. On you I have had compassion on account of your speech: so go your way, and interfere no more; otherwise I will leave you a corpse. As to your comrades, their death is resolved on. And if they keep themselves on the defensive, and do not descend from the sand-hills, I will torture them with hunger and thirst till they be all stupified: then will I take them prisoners, and hang them all on one day. Jemeel returned back to Rebia; and, having told them what had passed, the consternation was universal. Should he cut off our noses and our ears, eternal will be our disgrace and infamy. But, said

Jemeel, security is the great gain of man: and thus informing them that he had obtained the protection of Moofrij for himself, he turned away his horse and sought his own safety. Rebia and his friends descended, and commenced another attack. The Teyans assailed them right and left, and drove upon them with their long spears. Before mid-day they were all in the wildest confusion: thirst reduced them to the state of drunkards, and they were all made prisoners. Moofrij carried them, all bound with cords, to his tents. They preceded him, overwhelmed in disgrace and infamy. Selma was more overjoyed than any one: she abused the Absians to their faces, crying out, You filthy Arabs, I must absolutely drink of your blood till I am gorged. Moofrij ordered them all to be cast into the same place with Amarah: and he sent word to the tribe of Jalhema, and to King Maljem, son of Handhala, and his brother the Blood-drinker, congratulating them on the misery that had befallen the family of Zeead, and requesting their attendance to see them all hanged.

Now Ibla was rejoicing at the downfall of her enemies—very glad was she that they were thus chained and fettered, and reduced to such wretchedness and misery. Many of her sorrows were soothed—for she still expected the arrival of her cousin. The night was not far spent when Moofrij became intoxicated. The people had departed to their respective tents, and every one was asleep,

when Moofrij happened to think of Ibla; and as he was considering how he should complete his gratification, he repaired to his mother, and said, I wish you would bring me that Absian damsel, that I may enjoy her this night. If she will not consent, I will use her most cruelly; I will multiply her distresses and slay all her countrymen. Away hastened his mother to Ibla. Go to your master instantly, said she, that he may show some kindness to you and your countrymen; but, if you still obstinately refuse to yield to him, dread his violence. Barbarian, vile hag, exclaimed Ibla, were your son even to hack my limbs with the sword, or to massacre the whole tribe of Abs and all that the sun rises upon, never would he see me his property, never see me yield or submit to him. Wishes he my death? I will kill myself with mine own hand. Accursed wretch! cried the old woman. She struck her with her fist, and ordered the slave-girls to drag her forth, as she screamed out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! who can now save me? who can assist me? who can redeem me from this captivity? Alas! is there any one to deliver me from this distress? She continued shrieking and screaming till even the family of Zeead heard her cries in the stillness of the night. What is the matter with the daughter of our uncle, that she screams and cries so loud? asked they of their guards; who informed them of what had passed between her and Moofrij—how he had sworn and confirmed his

oaths, that, if she did not submit to his demands, he would not leave one of them alive. Be satisfied, said Oorwah; I will request of the Almighty that she may irritate him still more, so that his cruelty may be sharpened, and he strike off our heads at once: but if Moofrij will listen to me, he will have nothing to do with her, for she brings ill luck on every one that demands her—lucky is he who lets her alone. Oorwah had hardly done speaking when loud screams and shouts were heard. Every one in the tents was in confusion and in motion, sword in hand. It is well, said Oorwah, it is God's work; and to-night will Moofrij be slain, were he even the horseman of the plains and the mountains. The shouts and the uproar became more distinct, and the roars of, O by Abs, O by Adnan, were echoing loud; but the howl of Antar overpowered them all. Dreadful misfortunes overwhelmed the tribe of Tey. Scimitars were labouring in every hand: blood flowed in torrents: men were slain: many were hewn in pieces. The Teyans were rushing upon one another: some sought flight. The camels were dispersed over the plains and the deserts. But the cause of this confusion was as follows.

CHAPTER IX.

As we before stated, Antar departed in pursuit of Ibla, traversing various tribes and hordes, till, coming nigh to the tribe of Tey, he resolved to send away Shiboob, to gain information, and to learn what had happened to Rebia and his brothers. At that moment a horseman met them, advancing from the sand-hills, and tearing up the earth in his speed. Antar accosted him, and lo ! it was Jemeel the Absian. God preserve you, young man, said Antar. And joy be with you—you, the protector of our tribe, replied Jemeel, as he flung himself off his horse on the ground ; and, covering his head with sand, he bewailed his family and friends. Antar went towards him : he took him by the hand and quieted his sorrows. He conducted him to Prince Malik, who questioned him as to what had befallen him. Know, O Prince, he replied, that the family of Zeead are in bondage : noble warriors are slain, and only a few remain out of the whole party—I left them all either prisoners or dead. Thus communicating all that had passed, he added, I have received the protection of Moolfrij, to the exception of my comrades. O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed the Prince, let us away with all

speed ; perhaps we may join our party in the contest, and rescue them from their terrible situation : thus let it be known that they are the freedmen of thy sword and thy intrepidity. I am aware, O Prince, said Antar, that my honours with respect to them are entirely useless, were I even to plant their glories on the backs of the clouds : but it is your order to join them. There is not one of them that can brave dangers, and I am sure that they are at this moment in chains and bondage ; for, as Jemeel remarked, they have neither the power to breathe nor think. My plan is this : let us surprise the foe in the dark ; let us throw our troops among the tents ; let us convert their joys into sorrow ; let us establish tears and grief in their land, and rescue Ibla before morning. Upon this they continued their journey, till, being close to the tents, they perceived that their lights were extinguished, and both freemen and slaves were asleep. Take you the left, my lord, said Antar to Prince Malik ; leave me the right—and mark what I will do with them, thus taken unawares. So he left one hundred and fifty with the Prince ; and, with only fifty men, he assaulted on the right, conspicuous among the tents and the tent-ropes. Malik attacked on the left like a ferocious lion. They gave one universal shout, and the whole earth trembled. The sword spared neither old nor young, whilst the troops poured down among the tents. Moofrij was anxiously expecting Ibla ; but, as soon

as he heard the uproar, intoxication fled from his brain, and his consternation and alarm increased. He hastened to the door of the tent. Bring me my horse, he exclaimed to his slaves ; bring me my armour of war and cuirass, that I may discover what means this tumult, and what means this conflict, that appears like a flame of fire. Peradventure Fatality and Destiny have driven the Absian slave to this land, that I may destroy him and hurl down annihilation upon him ; and thus will I exterminate both him and his friends. Ibla heard Antar, in the tranquillity of the night, roaring like a peal of thunder. Her heart was soothed, after all her agitations. She raised her voice and cried out, Now am I sure of comfort, after all my miseries : misfortune is coming upon thee, thou son of infamy and disgrace : the noble horseman is at hand : the tribe of Abs will pounce down upon thee like eagles, and will deliver the fawn of the desert from thy grasp : this night shall thy mother mourn for thee. The mother of Moofrij heard this ; and, being in the wildest consternation, she struck her on the face, crying out, Dost thou dare to abuse us thus—thou, a captive in our hands ? This very hour thou shalt behold the head of that black. Dost thou imagine he will be able to aid thee, fallen as thou art into the clutches of the devouring eagle ? As she turned towards her son, she saw him mounting his horse, tottering still in intoxication and the fumes of wine. She was alarmed, and

dissuaded him from the contest of swords and spears. Now scimitars were at work on all sides : shouts shook the land : frightful were the blows of Antar's sword, and deadly were the thrusts of Antar's spear. Shiboob was casting fire among the tents and dwellings ; and dust arose that was blacker than the darkness of night. The camels fled in terror away : the necks of men and women were trampled on. Thus continued the fray till it was near morning. The country was involved in lamentation, and husbands abandoned their tender wives : death and disgrace were conspicuous. All sought the plains and the deserts, quitting the tents and the habitations ; whilst Shiboob made his way to the prisoners in chains and in utter dismay. Selma, Vachid's mother, no sooner beheld this sad reverse, than she rushed from the tents, intending to seek the open country ; but perceiving Moofrij's mother detaining him from the conflict and turning his horse's head towards the sand-hills, and also marking his flight under the guidance of a slave, she mounted a noble steed, and, snatching up a sword, Never, she cried, will I depart from the tents till I have eased my heart, and accomplished my desires on the foe. And she darted towards the prisoners, and had already wounded many of them, resolved to slaughter them all, when Shiboob arrived and roared at her. She fled : her horse was swift, and she rode off among the fugitives. Shiboob approached Rebia, and loosened his arms and

those of his comrades, who sprang towards their friends, whose death they had considered inevitable ; and they released one another, exclaiming, O by Abs, O by Adnan ! and the mountains and the rocks echoed back the shout. When the day dawned, not a youth or an old man was found, but was either dead or a captive. Shiboob in the mean time was roaming about the tents in search of Ibla, whom at last he found almost smothered with the entrails of the dead, groaning like a woman bereft of her children ; and as she listened for the voice of Antar, she thus exclaimed :

“ O my cousin, ease my heart, and lead me
“ home by the hand, for my body is worn out, and
“ my strength fails. For the black hero I have
“ encountered disgrace. My frame—the Zephyr
“ would overwhelm it, so greatly have they ex-
“ hausted me with eternal pains. My resignation
“ —it is at an end. My foes exult over me, and
“ I have endured endless horrors. Convey me to
“ the protection of Antar ; no one but the lion can
“ defend the fawn. Tell him I am in dismay, and
“ my heart wanders wild in its fears. My eye-lids
“ —no sleep have they ; but they mourn for eter-
“ nal sleep. Were a rock to experience a portion
“ of my sufferings, the rock itself would be cast
“ down. This eternal banishment will never end :
“ it is a separation that exceeds the distance of the
“ planets.”

Shiboob heard her lamentations, and his heart

grieved for her distress. He hastened towards her, and, discovering himself, he bore her away in his arms, and conveyed her to his brother Antar; who, the moment he saw her, dismounted, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, saying, Grievous indeed it is to me that you should suffer and endure such calamities, and I be alive in the world. But this is the misfortune of the times, against which no human being can find refuge. Take her, he added to Shiboob, take her to the tent of Moofrij: place her on his throne, and protect her, whilst I go to Prince Malik, and see what he is about. Shiboob entered the tent of Moofrij; and as he found it empty, he searched about, and opened some chests, in which he saw all Ibla's rich robes and garments, and strings of jewels. Shiboob was exceedingly pleased, and delivered them to Ibla. Thus all her distress and affliction vanished, and her hopes and wishes were realized. Antar had departed to the opposite quarter, in quest of Prince Malik and his associates, to observe how the combat stood. But Prince Malik and his friends were renowned horsemen, and had performed the deeds of heroes that night, destroying the enemy with the sword, and forcing their way among the tents, and brandishing their spears and their scimitars: the Prince ever at their head, like an eagle, or a lion, when he rushes out from his den. Antar rode up to him, and kissed his hand, congratulating him on

his safety, and inquiring about the acts of the night. O Aboolfawaris, he replied, it has been a night comprising many nights: but by your good fortune we have succeeded in our attempts. They perceived, that during that night's contest only three of Antar's heroes had been killed, and thirty of Prince Malik's. But disgrace had fallen abundantly on the adverse party, and a most dreadful example had been made of them. Fate and destiny had been let loose upon them. My lord, said Antar, we must not remain in this land; for we have no friends, no associates, no allies in it. And as they were setting out for their own tents, Rebia came up to Antar, and wept tears of deceit and fraud. Cousin, said he, we have not the face to meet thee, on account of our shameful deeds, and thy infinite kindness towards us. May God render thy favour towards us eternal; for it is God that has united thee to Ibla, thy cousin. After him came up Amarah, crying in excess of jealousy, envy, and regret. Son of my uncle, exclaimed he, what is done, is done. It is all the work of human failings: do not therefore revenge yourself on me for what I have done: do pardon my transgression, and forgive me. Antar pitied them; and feeling favourably inclined towards them on account of his relationship, he embraced and saluted them; thus congratulating them on their escape:

“ Exult, if ye will—or be just: behold in the

“time of battle my exploits. Although I am abused
“for being black, my acts are the acts of the noble-
“born.”

As the family of Zeead listened, the passion of envy burnt in their hearts ; and though they thanked him outwardly, internally their galls were bursting with rage. They now returned to their tents, and reposed ; and when they had had their wounds dressed, said Antar to them, Sons of my uncle, although we shall never be vanquished, and we have gained a signal victory, yet we are in the land of Cahtan ; and there is not an individual in it but dreads us, and is our foe. So come away : let us refresh ourselves, and depart. Prince Malik having also expressed his approbation, they slaughtered some of the captured camels and sheep, and prepared their dinner.

But Moofrij, when he fled and sought the sands, fearful of death and infamy, turned his eyes back over the desert ; and as he beheld the noble Absians take possession of his tents, and his own companions sleeping in death, his soul festered at the sight, and he hastened his flight over the plains.

The Absians had no sooner finished their repast, than they set out on their way home. They had not been long gone when the tribe of Jadeelah arrived, about five hundred strong, in order to enjoy the sight of the execution of the Zeead family. Moofrij joined them, overwhelmed in tears and sighs, and lamentations, and telling them the

misfortunes he had suffered from the Absians. Let us pursue them, cried the strangers; let us speedily annihilate them. Just then arrived also the tribe of Nibhan, amounting to five thousand warriors, and headed by Mohelhil, son of Foyadh; and he was one of the lion-tyrants at that period of ignorance, most renowned for his courage in the field, of a most untractable temper, and of harsh manners. He also came to see the Zeead family hung: The confusion of Moofrij increased; for these allies were come at his invitation. But when he had detailed every particular of the past events, one of the Nibhanians advanced, Jabir by name—their mighty champion in the dust of confusion, and their voracious lion. Disgraced are the tribes of Nibhan and Tey, he cried; I will not dismount from the back of this horse till I have slain that slave Antar, son of Shedad, and destroyed the tribes of Abs and Zeead. And he instantly galloped away, followed by the tribes of Jadeelah and Nibhan. Moofrij collected the remnant of his people, and they set out, traversing the plains and the rocks—in all about fifteen thousand men, armed with cuirasses, and well accoutred for war. Proceeding with great speed, they overtook the Absians about evening, just as they were about to halt, and repose for the night: but as the valiant Teyans drew nigh, the Absians prepared for battle. What sayest thou, hero of war and tumults? said Moofrij to Jabir. Shall we attack the Absians with the riving scimitar?

Shall we convert their joys into sorrows? By no means, returned Jabir: the Absians form but a small party, and we are a numerous army. If we assail them by night, we shall be worsted, and they will have the advantage of us in the engagement. Our attack would be too confused, and thus we may fail. My opinion is this: do you take four thousand men, and station yourself in the desert, cutting off their road home: I will remain with the rest in the rear. As soon as morning dawns, let us attack them on both sides. Moofrij was convinced that Jabir was an experienced horseman. (Now this Jabir was the father of Asedoorrahees, who had most extraordinary adventures with Antar, and whose deadly deeds were a warning to the wise.) According to Jabir's directions, Moofrij went off with four thousand horsemen, and cut off the communication from every traveller and passenger. When the Absians heard the shouts, and saw the glitter of spears, and the dazzling brightness of scimitars, they cried out to Antar, Now, indeed, is confusion let loose upon us. What is your advice in this crisis, O Aboolfawaris? the Teyans have overtaken us, and you well know that their hearts are cauterized on account of our united deeds. Cousins, replied Antar, this is a conjuncture that alarms me not; it does not cause me the smallest uneasiness; neither is it worth a question. If they assault us by night, disgrace and misery will befall them, and we shall have the advantage of them;

for a small party is concealed in the shades of the night, particularly when it is mixed with superior numbers. I observe that they are formed into two divisions, which have separated, said Prince Malik. One division is gone forward, and the other keeps behind. I will explain this to you, O Prince, said Antar. They fear that we shall run away in the night, and seek our own country; for they feel certain that we must be greatly embarrassed about their numbers: but I swear by him who infuses light into the moon, I will not let the morning dawn before this affair be decided, and the foe be dispersed over the plains and the sand-hills; for the Lord of Heaven has aided me. Direct your companions to prepare their warlike instruments, that I may show you the dreadful deeds I will execute upon them this very night. Cousin, said Rebia, what is your plan? I am resolved, replied Antar, to let them alone until they alight from their horses, and feel secure in the obscurity of the night: then will I charge with you this division in front of us. But I am aware, that the shouts will also come down upon our rear, and that the troops will rush in vast crowds to the scene of carnage. Do you, however, not be wanting in the engagement, but attack them in the hour of contest in small bodies, and dash among them at random. In the onset, cry out to your associates; but when all are mixed together, be silent, and mention not "Abs and Adnan." Dart forwards into the plain, and the

road that leads out of this land, leaving them to cut up each other with their own swords; and before the dawn of day your exertions will have succeeded, and numbers of the enemy will be extirpated. Rebia greatly approved of Antar's plan, which he communicated to his people, desiring every one to prepare for the conflict. O Ebe ool* Ebyez, cried Amarah, addressing himself to Oorwah, this is indeed an awful night! What terrible things will happen in the dark during this combat! My best plan would be to take this opportunity of slaying Antar myself, and pierce him with this spear; for he will be off his guard in the attack, and we will say the Teyans slew him. The project you suggest, O Amarah, is most infamous, said Oorwah. Disasters and calamities would be the consequences of it; for if we kill Antar this night, the Teyans will not leave one of us alive. My opinion is, that we should exert ourselves, and assist him in the slaughter, so that we may depart in safety out of this land. When they were ready, Antar advanced with the troops a little, and then halted till the enemy had alighted, and every trembling coward felt secure. The night was exceedingly dark, and many of them being already asleep, said Antar to Shiboob, I beg that you will protect Ibla this night. Watch over her in the hour of battle; for I wish to exhibit before her exploits, such as ages shall record. Mount her

* Father of Candour.

upon one of the noblest steeds, and clothe her in a strong breast-plate of steel, such as blades of India will not penetrate. He then hastened to Prince Malik; and when they were all assembled, they made one universal shout, at which the whole country shook. They pointed the barbs of their spears: they brandished the blades of their scimitars, and rushed down, in the obscurity of the night, upon the four thousand, the division under Moofrij, stationed to intercept their retreat. They aimed the blow of the sword, and levelled the penetrating spear. Now this division, feeling secure in the protection of the great army in their rear, had dismounted, and they were asleep; neither did they recover themselves till the Absians were already among them, with their falchions. Every one sprung up from his sleep, and, grasping his sword, fell upon any one that was near him, fearful of Antar: and thus they all promiscuously assailed each other with their sabres. The shouts and the commotion increased. The obscurity of night overshadowed them. The confusion and agitation were general. Warriors were thrown down, singly and in pairs. Jabir, the Nibhanian, heard the shouts of the horsemen. Greatly dismayed, he turned towards Mohelhil, and said, Verily the Absians have acted like heroes: they have boldly marched into horrors and calamities. If we attack them, to aid our friends, we shall unavoidably fail; but if we abandon them, the Absians will destroy them, and escape out of our land in safety. Away with

such discourse, exclaimed Mohelhil : assault the foe with me, that we may annihilate them to the last. So they all rushed towards the division under Moofrij, and cut down the foe with their swords. In a moment all were involved in the black dust. The tumult redoubled. Skulls were clipped off from bodies like reeds. Cowards fled : the brave stood firm. War raged with foot and leg. Heads and hair turned gray. Shame fell upon the weak-hearted : the noble in soul were undaunted. Heads and trunks were heaped up together. The sword decided the fate of heroes : it was impartial in its judgments, and never unjust. Blows fell at random. Warriors were hurled down, and trampled on. What was once hidden and concealed, now became public. Lives were torn away promiscuously. The King of Death grasped souls, and never failed. But Antar exposed himself to every peril, for he knew Ibla was looking at him. He exhibited horrors and wonders. He cut through the horsemen : he strewed the troops : and thus he continued till midnight, when he conducted away the Absians to the open desert ; and there the slaughter was carried on between the two armies till the dawn of day, and the victors became distinguished from the vanquished. The Teyans now looked round, and observed that they were contending with each other, whilst the Absians were standing apart in the plain. Now the loss of the Teyans during that night amounted to nine

thousand, who had drunk of the cup of death : of the Absians there were only twenty slain. Amarah had been trodden down under the horses' feet, and his ribs were broken. Rebia was severely wounded. They were now about to dismount, when lo ! Selma, the mother of Vachid, appeared on the field of battle, and exclaimed, Disgraced for ever are the Teyans by the hand of this black slave. She was quite frantic. Moofrij rode up to her, having first changed his horse, and put on his coat of mail and cuirass. Turn back, my aunt, he cried, I will accomplish your wishes. I will soon bring you this Antar, bound as a prisoner. I will destroy the whole tribe of Abs, and the family of Zeead ; for this day my flame burns fiercer than yours, and my shame is greater than yours ; and if I do not annihilate them all with the blade of my sword, let the Arabs blush for me in every land. Thus he induced Selma to retreat from the scene of engagement ; and driving his own horse among the troops, galloping and riding about to and fro, he exclaimed, Never, O Absians, never did there happen between man and man the like of what has occurred between you and us these two nights. But the past is past. It is now the light of day : now shall the dust cover the plains, and the skill of noble warriors be manifested in the contest ; for it is the custom of Arabs to act fairly—such is the characteristic of the brave. Come on then—on to the battle—on to the blow of the sword and the thrust of the spear, that I may

make ye drink of the cup of death and perdition. But let no one dare to oppose me, if not of equal rank; and when the noble horsemen are satisfied with fighting, then let the vile slaves contend; and Moofrij intended that Antar should hear him, as he thus continued:

- “ If I do not demand my due and debt with the
- “ blow of the sword and the Redeinian lance, may I
- “ never be secure from the nocturnal catastrophes!
- “ May sleep never visit my eyelids! Ye have
- “ known the deeds that have raised this war be-
- “ tween me and you, sons of Adnan; and if I do
- “ not appease myself among you, never may I be
- “ called ennobled in my parents! Here I stand;
- “ and in my hand is a polished-bladed one and a
- “ bloody double-edged one, with which I will ex-
- “ terminate your horsemen in open fight, when the
- “ coward gnaws his two hands in agony.”

Antar heard his address, and well he understood his views and meaning. And as he was stopping by the side of Ibla, soothing her heart, and inquiring how she felt, Cousin, said she, I feel no disquietude or uneasiness as long as you are alive. At these words, Antar sprung from his horse on the ground. He stripped off his armour and steel, so that he remained in his ordinary dress, with short sleeves, his head uncovered, and barefoot. Again he vaulted on the back of Abjer, and bellowed at Moofrij like the most ferocious lion: Thou coward, wouldst shame me with thy deceit and artful speech? thou

and all thy race are of the same stamp. Are ye indeed men of such high dignity and honour? But mark how numerous ye are, and we how few. We, however, have committed our lives to the chances of war and carnage. What is, is. Here are you and I in the plain of commotion; you clothed in steel, and I in my simple garments. Exhibit your prowess to the multitude, and your powers before these noble warriors. Antar rushed at Moofrij; and, as he galloped about, he thus addressed him:

“ When my adversary charges me with a debt,
“ I discharge the debt with my Redeinian lance.
“ The edge of the sword makes us all even, and it
“ shall justly decide between me and you. I am
“ exalted by my scimitar and my spear to the sub-
“ limity of the shooting stars and the two Bears.
“ Wretches! ye are ignorant of my might, but the
“ inhabitants of the two hemispheres know it. The
“ hand of time has not annihilated my force, and
“ the fingers of age have not been extended against
“ me. How many horsemen, laid low by my sword,
“ remain with begrimed cheeks, and hands steeped
“ in gore, whilst the eagles of death hover round
“ them, and the ravens crowd about them. I hum-
“ ble the fugitives in terror of my battle, and I
“ force the tears from both their eyes. How then
“ shall I sleep unrevenged, whilst my sword is
“ sharp-pointed, and its double edge is bloody,
“ with which I will extirpate all your horsemen,
“ and quench my fury, and gladden my eyes !”

Having concluded, he immediately dashed at Moofrij, like a wild lion, or an outrageous hyæna. Moofrij received him, and imagined he had him within his grasp. The two heroes encountered each other like two mountains; but after a conflict of two hours, the powers of Moofrij were enervated by fatigue: he flagged and failed—disgrace succeeded to glory; and whilst he was contending with Antar, he turned towards the Teyans, signifying to them to fall upon Antar bodily, and rescue him from death. Antar, perceiving his situation, pressed upon him: he clung to him, and cut off all retreat, till stirrup grated stirrup. He at length grasped Dhami, and aimed at Moofrij between the eyes. He received the blow on his shield; but the scimitar hewed it in two, and also his helmet: it continued its sway till it issued out between his thighs, through the horse's belly, even to the ground. The whole mass was thus cleft into four portions; and as Antar marked the effect of the blow, he exclaimed, O by Abs, O by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla. The Absians were perfectly astounded at the vastness of his strength, and there was not one but rejoiced and congratulated himself. But horror struck into the hearts of the Teyans; and just as they were about to make one united effort against Antar, Jabir, the Nibhanian leader, prevented them, saying, Cousins, if ye attack this dæmon at once, ye will be worsted; for if he be not slain, all our hopes will be frustrated. He will

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infuse terror and consternation into your souls, and thus will his impetuosity be roused to mightier deeds. But I have discovered a mode of attacking that no one else has perceived. I am certain that I can overwhelm him with evils. Now will I assail him, and make him quaff the draught of perdition, and I will make Ibla one of my slave girls. Thus saying, he sprung forward in quest of Antar, fierce as the fiercest lion, and completely immersed in steel, and a well-riveted coat of mail; and as he approached, he thus addressed him: Come on—now for my battle! Away—away with thy conceit, thou foul Arab! base is the tribe that has admitted thee, and deservedly disgraced. Silence! cried Antar. May thy mother lose thee! may thy family forfeit thee! All thou hast uttered about thyself is false—vain babbling of the tongue, and absurdity. I acknowledge no rank, no dignity, but this cleaving scimitar, and this penetrating spear; and he who boasts, saying, my father was such a one, my grandfather such a one—all empty words—all idle nonsense. And if thou hast any doubts on the subject, invoke thy father and thy progenitors, that they may all come and deliver thee from my presence. Antar summed up all in these verses:

“ I am a slave, and low in rank; but my sword
“ shall gain me honour and respect: a sword—
“ when I wield it on the days of battle, the necks
“ of the Arab chieftains bow down to it.”

And he fell upon Jabir like a column of clouds. They commenced the contest with the utmost fury, forcing down draughts of sudden death, so that every one present was in utter astonishment. For two hours they persisted in the frightful combat, till fatigue fell on Jabir's arms: he slackened in his efforts, for he perceived in Antar what was not in himself. Antar, aware of his condition, grasped him, and clung to him, and cut off all means of escape. He pierced him through the chest with his spear, and made the barb issue out at his back. Jabir fell down dead, weltering in his blood. Come on against this vile black, make him drink of the cup of infamy, exclaimed Mohelhil, as he observed the fate of Moofrij and Jabir. So the Teyans poured down upon Antar from all quarters. But Antar, still in his common clothing, met them like a voracious lion. Prince Malik now joined the conflict. Horsemen encountered horsemen, and heroes heroes. The brave were hurled to the ground. Sword and spear played round heads and bodies: and there ensued an engagement ages will record. They continued plundering souls from bodies, until it was almost dark; when an immense number of the Teyans and Nibhanians being slain, the rest took to flight, pursued by Antar and his friends, till, having driven them out of that land, they returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms: and when they had collected every thing, they sought their own tents, like the lions of the

forest, preceded by Antar, like the judas-flower. Ibla rejoiced in his prowess and intrepidity, and smiled : and, as Antar saw her smile, Daughter of my uncle, said he, are you smiling at what you saw me perform this day in the carnage and the combat ? By the faith of an Arab, she replied, my sight was bewildered at your slaughter among these wretches. Her words descended into his heart sweeter than the purest water to the thirsty spirit. And as he told her all he had done among the Teyans, he thus added :

“ O Ibla, if the shades of the sable battle-dust
“ conceal from thee my achievements on the day of
“ conflicts, arise and ask my Abjer if I ever let him
“ charge but at the armies like the gloomy night.
“ Ask my sword of me, if I ever smote with it on
“ the dreadful day but the skulls of Kings. Ask
“ my lance of me, if ever I thrust with it but at
“ the panoplied hero between the throat and the
“ under jaw. I steep my sword, I steep my spear
“ in streams : I practise patience, and fear not hell
“ itself. How many of my blows with the sword-
“ edge have been cleaving blows ! How many are
“ the spear-thrusts of which my saddle-bow and
“ my hip-bone have complained ! And were there
“ not one at whose power even Kings tremble, I
“ would make the vault of the firmament the back
“ of a horse.”

Ibla was greatly delighted at this description, and thanked him for his address and his actions.

The same did Prince Malik and others, except Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia and Amarah, and the family of Zeead, for their galls and their hearts were bursting with rage. After this they all retired to their tents, and, having eaten their dinner, their eyes sought repose. But Antar mounted his horse, and was about to keep the night-watch. What, said Prince Malik, will you keep the watch, and shall we sleep, fatigued as you must be from the labours of the battle? Let me relieve you; at least, I will take my turn of duty. No, by the faith of a noble Arab, cried Antar, masters must not serve their slaves. When Rebia observed Prince Malik riding with Antar, he also mounted, and Malik, son of Carad, and many other warriors, quitted their tents likewise; but, as they roamed about, Antar's enemies remained in one party together. The night was calm: and, as they were abusing Antar as usual, Sons of my uncle, said Ibla's father, these imprecations do not ease my pain; for though this slave is an ignoble wretch, yet the Lord of Heaven favours him—and he whom the God of Heaven protects is protected against all human power. All my exertions and efforts have failed, and I am melted even as lead is melted, for I cannot deliver myself from the clutches of this black slave; all my contrivances for his destruction revert on myself; his fortitude and eloquence only increase, and the Lord of Heaven favours him. For my part, said Amarah, my ears

have no pleasure in Antar's poetry ; there is no harmony whatever in it. Hold ! O Amarah, cried Oorwah, you speak foully and falsely. No one in the whole tribe of Abs and Adnan will agree with you on that point ; for there is not an individual in all our tribes, no, not even in the tribes of Cahtan, more fluent in his discourses than Antar—none whose heart and spirit are firmer in the field of battle. I do not speak thus of him from my love towards him ; but let the truth be spoken. Did you not mark the noble Antar on his return from the conflict and the carnage, which he described in such beautiful rhymes, saying, “ Were I not afraid “ of the power of God, I would make the vault of “ the firmament the back of a horse ? ” Ah ! said Ibla's father, I have not an eye that can bear to look at that black slave ; neither will I dwell in the land where he dwells. I will wait patiently till we quit this country and these sand-hills ; but, when we reach home, I will carry away my daughter, and fly during the night in quest of some one that may protect me from this vile black : I will be honoured among strangers, but not live disgraced among my family and connexions. By God, exclaimed Rebia, I will not permit you to emigrate ; I will not submit to such a separation : but I will give you a hint—profit by it, and you will succeed in your expectations, and all your wishes will be accomplished ; never will you again be annoyed about Antar nor any one else. Let not your ene-

mies exult in your emigration and departure, nor fill their hearts with joy. Oh! do advise me, my friend Rebia, cried Malik, in this troublesome affair, that I may not be browbeaten and bullied. Be quiet, said Rebia, till we reach our own country. Introduce yourself to Prince Shas, son of King Zoheir, and demand his protection: tell him all your grievances, and surrender your daughter to him, saying, O Prince, my daughter is your handmaiden, I beg that she may live under your protection; marry her to whomsoever you please, but let not that foul slave, Antar, covet her. Thus will your daughter remain with the illustrious Shas, secure from every act of violence, whilst we will deliberate about slaying Antar. We will expose him to perils, and make him drink of the cup of dangers: you will not see him return for a length of time. Thus they continued in conversation till midnight, when they returned to their tents; and, having first divided the spoil, they mounted their horses and departed, traversing plains and deserts until the day shone over them, when, lo! a dust arose in their rear and darkened the whole land. Speedily it advanced, and the wild beasts fled before it: the black column appeared like a mass of clouds. Scimitars glittered, the spear-barbs sparkled, and shouts shook the mountains and the valleys. These, they cried, are the Teyans; they are coming upon us from their hordes—horse and foot have overtaken us. And all were terrified, expect-

ing death and destruction. Be of good cheer, cried Antar, observing how their countenances were disfigured with dismay; fear not their numbers; be not alarmed at the glittering of swords or the sparkling of spears; I alone will meet this numerous host, were they even double their numbers: do ye only protect my rear. Antar galloped towards the dust, to learn what occasioned it, followed by Prince Malik and the tribes of Abs and Carad; but the horsemen of Zeead stayed behind with Amaruh, Rebia, and Malik, Ibla's father. This was the Teyan army, headed by King Maljem, son of Handalah, and his brother the Blood-drinker: for Moofrij, when he had taken Rebia and his comrades prisoners, sent to these warriors to come and assist at the execution of the family of Zeead; and they no sooner received the glad tidings, than they assembled their troops and hastened to take vengeance on the family of Zeead: but when they reached the country of Moofrij, and saw nothing but dead bodies strewed about, broken spears, and shattered scimitars, they halted in the greatest consternation. Shortly arrived the fugitives, with Mohelhil, routed and dispersed. King Maljem having questioned them as to what had happened, Mohelhil imparted to him all that had occurred with Antar, who had already slain Moofrij and Jabir, and scattered their troops over the rocks and the plains. Indeed! cried Maljem: you have clothed us with dishonour, and disgraced us in

every quarter of Arabia, by your flight before that base-born slave. When he had collected the remnant of the discomfited army, after a halt of two hours, he mounted, and set out with a force of twenty thousand horsemen, who travelled with the utmost speed till they overtook the Absians, as we have already stated, at a spot which happened to be the last of the Cahtanian territory and the first of the land of Adnan; and, as soon as they beheld the Absians, they encompassed them on every side. The Absians were terrified at the sight of their vast numbers, and at the brilliancy of their steel armour and coats of mail. O Malik, said Oorwah to Ibla's father, verily we have fallen into a most perilous situation; Antar is our only resource, in order to avoid death and perdition. You are right, replied he, much agitated and in great disorder; take my advice and fly, otherwise we must drink of the cup of annihilation. If you resolve on flight, observed Oorwah, the first captive will be your daughter Ibla. Let her alone, continued Malik, let her be captured, provided that vile slave do not possess her. At any rate, said Rebia, we must wait awhile, till these horsemen come nearer to us; and, when the dust arises on all sides, let us give the reins to our steeds, and cry out, Fly, Absians, fly! and let us then scatter ourselves over the desert. Those who join us will be our excuse, and those who remain behind will be slain and buried in the sand. No one will ever survive to bring any accusation

against us: we, on the contrary, shall appear to have fought with our friends, and be secure from blame and reproach. I am convinced Antar will never abandon his beloved Ibla or fly, so vast is his intrepidity and pride—he will fight till the foe sever his head. Malik, son of King Zoheir, will not follow us, so that death and destruction must overwhelm him. To this they all assented; and, with this vile nefarious project, they resolved on flight. But Antar received the twenty thousand as the parched land the first of the rain—his heart harder than stone, and his soul more impetuous than the waves of the sea when it roars. He penetrated the thick dust with blows irresistible and thrusts more rapid than the twinkling of the eye, followed by the horsemen of Abs and Carad, under Prince Malik, who, pouring down vehemently upon the enemy, exerted every energy in concert with Antar: they imitated his deeds, and made the foe drink of the cup of death and perdition. In less than an hour, Antar checked the progress of the hostile tribe, and their van was driven back upon their rear. They roared out at Antar from a distance, but ventured not to approach the spot where he fought. Antar cut through them, although their numbers were great and their force immense. Ibla screamed out to him in a loud voice, for she trembled in excess of fear. Shiboob moved round her, and protected her with his arrows. But as soon as Antar heard Ibla's voice and cries, in order

to relieve her mind of the foe, he dashed into the midst of the troops and armies, and plied his whole force among them. In the mean time Rebia, Amarah, and the family of Zeead halted till the dust thickened, when they gave the reins to their steeds and fled, exclaiming, Fly, Absians, fly ! But they had not proceeded far when a dust arose in front of them that obscured the whole country. Let us wheel to the left, cried Oorwah, that we may escape death and destruction. At the word, they turned their horses' heads and galloped to the left ; but, before they had advanced any distance, another dust arose in front. Whither can we now fly ? exclaimed Oorwah : the enemy has cut off every road and communication in this desert and wild. They drew up and halted, eagerly staring round them. At last the dust cleared away, and there appeared horsemen of a swarthy complexion, mounted on chargers swifter than antelopes ; every one exclaiming, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! At these shouts their souls revived : they hastened forwards and saluted them, and related all the horrors they had endured from the Teyans. Overtake Prince Malik and Antar, they cried in conclusion, for they are combating twenty thousand lion-warriors, and are almost overpowered and destroyed. Upon this the horsemen rode on at full speed towards the field of contention, and, rushing upon the Teyans, they shouted, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! Antar was at that moment nearly exhausted ; he was

also, he fled, and followed Maljem. The troops soon imitated their leaders, and the standards and ensigns were reversed. Antar and the Absians furiously pursued them, till they had driven them out of that land; when they returned for the dispersed cattle and scattered arms: and having collected the spoil, they halted; and congratulated each other on their safety. But Antar searched for his friend, Prince Malik, whom he at last found, but covered with wounds. He soothed his anguish, and calmed his heart with encouraging expressions; and turning towards Shas and Cais, he complimented and thanked them for their timely appearance, extolling them and their father, King Zoheir. Cais smiled upon him, and felicitated him on his escape; thus captivating Antar's whole mind and heart. Shas, on the contrary, received him haughtily, and with the harshest severity and most overbearing pride, exclaiming, Welcome, thou son of Zebeeba! When they had reposed and eaten, Rebia inquired of Shas the cause of his coming; who gave an explanation of all that had passed with his father on the subject. The next day, Shas, Malik, Cais, and Antar, with the whole army, marched forward, preceded by their immense plunder, the united property of three large tribes; and after three days marching, they approached their own country. As soon as they halted for the night, Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, repaired to the tents of Prince Shas. Malik cast himself at his feet, and

kissed his hand. What is the matter, O Malik? said Shas. O my lord, cried Malik, you have indeed done us the greatest of favours; and you have exposed yourself to imminent perils on our account: but now I implore you, my lord, graciously to bestow on us your protection. Keep off this vile black from my daughter: take her to your own dwelling when we reach home, and make her serve you as your slave; only suffer not this base-born to dishonour me in my daughter. It is true, my lord, his reputation is great, and his friends are numerous; and I am quite worn out by his attentions and importunities. His object is to espouse my daughter, and our enemies already exult in my shame and disgrace. I throw myself on you, my lord, and I consign my affairs entirely over to you: for you alone are able to assist me, and protect my daughter. Tell me whether you will do so or not! Either take my hand, or I will turn my face to the wilds and the deserts, and go down to one of the Arab princes, and demand protection of him; where I may become at least a respected guest, far from my own country. Shas pitied his distress: he endeavoured to soothe and calm him, saying, I will keep this black slave away from you: verily he shall be prohibited from any intercourse with your daughter, or I will make him drink of the cup of perdition. Thus Shas, having quieted Malik's mind, and dismissing him, sent for Antar; who no sooner appeared, than Shas abruptly commenced

covered with wounds, and his courage cooled : for he had rescued Ibla from captivity seven times, and had overthrown the heroes around her : he had also driven back the enemy five times from Prince Malik, now rushing to the right, now to the left, whilst the Teyans wheeled in whichever direction he moved. At this critical juncture arrived the Absians, as we have stated, and attacked the enemy, as we have described.

When Antar departed to accomplish Ibla's deliverance, with Prince Malik, King Zoheir was attending a marriage-feast with the tribe of Fazarah ; and upon his return, three days after, he inquired for Antar and his son, but was told they had set out for the land of Tey. Being greatly alarmed for them both, he instantly sent for his son Shas. Know, my son, said he, that your brother Malik is gone with Antar against the Teyans ; and I am in fears about them, being aware of the great power of King Maljem, son of Handala, and his brother, the Blood-drinker. I wish that you and your brother Cais would mount, with two thousand horsemen, and overtake them. Return not without them. Shas obeyed his father's orders, and marched on till he came up with them in the field of carnage.

Now Antar's powers expanded. He dismounted from Abjer, who was much fatigued at the dreadful scenes he had endured. He mounted another, and assailed the enemy with the impetuosity of a

lion ; and in the fury of his assault he overthrew heroes, and plunged them into misery and disgrace : he hewed off joints and arms, and cut through the troops, right and left. The deeds of the Absians would have turned infants gray. King Maljem and his brother halted upon a high sand-hill, taking no part in the contest, but waiting to receive Antar and the Absians as captives ; when lo ! they observed their own army staggering, and the Absians making their way through them ; and blood flowing over the land, and the steadiest hearts quaking, and their horses stumbling over carcases, and warriors hurled to the ground, and the bravest wounded. Instantly King Maljem and the Blood-drinker darted forward, and eagerly ordered their troops to renew the conflict, and to force back the fugitives to the combat. Thus was Maljem engaged in the terrors of war, and in the thickest of the fight, when a bellow, like a peal of thunder, echoed behind him. He quickly turned round, and behold it was Antar ! Foam issued from the corners of his lips as he overthrew the heroes, right and left. Maljem was horror-struck at his yell, and the immensity of his form : but Antar rushed upon him in this state of terror, and pierced him with his spear through the thigh, forcing it even into the ribs of his steed. Maljem nearly drank of the cup of annihilation ; but, urged by the sweetness of life, he clung to the neck of his horse, and fled. Antar then roared out at his brother ; and as he was about to pierce him

also, he fled, and followed Maljem. The troops soon imitated their leaders, and the standards and ensigns were reversed. Antar and the Absians furiously pursued them, till they had driven them out of that land; when they returned for the dispersed cattle and scattered arms: and having collected the spoil, they halted; and congratulated each other on their safety. But Antar searched for his friend, Prince Malik, whom he at last found, but covered with wounds. He soothed his anguish, and calmed his heart with encouraging expressions; and turning towards Shas and Cais, he complimented and thanked them for their timely appearance, extolling them and their father, King Zoheir. Cais smiled upon him, and felicitated him on his escape; thus captivating Antar's whole mind and heart. Shas, on the contrary, received him haughtily, and with the harshest severity and most overbearing pride, exclaiming, Welcome, thou son of Zebeeba! When they had reposed and eaten, Rebia inquired of Shas the cause of his coming; who gave an explanation of all that had passed with his father on the subject. The next day, Shas, Malik, Cais, and Antar, with the whole army, marched forward, preceded by their immense plunder, the united property of three large tribes; and after three days marching, they approached their own country. As soon as they halted for the night, Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, repaired to the tents of Prince Shas. Malik cast himself at his feet, and

kissed his hand. What is the matter, O Malik? said Shas. O my lord, cried Malik, you have indeed done us the greatest of favours; and you have exposed yourself to imminent perils on our account: but now I implore you, my lord, graciously to bestow on us your protection. Keep off this vile black from my daughter: take her to your own dwelling when we reach home, and make her serve you as your slave; only suffer not this base-born to dishonour me in my daughter. It is true, my lord, his reputation is great, and his friends are numerous; and I am quite worn out by his attentions and importunities. His object is to espouse my daughter, and our enemies already exult in my shame and disgrace. I throw myself on you, my lord, and I consign my affairs entirely over to you: for you alone are able to assist me, and protect my daughter. Tell me whether you will do so or not! Either take my hand, or I will turn my face to the wilds and the deserts, and go down to one of the Arab princes, and demand protection of him; where I may become at least a respected guest, far from my own country. Shas pitied his distress: he endeavoured to soothe and calm him, saying, I will keep this black slave away from you: verily he shall be prohibited from any intercourse with your daughter, or I will make him drink of the cup of perdition. Thus Shas, having quieted Malik's mind, and dismissing him, sent for Antar; who no sooner appeared, than Shas abruptly commenced

by saying, Know, O son of Zebceba, outrage ever ends ill; and he who covets what is not his by right, is an oppressor and a tyrant. Your uncle Malik was with me just now, and complained to me of his situation. I have granted to him my special protection, and his daughter Ibla will henceforward live in my family, and with my wife. Her enemies will be mine, and I warn you that you must no more frequent her society: no more must you talk of your marriage with her, either in private or in public; otherwise in no land will you have a more decided enemy than myself. I have heard you say a thousand times that you will never submit to disgrace or infamy; but now you are wittingly dishonouring yourself by a worldly lust after women. Do you indeed say, exclaimed Antar, whilst the tears started into his eyes, and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, do you indeed say that I am dishonoured by reason of my worldly desires? God forbid! Indeed, though love and affection thus overwhelm me in disgrace, it is my uncle himself that has excited my passion; for when she is a prisoner, he urges me to liberate her, and I expose my life to perils for her sake: but when his daughter is safe in his tent, he calls me a slave, and the son of a slave-woman. Antar's eyes flashed fire, and he quitted the presence of Shas; but he conquered his feelings till he came to his friend, Prince Malik, to whom he related all that had lately passed with Shas. O Aboolfawaris, said he, greatly distressed,

let not your bosom be agitated—let not your thoughts grieve you: for by him who created man and things, I will carry off Ibla for you, were I even to be slain in the attempt. I will accomplish your wishes. Wait patiently till we reach the presence of my father, and you shall see what I will do to your enemies. I will so act that you shall enjoy supreme authority over them all, high and low. Antar blessed him, and thanked him. Retiring, he waited till it was dark; when he said to his brother Shiboob, Son of a black, walk my horse Abjer into the open plain, that he may breathe freely, and recover from the fatigue of battles and conflicts; for I can no longer remain with this dastardly tribe. What has happened, asked Shiboob, that you are going to quit your country and family in such a hurry? Ay, cried Antar, as soon as we reach home, Prince Malik is resolved on taking my part; but Shas will never resign his hatred towards me. Thus disturbances will arise among the tribe, and this unhappy business will be productive of dissensions: so that the noble Arabs will say of me, that Antar was the cause of troubles and divisions among the tribe. Now I do not wish to load Prince Malik with my distresses, which are indeed intolerable; for he is interested about me in every trouble and adversity: it is my wish to cure my own disease with my own medicine, and not let my enemies triumph over me. I will establish myself at Mecca, near the holy shrine; and there will I

make my complaints to the Lord of mankind, in order that his supreme decrees may succour me, whether death assail me, or fortune relieve me. Do so, my brother, said Shiboob; wait patiently for Ibla, and comfort yourself. Yes, continued Antar; for as long as she resides in the habitation of her father and mother, my heart is at ease about her: but should her father listen to the addresses of any other person, then shall the Arabs learn what I will do: they shall see who is the most powerful. I will slay him, were he even in the chambers of Chosroe, or the Roman Emperor, or under the protection of the Kings of the tribe of Asfar. Not a man would I leave alive among them.

Shiboob followed his directions. He led out Abjer, and, quitting the tents, walked him about among the sands and wastes, till the renowned Antar joined him; and when it was quite dark, he mounted his steed and departed, preceded by Shiboob. They traversed plains and deserts; and, as they travelled on, Antar reflected on the frightful adventures he had encountered, and the dreadful scenes he had endured on account of Ibla. Still his ambitious passion was not assuaged, nor was his disorder, the result of his love, appeased: and thus he spoke:

“ If, O tear, thou canst not relieve me in my
“ sorrow, perhaps thou mayst quench the flame
“ that consumes me. O heart, if thou wilt not wait

“patiently for a meeting, die then the death of a
“woe-begone, wandering stranger. How long must
“I defy the evils of fortune, and encounter the
“vicissitudes of night with the Indian blade! I
“serve a tribe, whose hearts are the reverse of
“what they exhibit in their fondness for me. I
“am, in the field, the prince of their tribe; but, the
“battle over, I am more despised than a slave.
“Oh that I could annihilate this affection of a
“lover! How it humiliates me! It agonizes my
“heart; it enfeebles my courage. But I will soon
“seek the sacred shrine, and complain of my ill-
“usage to the Judge against whose decrees there
“lies no appeal. I will renounce the days when
“my tears deceived me, and I will aid the widowed
“and plaintive dove. On thee, O daughter of Ma-
“lik, be the peace of God! the blessing of a sor-
“rowing, heart-grieved lover! I will depart, but
“my soul is firm in its love for thee. Have pity,
“then, on the cauterized heart of one far away.
“Soon will my tribe remember me when the horse
“advance—every noble warrior trampling and
“stamping over them. Then, O daughter of Ma-
“lik, will agony be plainly evident, when the coward
“gnaws his hands in death.”

Having finished his verses, Antar pursued his way with Shiboob, travelling day and night, until they approached the land of Mecca. Ours, my brother, said Shiboob, is a singular history; equally so is our journey into this country, for we have seen

no one. Forward, O Ebe Reah, cried Antar, for hitherto we have never seen any one but that has brought evil upon us; and truly I am harassed with encountering disasters, and my heart is disgusted at fighting. And Antar quoted these two couplets: "Retire within yourself, and be familiar with solitude: when you are alone, you are in the right road. Wild beasts are tamed by gentle treatment, but men are never to be induced to abandon their iniquities." He had scarcely finished these lines, when he distinguished a scream through the calmness of the night. O Arabs, look! is there not a human being in this desert who will hearken to my cry, who will observe the respect due to rank and noble birth? Will no one deliver my virgin daughters from the miseries of captivity and infamy? Alas, O disgrace! Alas, no aid, no succour! Such was the cry; and thus a voice continued:

"Flow and stream, O eyes, in copious tears for the damsels, bereft of all assistance, friendless, dishonoured in the desert. Mounted on tall camels, they mourn for such iniquitous barbarity in the lonely waste. The old man, wounded, lies in the last agony, and his sons have been robbed of their lives by the calamitous spear. Their mother in her distress breathes in fire, and in the madness of her passion calls on instant death. O ye travellers by night under the veiled darkness, perhaps there is a hero among ye who can show himself a lion-warrior, and whose thrust in

“ the battle-day under the black clouds of dust
“ may assist us against the foe before the pangs of
“ death arrive, and thus obtain a noble reward from
“ the eternal God.”

As Antar heard this, the flame in his heart blazed afresh. Alas, my brother, said he, this must be an oppressed female. Her enemies have slain her sons, have made her daughters captive, and have left her to become a prey to her own anguish. I am resolved instantly to find out this wronged lady, and perhaps the God of Heaven will take vengeance on those who have wronged me. Thus saying, he slackened his bridle, and galloped over the country in the direction of the spot whence issued the voice. O mourner ! O woman of tears and woe ! he cried, tell me if any one has injured thee—that I may come to thy aid. Alas ! replied the woman, whilst she wept from joy that some one had answered to her cry, By the Lord of Heaven, a horseman of the desert has insulted me ; he has hurled at me the shafts of sorrow ; he has slain my three sons, taken captive my three daughters, and has wounded my husband As-hath, the son of Obad. It is now three days and three nights that I am calling out in this wide desert, but no one has come to succour me—no one to intercede for me—no one has even vouchsafed me an answer, but thou, O Chief of the Arabs. If thou art a man of noble spirit, deliver me from this calamity. Of what tribe art thou ? exclaimed Antar. I am of the noble race of Ken-

deh, she replied. This year a famine visited our lands; so we emigrated, in order to go down to the country of Harith, where we have a daughter married. It was our intention to settle there: but a warrior, called Sudam, son of Salheb, attacked us with forty horsemen of the plundering Arabs in this wild. They slew my three sons, and my three daughters they took prisoners, and wounded my husband As-hath. They are now about to convey us to the mountains of Toweila, there to sell us as slaves. Take care of these women, said Antar to Shiboob; assist them down from the backs of the camels, whilst I go and look out for those vile wretches who have done this foul deed. Thus saying, he urged on Abjer; and it was just at the first dawning of day, when he distinguished some horsemen advancing from the centre of the desert, headed by Sudam, like a ferocious lion, who thus exclaimed:

“ I am Sudam, the assailer of warriors; in me is
“ a heart harder than mountains. In horror and
“ fear of me, even the wild beasts of the waste
“ shrink into the obscurity of caverns: and were
“ Death a substance, I would steep his right hand
“ in the blood of his left.”

Antar grasped his spear; he slackened the bridle of his steed, and gave a shout that made the deserts and the rocks tremble. Frustrated are thy hopes, he cried; into hopeless misery art thou fallen. As Sudam cast his eyes on Antar, he rejoiced, and was

glad. Here is a glorious morning! he exclaimed, addressing his comrades: this booty to begin the day with will suffice. Assault him, one of ye; let him not escape: bring me his horse and his spoil. At the word, one of the forty galloped down upon Antar, crying out, State thy descent; peradventure thy connexion may protect thee: otherwise, deliver up thy horse and thy armour. But Antar deigned not an answer; and, without a word, he assailed him like a lion rushing out of his den: he brandished his lance before him, and, piercing him through the chest, forced the point out at his back; and he threw him down dead, weltering in his blood. Sudam and his associates marked Antar's intrepidity; they all stood aghast: but though Sudam was most anxious to engage him, his friends would not suffer him, and they all fell on Antar at once. He, however, received them as the parched soil the first of the rain; and plunging with them into the thick dust, he soon began to glean off horseman after horseman; so that the sun had scarcely risen, before they were all stretched upon the earth. Sudam was bewildered at such prodigious efforts of valour; and though he felt alarmed, he knew he must attack him. Accordingly, he advanced, and exclaimed, Hold, O Arab: tell me what horseman thou art, and with what tribe thou art connected; for thy battle excites my surprise, and thy prowess is most wonderful. I should be overjoyed in thy friendship, and I would willingly live with thee.

Let us unite our force and plunder; and, to begin, I will divide with thee the spoil that is now in our power. There are three virgins; and those who were to have shared them with me thou hast killed. Away, thou son of a cuckold, replied Antar; away with this absurdity: come on to the contest! Despair of this booty and these damsels, for the God on high has delivered them from bondage and infamy. Sudam was highly indignant that Antar should presume to thwart him, or he be disappointed of his prey; so he rushed upon him, and sought to engage him, conceiving that he must be like other warriors whom he had fought. But Antar received him like a ferocious lion: he gave him no time either to advance or to retreat, but struck him on the chest with his cleaving Dhami, and he divided him down to the belt of his back. Sudam fell down dead, weltering in his blood. At that moment Shiboob ran towards him, swift as a blast of wind; and seeing that Antar had slain the hero, he congratulated him on his safety. And when they had collected the scattered horses and dispersed spoil, they repaired to the women; who, at the sight of this plunder, felt convinced that their defender had destroyed their enemies. So they crowded round him, and kissed his hands, thanking and praising him; but the mother of the damsels advanced before the others, and thus extolled her deliverer:

“ May thy God grant thee all thou desirest in

“ thy hopes, and bestow on thy lands the blessings
“ of plenteous showers ! O Knight of the troop !
“ O thou unrivalled hero in the tumultuous clatter
“ of spears and the thrusts of the lances ! may
“ every morn thy foes tremble before thee ! May
“ their lives dread the speed of death ! May thy
“ envious enemies feel in every limb their hearts
“ fried in flames and fire ! Mayst thou increase in
“ glory wherever they insult thee ; and may the
“ sword of thy honour rest on their skulls and
“ heads ! Were people to be impartial in their
“ language, and tell the truth, no one but thee
“ would they style a hero : for truly thou standest
“ alone, unequalled in the universe, matchless in
“ the mountains and the valleys.”

Antar was exceedingly gratified at the old lady's verses, and greatly admired her eloquence, and the elegance of her expressions. He requested the young women to veil themselves ; and turning towards their father, who was lying on the ground, he dismounted, and bound up his wounds, and assisted him to sit down to repose himself a little ; congratulating him at the same time on his deliverance from his enemies. The Sheikh thanked him, and kissed his hands. Antar also rested himself awhile after the fatigues of the conflict, and the old lady brought him something to eat, which she placed before him, whilst her daughters stood round him in silent admiration. Now Antar had eaten

nothing since his separation from Ibla, neither had he slept; so he ate till he was satisfied, and then asked them whither they were going with their baggage? We wish, they replied, to proceed on our journey to the tribe of Harith, for they are our relations; and with them we intend to remain all this year, O Aboolfawaris. Upon this, Antar directed them to mount their camels: so they all seated themselves in their howdahs, together with the Sheikh; and they departed, seeking the rocky deserts. But as Antar accompanied them, the Sheikh questioned him about his affairs, and his projects, and his expectations. Antar informed him of all his adventures with his uncle Malik, and that he was now going to Mecca and the holy shrine, there to take up his residence for some time. O Aboolfawaris, said the Sheikh, my heart is much interested in your fate: you have made me forget even the slaughter of my sons; for you have indeed acted nobly towards me, and done what no friend ever did for friend before. But I have nothing with which to recompense you for these honourable deeds, but these honourable damsels, whom you liberated with the blade of your sword and the barb of your spear. Take one of them, I beseech you: come and live with us, that we may serve you with all our power—myself, this old lady, and my daughters, even to our dying day. How can this be? said Antar. How can I resign

Ibla, my uncle's daughter ? and he thus continued in verse :

“ Were my heart mine own, I should desire
“ nothing beyond you—it would covet nothing but
“ you. . But it loves what tortures it ; where no
“ word, no deed encourages it.”

The Sheikh was amazed at Antar's love and passion : and thus they travelled on till they reached the land of Harith ; and as they were now in safety, Antar took leave of them ; and giving them all the horses and spoil he had captured, he separated from them, and, in company with Shiboob, traversed the plains and the wastes till he arrived at Mecca. He alighted in the Sacred Valley, and there he resided, passing his days in hunting, to relieve his sorrows and afflictions, and his nights with Shiboob, in talking over old stories and past events.

CHAPTER X.

Soon after Antar's departure, the sons of Zoheir searched for him in every direction; but, when all their inquiries were fruitless, Prince Malik was sorely grieved for his loss, for he loved him sincerely. Shedad and his companions were also much troubled; but Malik, Ibla's father, and Rebia, and Shas, were the happiest of men. Now, indeed, said Shas to Amarah, your business has succeeded to your every wish—you have no rival with Ibla, in the absence of that obstinate black; therefore, as soon as you reach home, present to her father the marriage dower and settlement, be married to Ibla, and thus obtain your heart's desire: I will back your claims. And turning to Malik, Ibla's father, he added, Give your hand to Amarah—make your daughter over to him, and marry him to her: I, too, will stand as witness for you, that our projects may be completed, our hearts relieved from pain; and Ibla will be in security in the dwellings of the Zeead family. I swear by your liberality towards me, cried Malik, I wish Amarah may have ten sons by her at least; and he extended his hand to Amarah: and the contract was formed by shaking hands. Thus he married his daughter to him, and

the people of the tribe witnessed the deed. For my part, said Oorwah, I anticipate nothing but evil and ill luck to us all from this match; for whoever espouses that girl will rise in the morning a headless trunk. Prince Cais laughed at Oorwah's predictions, for he too was aware of their folly. The plot soon reached Prince Malik, who was in the rear of the army. By the faith of an Arab, said he to Shedad, I much fear that some sad disaster will befall my brother Shas for all this, and that he will repent when the evil day comes; but never will I permit Amarah to feast on Ibla until I am withdrawn from the mansions of this world. However, you may now demand back from your brother all that your son Antar gave him in cattle, and Asafeer camels, and he camels, and the tiaras and girdles, and the diadem; for it was all Antar's property. Let us say nothing about it, said Shedad, till we reach home; then you shall see what I will do in the presence of King Zoheir. Having marched on till evening, they alighted and reposed till morning, when they pursued their way to the land of Abs and Adnan, near the lake of Zat ool irsad, where they halted. Shas had always kept in the advance of the army, and it was his practice to pass his leisure time in hunting. One day, on the march, he separated from his brothers, and, only taking with him ten horsemen, he launched out among the wilds and the plains in pursuit of the antelope and the deer. Prince Malik went home. And just

as Shas and his comrades were returning, lo ! a great dust arose and obscured the country ; and there came forth a hundred horsemen, all in steel, and advancing from the quarter of the tribe of Fazarah. Shas and his friends divided themselves into three parties. Sons of my uncle, said he, if this troop attack us, we have no other means of escaping death but by the blows of the sword : separate, therefore, four horsemen in each division. To this they assented, and soon the ten heroes attacked the strangers ; but in less than an hour they were all slain, and Shas was taken prisoner, and dragged before the chief, whose name was Maisoor, son of Zeead, of the tribe of Hazrej, which was also a division of the tribe of Harith. He was roaming about on a predatory excursion against the lands of Abs and Adnan ; and for two days they had concealed themselves in the country of the tribe of Fazarah, but had not chanced to fall on any prey till they met Shas and his party. The prisoner was soon brought into the presence of Maisoor, who resolved on killing him, for Shas had slain Maisoor's brother in the fray ; but as soon as he looked at him, and saw how magnificently he was dressed, and that he was mounted on an Arab steed, richly caparisoned with housings of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels, he was assured that he was a distinguished chieftain. State your birth and parentage, said he, perhaps they may save you, before you are laid low in the dust. I am the son of King

Zoheir, ruler of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, replied Shas. I have slain some of your countrymen, and am now in your power : demand whatever quantity of cattle you please ; but, should you put me to death, you are aware that behind me are warlike tribes and heroes. Shas, you must die, exclaimed Maisoor, silent must be your soul ; you afflicted me in my brother, and have left me to mourn him for ever. Upon this he placed him on the back of a horse, and scourged him with a whip he held in his hand till the blood streamed from every part of his body ; and then Maisoor and his companions passed over deserts and wilds, seeking their own country, whilst Shas endured the pangs of death at every moment.

In the mean time Prince Malik and his companions reached home ; but in the greatest distress at the disappearance of Antar, the intrepid warrior. When they presented themselves to King Zoheir, they informed him of the dreadful scenes they had endured with the Teyans, and the battles they had fought ; and to the King's inquiries about Antar, they related his exploits. When he asked for his son Shas, they assured him he was on a hunting party, and that he would return in the evening. King Zoheir was persuaded that they had ill-used Antar ; and observing his son Malik was full of grief, and that he was unable to speak, Tell me, my son, said he, what ails thee. May God curse every act of oppression and those who

abet it! exclaimed Malik: curses on those who know what justice is, and do not adhere to it. He then stated to him all that had happened to Antar: how he had exposed his life in battle and carnage for the family of Zeead, and had rescued them from dangers; and how they had obliged him to abandon them in the desert. Vilest of men, cried King Zoheir, turning to Amarah, this is all owing to your infamous conduct towards your tribe, and your treachery to Ibla in taking her captive: your death would indeed be more gladsome than your life! Is this the return that you make your cousin Antar, the destroyer of horsemen, for having delivered you, on his arrival from Persia, out of the hands of the Nocturnal Evil and the Depredator of the Age? He immediately ordered the slaves to seize Amarah. They rushed upon him, and, throwing him on the ground, they laid on him with such heavy blows, that the blood streamed from every part of his body till he was almost dead; whilst his brother Rebia stood by, but dared not make a single remark on the subject, knowing well what King Zoheir suffered on account of Antar's absence and his son's wounds. Oorwah only laughed at the indignities and disgraces thus heaped upon Amarah. Well, Amarah, said he, these are the first-fruits of your marriage with Ibla. Still the slaves continued to beat Amarah; and, when he was near his last gasp, they tied him, with his hands behind him, to a tent-pole, groaning in excess of pain. King Zo-

heir now ordered Malik, Ibla's father, into his presence. What! cried the king, do you consider yourself as one of the illustrious Arabs and a Chief of the tribe of Abs and Adnan in rank and degree? How then have you dared to act thus? How dared you to accept your daughter's dower from your nephew, and, refusing to acknowledge it, marry her to another? Your infamy and ignominy will not be consummated till you have wedded her to a wretch who has violated your honour, and clothed you in shame amongst all the Arabs of the desert and the plains. How often has Antar liberated you from captivity and misery, even after you had exposed him to a sea of deaths in the land of Irak! And did he not bring to you the wealth of the King of Persia and of King Monzar, with their he-camels and Asafeer she-camels? O my lord, replied Malik (for his deceit and cunning were ever at hand), I swear by your liberality I have not injured my nephew Antar. I have delivered my daughter over to your son Shas; and when I said to him, Let no one else interfere with her—she is your property; you know what is good and what is bad for us; you are lord over my children and my property; my daughter is at your disposal—marry her to any one you think will suit her: No one but the Chief Amarah is a proper match for her, was your son's reply. So he betrothed her to Amarah, and was arranging all our differences, when I objected, saying, My lord, how can this

be? my nephew has already brought me the marriage dower, and your father favours him on this point, as also your brother Malik. Away with your folly! continued Shas; I will settle it. And he sent for Antar, and made terms with him: at which being much exasperated, he abandoned us in the night, and we know not whither he is gone. So vexed am I at his absence, that I feel as if on the burning coals of hell—for he was indeed a limb of my own limbs; but I could not thwart Prince Shas's orders. Now that my daughter is at home, I pray you, do not use her ill, but look after her as you please: make her one of your handmaidens, and I am your slave. Do you and the tribe of Abs bear witness to what I say. King Zoheir saw through all his art and malevolence, but said, Let there be no compulsion used towards Ibla, till Antar appears, and we hear what he has to say; we will then decide who is to blame: and, when my son Shas returns, he will explain what you said to him, or I will expose you to the public for your conduct. King of the Age, exclaimed Shedad, it is my turn now to demand of Rebia and his brother the blood of my son. It is they and Malik, who has married his daughter to Amarah, who have destroyed him. O that thou, O Shedad, groaned out Amarah, O that thou wert but married with this kind of ceremony, which consists only of stripes and whips. King Zoheir and all his attendants laughed heartily at Amarah; and thus

they continued talking, till, it being dark, they all separated. But still Shas did not return. King Zoheir was in great distress, and was much agitated till the dawn of day—but Shas did not return. Convinced, at length, of the loss of his son, he called out to his horsemen, and ordered them to go forth in quest of Shas over the whole desert. They mounted their steeds, and plunged into the midst of the waste, where they roamed about the whole day, and returned at night, having heard nothing of Shas. King Zoheir's affliction increased, and the tears poured down like rain. Alas! it is his base conduct towards Antar, he cried, that has ruined my son. By the faith of a noble Arab of Medhr, if I hear of his death, I will strike off the head of that Amarah, and I will hang Malik, son of Carad.

Now Maisoor was continuing his journey with Shas, torturing him and making him swallow the bitterness of death, till he reached the land of the tribe of Harith, and Shas was nearly lifeless. When they were settled in Maisoor's tents, he summoned his comrades: You know, said he, that this Absian prisoner has slain my brother, and I must put him to death; do you take his horse and his arms, and those of his comrades, and leave me to assuage my heart by tormenting him. He enclosed Shas between four bars of iron, and stationed a guard of slaves over him; and, whenever he went out, he kicked him; and, whenever he entered, he thumped

him with his fists; and, when Shas was hungry, he gave him nothing to eat; neither did he allow any one to pity him. This story was soon spread abroad amongst the tents, till, at last, the torments and disgraces Shas endured reached the chief of the tribe. He was a valiant horseman, and his name was Mewhoob, son of Yezid. He sent for Maisoor, and said to him, My cousin, such conduct towards your prisoner is by no means just; for he is a prince, and the son of a prince—his father is supreme among the tribes of Arabs: and I cannot possibly permit you to kill him, now that this business is become so public, unless you go to the King of this country, Abdoolmodan, and consult with him about destroying him. If he order you to kill him, do as he bids you; but, if you kill him without his permission, he will be bound to punish you. For, most certainly, the family of your captive will not rest quiet—and, no doubt, some one here will depart, and give information to his tribe: and, if his father hear of his death, he will mount, and come down upon us with the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan, for he rules over those Arabs; and he will root us out of the land. And should he send us to our King, and require our punishment at his hands, he will be greatly enraged against us, and will say to us, You took the son of King Zoheir prisoner, and slew him with your own hands, so you must suffer what you made him suffer. Now, my cousin, take

my advice—relieve your prisoner from torture, and consult with King Abdoolmodan. Maisoor was much disturbed at this, and alarmed at the dangers that threatened him. He hastened back to Shas, and untied his hands, but bound his feet, and kicked him in the rear; and, having stationed a slave over him, he rode away, with twenty horsemen, traversing the wilds and the wastes on his way to King Abdoolmodan.

But Shas, now that his torments were somewhat lightened, addressed Maisoor's wife, saying, Noble lady, will there ever be any relief from the deaths I endure? If they delay much longer to kill you, she replied, you will probably escape total perdition, and perhaps be ransomed at a considerable price, for wealth softens the hearts of all men. O my aunt, added Shas, I am powerful in cattle and possessions, but I have no one whom I can send to inform my family of my situation. And Shas continued talking till a party of women entered, all clothed in black; among whom was an elderly lady, who, after saluting Maisoor's wife, exclaimed, Daughter of mine uncle, who is this young prisoner? Cousin, replied the lady of the dwelling, springing up on her feet and complimenting her guest, this is the son of the King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan. The moment she heard this she advanced towards Shas, and, expressing her grief at his misfortunes, Young man, said she, are you indeed one of King Zoheir's

sons? Yes, my aunt, replied Shas. Which of them? continued the lady. I am Shas, he answered. May God grant your rescue, exclaimed she; for you are all famed for your bravery, your benevolence, and liberality—but I do not think you seem to be very eloquent. Now her view in this speech was to learn something of his history, and to draw from him some of Antar's verses. Noble lady, he replied, you have among you some of the tribe of Cahtan, who are so gifted with eloquence that they put to shame all the tribe of Adnan. Yes, said she, we can boast of Emir ool Cais, the son of Hijir: he has already fixed some lines on the Holy Shrine, in which are these words:

“ My beloved is come to me, to efface all painful
“ impressions from my tortured heart. Didst thou
“ not see that, when she visited me by night, I
“ found the sweetest essences in her breath? Yet
“ she loves me not.”

We also, cried Shas, laughing and much pleased, have a black, born to slavery, who tends the camels and the sheep. We have lately admitted him to our rank, and acknowledged him as a relation. He can utter the most perfect rhymes—such as neither Emir ool Cais nor any one else can equal. Had I known his real worth among warriors, never should I have fallen into bondage and captivity. By your life! cried the lady, do you not recollect any of his verses? Upon which Shas repeated these two distiches:

“ May nought but protection touch thee from
“ the sword ! Mayst thou ever move like the
“ branch of the ever-green tamarisk ; resembling
“ the flowers that glow in the evening, entwined in
“ chains round her neck.”

Before Shas finished, the ladies joined in testifying their pleasure and admiration. The thoughts are indeed most beautifully expressed, observed the old woman, and their meaning is elegantly conveyed. But are not these the words and rhymes of the great Antar, son of Shedad, who is distracted with his love for Ibla ? Yes, said Shas ; and I perceive you are acquainted with him. Most true, she added : I heard of him some time ago, with my family, in the noble tribe of Kendeh. Is he married to Ibla, or not ? Alas ! cried Shas, I am the person who has injured him : I thwarted him in the execution of his purpose. But I have bound myself to the God of Heaven, who is our final refuge, that, should I be liberated this time by his means, I will throw myself at his feet ; for he is a favoured being, and he who is his foe quickly falls into fetters and manacles. May God destroy his oppressors, and save us from his death ! said the lady. How speedy are his rewards ! Adhere firmly, O Arab, to this resolution, and feel secure of liberty ; for this soul would not exist in the body of man but in the expectation of the beneficence of Fortune. And having recommended Maisoor's wife to behave kindly to him, she left him. Now

this was the woman of Kendeh whom Antar had rescued, with her husband and her daughters, from the grasp of Sudam, and had afterwards escorted to her family. So, as soon as she returned home, she sent for her husband, to whom she communicated the circumstance. Cousin, said she, we have now the means of rewarding Antar for his gallant conduct—Shas, liberated by his hand, will befriend him in his suit for Ibla. Mount, therefore, your camel, and hasten to Mecca, and acquaint Antar with what has happened; and let him determine in his wisdom how to act. As-hath mounted his camel without delay, and departed over the plains and wastes on his way to Mecca; and he had been on his journey only three days when he met Maisoor, who was all joy, accompanied by ten horsemen, officers of the government of Abdoolmodan. Now Maisoor, as soon as he was admitted into the presence of Abdoolmodan, kissed his hands, and consulted him about Shas. Hasten back, cried he, avenge your brother's death; and, if you are able, do the same to all the tribe of Abs: root them out. Delighted at this permission, Maisoor returned with his ten officers, all anxious to enjoy the sight of Shas's execution; for, at that period, there was not an Arab but cried out for blood and vengeance against the tribe of Abs. When Maisoor reached home, he ordered his servants to slaughter camels and sheep, and prepare a feast, and make ready a sumptuous entertainment for his

whole clan; and he particularly requested the attendance of Mewhoob. Satiated with eating, they called for the goblets of wine; and as they drank, they cast the offals and scraps at Shas, whilst he himself was bewailing the severity of his fate; for he was a prince, and could not endure his reverse of fortune; and whenever Maisoor looked at him, he wept. Ah, cried he, when you pierced my brother Shibān through the chest, and forced the spear out at his back, why had you not pity on him? why did you not feel for him? Early to-morrow morning will I hang thee, that those present and absent may take warning by thy fate. The lady of Kendeh was witness to this scene: it was dark, and the wine rioted in the heads of the guests, most of them having already retired to their dwellings; the servants were lying down asleep, and Shas was bemoaning his torments in tears and lamentations—thus speaking:

“ Was there ever seen by the stars of night one
“ like me, bewildered, and sorrowing and sighing
“ for his native land? And by the lustre of the
“ dawn the foe will spoil him of his life in their
“ ferocity, or murder with their daggers. O ye
“ breathing gales, in the name of God, blow high
“ to Mount Saadi; peradventure ye may explain
“ my situation to my brother Cais, and Rebia, and
“ Malik; for I am bound to my tribes by ties that
“ they will remember. Look, my cousins: in the
“ obscurity hear the herald announce—the mes-

“ senger proclaim the tidings. Then let the dust
“ of the horsemen appear : let its black clouds arise
“ in sable columns, and beneath its dark shadows
“ let Antar be the consolation of my disquieted
“ heart. He, with his might, can indeed calm my
“ mind, and soothe it into patience.”

And lo ! a person entered, and took him by the hand. Shas, congratulate thyself on thy safety, said the stranger, at the same time striking off the bonds from his hands. Absian, follow me to my tent—fear not—you are at liberty, continued the voice. Shas instantly arose and followed his guide, whilst the darkness of the night concealed them till they reached a spacious tent, and Shas’s terrors and alarms were at an end ; and as he considered the person’s face by the light of the fire, behold it was the old lady, the mother of the young women, the same that had addressed him a few days ago. Explain all this to me, said he, for truly you have dared a deed for me the bravest warriors would not venture to do ; and I must make you some return for so noble an act. High-born Shas, replied the dame, whatever you may wish to do towards me, do it for Antar, son of Shedad, and befriend him in his marriage with Ibla. Let this be my engagement between God and you : when you meet him, kiss his bosom and his hands for me ; aid him, and be kind to him, for we were all delivered by his sword, and rescued by his spear. And she related to him all that the mighty Antar had done for her

and her family when he met them; how he had delivered them from the grasp of Sudam, and had conducted them to this country. I have despatched my husband, she continued, to Antar, to give him this intelligence, that he may take measures for your rescue: but when I saw your death was nigh, I did this deed. Shas listened, and his eyes were filled with tears at Antar's exploits, as he said to himself, Such was ever Antar's conduct towards me and to all mankind; but we disgraced him by servitude, and we degraded him to the care of camels and sheep. Such has been our conduct to him, Chiefs and Princes as we are, boasting of our high rank and our superior condition. But if I am liberated from this critical situation, and meet him again, I will kiss the soles of his feet; I will aid him, and treat him generously. The old woman now presented him food, of which he ate till he was satisfied: she also brought him some women's clothes, and put them on him, and made him sit with her daughters; so that all his fears were removed, and he reposed quietly till morning.

At day-light, Maisoor waked from his sleep, and sent for Shas, that he might torture him as usual, and afterwards hang him. The slaves went forth to drag him in, but could not find him: they rushed in crowds towards their master, and crying out with a loud voice, exclaimed, He is gone, he is gone. He shouted out to his horsemen, who mounted, and separated over the wastes and wilds till the third

hour, when they returned without any news of the fugitive, having perceived no trace of his flight. Maisoor felt assured of his calamity : he dashed his fist against his head till the blood darted from the veins. Just then one of Abdoolmodan's officers came up to him, and addressed him : his name was Shireed, son of Mean, and he was a devil in the form of a man. Be not so distressed, said he ; search among your enemies in your own clan, for certainly he is not gone hence. My opinion is, that you should direct a woman to search the women, and a man to search the men ; thus you will succeed. Maisoor acknowledged the good counsel ; and having given the necessary orders to his slaves and handmaidens, he stationed men on the highways, and women in the tents.

When the old lady observed this, and that the search had already commenced in the first tents, she instantly started up, and taking up a cauldron, she filled it with water, and placed it on the fire ; and when she had infused into it many medicinal roots, and fresh herbs, and black juices, she let it remain on the fire till it boiled : she then stripped Shas quite naked, and stained him with the dye till he became totally black ; and clothing him in the garb of a slave, she conducted him out, he going before her with the other slaves, driving the camels and the sheep to the pastures. But when they were at some distance, she saw Shireed himself, who immediately turned away from them ; but the old

lady commenced the conversation, saying, May God assist you, mighty sir ; you have indeed performed deeds which no man on earth can surpass. I hope you will catch this accursed Absian, so that my sorrowing heart also may be relieved by his death ; for the Absians slew my sons. Thus she pursued her way over the desert, till, reaching the pasture, she turned towards Shas, and said, Be no more afraid—you are now free. Fly—bend your steps towards Mecca, and when you meet Antar, kiss his hands for me : salute him for me. So Shas bounded over the wastes, hardly crediting his escape, and continued running forward and looking behind him till evening : he then turned out of the road into a mountain-cave, where he slept till the night was almost passed. Again he arose, and set out on his way to Mecca, till the sun arose and he thought himself secure from pursuit, when lo ! in front of him arose a thick dust, and horsemen appeared like black eagles, who no sooner espied Shas than they rode down towards him, and surrounded him on all sides, headed by a Chief, who, staring in his face, Cousins, said he, this is the very fellow who last night was lurking about our tents, and stole my horse Sahab. And he seized Shas, and tied him with cords, and bound him fast, and fastened a long rope round his neck ; and as he dragged him along, Villain, said he, how dared you lurk about my tent, and steal my horse, and thus impudently venture back a second time among us ? I will tor-

ture you well, and punish you, and cut your throat. But tell me, whither have you carried my horse? Shas groaned from the excess of agony he endured: Arab, he cried, I am no robber; I know nothing about it. Do not put me to death—you may suffer for it; for I am indeed Shas, son of King Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, Fazarah and Ghiftan, Marah and Dibyan. I have been made prisoner in this land, and have encountered infamy and disgrace, such as no one but myself has ever endured; and only by this disguise have I escaped death. Shas continued speaking till one of the horsemen ran up, and struck him with his fist in the face with his whole force: O my countrymen, said he, this fellow's father, King Zoheir, slew my father some years ago, and I in consequence was brought up an orphan; so they took away from me all I possessed in goods, in he and she camels, and noble steeds: but now has fate delivered this hero into my hands, that I may avenge my father's murder. His companions approved the justice of the threat, and were surrounding Shas, to put him to death; and as he was about to be destroyed, lo! various wild beasts were seen scudding towards them, and antelopes running away in terror. A man on foot was coming down upon them like a descending cloud, and behind him there appeared a lion-warrior, like a tower on a promontory, or a fragment rent from the mountain's side; and close to him rode a horseman, mounted on a steed that

outstripped the western wind. The horsemen stopped to contemplate the agility and powers of the man on foot; and when he drew nigh, Shas gazed intently at him, and lo! it was Shiboob, and the hero behind him was his brother Antar, the lion-warrior. Haste to me, Shiboob, exclaimed Shas; I am Shas, King Zoheir's son. I have fallen into the hands of these wretches, and have suffered horrors; and had I not seen you at this very instant, my gall had burst, and I had expired of agony. Foul wretches, exclaimed Shiboob, let go my lord Shas, for Antar, the trampling hero, is coming down upon ye. And he roared out to his brother, Come hither, thou son of a black woman; God has facilitated thy success, and has accorded his divine aid. Antar increased his speed, and galloped towards him.

Now the cause of Antar's appearance in that spot was As-hath, whom the old lady had desired to go for him. With all haste he traversed the plains till he reached Mecca, where he inquired for Antar; and being directed to his residence, he introduced himself, and told him what had happened to Shas, and how he had left him in despair. May God never deliver him from peril or death! cried Shiboob, for my brother has no such enemy among the Ab-sians as him. Brother, said Antar, bear malice against no man; and he repeated these verses:

“Do not bear malice, O Shiboob. Renounce it;
“for no good ever came of malice. Violence is

“infamous: its result is ever uncertain, and no one
“can act justly when actuated by hatred. Let my
“heart support every evil, and let my patience
“endure till I have subdued all my foes.”

When Antar had finished, the old man was amazed at such clemency towards his enemies, strong and powerful as he was. That night they reposed, but early next day Antar said to As-hath, Let us depart, O Sheikh, before my lord Shas be reduced to the last extremity, and be killed. The Sheikh and Antar were soon mounted, and Shiboob started in front of them, making the wild beasts and antelopes fly before him; and they proceeded till they reached the spot where they found Shas at the point of death with those horsemen, who belonged to the tribe of Riyan. As soon as Shiboob recognized them and addressed them, he attacked them with his arrows, and gave notice to Antar, who urged on Abjer towards them: but he did not come up with them till Shiboob had brought down three warriors with his shafts. Antar quickly slew seven of them, and only one escaped, mounted on a swift camel.

Antar devoted himself to Shas, and, dismounting from Abjer, loosened the rope from his neck, and untied the cords from his hands. Shas hung down his head from shame, and wept bitterly. Rejoice, my lord, said Antar, in your safety; grieve not for the past, for no one is born but to encounter evil. O Aboolfawaris, replied Shas, it is not that I am

distressed at the misfortunes that have befallen me, but it is the abominable conduct that I have pursued towards you : had you not effected my release, I should have even destroyed myself before the evening. No more of that, cried Antar, till I have gratified all your wishes. My first wish, said Shas, is to come close to you, that I may kiss your hands and the soles of your feet, and thus bind myself in love to you for ever, and exert all my power and faculties in proving my sincerity towards you. As he spoke, he cast himself at Antar's feet, in order to kiss them : but Antar begged him not. Shas would not listen to Antar's expostulations, till, said Shiboob, we want no kissing of feet from you ; all we demand of you is to order his uncle to give him his daughter in marriage. Speak no more, O Shiboob, cried Shas, until we reach home, and I will concert a plan that will amaze the high and low. Upon this, they moved towards a pool of water, into which they plunged Shas, and washed off the black dye. Antar took out some of his best clothes, and having dressed him, he mounted him on one of the noble captured steeds. Take you, O Sheikh, said Antar to As-hath, these horses, and all this plunder. Depart home, and may God reward you for your worthy acts. As-hath thanked him, and drove the horses and plunder before him, seeking his own country.

But Antar and Shas, and Shiboob in front,

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marched on till about the third hour, when a dust arose ahead. They halted to observe it attentively, when lo! two thousand horsemen of the tribe of Riyan appeared, with their King Hoosan at their head.

The horseman who had escaped did not stop in his flight till he reached the dwellings of his clan. The whole tribe crowded round him, inquiring what was the matter. He informed them what Antar had done, and how he had destroyed his comrades: and as soon as King Hoosan heard the news, he cried out to all near him, Come on, my countrymen, perhaps we may still succeed in slaying him. To this proposal they all assented; and they marched away, two thousand in number, till they overtook Antar and Shas: and as they drew nigh, they attacked them, shouting aloud, with spears and faulchions. Shas no sooner beheld this disaster than he felt convinced of his death, and that he could not even escape by flight. Alas! he exclaimed, have I escaped so often only at last to fall into this greater peril? Fate and destiny I have hitherto averted, but this can never be repelled. Antar smiled. My lord, said he, congratulate yourself on your security from death and destruction; for there are only two thousand assailants—vagabond Arabs: and by your munificence, I would this day annihilate, for your sake, the inhabitants of the earth in its utmost breadth and length.

Cheer up your heart, and brighten up your eye !
And Antar thus continued in verse :

“ Augment not thy fears and alarms, my lord.
“ Come on with the black, well practised in war.
“ By thy life, were there thousands, I would meet
“ them and scatter them to the east, and disperse
“ them to the west. I am the image of death—
“ such as those figure to themselves who are bereft
“ of their children or of their parents. The Indian
“ blade obeys my hand ; for, when the day of ter-
“ rors is intense, I glut it with blows. The tall
“ spear complains of thirst among the foe, but with
“ me it is drenched in draughts of blood. More-
“ over I should say, the sword would be heavy to
“ my joints, were I not to mount with it on a
“ strong horse. I am the Absian Antar, the horse-
“ man of his tribe, when the brave hasten into the
“ theatre of war. I plunge among the warriors in
“ the scene of battle, and destroy them with spear
“ and scimitar of wrath. There lives not my equal
“ in all the tribes, and in the conflict of lions. I
“ dread not flight : my charger, my lance, my
“ breast-plate, my courage, my sword, my shield,
“ plunder far and wide the foe. Tribe of Abs, on
“ the battle-day I am yours, and my glory is en-
“ nobled by that parentage.”

As he finished, he fell upon the enemy like a ferocious lion, his soul unappalled at death : he assailed the two thousand with reiterated blows and repeated thrusts ; and as different bodies followed

one another, he dispersed them over the whole plain, and overthrew them far and wide: whilst Shiboob, in front of Abjer, shot his arrows, and slew the horsemen to the right and left, laying them low in the field of battle. The dust was immense; it arose in rapid columns; and the mind was scared at the exploits of Antar, who was now engaged in the hottest of the fight, when King Hoosan himself appeared, exciting his heroes and rallying his horsemen, as he shouted out, What means this horror which a single slave has infused into you, you so numerous a host? Rush down on him on all sides with your spears; hack him piecemeal with your scimitars, or he will extirpate ye all, even to the last, and he will quit your lands safe and unhurt. But Antar permitted him not to conclude his harangue: he assaulted him like a devouring lion: he roared at him in a voice that thrilled through him, and filled his whole soul: he pierced him with his spear through the chest, and forced it out quivering at his back. Hoosan fell dead, weltering in his blood. But as he had been mounted on one of the most celebrated steeds of Arabia, Antar said to Shiboob, Take this fine charger to Prince Shas; tell him to mount, and not be afraid. Shiboob obeyed, and quitted the contest with the horse. Shas was standing aloof in one corner of the plain, contemplating the intrepid conduct of Antar, and the slaughter he was making. He was all amazement at such brilliant achievements, and at his

style of destroying his opponents with his blows and thrusts; and there he continued till Shiboob joined him with the horse, and said, Rejoice in your safety, my lord, your enemies are destroyed. So Shas mounted, and again became a valiant warrior; assailing the foe, and engaging in the combat—bold under the protection of Antar. The battle continued to rage, and blood to flow, and the flame of war to blaze, till night came on, and veiled them in obscurity. More than six hundred and fifty of the tribe of Rivan being slain, the remainder dispersed, crying out, May God curse your flat-nosed father and your harlot mother! How strong are your blows! how forceful are your thrusts! Antar, Shas, and Shiboob pursued them, till, having driven them out of that country, they returned to the dispersed horses and scattered spoil, which they collected: and as Shas observed that Antar was like one merged in a sea of blood, he kissed him between the eyes, and complimented him. By your existence, my prince, said Antar, had the day-light lasted longer, I would not have permitted one of them to return home. Shas was amazed at his magnanimity and discourse; and whilst they were wandering over the deserts and the sand-hills, Antar wished to halt and rest. Let us not alight here, cried Shiboob, for cares and difficulties may befall us. I am well acquainted with all these tracts, and here it was that your father Shedad made us captives. There is not a

spot that I do not know, nor a fountain I am not acquainted with. Ahead of us, on the road, are ravines and defiles, and a valley, rocked in on all sides, called the Valley of Foxes; and much I fear that the fugitives who have sought their own country may rally against us and come down upon us, and, by anticipating us, may possess themselves of the entrance of the defiles. Take my advice—listen to me, and let me conduct you out of this wilderness and desert towards the country of the tribe of Zebeed. I will lead you across those mountains and plains, and hasten with you into the land of Dimeya and the Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. We will then ascend the hills of Khashakhish, and descend into Edjil, where we need be under no alarm or apprehension. Thence we will traverse the land of the tribe of Rebeeah, and speed into the country of Abs and Adnan—thus being secure from the people of Riyan. Forward, then, thou Father of the Winds, said Antar, highly approving of his counsel: go on, whithersoever it pleaseth thee, and do what thou listest. So Shiboob ran on before them, and Shas and Antar followed him, till they were at some distance from the land of Riyan, and the face of security shone upon them. Shiboob was their guide, and conducted them through various tribes, from clan to clan, until he brought them to the land of the tribe of Codha'ah. And it was on the fifth day of their journey that they arrived at the

Great Lake and the waters of the tribe of Akhram. Antar was astonished at Shiboob's accurate knowledge in traversing these plains and deserts; and when they reached the tribe of Ghaylem they reposed and rested. Here they ate something, and their eyes sought sleep. But, as they slept, Antar beheld his beloved Ibla, and her image visited him by night: he saw her charms and her beauties. It was near morning when he awoke. His love and passion were intense; but, feeling strong in hope under the protection of Shas, he repeated these verses:

“ The dear image of Ibla visited in sleep the
“ victim of love, intoxicated with affliction, I arose
“ to complain of my sufferings from love, and the
“ tears from my eyes bedewed the earth. I kissed
“ her teeth—I smelled the fragrance of musk and
“ the purest ambergris. I raised up her veil, and
“ her countenance was brilliant, so that night be-
“ came unveiled. She deigned to smile, and looked
“ most lovely; and I saw in her eye the lustre of
“ the full moon. She is environed with swords
“ and calamitous spears, and about her dwelling
“ prowls the lion of the land. O Ibla, love for thee
“ lives in my bones, with my blood; as long as life
“ animates my frame, there will it flow. O Shas,
“ I am persecuted with a deadly passion, and the
“ flame of the fire blazes still fiercer. O Shas,
“ were not the influence of love overpowering every

“ resolution, thou wouldst not thus have subdued
“ Antar.”

Shas had also waked from his sleep, and overheard what Antar had uttered ; and his heart was sorely pained at his complaints. Calm your heart, and brighten your eye, O Aboolfawaris, said he, in a kind voice, Ibla shall not be withheld from you, were she even beneath the seventh earth. Soon after they mounted, and traversed the deserts for ten successive days ; but on the eleventh day they passed over a country called Zat ool Ialam : and in the middle of the plain they met six howdahs, upon six camels ; and over each howdah was a crescent of polished gold, with hangings of magnificent velvet ; and round the howdahs rode a troop of sturdy slaves, armed with shields and sharp swords. The whole cavalcade was preceded by a knight in whom fortitude and intrepidity shone conspicuous. He was close-vizored, and broad-shouldered ; over his body was a corslet that enveloped his limbs ; upon his head was an Aadite helmet, like a raised canopy ; he was girt with a well-watered scimitar, and a well-proportioned spear was slung round him ; and beneath him was a white horse, of the noblest breed ; and, like a ferocious lion, he marched in front of the howdahs and the camels. This youth, O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, must either be nobly connected and related to Abdoolmotalib, or he must be a chosen horseman, thus to venture

alone in this wild ; and that would be a species of contemptuous security. I think, Aboolfawaris, you had better direct Shiboob to go on forward and inquire who he is, that we may learn from his conversation what may be his views. O Prince, replied Antar, may you experience every thing that can give you gratification, and may every thing that can distress you be averted from you. O Ebe Reah, he continued, addressing Shiboob, go on to this youth, and order him to surrender all his goods and property before he drink of the cup of death. Shiboob let out his feet, and hastened towards the young knight. Now the warrior, as soon as he beheld Shas and Antar, addressed one of his slaves, saying, Ride towards these slaves that are advancing upon us, and warn them from their fate and destruction. If they be poor Arabs, let them come nigh unto me, that I may give them clothing and money ; but, if they be plunderers, drive them away, make them retire, and let them not hasten to their death. So the slave advanced till he met Shiboob, to whom he cried, Whither speedest thou so fast to thy fate, urging on thy existence and life to the Tomb of Perils ? It is my first intention, replied Shiboob, to seize the property and all the camels thy master possesses : return, therefore, to him, and order him to deliver up every thing before the vicissitudes of fortune environ him. Vilest of slaves, exclaimed the other, verily you have lost your manners : this day you

shall drink of the cup of perdition from the hand of this mighty warrior, whose fury makes even lion-heroes shudder ; also famed for his eloquence and liberality. Son of my aunt, said Shiboob, much surprised, to whom does this youth belong ? What is his name among horsemen ? Whither are ye going with these howdahs and camels over these sand-hills and deserts ? Tell me the truth ; make no ambiguous explanations ; do not prevaricate. 'The rank of my master is exalted, replied the slave ; fluent and rapid is his speech : his name is Roudha, son of Meneea. He is now on his way to the dwellings of the noble Absians, to demand in marriage Ibla, the daughter of Malik, son of Carad. He will slay every horseman that dares to dispute her with him ; and he will overwhelm her father with wealth, and lawfully marry her.

Now this horseman was of the tribe of Saad ; and his meeting with Antar in that place is thus accounted for. The father of Roudha left behind him at his death immense property, of which the son took possession as soon as he grew up to manhood : and he spent much of it among the warriors, that they might teach him the art of fighting, and instruct him in the various modes of thrusting and assailing, and all the plans and stratagems in battle and feats of arms, and also the manœuvres in boxing and wrestling. So, when he became perfect in the art of war, and very expert in the thrust and the blow, he used to practise with them

in vanquishing the Arab tribes, and in plundering the dwellings and the fountains ; and on their return home, when they were dividing the spoil, he would say to them, Sons of my uncle, I give you my share ; I am rich enough without it. But there was a man among them that bore him an inveterate grudge : his name was Asmoo, son of Diraa ; and one day, when he was in his company, eating and drinking, he said to him, Son of my uncle, have you ever seen the only person that outshines every one of the age ? And, pursuing the conversation, he told him all Antar's history ; enumerating the feats he had performed in battle, and mentioning that his celebrity was spread over every plain and city ; repeating, also, some of the poetry he had composed on his cousin Ibla, whose uncommon charms and loveliness he extolled with peculiar emphasis. His object was merely to rouse his countryman against Antar, who, he thought, would destroy him, and make him drink the cup of extinction. Roudha listened, and his heart was rent in pieces ; and being the more galled and provoked by his countryman's continued eulogiums, he made inquiries every where ; and as the result was only repeated panegyrics on Antar's prowess and intrepidity, he said to himself, If it be true that Antar stand alone in the world, and be the bravest of horsemen, he who shall engage him in the field of battle, and shall vanquish him in the contest of swords and spears, will be pre-eminent among all warriors ; his

dignity will be exalted far above his contemporaries. Doubtless, his cousin Ibla must be wonderfully handsome and beautiful, as she is talked of by every man and every woman. How I long to exert myself to obtain this object, that no one but myself may be quoted for his excellencies !

Having consulted with his mother, Do, my son, said she, whatever pleases you, and let no one be your equal in martial exploits ; for your rank is exalted above all, your beauty is most eminent, and your star auspicious. Follow your heart's desire. These words confirmed him in his resolution, and all alarms and doubts were at an end. He collected vast presents, and cattle, and precious articles, and determined on his journey. He had five virgin sisters ; them he took, with his mother also, that they might assist at his wedding with Ibla : and when they were all ready, and the ladies, each on a separate howdah, they set out for the land of Abs and Adnan, travelling over plains and deserts, till they encountered Shas and Antar.

The conference between Shiboob and the slave being over, they returned to their respective parties. Shiboob came running up to his brother, smiling and laughing. Son of a black, cried Antar, what have you heard that makes you so merry ? How is this horseman called ? Whither is he going ? And when Shiboob had told him, Antar, too, laughed and smiled, saying, This Arabian ignorance is quite inconceivable ; and he urged on Abjer till he ap-

proached Roudha. Come on, youth, he cried; here is the very person you are seeking, that he may show you horrors and wonders. Roudha only laughed, and, galloping his horse, advanced in front of Antar. Halloo, he cried, thou mighty warrior! which of the Absian heroes are you? for, indeed, I mark their well-known fortitude shining in you. Birth, exclaimed Antar, is the boast of cowards: however, know that my genealogy is long. I am Antar, son of Shedad, the son of Ibla's uncle, whom you are going to demand in marriage. Roudha was overjoyed at these words: his chest expanded, and he was in ecstasy: he slackened his horse's bridle, and riding up to the howdahs, O my mother, cried he, now indeed I have obtained what I so ardently desired. This is Antar, the warrior of battles. This day will I bring down death upon him. His mother just put her head out of the howdah, and said, Well, my son, if this be Antar, go back, and put him to death. Encouraged by this advice, he hastened back, seeking Antar, with all his paternal impetuosity, and Arabian pride and courage. He gave the full reins to his charger, and, poising his spear, he rushed down on Antar, like an angry lion, and thus spoke:

“As soon as my age knew me, its power was
“reduced, and was humbled—its calamities shrank
“from me. I am he to whom the deadly spear
“bows, and it precedes me against the foe I engage.
“Should any one thwart me, I crown his head with

“ the cleaving blade, whose blows never fail ; and
“ the Indian sabres associate with it, as if they were
“ its children and its relations. How many nations
“ are there, whose armies my sword has dispersed,
“ and whose camps it has scattered over their lands !
“ How many are my victims, whose carcasses ever
“ lie for the fowls of the air to devour, and round
“ which the wild beasts come prowling ! O Ibla,
“ there is coming for thee a husband, who will tear
“ thee away. Time itself may perish, but his glo-
“ ries can never perish. O Ibla, as to thy slave, his
“ death is resolved at my hands, and his judgment
“ day is fixed. Let the heart of thy father, O thou,
“ my hope, be this day at ease ! Let him sleep by
“ night, as long as the stars wander in the skies.”

As Antar listened to these verses, he was convinced that his antagonist had fallen into the sea of love. Coward-born, he cried, I will this day prepare such a marriage for thee, no other wedding shalt thou require. And reflecting on all he had suffered on Ibla's account, and the misfortunes he had encountered, he assaulted Roudha, thus speaking:

“ How fortune removes away what I anxiously
“ wish to approach, and thus sends a monster that
“ I must fight ! O thou, from whom fortune has
“ averted all its vicissitudes, at me it has levelled
“ all its insults. What, am I the only person who
“ must experience the treachery of its disposition ?
“ How, then, can any one, who associates with me,

“live in happiness? I have tried it, and I am
“proud of it: it may enfeeble me, and often its
“trials have turned my head gray. But still how
“can I fear the calamities of fortune? No—its
“severities are the most tolerable of all that I
“suffer. How many nights have I wandered over
“the wastes alone! it was dark, and the stars were
“declining towards the west. How many lakes
“are there whose waters I have mixed with blood
“in the morning, where the wild beasts sought
“refreshment and repose! My scimitar and my
“spear are my companions, when the lions of the
“den crowd around me. O thou, that hungerest
“for my death, return, free from such avidity, and
“behold not the cup thou wilt drink.”

Having finished, he assailed Roudha like a cloud ; and Roudha received him as the parched earth the first of the rain. These two furious warriors commenced the conflict : they dealt blows and thrusts, and for an hour were tasting of death, so that the eye was scared. Antar beheld in Roudha what he had never yet experienced from the stoutest hero : he was on his guard against any fatal event, for he observed him brandish his lance as a writer would a reed. Upon this, he pressed upon him, and clung to him, excluding all escape, so that stirrup grated stirrup. He struck Roudha's spear, and shattered it : he extended his hand towards the rings of his mail, and, tearing him out of his saddle, made him his prisoner, and threw him to Shiboob, who,

with cords, tied his shoulders and arms behind him, and brought him before his brother Antar. He drew forth Dhami from its scabbard, and was about to put him to death, when lo! his mother and his sisters cast themselves out of their howdahs on the ground, their faces uncovered, their hair dishevelled—drowned in tears, and their veils loose. O Knight of the age and æra, exclaimed they, with one voice, by the life of your ancestor Adnan, have compassion on our tears—our misery—our forlorn state, and the absence of our heroes! If you are resolved on the death of our brother, O put us to death first, for fortune has left us only him of all our family and friends. The eldest sister then advanced towards Antar, and casting herself at his feet, she thus addressed him:

“ O Knight of the horse, all that has been said
“ of you is true. Pardon! for in my heart there
“ is a burning flame. This youth, whom you have
“ captured, is my brother: besides him, I have no
“ life, no sight. Release him, and pardon him:
“ protect us, and accept our gratitude. This day
“ I implore your forgiveness; for you are a warrior
“ at whose glory every one must bow, and for whom
“ the fire of war blazes. Pity him, and release him
“ —in your kindness, pardon him; for he is my
“ hope—he is my hearing, and my sight.”

Here she stopped, and retired. The second sister then came forward, and thus addressed Antar:

“ O Knight of the horse, tears burst from my

“eyes. Have pity on my weakness—my patience is exhausted. Release your victim—this boy—pardon him, and we will ransom him with wealth and jewels. Though your complexion be black as a coal, let your deeds be recorded, brilliant as the moon. Listen to us females, whose reputation is now decreased; for they only demand mercy at the hands of a conqueror. May God execute your every wish in exalting your family, in supporting and glorifying it.”

She retired. The third advanced, and thus spoke:

“O Knight of the horse, unrivalled warrior, foremost when chargers neigh, and horsemen are in trouble. Every princely mortal is ennobled by thy sword; and yours are praises like the sweet-scented ambergris. Accept my compliment, and reward me with your kindness. Have pity on a forlorn girl, who is in misery. Release this boy, and pardon him; for he is my hearing, and the light of my eyes. Pity this distraction of a heart, a prey to anguish before I die; for this is my last breath.”

She retired. The fourth sister came forward, and thus spoke:

“Patience and forbearance are no more; grief and sorrow oppress me. My heart is divided in its wishes—pity the anguish of my soul. O friend, take me by the hand, for I am sinking with desolation. My soul longs to bid farewell

“to its afflictions; but, alas! all its joys are extinct. Let us at last be relieved by your kindness!”

She retired. The fifth sister now advanced, and thus addressed Antar (she was the youngest, and the most beautiful):

“O Knight of the horse, protect me, and pity my destitute condition: do not reject our petition. This youth, whom you have captured, is our brother. Pity his youth, and let not strangers exult over him. Though he have behaved proudly and overbearingly, let your compassion extinguish rancour and anger. You are one who have the lives of warriors at command, and destroy whomsoever you wish. Though your complexion be black, bravery, and beneficence, and courtesy, are far superior; and if the inhabitants of the earth were all exalted, the multitude would be slaves, and you would be raised on high.”

Having finished, she retired. The mother then advanced, and thus commended Antar:

“O Knight of the horse, protect us, and pity our forlorn state: become our succour against the vicissitudes of fortune. But if you are resolved on putting him to death, satiate first your vengeance on us. God forbid, that a Knight should be deficient in liberality, and injure us, or make us weep tears of blood. He attacked you insultingly, but he is overpowered. Pity his youth, and pardon him his crime. O Knight, to

“whom there is no equal, pity our tears,—compassion will grace your other accomplishments; and when all the earth is exalted, the multitude will be the earth, and you heaven.”

As Antar listened to these prayers, and the speeches of Roudha's mother and sisters, his pagan pride stormed in his head, and an anxiety to protect them increased throughout his limbs, for Antar was ever interested for woman; and his heart softened after what he had endured, and he said to Shiboob, Release Roudha from his fetters. I have pardoned him on account of his mother and sisters. He directed the women to return to their howdahs, safe and secure from harm. Shiboob accordingly liberated Roudha from captivity, and whilst all this was passing, Shas stood listening and looking on and admiring Antar's excessive generosity and kindness, and he said to himself, Truly Antar has exercised his liberality in its proper place. But Roudha was no sooner at liberty than he ran towards Antar, and kissed his hands, thanking him, praising him, begging his pardon, and saying, You well know, O Aboolfawaris, that time teaches man some new wisdom and experience: I was indeed ignorant of the state of the world and its affairs, and was going to demand your cousin in marriage, knowing very little of you; but now I have had proofs of your value, and till now I was ignorant of the respective dignity of Horsemen. Now, however, I beseech you to accept the presents that I have brought with

me for your cousin Ibla; you deserve them better than I do. I beg most earnestly that you will oblige me by receiving them. And turning towards the camels, he unloaded them: on these were three robes of velvet of three different colours; on each robe was a wreath of jewels worth 30,000 dirhems of gold. These he presented to Antar, and he kissed the ground before him, imploring his forgiveness. By the faith of an Arab, Roudha, said Antar, you are more munificent and liberal than I am: never can I make you any suitable return. Roudha bade Antar farewell, and Antar kissed him between the eyes, and thus they separated, each seeking his own country.

Antar and Shas travelled night and day, till one morning being near the land of the Absians, Shas said to Antar, I think it would be proper, Aboolfawaris, to apprise our families of our arrival. As you please, my Prince, said Antar; and he bid Shiboob to go forward. Shiboob gave his feet to the winds, and in less than an hour he reached the tents. The families hurried eagerly from every quarter, and the news soon reached King Zoheir. He ordered Shiboob into his presence, and being informed of the approach of Shas and Antar, he ordered Amarah to be released from prison and confinement, and then he mounted, with his sons and officers, and went out to meet Shas and the lion-warrior Antar. He also ordered his slaves to proclaim it throughout the tents, that no one should

be absent, but that all should come forth and bring goods with them, to make offerings to Shas and Antar in the wild and the waste. In obedience to these orders and proclamations all the horsemen marched out; the noble warriors of the family of Carad rejoiced, but silence reigned among the family of Zeead, as if they had lost their children. Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo, joined the others and went out in the procession. Amarah too mounted, muttering to himself, No welcome, no welcome, to this bastard slave, who is returned safe! and forsooth King Zoheir is not to be satisfied but by requiring us to attend him, and be witnesses to his filthy face. Thus he mounted, though his anguish was insupportable. Not a person remained in the tents; every one had come forth to hail Antar, the lord of battles: before them went the women, beating the cymbals, and the slaves waving their swords; and the whole country was in uproar and tumult. They had not proceeded far when they met Shas and Antar. The first that advanced towards them was Prince Malik. I congratulate you, O my tribe, he exclaimed, on what has appeared this day, which God has vouchsafed to honour with his favour, and on the meeting of my brother and my friend. Thus saying, he embraced Antar and his brother. Antar kissed the Prince's head, and prayed for a continuance of his glory. After this, they all crowded about Shas and Antar, making their offerings of gold and silver, and girdles, and

robes: joy and gladness were diffused among the slaves and the freeborn; and the high and the low exulted in the return of Aboolfawaris Antar. Amarah had hinted to his slaves to stand close to him, and not to quit him, saying to them (as he was about to execute King Zohier's order) When you see me make my present, advance quick, and catch it before any one else. The slaves promised to do as he bade them, and they had prepared their coarse aprons to catch the golden offerings, which their master was to make. So when this munificent Amarah came nigh unto Shas and Antar, and stood between them, he testified the utmost joy, and said to Antar, God has brightened your eyes in this affair, Aboolfawaris, and you have received of his bounties and favours what no one other, on foot or on horseback, ever possessed before. And he let fall out of his sleeve some gold coin in a sly, artful manner; but Shiboob slipped in and caught it, and took it away and put it all into his own hair-cloth apron, and kept it all himself, saying, God bless such great men as you who offer presents to their friends and comrades. May God reward you well, Shiboob, said Amarah, for you are deserving of wealth and money: we are all greatly rejoiced at your return, and all our griefs and sorrows are at an end. Malik, Ibla's father, next advanced, and embracing Shas, congratulated him on his escape: he kissed his bosom and hands, and saluted him; but Shas turned away his face from him, and said,

Malik, no more of your deceptions and artifices ; if you are really glad at my deliverance, as you say you are, marry your daughter to your nephew, Antar, this very night. Malik smiled the smile of shame, and his heart burned with excess of anguish.—By your life, my lord, said he, through your intercession my heart entertains no rancour whatever towards Antar ; and at this very moment, O prince, my daughter is his handmaiden, and I am one of his slaves, and do you be my witness ; if you wish, I will marry her to him this very night ; and now that he has done all these things, how is it possible that I should not love him and favour him ? Having thus spoken, he dismounted and fawned on Antar ; but all this was the result of his excessive cunning and deceit. However, Antar dismounted from Abjer, and kissed his uncle's bosom and hands, exclaiming, O my uncle, do not load me with what cannot be supported ! I am indeed your slave, and the shepherd of your flock. After this, they all mounted again, and every heart was cleansed of its griefs and distresses. Shedad thought the world too narrow for the extent of his joy on the arrival of his son : his mother Zebbeba too kissed him, as she said, If you would but stay and tend the camels with me, my heart would be relieved from the pain of these terrible events. Antar smiled, and composed her. As soon as the people had retired to their tents, King Zoheir ordered camels to be slaughtered, and a dinner to be prepared, and a

splendid feast to be set out (the like of which no one in the world ever saw), to testify his joy at the escape of his son Shas from drinking the cup of death, and the safety of the great Antar. They were thus occupied for three whole days, and Antar was always seated by the side of King Zoheir, and every one presented him gifts of value, consisting of horses, female slaves, and gold. On the fourth night he was invited to a banquet given by Prince Shas, and when they had dined and the wine-glasses were going merrily round, Shas started up and put his hand into Antar's, in fulfilment of what had been hitherto so grievous, and exclaimed in the presence of all the Absians, O sons of my uncle, O ye, that are here present, whether friend, relation, or companion, let every one who wishes to recompense this hero according to his power, do so; for there is no one in the whole tribe but Aboolfawaris, who can defend his property and goods, or protect his family and friends. Let it not be said, O my cousins, that Shas only speaks thus because he is overcome with wine; for, by the Lord of Heaven, I am the freedman of his sword and his spear, and he has overwhelmed me with liberality and munificence. Nothing will I keep hidden or concealed—I will lay it all before Antar, as also the property of my brothers and my father—every thing that belongs to me. Shas's brothers were all unanimous in their assent; but Antar thanked them and prayed for them, saying, O my lords, this does not

please me; this appears wrong in my eyes, that all the property of the Arabs should be at my disposal, and that I should squander the wealth of the chiefs. It is, however, necessary that in ten days I should make an excursion among the tribes of Cahtan, and carry away all the property of those Arabs, and I will not let my marriage-feast be concluded till the season of the spring be passed, and the high and low be entertained and enriched. It shall be a day to me, future ages shall record. Aboolfawaris, cried Prince Malik, we will not permit you to absent yourself, nor let this your day be followed by your morrow until you have celebrated your marriage-feast and wedding; and when you resolve on an excursion we will accompany you, and be in your suite, and at your command: were we to expend our whole substance, and were we all to act justly and impartially, all our property and that of all the Absians would be yours and at your disposal: for how often have you rescued it from the hands of the horsemen by the blade of your sword, and by the exposure of your life in our cause. When Antar heard the princes thus address him, the flame within him burnt violently: he could no longer make any opposition, but waited patiently till the feast was over, and when Shas invested him with a superb robe, and mounted him on an Arab steed, and treated him with every kindness, he retired with his father and uncles, seeking the tents of Ibla's father. Now all the party had separated to

their own homes and tents, and there was not one among them but would willingly have offered all he was worth to accomplish Antar's success but Amarah alone, and his anguish was redoubled, his gall was burst, and his very soul melted ; and his brother was in despair about him, for again the fever seized him, and the strangury, and the pains in his loins, and the diarrhoea. When Rebia went to see him he complained bitterly of his situation, and grieved and implored his assistance. Amarah, said Rebia, it is quite impossible for us any longer to oppose Antar ; for any more absurd plans on our part would only be followed by our death and ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day King Zoheir, accompanied by his sons and his horsemen, rode out to the chase, as was customary among the Arabs of those days. They first made inquiries for Antar; but, hearing nothing of him, they remained abroad till near the third hour, when they returned home to their respective tents. But Shas, and his brother, Malik, sent a slave to the habitations of the Carad family; and he returned in an hour, his heart filled with grief. My lord, said he to Prince Shas, no one has heard any thing of Antar this day: his uncle, Malik, assured me so; adding, that, when they retired from your feast, he stayed drinking with him an hour, and afterwards repaired to the tents of his mother, Zebeebea. Early this morning they searched for him, to accompany them to the chase with your father, King Zoheir, but they could not find him; so, on that account, they put off their hunt for the day: and, when Shedad asked his mother about him, she told him, that, when he came home, he did not go to sleep; but, as soon as the fires of the tribe were extinguished, and the obscurity of night came on, he mounted his horse, and, taking his brother, Shiboob, with him, he

departed over the wilds and the plains. On hearing this account of Antar, Shas was exceedingly grieved. May God curse thee, O Malik! he cried: how infamous are thy deeds! how black are thy actions! What is the matter? asked Prince Malik. Know, my brother, replied Shas, that Malik secretly plots against Antar the very reverse of what he promised us: he deceives both us and Antar. And he only received him thus craftily and artfully, just to quiet his apprehensions for the moment; and now he has driven him away out of the country, and has sent him on some perilous expedition. It may be, observed Prince Malik, that he is gone, in order to bring back what may supply his marriage-feast, and enable him to support his wedding establishment. O my brother, continued Shas, cast away all such ideas. Be assured that Malik will ever practise on us his craft and wiles; and it is my opinion we should inform our father of his conduct. The news was soon spread abroad, to the great joy of his enemies, and particularly of the family of Zeead.

But the cause of Antar's disappearance was as follows: When Rebia, and Malik, son of Carad, saw Antar return safe with Shas, and that his glory was greatly exalted, and that every family befriended him, their galls burst, and their senses were blinded, particularly Malik, a proficient in arts and frauds; for he dared not to contradict King Zoheir: and though in his presence he ex-

pressed his satisfaction, in the violence of his iniquity and accursed malignity he said to his daughter Ibla, Take these robes that your cousin has brought you, abandon your grief and sorrow, gird yourself with these strings of pearls and jewels, and decorate yourself with every sumptuous article of dress, and be not shy of your cousin in any respect; for now you will be married to him, and all your property will be delivered over to him: the business is now finally arranged, and his high honours render it necessary to conclude it. Now Antar, on his return from entertainments, always devoted himself to a conversation with Ibla, enjoying the sweetness of her smiles: and, on his return from Prince Shas's feast, he accompanied his father and his uncles to the tents of Ibla's father. Ibla received him in the kindest manner; and her father had instructed her, when Shedad and Zakhmet ool Jewad should depart for the night, to detain Antar, and push about the glasses. Being, therefore, seated, and the conversation turning on his marriage, said Malik to Antar, O Aboolfawaris, the words of Prince Shas grieve my heart; I do not approve of our providing the marriage feast out of our own property. Well, said Antar, I will perform in your presence deeds such as the bravest heroes will fail in executing—such as no prince or warrior will be able to accomplish. But what do you intend to do, O Aboolfawaris? asked Ibla. Tell me all, that I may comprehend it. Whatever



you please, cousin, said Antar. I demand of you, then, added Ibla, that you will place me amongst the most exalted, as Khalid, son of Moharib, did on his marriage with his cousin Jaida, daughter of Zahir. You little devil, exclaimed her father designedly, where did you learn any stories of knights and warriors? Oh, said Ibla, I heard this from the women who came to congratulate me on the return of my cousin. Antar smiled: And pray what did you hear on that occasion? said he. Know, answered Ibla, that, whilst they were talking of marriages and feasts, one of them said, No one has ever made a really magnificent wedding but a knight of the tribe of Zebeed—and he was Khalid, son of Moharib, when Jaida, daughter of Zahir, was united to him: for he slaughtered at his feast a thousand camels, male and female, and twenty lions and lionesses; and he invited to his entertainment the horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, of Khitaan, and of Morad. He staid with these three tribes, and supplied them with provisions: and the camels were the property of Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears, a knight of the tribe of Aamir; and, when he married Jaida, the bridle of her camel was held by the daughter of Moawiyah, son of Nizal. Antar, irritated at her words, quickly replied, And dost thou think, then, O Ibla, that this was such a great exploit? At thy marriage I will permit no one to lead thy camel but this Jaida herself, with

all her perfections—and round her neck shall be slung the head of Khalid; so that no one shall vie with thee, or be exalted above thee. No, cried her father, I will not allow of this: give up such a proposal, my daughter. She is talking nonsense, Antar: do not listen to her; stir not from home till your projects are completed; for I cannot possibly refuse King Zoheir and his sons. Antar made no reply, but hastened back to his mother's dwelling, and awakened Shiboob, and ordered him to prepare his horse. Shiboob instantly complied; and Antar sprung on his back, Shiboob running by his side. And when they were beyond the tents, and the fumes of the wine had fled from Antar's brain, Well, thou black-born, said he to Shiboob, away to the mountains of Toweilaa and the land of the tribe of Zebeed by the shortest road. Well, brother, replied Shiboob; but what is there so urgent in this affair, that you have set out at this unseasonable hour? Antar related what had passed. There can be no doubt, added Shiboob, that it is your uncle who has exposed you to this perilous enterprise; for how should Ibla know any thing about warriors, or hear such things from women?

Now all this was Rebia's contrivance: he it was who suggested this wicked and malicious plan to Malik, in order to sacrifice Antar. Malik desired his daughter to mention it to Antar, and make the demand of her cousin, but not to explain at whose instigation. Thus Antar set out by night, traversing

wilds and wastes, disregarding Shiboob's hints ; on the contrary, he was full of joy at an adventure his beloved had required of him. And, as the journey lengthened, he thought of Ibla, and thus exclaimed :

“ I traverse the wastes, and the night is gloomy :
“ I stray over the wilds, and the sands are parch-
“ ing : I desire no other companion but the sword,
“ whether, on the day of horrors, the foe be few or
“ numerous. Ye beasts of the desert, beware of
“ the warrior ; for, when he brandishes his scimitar,
“ caution avails not. Accompany me ; ye will be-
“ hold prostrate carcasses, and the birds darting at
“ them as they hover and look on. Now, that I
“ am going in quest of him, no eternity is there
“ for Khalid*. No, no : let Jaïda no longer boast.
“ Short will be the happiness of their country :
“ soon will the tiger come. O Ibla, may the riches,
“ that come for thee, rejoice thee, when Fortune
“ casts me among thy enemies ! O thou, who,
“ with one glance of the eye, hast exposed my life
“ to deadly arrows, whose wounds are frightful !
“ it is well ; for thy embrace is an unadulterated
“ paradise, and the flames of separation from thee
“ cannot be endured. O Mount Saadi, may showers
“ from the rain-cloud ever moisten thee, and may
“ the dew ever refresh thy lands ! How many
“ nights have I travelled in thy society, and lived

* Khalid signifies “ eternal.”

“ in happiness, unalloyed by pain, with the damsel
“ who circles the goblets, and whose form shines
“ among them like the flame of wine: the maiden
“ who passes them round is of the daughters of
“ Arabia, elegantly formed, and Paradise is in her
“ eye. If I live, it is she whom I will ever remem-
“ ber; if I die, a night in death with her will be
“ existence.”

Now Khalid, whom Antar went to seek, was a horseman of the tribe of Zebeed; and the Arabs of those deserts, and the Kings of those countries and cities, stood in awe of him. He was a hero of the dust and confusion; and Maadi Kereb, the father of Amroo, the Zebeedian, was allied to him in feats of arms, and in rank, among the Arabs of the desert: and he used to confess among the horsemen, that he had learnt all his courage and intrepidity from this undaunted lion, and this all-conquering warrior, Khalid, son of Moharib; and he was also the cause of his marriage with Jaida, the daughter of Zahir: and their history was marvellous to relate.

Moharib and Zahir were two brothers, by the same father and mother; and the Arabs called them uterine brothers. Both were eminent for their bravery and courage; but Moharib was the chief of the clan, and Zahir was his minister under him: he was his counsellor and adviser. At last it happened, that a violent dispute and quarrel arose between them. Zahir retired to his tents,

greatly afflicted, and he knew not what to do. What is the matter with you? said his wife. Why do I see you so bewildered? Tell me what has occurred, and what you are thinking of. Who can have displeased or insulted you, you the greatest of the Arab Chiefs? What can I do? he replied; he who has injured me is one against whom I cannot raise my hand—one I cannot harm; my companion in the womb—my brother in the world; and had it not been he himself, I would have shown him the power of a formidable antagonist, and made an example of him among the tribes and Chiefs. Abandon him, leave him in his own land, exclaimed his wife; at the same time reciting these verses, from some poet of the time:

“As to thy soul, away with it, if it cry out in
“pain, and abandon thy home, to mourn over him
“that built it. Bear not insult from thy relations;
“quit thy relations, and seek what will stand thee
“in lieu of them. As to thy person, thou mayst
“wander from country to country; but as to *thy-*
“*self*, thou canst find no other self but it. The
“warrior’s might is not proved till with his life he
“remove all that pains him. Send not thy mes-
“senger on an important affair; for, with regard
“to thyself, there is no adviser but thine own self.
“He whose death must be in a certain spot, can-
“not die elsewhere. This is the opinion of a wise
“and sensible man; so listen to it, and doubt not.”

Zahir assented to his wife’s counsel; and he pre-

pared for his departure, struck his tents, loaded his camels, and departed, seeking the tribe of Saad, who were also his cousins. Still he was greatly afflicted at this separation from his brother, and thus spoke :

“ I will wander from thy home a thousand years,
“ and the journey of every year shall be a thousand
“ miles. Were my favours from thee a thousand
“ Ægypts, and in each Ægypt were there a thou-
“ sand Niles, still thy favours would be but trifling ;
“ and I shall be content far from thee with a little.
“ I will recite in thy absence this distich, which a
“ string of pearls cannot equal in value : ‘ When a
“ man is vexed in the land of his tribe, there is
“ nothing left for him but to depart.’ O thou who
“ hast maliciously offended me, soon wilt thou feel
“ what the beneficent Deity will effect ; for he is
“ the judge between thee and me—he, the un-
“ changeable and imperishable.”

Zahir continued his journey till he reached the tribe of Saad, where he alighted. They received him kindly, and welcomed him, and begged him to settle among them. It happened that his wife was with child ; and he said to her, If a son be born, most welcome will he be ; but if it is a girl, conceal it, and let it appear to the world at large that we have a male child, that my brother may not exult over us. When her time was completed, she brought forth a daughter ; so in private they called her Jaida, but in public Jooder, making it appear that she was a boy : and accordingly they made a great entertain-

ment and rejoicings, evening and morning. His brother Moharib, about the same time, had also a son, whom he called Khalid (eternal); giving him this name because he had continued to prosper in his affairs after his brother's absence. Now as the two children grew up, and their fame was spread among the Arabs, Zahir taught his daughter to ride on horseback; he instructed her in all the martial exercises of a warrior, and in all that constitutes bravery and courage, and in the arts of war and battle: he hardened her, also, to toils and dangers; and whenever he went forth to battle, he took her with him, mingling among the other Arab clans in her company; and when the horsemen joined her, she ever commanded in the front of the boldest. Thus she continued to overthrow her contemporaries, and attacked lions in their dens, till she became a common proverb: and when she vanquished a hero, she cried out, I am Jooder, son of Zahir, the horseman of the clans and the tribes. In the like manner flourished her cousin Khalid, son of Moharib, who was the Chief of his people; and he had established dwellings where guests were entertained, and where horsemen took up their abode. Khalid was educated among them, and acquired fortitude of heart: he perfected himself in horsemanship among them, until he came forth an intrepid warrior, and a valiant hero; every horseman and every knight acknowledged his courage and undaunted soul. At last he heard of his cousin Jooder; and his anxiety to mark him, and engage

him, and be an eye-witness of his skill in arms, became very great: but he was unable to gratify his wish, on account of his father's indignation: and thus he continued, till, his father dying, he obtained possession of his seat, and inherited his property and lands. He acted as his father had done, in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and the helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked. He used also to ride out in the plains with his warriors, and exercised himself with the horsemen; so that his bodily powers and vigour were strengthened. And after a short time, he collected some rich presents, and taking his mother with him, he went to visit his uncle: neither did he halt till he came unto Zahir, who was delighted to see him, and set apart for him a magnificent dwelling; for he had heard accounts of his accomplishments from various travellers. Khalid also visited his cousin: he saluted her, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, thinking she was a young man. He was much pleased with her, and stayed ten days with his uncle, every day engaging with his horsemen, and lancing with his warriors. But his cousin, when she beheld how beautiful and valiant he was, was deeply enamoured of him. She renounced sleep; she ate nothing, and her love and passion increased: and now when the flame of love had gained complete possession of her heart, she complained of her situation to her mother, saying,

O my mother, if my cousin departs, and I do not accompany him, I shall die of grief in his absence. Her mother pitied her, and could not reproach her, being fully convinced how unavailing would be all reproof. Jaida, said she, conceal your feelings, and be not so distressed: you have not acted improperly; you have, on the contrary, done nothing but what is correct; for he is your cousin, of your flesh, and of your blood. You resemble him in beauty and loveliness, in form and figure, and also in bravery and horsemanship. To-morrow, when his mother comes to us, I will explain the matter to her: we will marry you to him without delay; and we will, moreover, return to our native land. She waited patiently till the following day, when Khalid's mother came: her mother then conducted her into the apartment, and uncovering her head, her hair fell over her shoulders. Khalid's mother perceiving her excessive beauty and charms, was quite bewildered, and exclaimed, Cousin, is this not your son Jooder? No, she replied, this is Jaida; the moon is risen. And she related the circumstance, and all that had passed with her husband, and how she had concealed her sex, fearful of the consequences. Cousin, continued Khalid's mother, in astonishment, amongst all the daughters of Arabia, most celebrated for their beauty, I have never seen one more lovely than this girl. What is her name? Jaida, she replied; and my only object in disclosing this circumstance, is to offer you all these

charms: and it is my wish to marry her to your son, and to return to our native land. To this Khalid's mother immediately assented: And most fortunate, said she, will be my son with such a possession. She instantly started up, and repaired to her son, to whom she imparted all she had seen, expatiating on the charms of Jaida's form. By the faith of an Arab, said she, I have never, my son, beheld in any desert or city, amongst the most perfect of the daughters of Arabia, any one that resembles your cousin: nothing can be more beautiful than her form—more exquisite than her loveliness and shape. Haste then, my son, to your uncle Zahir, and demand her of him. Lucky, indeed, if he grants her to your wishes: let her not, my son, escape you. As Khalid listened to these words, he hung his head towards the ground, and remaining thoughtful awhile, Mother, said he, I can stay here no longer; I must return home to my horsemen and my troops. I do not wish to have any thing more to say to my cousin, now that it is ascertained that she is a person of a waving bosom, awkward in speech, and of a trivial, light disposition; for I have always been accustomed to the society of warriors, where I throw away money, and acquire martial renown. As to her love for me, it is only a maiden, feminine weakness. And he mounted his horse, and accoutred himself in his armour and warlike weapons; he bade adieu to his uncle, and resolved on instant departure. What

means this haste? exclaimed his uncle. I cannot possibly remain here any longer, answered Khalid; and he rode off, traversing the wilds and the wastes. His mother took leave of Jaida, and having communicated to her all that had passed with her son, she mounted her she-camel, and set out on her way home. Jaida's soul felt the indignity. She was deprived of all repose, and scarcely ate any thing; and when her father, a few days after, was going forth with a party of brave horsemen in quest of gain, and to plunder warriors, he looked at her, and observing she was much altered, out of spirits, and dejected, he made no remark, hoping that she would soon recover.

Her father had no sooner quitted the tents, than Jaida, who perceived that her life was in danger, and that her situation was critical, said to her mother, Mother, I am dying, and that wretch Khalid still lives. I must make him drink of the distractions of death, and make him taste of the bitterness of punishment and torture, if God but grant me the power. She rushed forth like a lioness, and, clothed in armour, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the chase. She traversed rocks and mountains, her anxiety ever increasing, and her distress augmenting, till she approached the dwellings of her cousin. Having disguised herself, she entered the tents of public entertainment, close-vizored, like a horseman of Hijaz. The slaves and attendants met her, and

gave her a most hospitable reception, behaving towards her as they always did to their guests, or any noble personage. That night she reposed; but the next day she came forth into the course, where she engaged the horsemen, and proved her superiority over the bravest, to the great astonishment of all the spectators. It was not yet mid-day when all her cousin's horsemen acknowledged her superiority. Khalid marked her prowess, and was surprised at such uncommon skill, and went forth to meet her. Jaida encountered him, and they both commenced the attack, exhibiting every stratagem in the assault and defence, until the darkness of the night came on; when they separated, unhurt, and neither of them knew which was the conqueror. Thus was Jaida exalted in the eyes of every spectator, and the distress of their hearts was assuaged when they saw her wonderful intrepidity and skill. Khalid ordered all his slaves to attend on her, saying, Treat this great Knight most hospitably; and he retired to his own tents, his heart entirely engrossed with the combat. She remained three days with him, and every day she appeared on the course, and engaged her cousin till the close of the day; and though she was exceedingly rejoiced, yet she never discovered herself: and it never occurred to him to make any inquiries of her, or ask her to what tribe she belonged. On the fourth morning, Khalid mounted as usual, and sought the plain; and as he passed by the tents of entertainment, he

saw her mounting her horse. He saluted her, and she returned the compliment. Noble Arab, said Khalid, I wish to put one question to you. I have hitherto been deficient in decorum, but I now beseech you, by the God who has clothed you in robes of beauty, and has endowed you with such dexterity in feats of arms, tell me who you are, and to what noble Princes are you allied? for your equal in bravery and horsemanship I have never beheld. My heart is all anxiety—my soul is all doubt and eagerness. Jaida smiled, and replied, as she opened her vizor, Khalid, I am a woman, and no warrior; I am your cousin, Jaida, who offered her person to you, and resigned herself to you; but you accepted her not, priding yourself on your love of arms. And she instantly turned away, and giving the reins to her charger, she sought her native land. Her cousin retired, abashed: he knew not what to do with the love and passion that now beset him. He abhorred all his warlike pursuits, on account of the troubles with which they had encircled him; and his hatred for women was converted into love. He sent for his mother, and related the adventure. My son, said she, this circumstance only renders you still more deserving of her: wait patiently, that I may go and demand her of her mother. She accordingly mounted her she-camel, and departed over the deserts, following the traces of Jaida; who having reached home, informed her mother of all that had occurred; and

greatly was she alarmed at what she had done. Khalid's mother soon arrived, and throwing herself into her cousin's arms, begged her to marry Jaida to her son. Zahir was still absent on his excursion. But when she imparted to her daughter Khalid's request, That can never be, said Jaida, were I even to drink of the cup of death. I only performed this deed in the presence of heroes, in order to extinguish the flame of my agony and distress, and to soothe the anguish of my heart. Upon this, Khalid's mother returned home, disappointed, and found her son in the cruellest state of misery and anxiety. He started up in haste (for his love and passion had greatly augmented), and eagerly inquired what had passed with his cousin: and when he learnt what Jaida had said on the subject, his grief became still more violent; for this rejection of his love shot a flame into his heart, as he had only known it by experiencing the miseries of desire and torture. What is to be done now, O mother? he exclaimed. There is no way of eluding this calamity, she replied, but for you to assemble your horsemen from the Arab Sheikhs, and all between whom and you there exists any connexion or acquaintance. Wait till your uncle returns from his expedition, then go with your comrades, and demand her in the assembly of warriors: if he denies the fact*, explain to him all that has passed,

* That is, if he denies that he has a daughter.

and importune him with assurances till he grants your request. His mother's advice soothed his pains: and when he heard of his uncle's return, he assembled the Chiefs of his family, to whom he related his adventure. Greatly were they amazed; and Maadi Kereb (for he was one of Khalid's bravest comrades) observed, This is, indeed, a most singular occurrence: we have always understood that your uncle Zahir had a son called Jooder: but now the whole affair is discovered, and made manifest. You are, therefore, the person who has the best right to the daughter of your uncle. It will be well for us all to go to him, and throw ourselves down before him, begging him to return to his family, and not marry his daughter to a stranger. Khalid, without any further delay, took with him one hundred of his chosen horsemen, who had been brought up with Moharib and Zahir from their youth; and collecting some magnificent presents, more valuable than his former offerings, he set out, and did not halt till he reached the tribe of Saad. Khalid congratulated his uncle on his safe return; but Zahir was amazed at this second visit, after so short an interval, particularly when he perceived the Chiefs of the family with him. He never thought of his daughter Jaida, and only supposed that they were come to induce him to return to his native land. He received them hospitably, and accommodated them with tents, and lodged them in his most magnificent dwellings. He slaughtered

camels and sheep, and prepared a feast, supplying them with every requisite for three days. On the fourth day, Khalid arose, and having first thanked and commended his uncle, he demanded his daughter in marriage, and begged him to return home with them. Zahir denied having any other child but his son Jooder; but Khalid explained the whole affair, and stated to him what had happened concerning his daughter; at which Zahir hung down his head to the ground, in excess of shame. For some time he remained thoughtful; till feeling that the business could only become worse, he turned towards all present, and said, Cousins, I will no longer hesitate to confess the secret: and now let us terminate the business, and marry her to her cousin as soon as possible; for he, of all men, merits her the most. So he gave him his hand for the marriage, and they immediately shook hands in the presence of the Chiefs, who were witnesses to the contract; and they settled her dower at five hundred she-camels, red-haired and black-eyed, and a thousand he-camels, laden with the rarities of Yemen. The tribe of Saad, with whom Zahir had been living, were amazed at this event. But when Zahir demanded Jaida's consent to this arrangement, she stood abashed at what her father had done: however, he assured her so positively that he could not leave her unmarried, that she at last said, Father, if my cousin desires me in marriage, I will not enter unto him until he can slaughter at

my wedding-feast a thousand camels belonging to Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears. Khalid assented to this requisition; but the Sheikhs and warriors would not quit Zahir till he had collected all his property and wealth, and departed home with them: and no sooner was he settled, than Khalid conducted away one thousand horsemen, with whom he vanquished the tribe of Aamir. He plundered their property, and slew a number of their heroes, after having wounded the Brandisher of Spears in three places, and taken away from his lands more than Jaida had demanded. With this booty he returned, exulting in his success: but when he now sought the consummation of the marriage, Jaida again sent for him, and said, If you wish me to be your wife, first fulfil all my wishes, and execute the contract I shall form with you. My demand of you is this: on my marriage-day, let the daughter of a noble, free-born woman hold the bridle of my camel. She must be a Prince's daughter, and of high distinction; so that I may be honoured above all the virgins of Arabia. Khalid acquiesced, and obeyed. On that very day he mounted, with his horsemen, and traversed the plains and the valleys, seeking the land of Yemen, till he reached the country of Hijr, and those sand-hills. Here he attacked a family-tribe of Moawiyeh, son of Nizal. He came down upon him like a torrent of rain; and plying his sword among his horsemen, he took prisoner

Amima, Moawiyeh's daughter, from her retirement; and thus he returned, having performed deeds no heroes of old ever executed, dispersing whole tribes and clans, and plundering the property of all the Arabs in those parts; and he did not re-enter his own dwellings till he had collected wealth that covered the country and the desert. The damsels met him, playing on their cymbals and musical instruments, and the whole tribe rejoiced; and when he came nigh to his own home, he clothed the widows and orphans, and invited to his feast all his friends and companions. All the Arabs of that region flocked to his marriage, and he supplied them with meat and wine in abundance. But whilst the guests were engaged in feasting and merriment, Khalid, accompanied by ten slaves, rode away into the wilds and the marshes, to attack lions in their dens single-handed, and to hunt lions and lionesses, with their cubs, that he might carry them back to the tents, where he wished to serve up their flesh as a meal, and distribute it among all classes. Jaida knew what he was doing; she also mounted her horse, completely armed, and, disguising herself, quitted the tents; and as there remained still three days of carousing, she sought for Khalid in the desert, and found him in a den. She rushed at him like a savage lion, and assailed him with loud shouts, crying out, Dismount, you Arab, from your horse—strip off your coat of mail, and your armour. If you hesitate, I will drive this spear through your chest, and

force it out quivering through your back. Khalid determined to engage and attack her, and they commenced a furious combat, and after an hour's conflict, he perceived in her what affrighted his eyes. Checking his horse, and refraining from the battle, I demand of you, by the faith of an Arab, he cried, to tell me what horseman of the desert you are, for I observe that your thrust is irresistible, and your blow inevitable; and verily you have disappointed me in my wish, and in the accomplishment of my hopes. At these words, Jaida raised the visor from her face. Khalid, she cried, Who like you can attack wild beasts in their dens? That this should be said to the virgins of Arabia is not the attribute of a lion-warrior! Khalid was abashed at her taunts. By the faith of an Arab, he replied, No one but yourself can resist me. But is there no one in all this desert who challenged you, or did you only wish to exhibit before me a specimen of your gallantry? By the faith of an Arab, added Jaida, I only came forth into this desert to assist you in chasing the wild beasts, that you might not be reproached among the warriors on my account. Khalid was astonished at her expressions, and amazed at her spirit and resolution. So they both dismounted, and darted into a cavern. Khalid seized two ferocious beasts, and Jaida seized a lion and two lionesses, and they performed deeds to strike every eye with horror. This being done, they congratulated each other, and Jaida was rejoiced in the presence of

Khalid. Henceforth, said she, I will never permit you to leave the tents till after our marriage; and immediately she hastened back to her private apartments. Khalid also returned with the wild beasts to the horsemen, who shuddered at what he had done, and exalted his dignity above all other heroes. They thus continued the feast, and every one was satiated with food. The maidens put the cymbals in movement, and the slaves flourished their swords, whilst the damsels and virgins sang till the evening, when Jaida was married to Khalid, and he was blessed in her possession. Amima, the daughter of Moawiyeh, held the bridle of her camel, and the glory of Jaida was exalted among women and men. The hour was propitious; every foe grieved; every friend rejoiced. But in the course of that year Zahir died, and Jaida inherited all his property, his he and she camels. The kings of Arabia feared her, and mighty rulers were tributary to her; and every courteous poet of the desert extolled her in his rhymes. Now it happened that this story reached Rebia, and he was delighted at it, for he felt certain of the destruction of Antar.

Now Antar, with Shiboob running ahead, did not halt till he reached the lands of Zebeed. He concealed himself in the barren wastes, and despatched Shiboob to gain intelligence. Shiboob hastened onward till he came to the tents, which he entered about the close of the day, and began a conversation with the slaves and freemen, till, the morn-

ing dawning, he returned to his brother, swift as a blast of wind, and exclaimed, These lands are just now unoccupied by their masters, for Khalid has mounted his horse with some others, and has left Jaida here with two thousand warriors. But what is Jaida's employment? cried Antar in haste. Whither is Khalid gone? I asked some slaves about him, replied Shiboob, and they told me he was gone to war with the tribes of Temeem and Aamir, with the chiefs of his heroes. But Jaida rides out every night with twenty horsemen, and wanders about the highways far from the tents, fearful lest any Arab foe should surprise them. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, my wishes are accomplished: this very night will I seize Jaida, when she launches out into the desert. But do you, O Ebe Reah, as soon as I fall upon her and attack her, run on and cut off the way home from her attendants, so that not one may escape. Thus they remained concealed till the darkness of night came on, when they quitted their retreat, and, as they had arrived close to the tents by a by-road, Jaida and her horsemen appeared under the obscurity of the night, and Jaida headed the warriors like a tower, or a fragment rent from a mountain, and thus she exclaimed:

“ The dust of horsemen in the desert is brilliant
“ to me: to pierce their bosoms in the fight is my
“ employment. To hunt lions in their dens is my
“ glory, and to boast over others who cannot equal
“ me: for daily I am in the wastes, making lions

“ tremble for their separation from their lionesses
“ with their cubs. And the tribes acknowledge that
“ my fame is raised above all that have preceded me.
“ I am Jaida, and him who dares to assault me I
“ will plunge into night, in the rocks or in the plains.
“ I alone may exult above all mankind, in my ac-
“ tions, in my fortune, and in my husband.”

Antar listened till Jaida had finished her verses, when turning to Shiboob, Son of my mother, said he, intercept these horsemen on the side of the tents, whilst I attack Jaida, and I will show you what I will do amongst these our foes. Shiboob obeyed, and giving his feet to the winds, sought the extended waste, till he was in their rear, and had cut off their road home: here he crouched upon his knees, and emptying his quiver before him, he remained in expectation of their approach. But Antar's assault on Jaida resembled the assault of a voracious lion; he drove his spear at her horse and it entered his chest, and she and the horse fell together to the ground: at the instant he drew forth his noble Dhami and rushed upon her comrades. In the twinkling of an eye he slew twelve of them: the remaining eight fled; but Shiboob received them with his arrows of death. Antar also overtook them, and destroyed some, quick as the eye-glance; so that not one out of the twenty escaped. They now returned to Jaida, who had fallen, and for a time she was stunned; but soon recovering herself, she stared to the right and to the left. Seeing no one, she

started up, and grasped her scimitar, and speeded homewards. She was, however, much weakened by her fall, and could not conceive who could have done such a deed. She had not gone far, when she met the horses of her companions, without their riders. She mounted one of them, and as through the darkness of the night she was proceeding to the tents, lo! Antar encountered her, looking out for her with Shiboob. She no sooner heard Antar speak to Shiboob, than being convinced that he must have been the author of her own fall, and the death of her attendants, Begone, she cried, ye who would realize your hopes with Jaida; and though your attack and your thrust have given you an opportunity of seeing her stretched on the ground, yet is she returned to make you drink of the cup of annihilation. She thus became furious, and bellowed like a lion at Antar: he met her, and they commenced the conflict, which they kept up so violently and vehemently, that their arms and shoulders were completely benumbed, and they felt assured of death, whilst Shiboob, to protect his brother, watched about the desert in the dark. At last Jaida was fatigued and exhausted, for she had encountered a warrior unlike any warrior, and a hero without an equal: still she would not retreat from the battle, and notwithstanding all she had suffered, she evinced perseverance and desperate resolution to the last, concealing her pain and anguish, and fully determined rather to perish than surrender herself to Antar.

When Antar was aware that she began to fail, he darted at her as a lion on his prey, and seizing her by the rings of her mail, he raised her up in his hand like a sparrow in the claws of a devouring hawk; and as he dashed her violently to the ground, her length nearly entered into her breadth. Shiboob fell upon her, and fastened down her shoulders, and bound tight her arms and her ribs. And it was about day-break, when said Shiboob, Now, my brother, let us away before the day becomes clear, and the news reach the dwellings, for horsemen will come upon us from all sides. What means such a proposal? exclaimed Antar. Shall I return home without any he or she camels? Shall I leave the property of these people untouched and at liberty? and must a second expedition be undertaken for Ibla's marriage? By the faith of honest Arabs, I will not stir from this country till I drive away all the he camels, and untouched she camels, and whatever else I covet: then will I return home, and my wishes be fulfilled. Shiboob approved; and they concealed themselves till the sun had risen three hours, and the cattle came forth in quest of the pastures: and when they were at some distance from the tents, Antar rushed among them, and separating them from their shepherds, he drove away five thousand he and she camels, with their herdsmen, having first dealt some cleaving blows among the slaves, who cried out, Quarter from thy sword and thy spear! Some of them escaped home, and exclaimed

Alas! alas! we are undone. The horsemen instantly mounted, and joining the slaves and the shepherds, What is the matter? they cried; where is Jaida? What has fortune done to her? The slaves only replied, What of Jaida? we know nothing of her. We only know that a black horseman, tawny and furious, the image of a painted death, has driven away the camels, and has slain many of us with his sword—he is now waiting and looking out for any who may assail him. We imagine he must have already killed Jaida. But one of the horsemen, named Jabir, exclaimed, What is this? Can any single warrior oppose Jaida, the destroyer of heroes? Can any one contend with her in battle? Had she even fallen in with a numerous host, she would not have left one alive. She must only be absent in the desert for the chase. We must keep this business secret from her, and parry this attack. Upon this, they slackened their bridles, they fixed their spears, and rode off till they overtook Antar, scattered about as they were in tens and twenties. They beheld him motionless in the waste. He had taken his feet out of his stirrups, and crossed them over Abjer's neck, leaning on his overwhelming lance, nor was he moved by this sight. As they approached, they cried out, Who art thou, thus exerting thy feet towards death, and drawing the bridle of perdition towards thyself? No answer deigned he to give them; but, replacing his feet in the stirrups, he lifted his spear from the ground, and assailed them like a lion rushing out of his cave. He

pierced one, and overthrew him; a second he deprived of life; of a third he tore out the entrails; a fourth he dashed to the earth; a fifth he left despairing of life. Now those that advanced against Antar amounted to eight hundred, all valiant scowling-eyed warriors. But where are the Pleiades, and where the earth! Where are towns and where are villages! Where are the seas, and where are rivers even when they flood! And in less than an hour he had destroyed numbers of them; the rest escaped, and sought safety in flight, exclaiming, May the curse of God light on your flat-nosed father, and your harlot mother! How forcible are your blows! how irresistible your attack! He pursued them, till having driven them out of that land, he returned for their scattered horses and dispersed arms; and when he had collected the whole, Shiboob followed him as he traversed the rocks and sand-hills, till the best part of the day was spent, when, lo! a dust arose in front of them, and darkened the land. Well, said Antar to Shiboob, All paltry shifts and evasions will be useless this day. Do you take care of our booty and Jaida, whilst I show you what I will do with these foes. Thus saying, he gave the reins to Abjer, and hastened onward. But he had not gone far, when Shiboob appeared before him. Where is Jaida and the plunder? he cried. Alas! replied Shiboob, this dust and the slaves under my charge took off my attention from her, and as soon as they perceived the dust also, they

refused to drive on the camels; they screamed out at me, and came down upon me; I turned aside from them, and slew three of them; and greatly afraid I was, that, were I to attend to them exclusively, this army might overtake me whilst you were engaged far away from me in the conflict, and that I should be made to drink of the cup of death; for, indeed, this dust announces an immense force, and you are alone in the desert. O, you son of an accursed mother! cried Antar, so you in your alarms have quitted Jaida and the booty. By the faith of an Arab, I will show you wonders this day. He slackened his reins, and galloping on till he overtook the cattle, he found that the slaves had already set Jaida at liberty, and were shouting out, O for the warriors of Zebeed! Jaida was also mounted; but her distress and indignation were intense, for she was bandaged up on account of her wounds, and unarmed. Antar observing their situation, rushed upon them like a ravenous lion, and roared out a frightful roar at the slaves. Ye bastards, he cried, presume not to move. He pierced the first, and hurled him to a distance; a second he deprived of existence; a third he emboweled; a fourth he made a warning to all that beheld him. But the slaves and the horsemen, seeing their own alarming position, exclaimed, O warrior of the age, quarter, quarter from your sword! quarter from your spear! and they all assembled together, and drove the cattle on before him. As to Jaida, when she

marked Antar's exploits, she shuddered, and her eyes were bewildered. She gave the reins to her horse, and galloped towards the dust, in hopes of assistance from it. Antar pursued her like an eagle, or a lion springing out of his den, and it gladdened his soul that he should have to plunge into the midst of that army in quest of Jaida, so that he might fulfil his object, even were he to drink of the cup of perdition. Jaida ardently gazed to ascertain what horsemen were in front of her, and lo! they were of a swarthy complexion, on steeds nimbler than antelopes, and they all shouted out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! Come on, O Aboolfawaris, on to your foe! Fear not, for we are come solely on your account into this land.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the Princes Shas and Malik missed Antar, they inquired of Ibla's father concerning him; but as he gave them no direct intelligence, they repaired to their father, King Zoheir, to acquaint him with what had happened to Antar. At this news his bosom became tightened and oppressed; he sent for Shedad, and asked him about his son. He could give him no information; but said, My lord, my brother Malik has complete ascendancy over him, and I am convinced that he has entrapped him, and exposed him to dangers. I am in the greatest distress and despair about him. By the faith of an Arab, cried King Zoheir, if your son Antar should be slain, or should any misfortune befall him, I will put your brother Malik to death, and I will hang his son Amroo; so, Shedad, try to obtain some true intelligence for me on this point. Shedad signified his obedience, and quitting the king's presence he commissioned Zebeebea to go to Ibla and inquire of her what had passed, and what had been concerted. Zebeebea accordingly repaired to Ibla, and in answer to her questions Ibla imparted to her all that had been planned against Antar. Zebeebea immediately returned, and told Shedad all his

brother Malik's contrivances. Upon this, he hastened back to King Zoheir, and communicating the news to him, he added, Never can my son return—never will he be able to escape from the claws of his enemies, now that they have exposed him to the swords of Khalid and Jaida. May God never let your brother taste of rain or moisture! exclaimed Shas. By the faith of a noble Arab, I will not suffer him to remain alive whilst I am among the mansions of this world. But should Antar be killed, most ample vengeance will I have; your brother Malik shall be well repaid. But if he be still alive, I will aid him against all his enemies. And it was the wish of Shas instantly to mount and to go after Antar. Stop, my son, said his father, for I myself will march with all my warriors of the brave Absians to the assistance of Antar, our protector, and the remover of all our difficulties.

King Zoheir immediately ordered his slaves to proclaim to the horsemen an expedition against the tribe of Zebeed. He himself mounted, and went out towards a spot called Nika, where, the eagle standards being raised over his head and all the noblest Absians being assembled round him, he prepared for war and battle; and as they were about to traverse the wastes, Malik, Ibla's father, went up to King Zoheir, and said, What means all this agitation? Whither have you resolved on marching with this host? To loosen the knot you have tied, replied King Zoheir, that we may unravel it with

arms and slaughter. But you, filth that you are, how often have you deceived us, and lied in your speech ! and exposed our cousin to misfortunes and calamities ! My lord, said Malik, this affair was none of my doing. I have but this moment heard of it ; and, in fact, I was resolved on returning to the tents in order to strike off my daughter's head with the edge of the sword, for the women must have turned her wits to have made her talk so absurdly to her cousin, thus obliging Antar to undertake so perilous an enterprise. By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Shas, truly thy death would be preferable to thy existence, for this plot is only one of thy deeds, and one of thy stratagems, and one of thy calamities ; otherwise, never would Ibla have pointed out such a dreadful adventure. I swear to thee, were I not afraid of my father and Antar's comfort, I would strike off thy head, and make thy skull fly from thy shoulders, that thy infamous designs might revert on thyself. Avaunt ! away from us ! Associate not with us in this affair—be no longer a companion of ours. And he fell upon him with a whip he had in his hand, and cut him across the shoulders till he nearly killed him, and thus forced him back. King Zoheir also drove away Rebia and the crowing Amarah, together with all the family of Zeend, and all the plotters against Antar ; and with the remaining warriors he proceeded on his journey.

But Malik, Ibla's father, shrunk away, crying

out with pain ; I cannot, will not, remain any longer in the land of the tribe of Abs, said he to Rebia, for now no one will ever again raise his head towards me. I will emigrate, and seek the land of Syria, where I will establish myself, and worship the Cross : and not let this slave-demon bully me— Oh, had he cut off our heads with the sword, it would have been more tolerable than this insult ! Ay, said Rebia, it is very true, O Malik ! King Zoheir has only treated us thus on account of this vile, base-born slave ; let us therefore emigrate from the land of Shureba and Mount Saadi, that no one may find fault with us, or expose us to taunts and reproaches. So they collected their standards for their departure, and directing their slaves to strike their tents and load the camels, they mounted, and prepared for an entire separation. They drove away their cattle, with their women and their children before them, amounting in all to seven hundred, for Rebia was one of the sheikhs of the most celebrated Absian families, and he had been the companion of renowned monarchs. His brothers were nine, all famed horsemen, who took part in the councils of King Zoheir. Malik was also of the party, with his daughter and all his property. Oorwah, son of Wird, likewise departed with one hundred horsemen, all Absians, and great warriors. Towards the close of the day they set out, and when they halted in the evening they began to deliberate on the course they should take. Nothing can suit

us better, said they all, than the land of the tribe of Aamir, for they are honourable and noble people. Let us go down to Khalid, son of Giafer, a liberal and hospitable man; and also Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears; let us for ever establish ourselves among them, for we form a numerous host. No; said Rebia, why should we go down to these great tribes? we form of ourselves seven hundred tents; let us repair to some of the well-known waters and springs, where we may be in the way of hearing of Antar, and what happens to him among the tribe of Zebeed with Khalid, son of Moharib. If he be destroyed, I am sure King Zoheir will turn to us again, and endeavour to conciliate us, that we may return home. After this they assembled their standards, and having travelled the distance of two parasangs, they halted at a place called Zatool Khirjein, where they let the cattle graze.

King Zoheir, in the mean time, continued his journey over the land, far and wide, until he joined Antar.

As soon as Antar saw the Absian horsemen, he was pleased, for he felt assured they had come on his account. But Jaida, knowing that they were Absians, surrendered herself to Antar, and begged for quarter. He protected her from death, and ordered Shiboob to tie her hands behind her back. Antar dismounted, and went to do homage before King Zoheir, saying, Why, my lord, all this com-

motion? O Antar, replied the King, it was your expedition against your enemies that has rendered this movement necessary; and, moreover, our fears for you in the scenes of death. Know, too, that one like you must not be so easily abandoned; we must exert ourselves to protect you; and had you informed us of this journey, and this your resolution, we would have made your uncle's insidious designs and foul deeds revert on his own vile person, and have obliged him to marry you to his daughter. Antar kissed his feet, and thanking him for his kind discourse, My lord, said he, by your munificence, which I can never repay, I have only exposed myself to these difficulties that I may leave my uncle nothing to say against me. Moreover, I am firmly fettered and bound down to him, and can do nothing but what he requires or what he proposes, whether it be near at hand or at a distance. And turning towards King Zoheir's sons, he saluted the Princes Shas and Malik; and thanking them also for their conduct, he paid his duty to his father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmet-ool Jewad, and congratulated them on their safety. In return, they related to him all that concerned his uncle Malik, and the disgrace with which they had loaded him; at the same time making inquiries about his situation, and all that had befallen him in the land of Zebeed. My lords, said he, it has terminated, through your favour, in the happiest manner. Wherever I have

been, I have succeeded, and whithersoever I have turned, I have prospered; for when I directed myself towards this land, I found it stripped of its warriors, so I have gained possession of Jaida, who was my grand object; and had I had fifty horsemen to fight, I would have driven away the cattle of three tribes. But now the business will be easy enough. Alight you here, and let my lord, King Zoheir, repose. Let us attack these tribes, and carry off their property, and their he and she camels, for their chief, Khalid, is absent against the tribe of Aamir, and has confided them to the care of Jaida, and he does not know that she has fallen into the talons of the devouring eagle, at whose command the mill of war revolves. King Zoheir accordingly alighted, bid his tents be pitched, and the standards to be raised, whilst his horsemen, with his sons, rode off; and being absent all night, they returned in the morning, with camels and cattle that covered the whole country; King Zoheir having strictly enjoined them not to capture the married women, nor touch any thing but the slaves and the cattle. So when he beheld this immense abundance, he greatly rejoiced, saying, Antar is indeed a most fortunate fellow, and no one contends with him but dies in anguish.

During a stay of three days they slaughtered camels and sheep, and feasted; but on the fourth day they departed for their homes. King Zoheir set out, and by his side rode the Chiefs and Antar,

who conversed and recited verses all the way till there remained only two days march between them and their own country ; and as they entered a spacious meadow, How wide and extensive is this spot ! exclaimed Antar, how well adapted for battle and contentions ! O Aboolfawaris ! said King Zoheir, all places are alike to us, and we are prepared for all events : to me this spot appears most fit for eating and drinking, and for hunting in the vicinity. O King ! cried Antar, I have only been brought up in war and conflicts, and the encounter of warriors, and I feel that my heart enjoys nothing so much as feats of arms. May God ever protect thee, thou valiant knight of the horse, thou plunger into night ! cried King Zoheir. Soon after they struck their tents, and marched on a little way, when lo ! something appeared like a cloud. They halted, and lo ! it rose on high, and obscured the whole region. The light of day was changed to gloom, and beneath the dust was the flash of scimitars and the glitter of spears, and shouts and lamentations. O Aboolfawaris ! exclaimed King Zoheir, truly it has turned out just as you wished : doubtless this dust announces the army of Khalid, and the prisoners he has taken from the tribe of Aamir. We have nothing to sustain us but patience against the blows of cleaving scimitars and the assault of these devouring lions, and yet we shall attain the pinnacle of glory. Antar smiled : Great King, said he, let not your bosom be oppressed ; for yours are horsemen

prepared for battle; but the foe shall soon be reduced to captivity and disgrace. Not one of us will shrink from the combat, cried out King Zoheir's sons and the warriors. And directing their horses towards the dust, and having first secured the foreign slaves whom they had captured, they drew up their men, right and left, Antar heading them, and longing for the blow and the thrust.

Now this army in front of them was the force of the tribe of Zebeed, under the command of Khalid, son of Moharib; and the prisoners who were with them were the treacherous family of Zeead, Rebia, and Amarah. It happened that when Khalid went forth against the tribe of Aamir with five thousand horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, and Khitam, and Zarim, and Cais, son of Mokewshah, the Moradian, and Maadi Kereb, the noble knight, they continued their journey, and eagerly pursued their course till they reached the tribe of Aamir; but they found them already well informed of their intentions, and entrenched among the ravines. This mode of defence was the plan of the Brandisher of Spears: for after the defeats he had received from Khalid, he kept perpetually on the look out, and was on the watch night and day; so that when Khalid invaded his country, he found him prepared; and not being able to take him unawares, he consulted with a man well versed in such matters, called Leith, son of Maad. O Khalid! said he, if you wish to lose time in absurd enterprises, and not return but disap-

pointed, remain in this land; but if you wish to return victorious, attack the land of the tribe of Abs and Adnan: such an invasion will enrich your comrades with he and she camels, in roan horses and cattle. Accordingly he marched till he came to Zat-ool Khirjein, the very spot where Rebia and Oorwah, and Ibla's father, with their brave followers, had halted. When Khalid beheld this profusion, the tents and the horses, he was much surprised, and said to Maadi Kereb, Illustrious Chief, when we passed by this spot the other day, we saw no one. And whilst they were conversing, the Absians mounted, and began the assault and the shout, O by Abs! O by Adnan! and at their head was Rebia, and the ruffian Amarah, and Oorwah, and his noble adherents. Khalid shouted to his people, and they rushed to the conflict and the combat of swords and spears. The Absians exerted their whole strength; but the enemy was superior in number. They persisted in the fight the whole day, but before evening the Absians had lost one hundred horsemen. The remainder were taken prisoners, their property was plundered, and their families made captive; and a great lamentation arose among them: but the grief and complaints of Ibla exceeded the rest; for when she had seen that her father was again resolved to marry her to Amarah, she burst forth into most violent cries and wailings; but when this sad event took place, and they were all made prisoners, she was a little re-

lieved, and she cried out in a loud voice in the name of Antar, never thinking of any part of her family but to revile and abuse them. Khalid remarked how much distressed she appeared, and inquired who was the wretched mourner. Some of the prisoners, who were no friends of Antar, related to him the whole story, and told him that Antar was gone in quest of Jaida, in order to carry her away, that she might attend on Ibla on her marriage night: and we, they added, on account of this circumstance have fallen into this disaster; for King Zoheir was incensed against her father, and went off after her cousin, being greatly alarmed about him, aware of your power: thus has he produced feuds amongst the families—Rebia too has accompanied us. This report roused the alarms of Khalid. What, cried he to the Absians, is King Zoheir now in my country? Yes; they replied, and with him all our troops and forces, and our lands are left destitute of all protection, there being only Warca and three hundred horsemen appointed to defend them. Then, cried Khalid, by the faith of an Arab, will I tear out his lips, and erase the tribe of Abs from the race of men, and make them a proverb in the world. Sending for Maadi Kereb, he exclaimed, Away with these horsemen to the land of the Absians! Make their women and their children captives! Slay their horsemen and troops, and go with your prisoners into the land of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed, so that I may occupy this country,

and by some lucky chance encounter King Zoheir, and render his expedition most inauspicious to him. Should he surrender himself a prisoner, I will confine him in my tents to grind wheat and barley. Maadi Kereb did as Khalid directed, and departed with a thousand men; whilst Khalid turned back, a flame raging in his heart; and all Malik's sayings to Antar were reported to him, viz. I will not marry you to my daughter unless Jaida, the daughter of Zahir, be present to hold the bridle of her camel. At this he fell upon Malik's nose with a whip; he treated Amroo, his son, in the same manner; and he gave them a thrashing hotter than burning coals. Amarah was looking at them in their tortures, and made a thousand calculations as to his own fate. Rebia had been severely wounded in three places, and he was more distressed than any one of the party, for he had been the instigator of this murderous contest in which they had been made prisoners. Oorwah also had the same feelings, and he felt resolved never again to follow the counsels of the family of Zeead, for they were wicked, obstinate people: and when he heard Malik scream out in pain and torments, This, said he, is the reward of one who is every day marrying his daughter to some one or other, but never makes her over to her only friend and protector. Thus was Khalid's heart a little appeased; and as he traversed the passes of the desert, his soul full of Jaida, he thus recited:

“ I lead on the horse in clamorous multitudes

“ like hideous dragons, and they sweep along with
“ their feet and their armour: mounted on them
“ are stubborn warriors, all strong-armed and full-
“ mustachioed. Thus they trampled down the lands
“ of the tribes of Aamir and Kelab, and the country
“ of the tribe of Hellal; who fled at my approach,
“ and ran like wild animals from the lion of the
“ forests: they passed the night on the mountains,
“ and their armies watched my form from the sum-
“ mits of the sands. As to the Absians, I attacked
“ them by day, and surrounded them with the
“ points of the spears—I captured their Chiefs, and
“ I have left some as rotten carcasses at Khirjein.
“ How many of their high-bosomed beauties are
“ shedding tears from their fawn eyes, crying out
“ in their anguish, O by Abs! help us. But the
“ Absians are in chains. Zoheir is, indeed, march-
“ ing against me with slaves and with Chiefs; but
“ death has driven him to a land where the women
“ surpass such men. If what I have heard be true,
“ truth is bartered for lies: for soon will it be evi-
“ dent in the day of contention who is the dupe in
“ the acquisition of glory. The gleaming scimitar
“ sparkles in my hand, and the pliant spear weeps
“ in blood. I fill the ears of the warriors with
“ dread, that the nations fly away from the din and
“ the clamour; and the hero, at the very mention
“ of my name when he slumbers, sees in his dreams
“ a phantom of my form. But if time allow it, I
“ will one day return and seize in fetters that de-

“spicable Absian slave; and were I to boast of my powers, I would say, the whole earth is convulsed by my right hand and by my left.”

Khalid continued his march over the sand hills, till he came nigh unto the Absians, as we have stated; and he gave a shout at the meeting that made the mountains tremble with horror. But when the Absians heard the cries and exclamations, they said to one another, These are the voices of our own women—the cries of the daughters of our uncles. Ruin has fallen upon us, and no profit have we gained in this trade. What do you think of this? said Antar to King Zoheir. I cannot comprehend it, he replied, nor what has happened to us; but I will despatch some one to clear it up. And calling to an Absian horseman, Go, said he, and inquire about these captives. The horseman instantly gave the reins to his steed, and as Khalid saw him approach at full speed, he said to himself, If this horseman, whom King Zoheir has sent, should demand quarter of me, by the faith of an Arab, I will not consent—I will disgrace the tribe far and near; and every one that I capture I will reduce to slavery. Still is my heart anxious about Jaida, for I have no intelligence of her. So turning to a horseman, he said, Go forth to this Absian, and hear what he has to say; learn, too, if he knows any thing of Jaida, and return, for I am in alarm about her for the evils of Fortune: and my fears are great that she may be a captive, or lying dead

on the plain. The horseman rode off, and met the Absian half way, and cried out, O thou, a criminal towards your own life, and marching towards the silence of the tomb, say, what news? before I hack thy joints. Thou Zebeed Arab, replied the Absian, what meanest thou by these threats and menaces? The event is still to happen, we must come down on you, and you on us. But as to myself, I am only here to ask intelligence and to give information, and to warn you. And what, asked the Zebeedian, do you require of us? what information do you give? and against what would you warn us? This is my intelligence, added the Absian; we have conquered your country—we have taken prisoners your wives and your families, and we have plundered your property. But we warn you against the black Absian, and the Adnanian troops that accompany him, whose spears are sped with death. The intelligence I demand is this, whence have you obtained these captives that are now in your power? Have you invaded the lands of Aamir and Kelab? Now I have done speaking, and I demand your answer. As to your question about the prisoners, replied the Zebeedian, we obtained them without any trouble or difficulty, such was the impartiality of fortune towards our Chief Khalid, the ruler of the necks of the Arabs. And when he had described all that had happened, he concluded by saying, Khalid has despatched Maadi Kereb, with one thousand horsemen, against the Absians, and has ordered

him to ravage their lands, plunder their property, slay their men, and to take their women captives. And he departed yesterday evening, swearing that he would not leave a single Absian alive. But now I must ask about Jaida, the daughter of Zahir. She is our captive, exclaimed the Absian, and severely wounded. What hero could take her prisoner? asked the Zebeedian, equal as she is to her own cousin in the fight? She was taken, answered the Absian, by a man, who resembles no man; by a warrior like unto no warrior; one who regards not the conflict of heroes, and before whom the necks of the bravest bow down; our protector on all occasions, our relief in adversity—the kindler of the flame of war on the day of carnage—an intrepid horseman—the instructor of warriors in the blows of the cleaving scimitar—one who has humbled the fiercest lions, and vanquished the stoutest heroes—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. On hearing this, the Zebeedian returned to Khalid, and the Absian hastened back to King Zoheir; and as he advanced he thus spoke:

“ Arise, ye Absians! we have fallen into calamities; your dwellings are destroyed; loud winds whistle about them: nothing remains but the echo! They have driven away your property and your children; disgrace is let loose, as misfortunes descended. Behold your goods plun-

“dered and ruined, and your wives violated with
“their slave girls. The Zebeedians invaded you
“with their horsemen, and death has succeeded to
“joy, by means of their strong spears, like long
“poles, whose thrusts calamities accompanied.
“Were you to behold your wives; they are, in-
“deed, captives, and no one listens to the la-
“mentations—they are mourning over their land,
“and their enemies have accomplished all they
“wished. Come on! take vengeance! Avert from
“ye this disgrace; your wives are in consterna-
“tion; tears and sorrow abound among them.
“Couldst thou, O Antar, behold the grief of Ibla,
“as she calls out, and frequent are her calls.
“Couldst thou but see her; how her tears flow,
“bedewing her garments and her robes. Ibla is
“among them, shining like the sun. Her charms
“are like the full moon in the heavens.—Come
“on, ye cowards! engage the foe, for death,
“and not existence, is now most acceptable. No-
“thing remains but blows and thrusts; skulls and
“chins must fly. The enemy has made your wives
“captives, as ye have done, and the one has re-
“quited the other.”

On hearing this, King Zoheir and the Absians wept. Antar nearly fell from his horse, though rejoiced at the sorrows of the family of Zeead, feeling assured that their own iniquity had visited them, and convinced that his uncle, Malik, had

been the cause of the mischief, and the contriver of the expedition. But on Ibla's account he endured all.

The Zebeedian messenger also turned back, and tearing off his garments, he related to Khalid what the Absian had told him ; thus speaking :

“ Hold ; ye full-armed nations ! ye have fallen on
“ the tribe of Abs that are marching towards you
“ with spears, on thin-flanked generous steeds that
“ fly with them, and bear them like hideous dragons. They are driving away all your property,
“ leaving nothing but what is old and rotten in the
“ ruins of your homes. Your families are exclaiming ; Is there any one to aid us against those who
“ have exposed themselves to nocturnal depredations ? Is there any merciful one who can pity a
“ tribe whose women and lords are prisoners ? O
“ Khalid, could thine eyes but behold Jaida shedding tears from her fawn eyes ! Haste thou, lion
“ hero, and soothe the edge of the sword and the
“ spear among them ; for is not death pleasanter than
“ life that loads man with ignominy ? Forget not the
“ wretches who have covered us with shame by
“ what they have done in the nights that have
“ passed.”

Anguish and grief overwhelmed Khalid as he heard these verses, and he ordered the Zebeedians to prepare for battle. The riders mounted their steeds and girded on their swords. Every brave horseman stood forth ; the cowards shrunk away and

were terrified ; the warriors sought the open plain, and the Absians did the same as the Zebeedians. The whole desert trembled under their charges. Spears were in motion, and tore out lives at will. King Zoheir turned towards Antar (for he beheld what made him shudder), O Aboolfawaris, said he, this is indeed a frightful scene, replete with terrors and destruction. By your existence, my lord, replied Antar, lives will not fail or increase ; and such a day as this is what I long for and ardently desire. I will assuredly release our property, and our women, and destroy the foe, were even the Great Nushirvan, or the emperor of the christians, or the kings of the tribes of Asfar among them, and not one survivor will I leave to mourn over them ; and thus Antar continued :

“ When a youth is content with a contemptible
 “ existence of pleasure, and wears a veil like a girl,
 “ and attacks not the insulting lions ; and gores not
 “ the chests of the chargers ; and treats not hos-
 “ pitably the guests that come to him ; and defends
 “ not the tribe with his scimitar ; and attains not
 “ glory with the blow of the cutlass ; and is not re-
 “ solute in calamities ; and upholds not with all his
 “ might him who protects his neighbour ; and does
 “ not steep his spear in the blood of the chieftains :
 “ Say then to the female mourners of death, when
 “ they would bewail him—Stop, O ye mourners !
 “ Never mourn, but the lion of the den, intrepid in
 “ the rising conflicts. They call me to the battles,

“ and I meet the envious and the hostile ; I smite
“ with the sabre, when the men of combats exclaim,
“ O thou, joy of champions ! I gore with the lance
“ in quest of honour, and I strike with the severing
“ falchion : I rush into the carnage, and I heed it
“ not ; the brave youth alone is hailed by the chief-
“ tains. Such is the fame that lasts, and never
“ perishes through the remainder of existence.
“ And I will defend my tribe by my exertions from
“ the terrific calamities of war : I will rescue our
“ property in a battle, to which the firm-rooted
“ mountains shall bow in submission ; and I will
“ cause my darling Ibla to shout to them all in
“ their dispersion and confusion ; I will liberate our
“ captives from them with the sword that splits the
“ skulls of the warrior-chiefs. I am Antar, and
“ my reputation is well established among the
“ valiant for the strokes of my falchion.”

May God never abandon thy mouth ! and may
no one ever harm thee ! cried Shas. But when
Khalid beheld the Absians advance like overpower-
ing lions, the horrors of his situation increased.
Rage and fury worked within his soul, and he
shrieked out to the tribe of Zebeed, Come on, my
cousins ! the battle ! the battle ! Pour down punish-
ments upon your foes ; but whoever of you falls
upon an Absian, let him not slay him : if he be
able, let him take him prisoner. With this ex-
hortation, he bent his head over the saddle-bow,
and began the assault, and his men acted as he did.

The noble Absians received them, brandishing their sharp swords and long spears, headed by Antar, the knight of the blow and the thrust, rushing down upon his foes and antagonists. Now the conflict raged furiously between the two armies; deaths were at hand; horrors abounded; the sword fell among them right and wrong; souls were dragged out with violence; lives quitted bodies; the heavens rained torments upon them, and made horsemen drink of tortures; the terrors of doubt augmented; calamities stuck to them with their fangs and claws. Men became old, young as they had been; the cupbearer of death made them quaff the liquor of extinction; fate decided among them, and erred not, but always effected its purpose; and bodies were suffering the severest agonies. Thus they continued the engagement, and the summits of the mountains burst at the fury of the carnage and the slaughter. Antar endangered every horseman of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed; his scimitar threatened and menaced in every direction as he stretched the heroes in the dust. But his impetuosity was principally directed towards the prisoners on account of Ibla; still he could not reach her, so numerous was the host in front of him. Khalid, too, was dealing most vigorous blows, that startled the eyes and alarmed the hearts of the bravest; saying to himself, Wherever I assail, no one can resist me; and he imagined the whole earth was within his grasp, and verily the mountains

rocked under the vehemence of his attack, and trembled in awe of him. But he experienced from the Absians the reverse of what he expected; and never could he make a single prisoner till he had completely harassed and exhausted him. Towards the evening he fell upon that part of the army where King Zoheir fought. He pierced through it, and wounded Princes Shas and Malik. And when King Zoheir beheld this calamity, his senses were disordered, and he attacked him like an undaunted lion, and engaged him till the day was clouded over, and the sun was clothed in robes of twilight yellow, and the armies of darkness threw around him the robes of obscurity. At last the troops retired from the battle, and separated to the right and to the left. Blood was still streaming and flowing, and the whole field of contention was choked up with skulls. But when the darkness became general, all dismounted and began to eat. Then King Zoheir acquainted Antar with the exploits of Khalid, and the extraordinary scenes that had passed between them, and told him that Shas and Malik were wounded. By the Ruler of the world, exclaimed Antar, sorely grieved at this circumstance, I must make him drink of the wine of perdition! I could not give my attention to him this morning in the battle, for I sought the release of Ibla; but, to-morrow, I will be the first to engage; I will challenge him to the conflict, and when I have slain him in the face of all these warriors,

perturbation and disma ywill' seize them, and we will rescue our captives from bondage and imprisonment, in spite of the boasting of Khalid. Yes, said King Zoheir, we shall vanquish them, and bring down annihilation upon them; but, I own, my heart trembles for Maadi Kereb and his expedition against our families with his ruffian Arabs, for no one remains to protect them but my son Warca with a small party of brave fellows: and I fear much, that he will gain a victory over them, if we do not succeed to-morrow in the concussion of swords and spears. After this, they partook of a repast, and sought repose in slumber: but Antar watched till it was dark, when, mounting his horse, he went forth in order to protect his friends from any sudden calamity under the veil of nocturnal darkness, attended by Shiboob, and in his heart was a flame of fury that he had not subdued Khalid, and had not released Ibla from misery. The words of King Zoheir also, and his alarms for his children, burst upon him, and he felt conscious it was all owing to him, and to the failure of his attempts: so, as soon as they had launched into the desert, he poured forth all his sorrows to his brother Shiboob, saying, in conclusion, I would not go alone on the execution of my own concerns, except in a country where there is no one that harbours evil designs against me. Moreover, I do not feel secure about the issue of this business, though truly I performed deeds, in which the bravest of

heroes would have failed. Thus they continued roaming about, gently moving as it were, on their tiptoes, till they came in the rear of the army, where they concealed themselves.

Now, by the first dawn of day, the two armies sallied forth, anxious for the battle and the contest. King Zoheir was expecting to see Antar dart forward as usual, but he did not appear, and to all his inquiries no one could give him any satisfactory information: at this he was troubled and astonished. The circumstance was soon publicly known, and whilst King Zoheir was expressing his distress at such an event, lo! a great dust arose and increased; a black cloud preceded it with immense velocity, and the wild animals were seen running away in terror: the two armies stared with fixed eyeballs, when, behold! there came forth from beneath the dust some horsemen like lions, and at the head was a knight like the declivity of a mountain, stalking over the land with two feet of prodigious size and length; and in front of him were men bound with cords, and numerous dispersed horses without riders: and the multitude shouted, O by Zebeed! and he that led them was Maadi Kereb, whom Khalid had directed to proceed from Zatoool Khirjein. He had marched on, till approaching the tribe of Abs, he said to his cousins, Only drive away the horses—mind not the camels—capture not their women and families—and let us be gone as speedily as possible, that the mass of the tribe of Ghiftan

may not attack us, and whilst we attempt too much, let us take care not to be worsted. Accordingly they assaulted the tribe of Abs, and drove away the horses and steeds, and without laying their hands on the daughters, they departed over the rocks and the plains: but when the cries of the slaves and the freeborn arose, Warca mounted with the few horsemen that remained with him, and pursued the enemy. Maadi Kereb turned upon him, and made a violent assault upon the Absians; and before the close of the day, one hundred and fifty of the Absians were made prisoners, Warca himself being made captive. Maadi Kereb immediately resumed his journey with all speed, nor halted till he reached the two armies just as they were about to begin the attack. Ah! cried King Zoheir, this is just what I feared; now, indeed, our only resource is to smite with the sword, for never must we behold our wives reduced to infamy and ignominy. Maadi Kereb was joyfully received by his friends, who advanced, and saluted him, and in answer to all their inquiries, he told them what had passed. He asked them also for Khalid. Alas! said they, we know nothing of him; last night he went forth to keep the watch, and even till now we have seen no traces of him. Maadi Kereb was greatly distressed: he could neither rest nor repose—he cried out and shouted, and made the assault of one violently afflicted. All the ranks followed him, extending their spears to grasp souls. The Absians

received their spears on their breasts, and their lives spurned the calamities that overwhelmed them, and the misfortunes that overpowered them. The whole country shook as with an earthquake—blood began to flow and stream—death was eagerly occupied, though at first in jest. The achievements of the feeble were distinguished from those of the brave, and the sun had not mounted high before proofs of death were manifest. King Zoheir was on the right defending himself, and boldly fighting, surrounded by his sons and a party of his brave followers, who at last seeing the calamities that were descending upon them, spread themselves over the desert in flight. In vain King Zoheir would have rallied them; they heeded him not; and the Absians were nearly destroyed: heavy evils pressed upon them; and just at the moment that death was let loose upon them, lo! a shout arose in the rear of the enemy, and a large body of horse charged in various directions, exceeding a thousand men, every warrior armed with a lance, and every one crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was in front of them, and Shiboob by his side, roaring out, Hey, O Zebeedians! misery awaits ye from all quarters: abandon your false hopes; and if ye will not admit the justice of what I say, behold, here is the head of your leader Khalid! Calamity has overtaken him. Thus saying, he raised up a towering spear, on which was a head like the head of a demon. And immediately Antar assailed them with

his companions, plying their blows and thrusts among the tribe of Zebeed. Antar pierced them with penetrating thrusts, and hurled down the horsemen off their steeds; and the souls of the Absians revived after death. Cousins, exclaimed King Zoheir, in such a crisis as this we must persevere and be firm in adversity, that we may obtain the noblest rewards of glory. Turn back then on the foe. Our friends are advancing; Khalid, son of Moharib, is dead.

Now while Antar was keeping watch over his countrymen, he said to Shiboob, Let us stretch out into the desert under this darkness, and let us make towards the spot where are our prisoners, perhaps we may rescue them before the morning. Shiboob assenting, they plunged into the desert until they heard no more of the armies, and then they sought the forces of Zebeed. Khalid had also that night taken on himself the protection of his countrymen. His distress and anguish were intense; and he had only one attendant, his slave Damis: and when they had roamed far over the waste in the thick obscurity of night, Damis directed his course towards the Absian camp. Damis, said Khalid, my sole wish this night is to meet Antar, that I may drink of his blood as I would drink pure water, for he has laid low my beloved Jaida. Khalid had scarcely finished these words when the indistinct form of Antar appeared before him. He moved towards him, and cried out, What foul Arab art thou?

Whither art thou going in this obscurity? Antar also addressed him; his agitation increased. Damis recognised him. My lord, said he, mark how the olden god has gratified your wishes, and has fulfilled your desires. Antar, alone, is moving towards you. Come on; hola! and make him drink of the cup of perdition. Khalid gave a shout at Antar. What wouldest thou of me? cried Antar. O Khalid, what seekest thou? What are thy designs? Bastard, exclaimed Khalid, to bring destruction on thee; to darken thy life, and make thee feel thy proper value. And he instantly made the assault of night and day. Antar received him with blows like the harbingers of fate. Shiboob and Damis were each eagerly occupied; they too began to manœuvre and fight; and when they separated, they shot their arrows, directed by the sound of their voices. In the mean time Khalid and Antar were engaged in a conflict of attacks and thrusts; of pressure and junction, neither man nor genii could have waged. They exerted all their powers and bellowed; their blows descended by thousands; the contest was fiercer than a blazing fire. The obscurity of night continued till the skirts of the garments of darkness were drawn up, and the light of day shone, when Antar saw in Khalid what he had not counted; but the flame of his fury only raged the more; he plied his blow and thrust the more violently: so likewise did Shiboob and Damis; though wearied by the vehemence of their labours,

still they sprang and plunged at each other the more. The arrows of either being expended, they returned to the contest with daggers, and trusted to the blows of their poniards; and just as each raised his hand with his dagger, and aimed a blow at each other, lo! there burst forth a withering howl; and a voice exclaimed, I will not fail, for I am ever the lover of Ibla: I will not be controlled! and he that uttered this sound was Antar. Perceiving his antagonist flag in his strength, he pushed upon him like a voracious lion; he poured down upon him the attack of fate and destiny, and smote him with the irresistible Dhami, and behold his head rolled upon the ground. When Damis saw this, and heard the shout, he was struck with horror. He attempted to fly, but Shiboob overtook him, and plunged his poniard in between his shoulders, and forced it out between his paps: then turning towards his master, he congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his adversary, and what had happened to him. By the life of the eyes of Ibla, exclaimed Antar, I never beheld a more valiant hero, nor a more impetuous arm. Very well, said Shiboob, but, this time however, you have not so much the advantage over me as to make me blush; for you have slain your man, and I mine. But, said Antar, how different were they in their advance and retreat! Upon this, he ordered him to take up Khalid's head, and thus they retired from that spot to the field of battle, and when they arrived, he perceived the Ab-

sians discomfited, and the Zebeedians hot in the pursuit of his friends, who were invoking his assistance. All the troops being now dispersed over the plains, and there being only one hundred men stationed as a guard over the prisoners, Antar, who observed this circumstance, called out to the slave-girls and slaves of the Absians, why do you delay releasing your masters from captivity and bondage? And he rushed upon the hundred men, and scattered them right and left, stretching many on the dust. The slaves instantly liberated their masters from their cords, and rescued both men and women, who sending forth one universal shout, made the mountains ring with the uproar. They hastened to the scene of action, and blackened the country on all sides. In a moment Antar assailed the foe, and poured down upon them thrusts that anticipated death, whilst Shiboob hoisted up Khalid's head on the point of a tall spear, and cried out in that voice, and spoke in those words. God now dispelled the gloom and sorrow from the heart of King Zoheir and his warriors. Flight and dismay fell upon their enemies, who fled towards their own country. The Absians retired from the field of battle exulting in the realization of their wishes, and the accomplishment of their hopes. The horsemen dispersed to collect the spoil and the cattle, but Antar returned like a ferocious lion, and sought King Zoheir and his sons, thus speaking :

“ Verily we have found the Zebeed stout in the

“ day of our concussion, and the troops of death
“ have scoured the plain. But when they fled, we
“ laboured in their rear as fire-works among straw,
“ when it burns. I have left Khalid a prey to birds
“ on the ground, and not a breath of life is in his
“ carcase. I was born for war, and I kindle it when
“ it cools. I would plunge into hell-flames when it
“ blazes. I have met the thrust through the dust
“ with smiles, and the scowling warriors when they
“ were moist with sweat. And were deaths to ad-
“ vance upon me, when they are in quest of the
“ grasp of souls, I would anticipate their assault.”

Having finished these verses, he hastened to King Zoheir and kissed his stirrup, and related to him the combat he had sustained with Khalid. O Aboolfawaris, cried the King, we have indeed been exposed to the most imminent perils, and all to please your uncle Malik. O King, said Antar, all this proceeds from your gracious favours towards your slave, who is not worth the dust of your feet, and who can never requite your favours. And whilst they reposed, Antar sent for Jaida; she was not to be found. He inquired for his uncle Malik and Ibla; no one knew any thing of them. At this he was greatly distressed and astonished; his eyes filled with tears; and he wept, as he informed King Zoheir of the event, and he even felt more than Antar. These men, said he, have made us a common proverb among the Arab tribes; and to his inquiries about who remained at their post still and quiet at the

time of the engagement, not fighting and not combating, they assured him, there were only Amarah, Rebia, and Oorwah left behind, for they were covered with wounds; and not one of them able to move or stir: but there were women, and a crowd of people attending them. On hearing this, King Zoheir summoned Rebia, who came supported by some slaves. O Rebia, said he, have you not failed in what I recommended to your care! But the God of Heaven will repay you. We left you in charge of our habitations and our families; but you emigrated thence, and abandoned them to be plundered by the foe. You have adopted the evil propensities of your brother Amarah, even so as to reduce us to this unhappy state. O King, cried Rebia, whilst he poured forth groans and plaints, it was you who reviled me; you insulted me; you abused me; you refused me justice. You treated me contemptuously at the time of your departure from home; and you have implicated me in the dissensions between Antar and his uncle. But never have I failed in my duty towards you. You were not acquainted with the real state of the case: for soon after your departure, Ibla's father determined on emigrating on account of the beating he had received from your son Shas, saying, By God, he would remove to the cities of Syria, and worship the cross. This alarmed me; so I accompanied him on account of the oaths I heard him utter, and with him I went down to Zatool Kherjcain, and did all I

could to soothe his heart, repeating to him, Kings are only indignant and conciliatory with regard to their subjects when the internal evidence of affairs is made clear to their satisfaction. But we had been there only three days when these disasters befel us. Well, said King Zoheir, this business is now over, Rebia; and this is not the time for talking about it; our hearts are bent on home. So tell me where are Malik and his son Amroo? Rebia swore by every oath (all false), that he had seen nothing of him from the time they had been set at liberty. I was lying on the ground wounded, he added, and the blood was still issuing from my wounds. I will punish him according to his deserts, said King Zoheir, and I will show him which of us is to be master.

They remained in that spot till morning, that every one might seek relief from fatigue, and quietly repose; except Antar, for he tasted not of meat that night, nor of sleep. He laid himself down near the Princes Shas and Malik, full of grief and sorrow. His father sat down near him, and also his uncle Zakhmetool Jewad. All tried to console him, and engage him in conversation. By my life in thee, O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik, enemies and designing malicious people shall not exult over us; particularly that family of Zeead. But, bear up like a man, till we learn whither your uncle is gone; then tear his soul from between his ribs, and make him suffer to the extent of your power. Thus they continued to console him till a great part of the

night was passed. At last, they all fell asleep, overcome by fatigue; and when Antar found himself alone, he wept and mourned; his tears flowed copiously. He sighed, and his passion and agony were excessive. His tongue loosened into rhyme, and as he wept he thus expressed himself:

“ When my tears give evidence against me, how
“ can I deny it? and the fire of anxious love is burn-
“ ing in my entrails. In vain I would conceal what
“ I suffer from love, and the garments of sorrow are
“ every day renewed. I meet my pangs with cou-
“ rageous patience, and though my love is severe,
“ my resignation is eternal. It is to God that I
“ complain of my uncle’s ill treatment and perse-
“ cution, and when I find no friend to aid me against
“ his cruelty, O my friends, shall I let my love for
“ him destroy me; my arm being so strong, and
“ my sword Indian? O daughter of Malik, sleep
“ is sacrilege to me! Who can sleep whose bed-
“ ding is of burning charcoal? I will mourn till
“ the birds shall know that I am in grief, and the
“ plaintive dove shall pity me. I will kiss the earth
“ where thou art, perhaps my passion may be cooled
“ by the moisture of the ground. My mind and
“ my heart, O Ibla, are stupefied, and wail over the
“ track of the baggage-camels and the horses: have
“ compassion then on my condition, if thy love is
“ lasting: my vows indeed will survive, and my
“ love is immortal.”

At day-light King Zoheir set out to return home ;

but Antar's heart was like a pan upon a fire, and he despatched Shiboob to procure intelligence for him concerning his uncle Malik. As to the family of Zeead, it was all holiday time for them on account of their triumph over Antar. Towards evening King Zoheir permitted them to alight near some waters, that the women and children might repose; and when they were all dismounted, Amarah went up to Antar, and thus addressed him, giving vent to his exultation, How are you, black skin? you look vastly miserable indeed! At this Antar's fiery agony blazed the more, and he could not refrain from answering him in these words: Well, son of Zeead, although you would shame me for my blackness, yet am I fair in act and mind; and ask all the women in your tents that are with child, who is the father of their children: I perceive evident signs and proofs of jealousy in you; and every Arab can bear me witness, how greatly I honour the generous giver; how I abhor the base and ignominious; and thus he continued in verse:

“ Shall Amarah threaten me, and shall he consider me a mean wight, unable to defend himself?
“ whilst I have a sword more deadly than death;
“ and whenever it moves, sparks flash from it, and
“ a spear of the tall spear of Khata*, whose barb
“ may be taken for a flame in the night, and that
“ deals mighty and lacerating blows; when a man

* An island in the Persian gulf.

“dares it, it spoils him of life. Soon shalt thou know which of us is nearest to death, and who shall be left dead on the waste.”

Shas happened to overhear what Amarah had said, and abused him in the harshest manner, adding, Cannot you have pity on yourself, and keep out of mischief? How infamously you use a man who has a thousand times shown you the greatest kindness! but you can do him no harm. Upon this, Amarah slunk away, and sorely he felt his inferiority. In the morning they traversed the valleys and the deserts till they came near home, when the high and low came out to meet them, and it was a grand day for them all. Each party retired to his dwelling; friends greeted friends; and those who remained rejoiced in the arrival of the absent. But when Antar beheld the abandoned and ruined dwelling of Ibla, his grief again overpowered him. He leant on his spear, and in a voice expressive of his consternation, he thus spoke:

“* Have the poets left aught to be repaired in song? Canst thou recollect the abode of thy love after long meditation? O dwelling of my Ibla! Speak to me from Jiwa! Hail to thee, dwelling of my Ibla! Secure and safe be thou.”

At that moment King Zoheir's son came up to him and exclaimed, By the Holy Kaaba! no one has surpassed you in poetry, and you are the most eloquent of all the tribe of Abs and Adnan. But

* Thus begins his Moallacat, which appears afterwards.

one who can speak as you speak, and act as you act, how can he abandon himself to the vehemence of passion and desire? Drive away this sorrow from your heart! O, my Prince, said Antar, it is not by my own will or my inclination that this passion has entered into my soul, so that I can dismiss it at pleasure. And as his agitation increased, he thus continued :

“ To whom do suns appear in the obscurity
“ of night, or shine in coloured robes and velvet,
“ comprising every beauty like a meadow fashioned
“ in marble, or a picture of ivory? They move and
“ wave about in garments like a ship sailing over
“ the billows: round them are entangled swords
“ and spears, and horsemen and suitors roam about
“ them: but among them she is a fair form like the
“ branch that flutters through a veil of ebony. I
“ beheld her—I became enamoured, but I concealed
“ what I suffered, so that no one knew of it—I came
“ —I conquered—but I forgave her for the ex-
“ alted beauties that were perfected in her. What
“ is it to me?—What care I for the railers? My ob-
“ stinacy and my perversity are increased towards
“ them; I shout when they persist in their in-
“ vectives against me, and their own reproaches
“ shall be their own murderers.”

When he had concluded these verses, Antar retired to the tents of his father; the Princes also went away and repeated to King Zoheir what had passed between them and Antar, and the verses he had recited.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day came Beder, son of Amroo, and two of his sons, Hadifah and Haml, of the tribe of Fazarah, with some other Chiefs, and congratulated King Zoheir on his safety. In the course of conversation, said Beder, Think not, O King, that we shrunk from Maadi Kereb, when he came and drove away your property, and made your sons prisoners we, on the contrary, mounted our horses as soon as the news reached us, and we pursued them night and day; but we found them not. All has ended well, said King Zoheir. And he detailed the wonderful events that had happened, and told him how Antar had slain Khalid, son of Moharib. After this, a magnificent feast was prepared, and the visitors staid three days; and whenever Antar was in the King's presence, he raised his dignity, and seated him on his right hand, thus exalting his rank among the Sheikhs of the family of Beder and his sons, and dignifying him above all his nobles. But when the feast was over, Hadifah invited King Zoheir's son to visit him. Shas begged Antar to be of the party, and as he was ashamed to refuse and hang back, he departed with them: and as soon as they reached the habitations of the tribe of Fazarah, Hadifah

made them alight in a spacious meadow, abounding in springs and fountains, and trees and flowers. And it was now the season of spring. When they had reposed, varieties of viands were served up; the wine glasses went round, and the maidens sung with melodious voices. At last the tears burst into Antar's eyes, for he was agonized at his misfortunes. He arose, and going out of the tent alone, he wandered over the desert, when lo! a flight of turtle doves came flying from the right, and perching on the date trees, they conversed like childless mothers, and complained in the tones of women mourning the dead. At this sight the tears rushed in torrents into his eyes; scorching sighs and uninterrupted burnings burst from him—he was bewildered—and his heart and soul suffered the most excruciating pangs, as he thus addressed them:

“O bird of the tamarisk! thou hast rendered
“my sorrows more poignant, thou hast redoubled
“my griefs. O bird of the tamarisk! if thou in-
“vokedst an absent friend for whom thou art mourn-
“ing, even then, O bird, is thy affliction like the
“distress I also feel? Augment my sorrows and
“my lamentations; aid me to weep till thou seest
“wonders from the discharge of my eyelids. Weep
“too from the excesses that I endure. Fear not—
“only guard the trees from the breath of my burn-
“ing sighs. Quit me not till I die of love, the
“victim of passion, of absence, and separation.
“Fly, perhaps in the Hijaz thou mayest see some

“ one riding from Aalij to Nomani, wandering with
“ a damsel, she traversing wilds, and drowned in
“ tears, anxious for her native land. May God inspire
“ thee, O dove ! when thou truly seest her loaded
“ camels. Announce my death. Say, thou hast
“ left him* stretched on the earth, and that his tears
“ are exhausted, but that he weeps in blood. Should
“ the breeze ask thee whence thou art, say, he is
“ deprived of his heart and stupefied ; he is in a
“ strange land, weeping for our departure, for the
“ God of heaven has struck him with affliction on
“ account of his beloved ; he is lying down like a
“ tender bird, that vultures and eagles have bereft
“ of its young, that grieves in unceasing plaints
“ whilst its offspring are scattered over the plain
“ and the desert.”

Thus he continued till the flame in his bosom cooled. Now Prince Malik also arose in order to follow him : he approached unperceived by Antar, and heard what he recited ; and his heart was wounded. They remained some days feasting ; but on the eighth day by daybreak they returned home. Antar's sorrows and afflictions burst out anew, and signs of illness appeared in him : nothing comforted him but the expectation of Shiboob. After a period of forty days, behold Shiboob came in to him by night, and his heart was near breaking. Well, Shiboob, he cried, hast thou any news with thee ?

* This is a figure of frequent occurrence.

Truly I have news, replied Shiboob, news that thou mayst depend on. Haste then and speak, my brave brother, exclaimed Antar. Know then, added Shiboob, that your uncle is the falsest of men. He is gone down to the tribe of Shibān, and has demanded protection of their King Kais, son of Masood, complaining of his fortunes. Kais has assisted him, and your uncle has married his daughter to Bostam, the King's son, and he has established himself among them. At hearing these words, the flame was re-kindled in all its fury in Antar's heart. Ah! he cried, and has Bostam indeed received the completion of his wishes? No, said Shiboob; when I quitted you I visited all the hordes of Arabs, and inquired at every dwelling, till at last I heard that your uncle was gone down to the tribe of Shibān; thither I proceeded without delay, and entering the habitations by night, I remained concealed till the dawn of day, when I beheld King Kais, and your uncle riding by his side; and, moreover, the King kept him near him, gave him a robe, and honoured him greatly. I no sooner saw this than I wandered among the dwellings till I discovered Ibla's tent, and watching it till her mother was gone out, I entered, and found her in tears, longing for her native sand hills. The moment she saw me, she jumped up, and cried, Shiboob, where is your brother Antar? I replied, At home: and what has befallen him for the loss of you, never befel man before. O Shiboob, she continued, I am under the greatest apprehen-

sion for him, and I am unable to send any one to him. My father has married me to Bostam, and has demanded as a marriage dower the head of Antar. The tribe has orders to be in readiness: so hasten to your brother, and give him this intelligence—recommend him to be on his guard. Thus she bade me adieu, and wept, adding, God be with you, Shiboob, repeat these verses to my cousin:

“ O my cousin, all my comfort is destroyed, and
“ I am wasting in agonies of separation and in sorrow. Were I able, I would eagerly fly to that
“ land with the winds: but round my tent are men,
“ whose hands are brandishing spears. In the
“ morning I am like a bird, but the hand of fortune
“ has clipped my wings, and my father has betrothed
“ me by force to mine enemy; my death and infamy are united in such an act. May God send
“ woes upon him! that he could unite one so gentle
“ as I am to a foe, as if it were a friendly contract;
“ and could thus condescend to a foreigner, rejecting
“ thee, O thou lion of the waste! By thy truth, I
“ will never break my vows to thee, were I to be
“ hacked in pieces by the broad cutlasses; so contrive what seemest best to thee, for thou art most
“ experienced in expedients. Question the gales
“ of Nejd of my health when they blow in the
“ morning.”

As Antar listened to these verses, he groaned aloud, and his eyes were flooded with tears; but his fears were quieted by this assurance. My object,

added Shiboob, in thus coming to you by night is, that you may conceal every thing about me. By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, I will bring down on Bostam and the tribe of Shiban a calamity time shall record : and I will requite my uncle as he deserves. But, Shiboob, where has the party halted ? In the land of Anizateen, my brother, answered Shiboob, and they are but few in number.

Now Bostam had promised Malik to bring Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter ; and soon after, as Bostam and his father were consulting about the management of the expedition, My son, said King Kais, this engagement to which you have bound yourself is very difficult, it is a very serious affair, for if we assemble the tribes of Shiban, and march against the tribes of Abs and Adnan, dissensions and feuds will arise among the Arabs. Wait patiently, let us deliberate about the execution of this project in a proper manner. But Bostam, after this conversation, only waited till it was evening, when he called his servant, and told him to prepare his horse. He girthed him, and brought it to him as soon as it was dark. Bostam mounted, and as he launched into the wilds and the wastes, he thus spoke :

“ O Ibla, may thy salutations greet me frequently ; keep my vows and preserve my faith, for thou hast subdued a Chief of the tribe of Shiban, who never felt love or amorous passion before, a knight to whom warriors in the battle

“ bow through fear before he draws the sword. My
“ heart is satisfied; one look from her reconciles
“ me to my departure from my own country, al-
“ though my eyelids are antimonied with sleepless-
“ ness, and my eyes consider slumber as a sacrilege.
“ O my tribe, I am slain by two large eyes, and I
“ am become a distracted and impassioned lover.
“ My soul longs for an Absian maid, that has
“ launched at me the shaft of death. Surprising,
“ that her deadly glances have shot their arrows at
“ my heart! Since the new-born moon beheld her,
“ it snatched up light from her countenance, and
“ became full-orbed; and the shadow of night was
“ astonished; she let her hair flow down, and there
“ came on a total darkness. She is an idol; were
“ she to appear before us every day, we should
“ worship no other image but her. O son of She-
“ dad, relinquish thy love; comfort thyself without
“ her, now that she has met Bostam, the knight of
“ the horse, and the horseman whose equal dwells
“ not on earth, and be safe.”

Bostam continued his journey over rocks and deserts till the obscurity of night was illumined, when recovering his senses, he opened his eyes, and looked around to observe what was before him. He soon perceived that the Ruler of the Air had deprived him of his succour, and that he had lost his way; for he had intended passing through the valley of Decar, but he now found himself in the land of Dimaya; such had been the impression his love and

passion had made on his heart. At day-light he was in an open country, with roads in various directions. He halted, and looked to the right and to the left, when lo! a dust arose, and mounted on high in front of him, and there appeared seventy horsemen, all clad in steel; and before them rode a knight, like a strong bastion. On the back of his neck was slung a long spear. Bostam instantly put his steed in motion for battle and combat; and as he came nigh unto the troop they all halted. Their chief alone came forward, who beckoning to Bostam with his hand, exclaimed, What Arab art thou? state thy parentage. Thy parentage may be thy protection. Youth, replied Bostam, and should it not be my security, my well-proportioned lance, and my well-tempered blade, will be my protection. I am Bostam, son of Kais, King of the tribe of Shibān, and the protector of the lands of Numan*. But who of the Arabs art thou? The youth laughed aloud, and waved his spear in joy. Welcome! he exclaimed, I greet thee, OAboolyaczān †, thou knight of the age. This is indeed a meeting for which I ought to render thanks to the Great Creator, who has shortened my road, and has thus favoured me. How so, young man? said Bostam. Hast thou any debt against me, the payment of which thou claimest? or is there blood that thou wouldest demand of me? No, Bostam; by God, no; exclaimed the

* Son of Monzar, now dead.

† Father of Vigilance, a nickname; (i. e.) the cock.

stranger. I have no debt, no blood to claim of thee; and never in my life did I see thee till this day. I am called Tarfa, son of Raza. I have demanded in marriage Saada, the daughter of Shohab the Barbooyte, whom thou didst slay the day he plundered thee. But, said her mother to me, I will not marry my daughter but to him who shall avenge her, and shall bring me the head of Bostam, her father's murderer. This is my business with thee, that I may separate thy head from thy shoulders. And by the faith of an Arab, I will not betray thee, neither will I permit one of my comrades to approach thee till our contest be decided. Be on thy guard, and look to thyself. Bostam was amazed at this address, and forgetting the purpose of his journey, Tarfa, said he, since evil designs have driven thee on to this wicked contest, thou and thy party shall this day witness my exploits and my powers. All I demand of thee in this conflict is fair play. What dost thou demand as justice, asked Tarfa, that I may treat thee fairly? All I want of thee, added Bostam, is to wait whilst I dismount from my horse, and let him repose a little; and when I mount him again, come on and appease thy disquietudes. Well, said Tarfa, as thou wilt. Bostam accordingly dismounted, and loosening his horse's girths, rested him and walked him about a little. But he had no sooner resumed his seat, than advancing towards his antagonist, he exclaimed—

“ Fortune is just, and has impartially decided ;

“ and by my life, O my tribe, it has never outraged
“ us. I set out to demand blood of one who never
“ betrayed me, and it has brought me one who
“ seeks my blood ; a lover who complains of the
“ warmth of his love, and whose disease is like mine.
“ It is an adventure to surprise all hearers ; it will
“ remain a tale among men. O tribe of Shiban,
“ my heart is lost, so sing of it among the tent-
“ ropes, for a fawn has beguiled it with its eyes,
“ which are the hunters that chase the lions of the
“ forest. She is an Arab damsel, that would dis-
“ grace all the virgins of Persia ; so lovely, that
“ should she come forth from her retreat, having
“ once seen her, we should adore no idols. She rises
“ like the sun at noon-day ; or she is the new-moon
“ among the shades of darkness. O hope of my
“ life, couldst thou see my thrust with the spear,
“ or my blow with the sword among the skulls, no
“ longer wouldest thou sigh for Antar. No ; thou
“ wouldest not be hardened against princes for the
“ sake of a slave.”

Bostam rushed upon the troop, and came down upon them like a calamity. He broke through all their defences, and shed the blood of the chiefs. He dispersed their right ; he routed their left. He sought out his adversary Tarfa, but after an hour's combat, consternation fell upon Tarfa ; and Bostam perceiving how it was with him, shouted at him and terrified him, and pierced him in an instant, and slew him. Again he turned upon his companions, who were

of the tribe of Nazr, and as they fled over the wastes and the wilds, Bostam soon quitted them, and continued his course over the spacious deserts till he came to the land of the tribe of Saasaa. Thence he proceeded till he approached the land of the tribe of Merah; and there he encountered on a sudden a black knight, mounted on a short-haired charger. He was immersed in steel and armour. His intrepidity proved him one of the bravest of heroes, and the superiority that shone in him, testified that he was a knight of the age and period. In front of him was a man on foot, scouring the land. This horseman was the knight of the deserts and the cities—the chief Antar; and the man on foot was the dust-coloured dragon, Shiboob.

When Shiboob had explained to Antar the pain that Ibla was suffering, and that his uncle had demanded his head as a marriage present for his daughter, he gnashed his teeth with rage: but concealing his brother that night, that no one might know his arrival, and recommending his mother also to secrecy, and desiring her, should any one of King Zoheir's sons inquire for him, to say, that being anxious about his brother's long absence, he was gone to procure some information respecting him; with these precautions he quitted the habitations as soon as all were asleep. Now Shiboob, said he, cut by the shortest way to the land of Shiban, that I may show you the infamy and disgrace to which I will reduce mine enemies. Thus they continued their expedition (Antar's passion increasing in force

and vehemence), till they met Bostam, whom of all people he was searching. Each recognised the other. But being desirous to confirm their doubts, O Abool-yaczan, cried Antar first, whither are you going over this land? Against you, son of Zebeebea, replied Bostam; that I may bring down evils upon you, and lay low your skull, and return to wed your beloved. Hey, Bostam! cried Antar, in all the heat and anxiety of love, have you beheld her, that you can describe her charms? Yes, said Bostam; and I have received her father's hand; and I have pledged myself to her. This is the very day she will become my wife, and be under my will and authority. Think not, exclaimed Antar, that you will ever obtain my permission to see her again. Be on your guard before inevitable death visit you. Turning towards Shiboob, he enjoined him not to assist him in the combat. Bostam prepared for the conflict, and drawing nigh unto Antar, he thus addressed him:

“ The revolutions arrive ever new; they raise up
“ a slave, and debase nobles. Hero of night, re-
“ linquish the contest; pursue justice, abstain from
“ rapacity. The assault of chargers resembles not
“ the camels of the desert, that thou wast used to
“ tend at the rising of the dawn. No; and Ibla is
“ not a person of whom thou shouldest talk or love;
“ for Ibla is more precious than the loveliness of
“ the moon's orb when it rises at its full. Ask of
“ her, how that a lion hero has possessed her by his

“ sword, that, were it to smite a rock, would split it ;
“ who engages warriors in the day of battle with a
“ courageous heart, unmixed with fear. Tribe of
“ Shiban, I have obtained my wish ; and the grief
“ of my heart is illumined and removed. To-mor-
“ row, I will tell ye of Antar, that he has drank the
“ draught of death.”

When Antar had heard his poetry, he saw that Bostam was vain of his youth, and that his love and passion had urged him to attempt impossibilities, and had made him swerve from rectitude into error ; so, charging with him, and shouting at him, he thus exclaimed :

“ O Aboolyaczan, thy vehemence deceives thee ;
“ soon thou wilt engage a lion not to be repulsed.
“ Heedlessly art thou come to seek me ; but, thou
“ hast raised a lion that pursues the invading ene-
“ mies. O Aboolyaczan, how oft the game escapes
“ when the huntsman falls ! If thou complainest of
“ the pains of love, I will soon cure thee of that pain
“ with a sword ; whenever I draw it death ever
“ submits to it, and prostrates itself. I am the
“ black, the slave, that assails troops when the dust
“ rises. My pedigree is my sword and my spear ;
“ my courage is my companion when fears thicken.
“ All mankind is but as one individual ; some are
“ exalted, some debased. Tribe of Shiban, my
“ uncle is a tyrant : and on ye, this day, tyranny
“ shall fall. Bostam is driven on to his destruc-
“ tion, dragging along the train of rash courage.

“ I am searching him out in your dwellings, and I
“ will repay him for his deeds.”

Having thus recited their verses, they commenced the combat, and they launched into the wild and the desert. Their shouts were incessant; the fury of their love and passion obscured the forms of propriety. They continued fighting till evening, and even after it was dark. At last Bostam became weary and exhausted; the cord of his resolution was slackened, and he repented of his enterprise: and, knowing that horsemen behave generously to one another, and that Antar was not deficient in that point, he requested of him a truce from the combat, and permission to repose till morning. Antar agreed, sure that he could not escape out of the desert. Dismount where you please, said Antar. I grant you free permission; you are safe from me till tomorrow's dawn. On this, Bostam retired to a high sand-hill, and alighted from his horse, sensible that his passion could not be gratified. Antar also dismounted, for he was tired and wearied. Brother, said Shiboob, what do you mean by lengthening out the contest with this devil? He came to seek your death from a distance. I was almost tempted to kill him myself, but I was afraid of your anger; and truly, you have not found it an easy task. Let him alone this night, Shiboob, said Antar. Let him perish in regret and anguish. Let him gnaw his fingers with the fangs of repentance. To-morrow, I will seize him before he can attack me; for

he is now indeed within my grasp. This apparent remissness is all my own doing ; for had I wished to slay him, I had done it from the very first : and he would not have lived to see this evening. I want to take him with me to the tribe of Shibān, and make them all taste of infamy and misery. And verily, by the faith of an Arab, he is a horseman few horsemen can equal ; and truly, I gave over fighting this evening quite fatigued. He ordered Shiboob to look after him till morning. It was just day-break, when Antar was mounted, and ready to renew the conflict. Bostam too descended from the sand-hill, assured he must perish. And just as he advanced, and was about to commence the attack, behold a dust arose in the direction of the land of Abs and Adnan ; and there appeared a hundred horsemen, all like eagles ; who perceiving Antar and Bostam about to engage, cried out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! O by Zeead ! O by Hamadan ! giving the reins to their steeds. Bostam was on an eminence, when lo ! another dust arose from the quarter of Shibān. In less than an hour the dust cleared away, there came forth three hundred warriors, mounted on high-priced steeds, with long spears, and polished scimitars. Now all these horsemen were bent on the destruction of Antar ; and there was not one friend among them. But, when a servant of God is fortunate, the Almighty produces events that frustrate the wicked designs of his enemies. In the first dust that came from the land of

Abs, were Oorwah and Amarah ; and the cause of this movement was Malik, Ibla's father, who in consequence of what had passed between him and Bostam, now gone to fetch Antar's head, sent to inform Rebia of what had occurred, saying, My cousin, so and so has happened in the land of Shibban, but my heart yearns after my native land. Bostam is gone into your country to put Antar to death, and I must beg your assistance for him. As soon as this message reached Rebia, he imparted it to Amarah. They all felt much pleased, being now sure of Antar's death and destruction. Amarah communicated the news to Oorwah, and they remained watching Antar till they found out that he was gone away in quest of Ibla. The next day Amarah with Oorwah and some troops set out on the way to the tribe of Shibban. Amarah was in ecstasies of delight, until they overtook Antar, who was then combating with Bostam. But the second dust is thus explained. King Kais was very anxious about his son's departure in search of Antar, and after forming various plans, he equipped three hundred men, and appointed Nijad to command them, and they set out by the direct road, till they came up with Antar and Bostam. When Antar saw how matters stood, he was convinced that there was not a single friend among them. So he instantly rushed upon Bostam, and hemming him in and pressing upon him, and closing every means of escape, he thrust at him with the butt end of his

spear, and threw him off his horse on the ground. Bind him fast, cried he to Shiboob, whilst we mark what may happen between these fellows now moving towards us. When Nijad beheld what had happened, he cried out to his comrades, Hey! this black has taken Bostam prisoner, but I am persuaded, he could only have reduced him to this infamy through the fear of this party of Absians. So, come on, overwhelm them with the barbs of your spears, whilst I turn upon this black knight, and cut his body piecemeal; for I think this demon must be Antar, whose head Bostam went to bring away. Thus saying, he assailed Antar with fifty men; the remainder rushed upon Amarah, and all this was by the will of the Supreme God! Amarah advanced with his comrades to slay Antar; but unintentionally he assisted him, being obliged to defend himself, fearful of death and perdition; and not being at that moment able to escape, he fought and exerted himself, whilst the dust flew about like an extended canopy. The tears coursed down his cheeks; and the bodies of the envious melted through excess of jealousy, and the Absians were discomfited on that day. Oorwah felt all was lost, and he resolved in his own mind, and bound himself by a solemn compact, that if for this once he should escape, never would he return to his odious practices against Antar, nor have any more to do with him. Amarah searched about for his companions, but perceiving that fifty were already annihilated, and the

rest in the utmost danger, and that the calamity appeared disastrous in the extreme, he cried out to Oorwah, Escape, my cousin, escape, or we die. And he gave the reins to his horse and fled, accompanied by Oorwah and his companions, and pursued by the Shibanians. In the mean time Antar encountered Nijad and his warriors. He aimed thrusts at him that blinded the sight, and anticipated fate and destiny, as he pranced and charged round them, his heart firmer than rock. In a moment he had destroyed thirty. He thrust at Nijad, and hurled him off his horse. But, when the others beheld his slaughter, and the effects of his exploits, they took to flight, exclaiming, May God curse your flat-nosed father ! how strong are your blows ! how fierce is your assault ! Bostam was amazed and bewildered at Antar's achievements ; but Shiboob stood guard over him, till Antar alighting from the back of his horse, and having walked him about a little to relieve him, again mounted to pursue the Shibanians, who were now on their return with the spoils of the Absians, whom they had slain, and driving before them their prisoners whom they had taken, and seeking their leader Nijad, whom Antar had destroyed. As to Amarah, he contrived to escape with his companions. But Antar thus greeted the Shibanians ; Foul Arabs, by the faith of an Arab, had I not had a grudge against mine own tribe, never would I have permitted you to accomplish your designs against them. And he encountered

them with the head of his spear, overthrowing the horsemen, and shedding the blood of the warriors. The Shibanians resisted, till learning that Nijad was dead, they said to one another, Verily, this demon has taken Bostam prisoner, and slain Nijad and all his brave comrades. He is indeed a nocturnal calamity, and a destroying thunder-bolt; let us seek our own country, or not one of us will be alive. So they lashed their horses flanks, and escaped at full speed, scarcely crediting their security. Now, said Antar to Shiboob, I am resolved on proceeding to the land of Shiban, and to fill them with despair after all their fond hopes, and exhibit to them the evil stars of my cuckold uncle: and I will not return till I have rescued Ibla. Moreover, I am aware that these fugitives will soon reach King Kais, and will tell him what my sword and my impetuous assaults have effected; they will also inform him, that his son Bostam is my captive. He will immediately assemble his horsemen and march against our country, and endeavour to release his sons with his warriors. His tents will therefore remain untenanted, and his property unprotected. I will take away what I please, and will leave what I please. I will carry off Ibla, my chief object; and should I catch hold of her father, I will abandon him to disgrace and infamy; and I will now make him know who I am. O Aboolfawaris, said Bostam, shuddering and trembling at Antar's language, You must certainly be proposing

to yourself impossibilities, deeds that will expose your life to dangers and troubles. Be generous towards me, and make me your friend and companion; and by the faith of an Arab, I will realize your wishes: I will go home with you, and not let your uncle quit our territory till he has married his daughter to you with us, and thus your projects be accomplished. What! O Aboolyaczan, cried Antar, Am I so far unable to execute mine own business, that I must ask assistance of another, whether I will or no? I will be the only agent in mine own designs against your country—I will bring down calamities upon your horsemen—I will requite every one according to his deserts; and I will suspend your head round my uncle's neck, that he may repent of his conduct, and never think proper to emigrate from his own country again. But do you, O Shiboob, he added, hasten to the habitations of the tribe, and see what they are about—mark the exact truth. Shiboob let loose his feet, and speeded away till he disappeared among the wastes. About the latter part of the day he returned, all aghast and out of breath. What is the matter, cried Antar, that you have returned in such haste? Know, my brother, replied Shiboob, That as soon as I had quitted you, I traversed the plains and the deserts till I reached the tribe of Shiban, when I perceived them all overwhelmed with the screams of slaves and women, on account of their horsemen that had been slain, and troops were flying about in every

direction. I began to fear that some misfortune might befall me, and methought also, should your uncle recognise me, I should be a dead man. But just as I had determined on retracing my way back, I overheard a peasant say to another, This night drive away your flocks as speedily as possible, for our families are departing for the valley of Jiljil and the plains of Jandil, (a spot in Arabia, well known and mentioned by the poets). As soon as I heard this news of their approaching removal, I was overjoyed. But what is the circumstance, exclaimed Antar, interrupting him, that has so discomposed you? Know, said Shiboob, that Ibla must also go away, she and her mother, with the females of Shiban. So you had better set out at the very moment of their removal with their camels, and convert their pride into despair. I will seize the bridle of Ibla's camel and lead it away; but mind you keep off from me the troops, whether they be few or numerous. By your father, exclaimed Antar, delighted and smiling, I will show you what will joy your heart. Soon after this they departed, and when they reached the vicinity of the tribe of Shiban, it being late in the day, they chanced to perceive some flocks on their way to the dwellings, attended by a single slave, who was thus crying out and lamenting, Alas, for thee! O Bostam, how fortune has betrayed thee, and delivered thee over to a slave of no worth, and of no faith! May God never bless that Ibla or her father!—May he curse

the hour that brought her here !—May God overwhelm them in his calamities and his misfortunes ! And he thus continued in verse :

“ O full moon of perfections ! O lion of battles,
“ we are grieved for thee ! O thou, the protector of
“ our women in every land when fled the brave
“ heroes of war ! The tribe of Shibban has lost its
“ sword ; a sword that could cleave even the rock-
“ ribbed mountains. Thou art humbled, warrior
“ as thou wert, whose power made the lions of the
“ den crouch before it. A slave of the tribe of
“ Adnan has made thee a captive—a slave that
“ lately tended the camels : but were not oppression
“ natural to man, the slave would never subdue the
“ master. May no good betide thee, O Ibla ! Mayest
“ thou never be protected from the calamities of
“ night—may the lands of thy father be laid waste
“ and ravaged, deprived of its cherished inhabitants !
“ In an evil hour came Malik to us ; his deeds were
“ iniquitous ; may God curse him for a vile Sheikh ;
“ crushed be his chin ; plucked out be his musta-
“ chioes ! for he has spoiled the joy of our lives,
“ and we are all reduced to misery.”

Antar's rage and indignation increased as he listened to the words of the peasant ; and he said to Shiboob, Bring me that slave, that I may question and call him to account. Shiboob seized him, and dragged him before Antar, frightened as he was. Who art thou, slave ? cried Antar. I am one of King Kais' slaves, he replied. And do

you all remove to-morrow? Yes, my lord. For what purpose? Know, my lord, continued the slave, we are in great alarm about the tribe of Temeem, which our Chief, Bostam, kept in awe. It was he who protected us from every villain; but he is now a prisoner in the hands of a hell-born slave; and therefore must we remove. We have assembled all our comrades, and are going to rescue our Chief, the son of our King. But who has taken Bostam prisoner? is he the foremost knight of the age? asked Antar. Oh! no, no, said the slave: he who has taken him prisoner is a contemptible, insignificant fellow, and he is not reckoned a horseman at all: but the times have turned out most extraordinary, and a total revolution in fortune has upset his family. Here the slave related the whole story of Malik, and how he had demanded Antar's head as a marriage present for his daughter. Antar smiled and drove the peasant on before him till he came up to Bostam. Look at this prisoner, said he, who is now before you, and ascertain who he is; observe well whether it be your master, that we may be liberal towards him in restoring him to liberty. The slave recognised Bostam: his tongue quivered in his speech, and his knees quaked as he stood. He felt as if his very soul were on the wing, and his limbs trembled as with an ague: for he was convinced that the person who was speaking must be Antar himself, the lofty column. He gave himself up for lost and a dead man: then turning to-

wards Antar to appease him, he said, Pardon, my lord, for it is the noblest quality of the great; act not thus towards my master, Bostam; do not cut down the very tree of generosity from mankind. And he wept from his tortured heart and his agonised eyes. He kissed Bostam's feet, and gave a loud scream. But Shiboob darted upon him and stopped his mouth, and binding him fast, left him by the side of Bostam. Antar reposed in that spot, whilst Shiboob stood guard during the night. By daybreak Shiboob quitted the plain, and sought the tribe of Shibān, to gain some information: but not long after, as Antar had his eyes fixed on the road, behold! Shiboob appeared like a bird when it flies, the tears streaming from his eyes. What is behind thee? cried Antar, what event has called forth this lamentation? O, my brother, he replied, the enemy has anticipated us in the completion of their desires: all our plans and projects have failed. A subduing arm has already fallen upon the tribe that cannot be repulsed—an irresistible, unconquerable foe! How is that? thou black-born. How has this happened? asked Antar. Know then, answered Shiboob, I had no sooner quitted thee, than I discovered that they had already set out with their families and their baggage-camels, and the howdahs were placed on the camels. The tribe of Shibān were all on horseback, and prepared with their spears and their scimitars. They were marching forward with their wives and their flocks, when, lo!

the plain was filled with horsemen and warriors, rushing on from every direction, and stopping up all the roads and passes, crying out at the same time, O by Temeem! At their head was a knight of prodigious bulk, who rode towards the quarter of the women, driving back all opposition, and piercing the horsemen; and when he had gained possession of the women, he forced them on before him, eagerly and resolutely. Ibla was among the women, shrieking out in the language of anguish and distress, and letting fall streams of tears, as she cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! O men, nobly generous towards women, where is the valiant knight? Where the undaunted hero? How I long for the Absian horseman! Oh that I could meet him! Your uncle Malik and his son Amroo were soon made prisoners. So I determined to return to you, when, lo! this warrior whom I mentioned before, bellowed out like a savage lion: Attack, attack, my cousins! he cried, the business is a mere trifle, for I have obtained my beloved Budoor. Having witnessed all these disasters, I departed; and here I am in despair. Antar's tears flowed and streamed at the recital. O Malik! he cried, May God never let thee taste of moisture! or let thee escape from these perils! for thou hast drawn these misfortunes on thyself: and thou hast dishonoured thy daughter among all mankind. And as he was resolved on mounting his horse to quit the plain, anxious to encounter the

enemy alone, he chanced to hear the Chief, Bostam, exclaiming, Alas! the foe has disgraced me; they have exulted over me: verily a blow from a sharp sword, or a thrust from a long spear, is more tolerable than the insulting outrage of enemies! Antar listened to his words and his complaints, but only thought they proceeded from his passion for Ibla. Is all this in consequence of the violence of your flame? said Antar, or is it on account of the captivity of Ibla, that this affliction makes such an impression on you? By thy existence! he replied, O Aboolfawaris, there is not even a small or a large portion of my love for Ibla surviving in my heart; neither does my anguish proceed from what thou hintest at: but my tears flow for the grief of the females of mine own family. I have a sister, who is called Budoor, and she is my youngest and favourite sister. The Chiefs of the tribes of Cahtan have been her suitors, and also the nobles of Shibān and Nibhān; but she has rejected them all: and this is one of her lovers who has invaded us on her account, and has seized our wives and our families, and has carried off my sister Budoor. He is called Keshaab, son of Ghayath: he must have heard of my captivity, and thus taking advantage of my absence, he has assailed my tribe, and violated the honour of my family, and of the females of my countrymen, thus possessing himself of my dearest sister. But now, O Aboolfawaris, I conjure thee, by the faith of an Arab, and by the Lord who overthrows when he

pleases, either make me fall beneath thy sword, or pardon and grant me thy protection, that I may be one of thy dependants and thy servants. I am aware that I have been overbearing and insulting, but I now know my error; and thou wilt be celebrated for thy forbearance and generosity. Let me go, that we may exert our whole force and fight. Perhaps we may still succeed. Think not, O Aboolfawaris, that on such a person as myself, a noble action or an obligation will be thrown away. And thus he addressed Antar:

“Thou hast taken me prisoner, and the horse-
“men are charging; sword and spear spare not and
“stop not. I went against thee, but now I know
“that I wronged thee; and after such insults, I
“implore thy forgiveness. Shouldst thou kill me,
“it is but justice that thou seekest. But, if thou
“wilt pardon me, thou shalt be my ear and my
“eye. O thou, from whose sword, when it is drawn
“in the fury of war, fate and destiny descend, were
“all the dwellers on earth to engage with thee on
“the day of terrors, they could not subdue thee.
“Spare me, forgive me, powerful as thou art. Con-
“sider my praises, and the story I have told.”

These verses brought tears into Antar's eyes; for he was compassionate of heart, and kind, root and branch. Being now convinced of Bostam's distress for his family, he untied the cords and bandages, having first bound him to his word. He also restored to him his armour, and his weapons, and

his horse. But this bastard slave! said Shiboob, wilt thou not put him to death after all the foul words he made us hear? O Shiboob, replied Antar, shall we release illustrious chiefs, and kill slaves? particularly when between them and us there is the tie of blackness? He has done nothing to merit punishment. He only expressed his sorrows and regrets for a master who had honoured him, and had treated him well. Release him, for we will be kind to him on account of his dark complexion. Bostam burst into a loud laugh, and said, May God prosper thee for a great hero, and a noble lion! How just are thy words! When Shiboob had restored the slave to liberty, Antar and Bostam mounted, whilst Shiboob and the slave ran on ahead of them; and they hastened on till they came up with the tribe of Shiban, where they perceived men scattered right and left on the ground; the country was destitute of the women and families, and appeared an uninhabited waste. Bostam wept at the misfortunes and dreadful events that had befallen him. Run to the top of yonder hill, he cried to the slave, whose name was Hamam; collect the fugitives, and tell them to be of good cheer, as their protector Bostam is arrived: bid them come to me. The slave cried out as Bostam directed, and the troops rallied from the different parts of the desert, rejoicing in the safety of their chief, who, when he had explained what had passed, exclaimed, Now pay homage to the chief Antar. But Antar

comforted their hearts, and their respect for him increased, and their griefs diminished. They marched on till they approached the enemy about sunset; and having explored Keshaab's position, they occupied the roads, and attacked him when all were quiet and reposing. As the prisoners were stationed behind the camels, Antar heard the voice of Ibla, and distinguished it from the others; the whole country seemed too confined for him. He could wait no longer, but gave a yell that made every mountain tremble. He sought the standards and ensigns, and laboured in the slaughter of the chiefs, Shiboob ever at his side. Bostam also assailed them, and rushed to the combat, his heart encouraged by the example of Antar. His horsemen and nobles also joined in the attack. But the tribe of Temeem seeing them advance, despised them, saying, These must be some stragglers from the tribe of Shibān; it is not worth our while to pursue them. But they soon marked how they burst through their right, and dispersed their left; and the calamity seeming now to be great, they mounted, and began to take a part in the conflict. They beheld Antar's thrusts tearing out the hearts of the heroes, and his blows making heads fly off right and left. He was raising his mighty shouts, and plying his cleaving blows: and he exhibited among them all his powers. The chief Bostam also overwhelmed them with his deadly strokes. The battle continued till night had veiled the land in obscurity; and still the combat and car-

nage grew more terrific. When Keshaab saw one of the flanks of his army routed, and a great part of them hacked and torn to pieces, and beheld Antar hewing his way through them, and Bostam sending down upon them infamy and dismay, he was greatly alarmed. He shouted, and rushed towards his people; but he found their heads flying about like leaves. Carnage was on all sides. The conflict raged. Terrors became more frightful. But Antar ceased not slaughtering and destroying till he came up to the camels and the women, having already slain one hundred and twenty of the bravest. Bostam had overthrown thirty: and when they had collected the cattle and the families, said Antar to Bostam, dismount, O Aboolyaczan, and rescue your father from bondage; release all your tribe and your relations that are with him; but leave alone my uncle Malik, and his son Amroo, and do not release them on any account: for I now know that my uncle is full of deceits, and were I to let him go, he would take away his daughter and his wife, and flee away from us: and we shall have to do it all over again. I will detain him until the affair is decided. Shiboob was despatched to Ibla to comfort her heart, and remove her grief. Now, when Malik heard Antar's voice in the attack, he said to his son Amroo, O my son! these are the shouts of that accursed black. This night the warriors of Temeem will be annihilated by his evil destiny. O that the enemy had made me drink of the cup of death! O

that I might never again behold that black hard-featured face ! But I must have him put to death and destroyed. I will remove his beloved from him, or in truth I will kill her on his account. It is to be sure a noble return for his rescue of me from calamities, and his protection of my child ; but still I must have him murdered. Whilst Malik and his son were thus conversing, Bostam hastened towards his father and released him, together with all those that had accompanied him, detailing to them all that had passed with the magnanimous Antar, from the time of his departure to his re-appearance. King Kais was amazed, and reflecting on Antar's noble conduct, If he is a mortal, said he to his son, his equal is not to be found in the universe. No man can recompense such deeds. Having thus released their people and the trains of camels, the women and children alighted ; but they still left Malik, Ibla's father, and Amroo in captivity, as Antar the ferocious lion had directed. Release me too, O Bostam, cried Malik. O thou base-born wretch, replied he, how could you fly from this noble warrior with your daughter, and marry her to me who am not worthy to be his servant ? What, nothing would suffice you but the head of this illustrious Antar, as her marriage-present ! But know, that I am become one of his associates and friends ; for he has protected my sister, and the other women and wives of the tribe of Shiban, and never can I make him any suitable recompense ; were he even to order

me to make you drink of the cup of ignominy, I would do it: for you are not a man; neither can kindness or noble conduct have any virtue with you. Thus saying, Bostam rode back to Antar, in order to aid him in keeping the night-watch, and protecting the people, whilst Shiboob staid with Ibla. Amongst other things, he told her all his brother had done with the Shibanians on her account; and afterwards conducted her to the women of King Kais, who received her with every mark of attention.

Early next day the tribe of Temeem sprang up, eager to renew the fight and the contest. King Kais appeared among his troops and warriors, to whom he related the friendly intercourse established between his son and Antar. In the mean time Antar and Bostam being together, said Antar to him, Why do you keep back from the combat? Begin with the foe, before the foe begins with you. Attack him, and be of good cheer. Antar mounted Abjer, and casting his eyes towards the tribe of Temeem, he observed it was their intention to make a general assault; so he attacked their right, and singled out their heroes and chieftains.

As soon as Keshaab had clad himself in armour, and had seated himself on his steed, he pushed forward to the front of the army; and there too was Antar, who had already slain two and twenty warriors. Keshaab assailed him in the fulness of his rage; and he cried out, Now will I bring down per-

dition on thee. Knowest thou not who I am? Have none of my deeds, none of my exploits reached thee? Hast thou never heard of me, that thou darest thus to follow me? Dost thou hope to take my plunder away from me, or to rescue my beloved? As to thy beloved, cried Antar, my sword has liberated her, and last night she reposed under my protection. But, if thou art indeed so bold and so skilled in war, come and rescue her, and make good thy pretensions. On the instant each assailed his antagonist, aiming alternate thrusts and blows at one another, and both bellowing and roaring, the blood gushed from their nostrils. At last they vanished from the sight, and plunged into the wilds, till drops of gory sweat streamed from them, and their fury grew intense.

Keshaab's uncle being present, turned towards the tribe of Temeem, and said, O my cousins, be on your guard in this conflict, and beware of that black hero; for much I fear he will prove superior to your Chief. Upon this, the tribe of Temeem rushed forward from all sides; but Bostam, who observed them advance, met their assault with the Shibanians, when lo! a yell pierced the dust, and one cried out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! and behold Antar darted forth from beneath the dust, holding in his hand the head of Keshaab, son of Ghayath, and thus he spoke:

“ When I steep not my sword in the blood of
“ foes, and when the gore trickles not from its lustre,

“ may the lids of my eyes be never antimonied with
“ sleep, and may no harbinger visit me from the
“ phantom of Ibla! I am Death, but I am impa-
“ tient for the lives of warriors; and Death is pa-
“ tient. Whenever Death sees me, it humbles itself
“ to my awful form, and the arm of the Arab is too
“ short to reach me. I am the grasper of lives with
“ sword and spear. I am the warrior—the hero—
“ the intrepid—the undaunted! Whenever I meet
“ Death, I turban his head with the sword tempered
“ in draughts of blood. I am the lion of death,
“ that protects all that depend on me, and my ex-
“ ploits shall be recorded to eternity. My swarthy
“ complexion is fair at the moment my deeds stand
“ forth conspicuous. My progenitor is celebrated,
“ and my ancestors boast of their fathers; for my
“ friends live respected, and my foes shrink away,
“ abject, frightened, and maimed. By the raiser
“ of the seven heavens, who knows every secret,
“ mighty and sublime, I swear, that I will never
“ weary of the battle till I have repaid my foe, and
“ am the victor. I am the lion of the waste, and
“ of eternal war, one soiled with deaths and dust.
“ I have repulsed Temeem; I have felled their
“ elders. I am returned, and my sword is reeking
“ with the blood of the tribes. O tribe of Abs, be
“ strong in glory, and boast of a slave, whose
“ mansion is between the Pisces. Whenever the
“ herald of the tribe proclaims, I answer him whilst
“ the horses stumble among the skulls. My Indian

“ blade is drawn ; and it will tell thee that I am
“ Antar in the contest.”

Keshaab's uncle had been conversing beneath his standards, surrounded by his nobles. I am alarmed, said he, about Keshaab, for his mother had a dream, in which he was victorious over the Shibanians. But as he was returning home in triumph, a black in the form of a lion met him, and deprived him of all his plunder, and finally cut off his head and silenced his life. Now just as he had uttered these words, behold Antar appeared, and thus shouted, bearing Keshaab's head in his hand. Ah ! exclaimed his uncle at this sight, the dream, the dream ! Again he shouted to his surrounding friends, and the troops followed him to the assault. The Shibanians also attacked with their Chief Bostam. Dust and black clouds of sand arose. The conflict became severe. The brave stood firm ; the dastardly fled. Antar encountered the whole force, and his assault was the descent of a torrent ; and as the foe was superior in numbers, he exerted all his vigour, assailing them right and left, and crying out, O by Abs, O by Adnan ! Thus were matters situated, when lo ! twenty horsemen appeared among the sands, and rushed upon the tribe of Temeem, overwhelming them with disgrace. They galloped towards Antar, who viewed them a time, and saw that they were Absians, headed by Ghayadh, son of Nashib. But they came not with the intention to assist Antar ; on the contrary, their object was

his destruction. This was another of the insidious plans of Amarah, who, when obliged to fly for his life, continued his retreat till he reached the land of Abs by night. In the morning he repaired to his brother Rebia, and related to him what had passed. Rebia advised him to wait patiently, and keep on the watch for some chance opportunity to kill Antar. Amarah quitted him; but being still sorely exasperated at his defeat, he sent for Ghayadh, and as he stood crying before him, he implored his aid. Explaining what he must do in the tribe of Shibān, he assured him of wealth and camels in abundance as a reward. His avarice induced Ghayadh to assent, for he was one of Antar's enemies. With a party of twenty horsemen, he departed for the land of Shibān, where, on his arrival, he made inquiries about the tribe of Temeem; and afterwards he pursued his way till he came up with Antar at the head of his troops, defending the women and the families; and he saw all that immense host opposing him, whilst he cried out, Where is he who plunders girls and women? At hearing this, all the malice and rancour in the heart of Ghayadh was converted into love and affection, and he said to his companions, Cousins, we must indeed aid this hero, who exposes his life to death, anxious only to preserve the modesty of women untouched. To hell and disgrace be Amarah and his cattle! May he never be out of affliction and trouble! And he instantly attacked with his men, all exclaiming, O by Abs, O by

Adnan! and they thrust their spears against their chests, and hacked their necks with their swords, till the tribe of Temeem took to flight, pursued by the Absians.

Ghayadh turned towards Antar, and saluted him, giving him a full detail of Amarah's conduct, and how he had engaged him by the promise of flocks and camels. Antar thanked them for what they had done for him, and extolled their brave deeds. Thus they proceeded together to the loaded camels and the families. The women and the men met them with the young girls, in front of whom was Ibla, and she was drowned in tears; but as soon as Antar saw her, he thus addressed her:

“ Hail, I greet thee, branch of the tamarisk!
“ Welcome to the new moon of the desert and the
“ city! O Ibla! thy form during my absence was
“ ever in the core of my heart and my eye. Since
“ thou hast been absent, all my joys have been ab-
“ sent; all my pleasures closed: and my blood-shot
“ eyes have past the nights in sleeplessness. Never
“ has slumber visited me since I quitted thy form.
“ O thou full moon of obscurity, in truth, thou face
“ of the moon itself, were I to complain of what I
“ have endured in sorrow, I should fail to describe
“ by the truth of the shrine and the stone! what
“ I suffered in the horrors of my journey, and the
“ jealousies I have been subject to from my relations.
“ How many horsemen, whom I have encountered
“ in the barren waste, have been laid low on the

“earth and in the tombs! Keshaab, son of Ghayath, lies prostrate, on the day of horrors felled by my Indian blade. These shall ever be my deeds with the foe as long as the sun shines, and as long as the morning-star glitters at the dawn. I am the son of Shedad, and the lion to whom every one that dwells in the desert or in towns bows in submission.”

After this he went up to Malik and his son. Ibla's father wept; My son, said he to Antar, do not rebuke me, do not reproach me for my behaviour, the crime is all Rebia's; it was he alone who contrived this stratagem. But now I will not quit this land till I have married my daughter to thee, and have offered her to thee as thy handmaiden; then we will return home.

Ghayadh and his comrades having also assured Antar that his uncle was not to blame, he ordered Malik and his son to be unbound; and when he had mounted his horse Abjer, they all thanked and extolled him. Soon after this, King Kais set out for his own country with the tribe of Shiban; and when they reached their native land, they pitched their tents and hoisted the standards. King Kais slaughtered sheep, and made preparations for a feast, of which all his companions and friends partook; and when they had done eating, the wine-glasses were presented, and the carousing lasted three days.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the fourth day, said Antar to Malik, Uncle, we must depart. No, Antar, he replied, I cannot possibly move from hence on account of the language of the Zeead family. Let it not be said again, that Malik fled from Antar the black, and is now returning to marry his daughter to him against the consent of every one. Never will I return home if something be not done to raise my consideration, and some one of my friends come to conciliate me. Oblige me in this respect, go you home first, and send me one of King Zoheir's sons, that he may repair the evil done to my character. Antar heard him, and thought him sincere; for he could not divine the wickedness of his heart. Well then, he said, I will send you the Princes Shas and Malik; but I will not stir from you until you make Bostam and his father King Kais testify for you, that you have betrothed your daughter Ibla to me; and if again you have recourse to your vile arts, I will draw my sword across your neck.

The next day Antar conducted his uncle to King Kais, and in the presence of his children and his tribe, related all that had passed between him and Malik, and made them bear witness to what he had

said : then recommending his uncle and his family to Bostam and King Kais, he departed. He took with him Ghayadh and his companions, and when they were near home, he sent on Shiboob to announce his arrival. The report was soon spread abroad, and reached the sons of King Zoheir, who accompanied their father on horseback to meet Antar, who dismounted, and prayed for the long life of King Zoheir. He went to his sons and saluted them and all the horsemen, to whom he related what had passed with his uncle among the Shibanians, and that he would not return home until some one was sent to conciliate him, and unless his honour and character were exalted. As the man is ashamed of what he has done, said Zoheir, we must of course make it up with him, and grant his wishes. It was then settled that King Zoheir's son should depart with Antar for the land of Shiban, and appease his uncle. For four days they continued eating and drinking, and just as they were determined on their journey, lo ! a slave arrived from the land of Shiban : he saluted Antar, and kissing his hands, My lord, said he, King Kais and his son salute you, and inform you that your uncle only remained there one night after your departure, and on the next day he quitted the country, and since then we have no tidings of him. Ask not the effects of Bostam's anger ! He desires you to be quiet till he can inform you where he is. Antar on hearing this shed torrents of tears ; but when King Zoheir

heard what had happened; Cheer up your heart, said he, and be your brow brightened up, for your uncle has now no enemy but me, and I alone will secure the completion of your wishes.

When the people had retired to their tents, and silence reigned among the family of Carad: How long will you extend your arm to what it will never reach? said Oorwah to Antar; the daughters of Arabia are numerous, incline towards them, and relinquish those in whose house you were brought up. These words made a deep impression on Antar, and he recommended to Shiboob to keep a good look out after Oorwah. Now Oorwah had a sister called Selma, who was married in the tribe of Ghiftan, to a man whose name was Jahjah; and he went to visit his sister for some days. Shiboob watched him, and informed his brother Antar of his movements. As soon as it was dark, Antar sallied forth to lie in ambush for Oorwah on the road side, concealing himself in a mountain called Tebeer. But Oorwah, when he reached the tribe of Ghiftan, went to his sister Selma, and found her quarrelling and wrangling with her husband. She no sooner saw her brother than she wept and complained after the manner of women. Brother, said she, by that womb in which you and I moved, you must relieve me from the state in which I am, and take me to your home; do not let me die here of rage and passion. So the next day he put her into her howdah, and went away with her towards the land of

the Absians; but just as they reached the mountain where Antar was concealed, behold ! ten horsemen met them, and in front of them was a knight of immense stature, of the dimensions of an elephant, who, on seeing the howdah and the camel, advanced towards Oorwah without delay, roaring out, Who art thou ? what is thy birth and parentage ? I am the son of Wird, he replied, Oorwah is my name ; noble are my father and my grandfather ; so begone. The knight listened : he was much surprised at this language ; but with a smile, he continued, Welcome, O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, for thou art my object, and my goal. Knowest thou who I am ? Who art thou ? said Oorwah, thou son of a two-thousand horned cuckold ! I am Ghazi, answered he, the son of Kais, the son of Dibyan ; thy slave Antar slew my father, and I must verily put him to death ; thou too didst slay my brother, and didst plunder my flocks, and drive away my camels when I was absent from home ; so I have waited patiently till I might have thee in my power, and now that I have come upon thee, I will take away thy life from between thy sides. As soon as he had spoken, he rushed upon Oorwah, and exhibiting his strength and skill ; and as Ghazi was superior to Oorwah, he charged : after a furious conflict he threw him on the ground, and bound him fast. He then seized the bridle of Selma's camel : she screamed, and invoked assistance, crying out, O by Abs ! is there no one to aid me ?—no one to release me ? Antar had marked

Oorwah, and was ready to rush out upon him ; but when Ghazi encountered him, he was better pleased, saying to himself, He is a lucky man who succeeds by the means of another. • But he no sooner saw that Oorwah was a prisoner, and heard Selma's exclamations, than his anger subsided in his heart ; his enmity gave way to his noble pride, and his soul was softened : so he darted forth from the defile like a lion in his wrath. Daughter of my uncle, he cried, rejoice in your rescue from your enemies, for the God of heaven has requited your brother ; he has had compassion on your sorrows, and has sent me to your deliverance. Thus saying, he directed his impetuous course towards the troop, and poured down upon them with the vehemence of a torrent ; he thus exclaimed :

“ Ye dastards, have ye captured Selma, and
 “ Antar, her guardian, is he here in ambush ? Her
 “ brother, indeed, was my opponent, but now that
 “ he is sick, I will be his physician. Had she not
 “ cried out, O by Abs ! and had not her tears
 “ flowed in sorrow, the rancour I harboured would
 “ not have been subdued, and I should not have
 “ defended the well-shaped, high-bosomed dame.
 “ But now be at ease ; mark my deeds when thou
 “ beholdest my antagonist inflicted with my spear.
 “ Oorwah shall return after this, and he shall an-
 “ swer with submission to my call : were I to
 “ punish him for the family of Zeead, Ibla would
 “ never be mine.”

When Ghazi heard Antar's verses, and observed his motions, he assailed him. They galloped about—they dashed against each other—they struggled—they plunged into the combat—they resisted the thrust and the blow. But Antar fatigued Ghazi, and having worn him out, struck him with the butt end of his spear; he hurled him over, and knocked him off his horse; when his companions hurried to his relief, crying out, May God blast the tips of thy fingers! what a noble knight hast thou slain! Antar also assailed them, and the mountains trembled at his violence; in less than an hour he slew those who were destined to die, and the rest were dispersed among the wastes. Selma rejoiced at her rescue. She descended from her howdah, and came forwards to meet Antar. May God bless thee for a protector, she exclaimed, and in such as thee noble dames may exult. And as she threw herself before him kissing his feet, she thus expressed her thanks:

“ May God reward thee with every good from
“ us—may no evil of fortune afflict thee! for thou
“ hast rescued us from a base tribe, and converted
“ fears into security: they saw thee, and bade adieu
“ to life, when thou didst inflict the blows of thy
“ dreadful sword; thou didst return, and upon thy
“ spear were clots of their blood, and upon thy
“ barb—thou didst fell down their Chief with thy
“ polished blade; sturdy in the field of battle; for
“ thou art the lion, the champion of the race of

“ Abs, and their Chief far and near. May ever
“ thy foe in every land groan in the anguish of the
“ strangury ! May thy sword be ever drawn against
“ thy enemy in the tumultuous combat ! May thy
“ glories ever increase in sublimity, even to the sign
“ of the Lyra and the two Bears.”

When Antar heard these verses, his rage was calmed, and turning towards Oorwah, against whom he was much provoked, he said, My heart was indeed wounded at your expressions, and I only came forth with a view of making you drink of the cup of death, but things have turned out contrary ; for when I heard Selma's lamentations and sighs, this violation of her modesty fell heavy on me, so I have liberated her from the power of these wretches. But I still turn towards you with an ulcered heart ; see then who can rescue you from me ; who will be your deliverance. O Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, your generous nature will rescue me, the sweetness of your milk will protect me ; all I beg is, that you will pardon me this once, and make me your friend, and if you ever see me act foully again by you, may I not be a legitimate son ! may my pedigree prove false ! His sister Selma also intreated Antar, and threw herself down before him ; neither did she desist till Antar had untied him : and when Oorwah stood up, he thus said :

“ O thou whose face has smiled, mayst thou ever
“ be the leader in every enterprise ! for thou art
“ far above the world in courage ; the universe

“ may perish, but thy glory can never be extinguished.”

He then advanced and embraced him, and swore he would never betray him again under any circumstances whatever. After this they set out, and whilst they were marching on, a wandering Arab met them, roaming wildly over the plains, and driving the wild animals before him. As soon as Antar marked him, he desired Shiboob to bring the fellow to him. Shiboob went and brought him. Son of my aunt, said Antar, what is the cause of thy wandering thus astray? My master Bostam, he replied, has sent me to you; he salutes you, and informs you that he has news of your uncle from the tribe of Kendeh; and he wishes to know whether you desire him to come to you with a party of Shibanians, or whether he shall join you in the land of Kendeh.

Arab, said Antar, salute your lord, and tell him I am able to do myself justice, with the aid of the Lord of all power; what I shall do with the tribe of Kendeh shall be reported to him, for I will encounter them were they even as numerous as the sands of the desert; but let not your master, out of his kindness and generosity, trouble himself about such matters: let him not quit his own country and family. May God bless him, and his liberal conduct! The Arab took his leave, and departed home. But Antar felt all the fierceness of rage and indignation. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, will you

not consent that I become one of your servants? let me take my men and attend upon you. O Oorwah, said Antar, how can I place any dependance on you in the day of battle? I have never tried you on any occasion. Speak not so, said Oorwah; by the faith of an Arab, were I able this moment to make my heart a shield to meet the spears of thy enemy, I would do it, for I can never requite thee. March on home, said Antar, and tell no one where I am going. Oorwah drove on Selma's howdah, and went home; but Antar, who regarded not his professions, sought the land of Kendeh, and every difficulty seemed easy to him, as thus he spoke:

“ In whatever language the railers shall abuse
 “ me, let them know that I watch while they sleep.
 “ I rave, and I exhibit nothing novel in my love;
 “ for were they to taste of passion, they too would
 “ rave. Can I ever forget my afflictions in my love
 “ for Ibla? are there any means of sheltering
 “ myself from it? They think a moment's meeting
 “ with thee too much, and years and years have
 “ been past in grief and troubles. It would indeed
 “ trouble me, were I not to see the treacheries of
 “ fortune,—the sight of such is natural and con-
 “ stant.”

Antar proceeded on his journey, and felt exceedingly pleased that neither King Zoheir nor his sons knew where he was, and could not assist him in the conflict; and as Shiboob directed him on the road to the tribe of Kendeh, he felt anxious to proceed

unattended and unaided. O thou who seest, and art not seen, he cried, thou knowest that an expedition when I am alone is more agreeable to me than horsemen and troops, be thou only my succour, O God of those who adore thee ! and thus continued in verse :

“ O bird ! alas ! it grieves me in the groves, and
“ the hand of fate points out to me my abode.
“ I stop, and love has engraved its characters with
“ the pen of my blood in the desolation of my heart.
“ I question it about Ibla, and the raven answers
“ me, What have I to do with distracted lovers ?
“ It grieves for its mate, its passionate sorrow tortures me, plaintive is its note, but not in articulate
“ words. It grieves for the excess of its passion,
“ and I answer it with a heart ever throbbing in
“ regrets ! What, O raven ! if thou wert my companion, we would traverse the countries of God in
“ our circuit, we would wander far away ; perhaps
“ we might see a messenger from the tribe of Abs,
“ through whatever land or country we might pass.
“ In the shades of the night the dove calls out
“ mournfully, complaining of the vicissitudes of
“ fortune. If thou wert as melancholy as I am,
“ I cried, thou wouldst weep for me in ever-
“ streaming tears. O Ibla, would thy phantom
“ visit me, I would be satisfied, and though thou
“ art absent from my eyes, O daughter of Malik,
“ thy form ever dwells in my heart. To-morrow
“ the foe shall lie round thy tents, gnawing their

“ fingers in dismay. Think not armies shall repulse
“ me when I charge through their native lands on
“ my steed. Let Death come in whatever form he
“ pleases, let him behold my sword blows and my
“ spear thrusts.”

Antar pursued his course till he reached the waters of the tribe of Nagil; there he turned off, and wished to alight, when lo! a cloud of dust arose behind him; he waited to see it, and when it cleared there appeared an hundred horsemen in armour of steel, and their chief was a noble of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, Oorwah, son of Wird, who was coming after Antar to afford him his assistance. For when he separated from him, he conducted his sister to the tribe of Abs, and having assembled his people, in whom he trusted in difficulties, Know, said he, that Antar was the most odious of men to me, but now he is dearer than my life. Then he related all that had passed; how he preserved his sister's honour, and had rescued him from death. I am now resolved to accompany him, and follow him wherever he goes, for he is a fortunate man; we shall be among his abettors, and thus become the prop of the tribe, and this will be a great additional honour to us. This is my only reason for having quitted him, for he is going against the tribe of Kendeh, and is determined on attacking them alone. With one who is endued with such fortitude and intrepidity, we cannot but hold a glorious course, for he will plunge into the fire of battle, and divide with

us the spoil and plunder. Oorwah continued extolling the excellencies of Antar's character to his comrades till they agreed to act as he desired, and they all swore obedience to Antar; so they immediately prepared for the expedition, and on the next day they set out, Oorwah at their head, thus reciting:

"I go to the noble hero to aid him with my voice, my deeds, and my arm. I will aid him till he rescue Ibla, and cut down the foe with the Indian blade. Come on then, my cousins, let us follow him, for he was indeed my succour in the evil day; he liberated me when I was in captivity and disgraced; and he released my person when I was in chains. He protected my family—he was the intrepid lion—he destroyed my foe, and I succeeded in my project—and by this act I am become, as it were, his slave. How can one deny a man who has acted thus? By God, with no man on earth will I associate but him; to please him shall be my object till I am dead and inttered."

They pursued their journey till they all met, as we stated, and as they neared each other, O Ebeulebyez, said Antar, my acts towards thee did not merit such a return as this. Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Oorwah, we will not die but for thee. And they proceeded and traversed the roads till they reached the tribe of Ghaylan, when Antar said to Oorwah, Do you and your men alight here, whilst

I and my brother Shiboob roam among these sand hills and rocks. Antar took Shiboob, and leaving Oorwah and his people there, the two brothers wandered about till they at last reached a valley abounding in trees and murmuring streams; and as they came near to the water, they heard groans issuing from a sorrowful heart, and some one exclaiming, May God curse thee, O Malik, how infinite have been thy frauds and artifices! The moment that Antar heard these words he dismounted, and stood listening, when lo! in a voice stronger than at first, came these verses:

“ O mother, relieve my woes with water from the
“ misery of thirst! Weep for me, all that behold
“ me, a wretched lover; my woes have destroyed
“ me, and grief has worn out my frame. Tears
“ were my relief, but now they are become blood.
“ I see no one that feels compassion for me, or that
“ can dissipate my sorrows. Sing to me, dove of
“ the waste, and favour a victim of love! Watch as
“ thou wert wont in nights of old. Here are we in
“ the valley of Hima, all night mourning in absence,
“ suffering for fidelity to vows that I ever preserved.
“ If my darling Ibla asks thee after me, say I am
“ no more; that every day was passed in passion
“ in this grove. O Ibla! had the enervating senti-
“ ment of love left any power in my body, I would
“ not thus be grieving in a foreign land, a miserable
“ unhappy lover. But all that is passed is by the
“ will of God.”

How, son of my mother, exclaimed Antar, do these words find me awake or dreaming? Or among the Arabs is there another Ibla and Malik, her father? or has destiny sent me hither to rescue her from perils? They advanced, and came to a pool of water, where they found on its banks a black woman exceedingly ugly, and before her was a youth, hard-featured, strong-limbed, and much like her, sometimes closing his eyes, and sometimes opening them; and the woman was grieving over him. Woman! said Antar, as he stood over her head, who art thou? and who is this youth that is lying before thee, and what has thus distressed him? Arab, she replied, this is not his natural condition, for he is a gallant horseman; but the decrees from the great God have come upon him, and a cruel uncle has harassed him. And what is this youth's name? asked Antar. My lord, she replied, his name is Antar, son of Shedad, and his mother is Zebceba. Our story is curious: his father captured me among the hordes, and I bore him this son, who grew up, and God endowed him with force and strength. He mounted the horses, made much plunder, and enriched his father and uncles. One of his uncles had a daughter, with whom he was brought up—he loved her. At last his father acknowledged him as his son, and he continually besought her father to marry her to him, which he promised, but deceitfully and treacherously, because his friends and companions abused him. He had also

an enemy called Rebia; his uncle was ever ill-treating him, and at last he ran away with his daughter from place to place till he came hither, where a celebrated warrior and renowned hero encountered him, called Mozahim, son of Jeyash, the lord of this valley. When he took up his abode here, he slew her father, and lusted after her. My son in the mean time remained wandering over the deserts on her account, and came to this valley, I also following him, always crying out to him, till he reached this spot, and threw himself down in this state as you see; and it is now three days that we have been in this condition.

Whilst the woman was speaking, Antar meditated, and was quite amazed. Woman! said he, has he a brother called Shiboob? No, she replied, by the truth of the unseen Knower of all things! She is like our mother Zebeebea, said he to Shiboob; and verily, I am quite alarmed at this calamity. Well, he continued, and does he who has taken Ibla prisoner—Ibla, the daughter of this youth's uncle, reside in this valley? Yes, she replied, and we are in the greatest danger, for were he to know of our situation, our fates would be at hand.

Now this was a renowned warrior—a tyrant—whom fire could not touch. He was a shedder of blood, a violater of women, and morning and evening he practised his iniquities. His sole desire and object was cattle, that he might plunder—crimes that he might perpetrate—debaucheries that he

might commit, and a goblet of wine that he might drink. He listened not to the voice of the railer, and he never was to be deterred from his villanous proceedings. It was he who having driven away the inhabitants of this valley, caught some young lions, and brought them up till they became huge animals: he tamed them, and whenever he rode out, they roamed round him; and when he staid in his den they guarded him also. On this account the Arabs called him the Father of Lion-cubs—Aboolehbal: and when that damsel fell into his hands, he dragged her into this valley, and demanded of her what man desires of woman. But she would not listen to him, but answered him with abuse; he smiled at all she said, and gave himself up entirely to her, and sought by every means to attach her to him.

Now when Antar came, his abode could not be discovered on account of the quantity of bushes. But Abjer smelt out the lionesses, and started back. Antar doubled his legs to dismount, and proceeded on foot. He drew forth Dhami, and rushed in, saying to Shiboob, Hold Abjer whilst I settle this affair. He soon beheld a spacious dwelling, and a tent pitched; a horse ready bridled, a long spear, and a sword suspended. Aboolehbal was seated in front of his habitation, and before him was a wild ass; and he was cooking over a fire; and by his side was a goblet of wine as big as the belly of a camel ten months gone with young. The dam-

sel was in tears ; How long will you thus persist ? cried she ; never will I betray my cousin Antar, no, not even were you to cast me into this fire. Abooleshbal, enraged, was about to kill her, when she cried out, Where are thine eyes, O Antar, that thou mightest see me thus cruelly, infamously used ?

Antar really imagined it was his cousin Ibla : he almost expired ; he gave a howl that made the mountains rock, and the lions roared. Antar attacked them with his irresistible scimitar, and his brother Shiboob followed him with his arrows. God has hastened vengeance and death on you, cried the damsel. He sought his lions, and found seven of them dead ; for Shiboob had killed two with his arrows, and Antar five with his sword. Amongst them all there was one brute with a long red mane, with immense talons. It looked at its master, and sprang upon Antar like the descent of Fate and Destiny. But Antar met the beast with his Dharni. The blow came down just between the eyes, and the sword issued flaming between the thighs.

When Abooleshbal saw the effects of that stroke, he was aghast ; he shouted out to two lions, and let them loose into the desert. And as he advanced towards Antar, You know me not, he cried ; and they rushed at once at each other, well matched in the contest.

Abooleshbal soon said to Antar, Wilt thou wrestle ? Willingly, said Antar. So they threw aside their swords, and returned to the conflict. He was greatly

rejoiced, but as Antar was afraid of protracting the contest, he dashed at him with a vast roar. The mountains echoed back the terrifying sound, and the lions quaked with fear: he grappled with him, he grasped him between the thighs with his right hand, and raising him up above his shoulder, till the black of his arm-pit appeared, O by Abs! he cried, I will not be resisted. I am the lover of Ibla; I will not be controlled; and dashed him on the ground, and smashed his length into his breadth: he again took to his sword; he cut him through his jugular vein, and severed his head from his shoulders. May your arm be never palsied, exclaimed the girl, or your wife made captive; and may never any one harm you! and thus she eulogised him:

“ God prosper thee for a noble youth of the thrust
“ in the day of battle, and the struggle of equals.
“ O knight of knights! O lion of war! O asylum of
“ the Adnanian horsemen! O cleaver of heads! O
“ crown of glory! Thou hast converted my fears
“ into security! May the pillar of thy sword make
“ thee a horseman to subdue the kings of Cahtan!
“ O thou defender of the age, my limbs and my
“ tongue will sing thy praises. O thou, who
“ honourest the age with thy existence, and raisest
“ men to high distinction by thy deeds, mayest thou
“ be secure, and live under the shadow of happiness
“ as long as the lightning flashes over Hedjaz!”

Antar thanked her for her compliments, and rejoiced at this virtuous act. He ordered Shiboob to

collect all the cattle in the valley, and the silk stuffs. He then went forth, and there found the boy, and the woman, who was soothing him with her conversation. As soon as she saw Ibla and Antar, her heart was near bursting. She instantly jumped up, and kissed Antar's hands and feet; on which he dismounted, and seating himself by the head of the youth, he said to his cousin, Come, and speak to him; for it is only the disorder of lovers; nothing can dispel it but the beloved object; that is the only physician. The damsel approached, and spoke to him; whilst Antar gently offered him some food. The youth recovered, and returning to himself, he exclaimed—

“ Alas! for my heart that passion has melted,
“ by glances cast at me from the edge of a sword.
“ If I say he is a scimitar—he is a drawn scimitar.
“ If I say he is a bow—here are the arrows. Thou
“ hast brought me to life again, O knight of the
“ land, through whom the hand of fortune has ad-
“ ministered peace to me. Openly will I thank
“ thee as long as I am able: O thou, my generous
“ benefactor!”

Antar, on hearing this commendation, thanked him; but the youth, now that he felt restored to life, turned towards Antar, saying, My lord, I anxiously hope you will be so obliging as to take me with you as one of your assistants, for I cannot separate myself from you. Take some nourishment, replied Antar, and go to your cousin, so that

your distresses may be removed, and the flame of your heart be cooled: as long as you live I will protect you, but be not called by that name, or you will meet your death, for I have numerous enemies among the Arab tribes. Then making him a present of a string of camels that belonged to Abooleshal, he bade him farewell, and quitted him, and he continued his course, rapt in meditation. But they had not proceeded, when, lo! a dust arose, and twenty stout horsemen appeared beneath it; with them was considerable plunder, and they were on their way home. As soon as they saw Antar, they turned towards him. Dismount, said one of the horsemen from your horse, and surrender. Accursed be your father, exclaimed Antar, go your way, and keep what you have already gained. On hearing this, they laughed at him. I will soon convert your smiles into tears, he added, and he instantly attacked the first, and smote him, and severed his head from his shoulders. As soon as his companions saw this blow, May God blast your right hand! cried they, how vigorous are your blows! Who are you, noble knight? I am Antar, son of Shedad, he replied. When they recognised him, they fled into the wastes, fearing the power of his sword. Antar drove on the camels, and as he drove them, thus he recited:

“ Long has my anxiety and my passion endured;
“ nought but thee do I wish for, and without thee
“ I am not comforted. I am going towards thee,

“ that I may have one look with which my heart
 “ may revive from sorrow and inquietude. I have
 “ seen Abooleshbal in the tumults among lions; he
 “ a lion, red-haired and tough of heart; I charged
 “ among them, and I soon felled them to the ground
 “ in my vigour, my resolution, and my impetuosity.
 “ Abooleshbal too turned upon me, but I cut him
 “ down instantly, hand over head. Armies opposed,
 “ eager to strip me—all patient heroes, hardened
 “ in fight. But I implore relief from my Creator
 “ in thy embraces; O thou the hope of my heart
 “ among the world !”

When Antar had finished, Shiboob urged on the
 spoil and plunder, and they traversed the wastes
 and wilds till they rejoined Oorwah and his com-
 rades, who congratulated him on his safety, and to
 their inquiries, he informed them about Abooleshbal
 and the damsel Ibla, and her cousin Antar. Oor-
 wah was amazed at his liberal conduct, and was in
 the greatest consternation. Antar divided the spoil
 with Oorwah and his men, and soon after they re-
 sumed their journey towards the land of Kendeh,
 like lions in steel, Antar at their head, and Oorwah
 by his side, and thus he spoke :

“ Verily I have been oppressed with the cala-
 “ mities of fortune, and I have been overwhelmed
 “ by it in perils and enemies. How long must I
 “ endure in battles horrors that blind and bewilder
 “ the senses of every youthful hero ! Every day I
 “ am engaged in endless contests, that would crush

“ the bones of lions in the hour of concussion, trials,
“ meetings, absences, and every intolerable goading
“ oppression. O Ibla ! how many terrible tumults
“ have I endured for thee among the Arabs and
“ Persians ! How many lion-hearted, princely horse-
“ men have I slain with the spear and sword,
“ intrepid heroes in the day of terrors, undaunted
“ warriors in quest of prey !”

This was their situation ; but Malik, Ibla's father, when he fled from the land of Bostam, son of Kais, went and demanded protection from the Arab tribes. He wandered far over the deserts, and whatever tribe he halted at, when they knew who he was, expelled him, for they were alarmed at the sword of Antar. Thus he continued, till he came to the tribe of Kendeh, and this was an exceedingly powerful clan. He introduced himself to the King Amroo, taking his son with him ; they kissed his hands, requesting his protection : he took compassion on them, and feasted them for three days. On the fourth day he sent for them, and asked them who they were, and why they had halted in his land. O King ! they replied, we are of the noble tribe of Abs. The King, on hearing this, said, O Malik, could not your cousins protect you ? They are the strongest of the Arab tribes, and their power the most universal. Upon this he acquainted him with the story of his nephew Antar, and what had passed between him and his daughter. As Amroo listened, he felt assured that Malik was a

man of great dignity and liberality, but he did not know that he had plotted the destruction of his country, and its entire annihilation. King Amroo pitched a tent for him by his own dwelling, and assigned him servants and handmaidens; and as he staid with him a long time, he frequently, with his son, rode out to pay their compliments to the King; but one day they perceived all the family in confusion, and the horsemen all mounted. On asking the reason, they told him that the son of the King's sister, famed in war, was on his way, and that all the people had come forth to meet him. Malik therefore accompanied the horsemen, and was amazed at the immense concourse of Arabs. Soon appeared Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and before him marched seven hundred horsemen in coloured dresses, and with gold maces. He was a terrific object, but quite a youth like a brilliant moon, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed; and as he approached, all the horsemen crowded round him, eager to kiss his hand. When Malik saw this, he also followed the Arab custom, and went up to Mas-hil, and saluting him, expressed his affection for him. O Sheikh! said Mas-hil, truly this country is honoured in your presence, and he continued praising him till Malik again kissed his hand. And when the multitude had retired, and the glasses were circling freely round, and the girls and boys were dancing, said King Amroo to Mas-hil, What is it that has brought you hither at this moment? I am come,

said Mas-hil, to demand the daughter of this Ab-sian in marriage. She has been often mentioned to me, so I have presented myself here, and I wish you would assist me. Truly this damsel is well-favoured, said he, much surprised, and the hand of God has contributed to her charms; moreover, I say nothing to you but what is perfectly true. I am anxious, said Mas-hil, to see her before the contract, if your wife will but aid me; when the women come to congratulate her on my arrival, Ibla and her mother will be of the party. I will put on the garments of your daughter Najia, and will seat myself by the side of her mother. When this conversation was over, he went to his aunt, and told her all his story, and in the morning she dressed him in her daughter's clothes, and placed him by her side, and invited the women in. They all came, and Ibla and her mother too. But Mas-hil was in ecstasies; he was quite enraptured, and his pride and glory were humbled; he was in torture till the women departed, when he stripped off the clothes, and felt like a drunken man; he put on his own garments, and could not account for this revolution in his feelings. In haste he repaired to his uncle, and in the greatest agitation. All present stood up. Mas-hil went towards his uncle, and related all that had passed. King Amroo turned towards Malik: Know, O Arab, said he, that the son of my sister entertains the strongest friendship for you; he was talking to me last night about it, and he said, O

uncle, I much wish this Sheikh and his son would go home with me, that I may load them with kindnesses. Now truly he is a horseman of the universe, his sword has conquered all from Yemen to Irak ; his commands are strictly obeyed : I told him your adventures, and the circumstance of the slave who was educated in your tent. Uncle, said he to me, were he not a man of noble pride and dignity, he would not have emigrated into a foreign land. In addition, he told me he was come to demand your daughter in marriage, and would give her all he possessed, and this is what has passed. When Ibla's father heard this, his joy was great ; O King, said he, the God of heaven knows my intentions, and has now realised all my expectations. Do as you please, and make me one of your slaves ; here is my hand as a proof of my sincerity, and in confirmation of what I say. He made the contract with Mas-hil, son of Tarak ; feasts were prepared, and the good tidings promulgated, and the slave-girls all shouted in delight. About evening, Ibla's father returned home, Mas-hil having invested him with a splendid robe, and made him presents, and given him some richly-caparisoned steeds, and instantly told Ibla all that had passed ; but when she heard this news, she beat herself violently, and screamed aloud, weeping and sighing piteously. As to Mas-hil, he set out that very night on his journey home, that he might despatch the marriage donation and dowry, which consisted of a thousand she-camels

laden with the rarities of Yemen, and a thousand dinars, and three thousand sheep, and fifty swift steeds, with their armour and rending spears; and robes of satin, and ten strings of jewels, and twenty balls of scented musk. Early in the morning he sent it all away with his attendants, and fixed on a certain day for the wedding. In a few days the marriage presents arrived in the land of Kendeh; all the multitude were amazed at that quantity of wealth, saying, No damsel has ever seen the like that this Absian has beheld, but she deserves it and as much more. They continued making the preparations till there only remained three days of the appointed time, and during that period arrived Antar. Happening to reach the land by night, he dispersed Oorwah's people among the mountains, saying, O Ebeulebyez, I am anxious to know what is going on with Ibla in this country, for certainly they will provide her a new husband. I want much to go among the dwellings, and I will soon return with intelligence. What would you be about? cried Shiboob. You, just like a huge bull! I am the only person for such a project. I fear, said Antar, that my uncle may recognise you. I will not let him discover me, said Shiboob, were I even to stand close to him. And he went to his travelling bag and took out some women's clothes, which he put on, and having veiled himself, he slung over his shoulders a water bag. Antar and Oorwah were astonished at his contrivance. You are indeed like

one of Shedad's slave girls, said he, and resemble the young Banah. These are her clothes, said he; she is my mistress, and I am her lover. And he set out for the tents of the tribe of Kendeh, and repaired to the dwellings of King Amroo, moving and swaggering his shoulders like a woman. He perceived the tents destitute of horsemen, for they were gone out to the plain, and the families were occupied in festivities. The unmarried girls were playing about and beating the cymbals and musical instruments, and the slaves were brandishing their swords and shields, and their countenances appeared glistening with joy.

When Shiboob saw this, he advanced towards them, and mixing with them, looked towards a tent, on the outside of which was a brilliant illumination of lamps and candles. Being convinced that this must be the nuptial pavilion, he made a great noise, and began to play, and mingled with the women and slave girls, and danced till he attracted the attention of all present; and they all crowded round him, staring at him whilst he sang, for he knew his voice would reach Ibla:

“ Fawn of the huntsman, thy captor is come; say
“ not he is not come; lo! here he is—certain are
“ all thy hopes. Rejoice in the aid of the sword of
“ thy hero. Understand the tale I tell thee: how
“ long wilt thou delay? Joy is now descending on
“ thy home, and will ever endure summer and
“ winter.”

Now Ibla was at that moment listening to the music from the tent. She signified her wish to sing and play with the other damsels, and thus addressed Shiboob :

“ O wanderer of the desert, dancer of the tent—
“ the lion is the noble animal that affords refuge
“ after excess of pain—this is indeed a period of my
“ joy in thee. All my sorrows and griefs have
“ vanished. My joy depends on thee, O Chief!
“ Approach, for I am here as one dead !”

When Shiboob heard these words, he pretended being tired, and sat down near the tent. Just at that time Ibla also appeared and looked at him, and as he was dressed in woman's clothes, This damsel cannot be a Kendeyan maid, she said ; she must be a damsel of Shedad's. Then went pit-a-pat Shiboob's heart ; but he turned towards her ; and calmed her mind, and uncovered his face. She recognised him. O Shiboob ! said she, where is my cousin Antar ? Here he is, replied Shiboob, hard by, and with him his friend Oorwah, and a hundred horsemen. We arrived here last night, and I am come to procure intelligence of you : I shall return and inform him. Shiboob, said she, there are still three days for the marriage with Mas-hil, son of Tarak ; but let that rather be the means of separation. Return immediately and tell him my situation ; but let him not think of assaulting the tribe, he must lie in wait for me till I set out ; then let him rush forth, and slay all that are with me. Do you seize the bridle

of my camel, and we will return to our native land. All, all, must taste of death ; bid Antar not to spare even my father.

Shiboob having heard this, returned to Antar, and related to him all that Ibla had told him. Antar was in agony for three days; his disquietudes and anguish were unceasing.

Now Malik, Ibla's father, from the moment he had betrothed his daughter to Mas-hil, never saw her but overwhelmed in tears and sorrow ; yet he never rebuked her. But when she learnt this account of her cousin, her distress vanished, and she began to eat and drink, and clothe herself in the rich robes which Mas-hil had sent her. Her father observed this, and made a thousand useless conjectures about it. At last, he mentioned the subject to his son, saying, My son, Ibla appears happy and pleased ; and her sorrow is turned into joy. I am persuaded she has intelligence of Antar ; and I fear he will encounter us on the road, and mar our fortunes : this Antar is my horror. So he despatched a letter to Mas-hil—

“ Know, mighty King, that I have been harassed several times by my nephew, and I fear he will meet us on the road ; and his attack is replete with death. It would be better that you should come and receive your bride, and return home with her.”

When Malik's letter reached Mas-hil, he smiled in astonishment. I will go for her, said he ; fortunate if this black should come into the country,

that I may slay him, and darken his existence, and Malik enjoy all that can give him pleasure. So he gave directions instantly to his horsemen and his troops to make preparations for a journey. He himself mounted with a hundred black horsemen, harsh-featured fellows; and they pursued their course eagerly and rapidly till they reached the tribe of Kendeh. Mas-hil went to his uncle's, and told him of Malik's letter. What's all this? said Amroo to Malik. Who is this Antar, that he should venture into this country and annoy this Knight, who is the destroyer of horsemen?

Malik returned home, and ordered the slaves and handmaidens to make the camels kneel down, and fasten on the baggage. Ibla was elegantly dressed; he raised her into the howdah. The Kendehan women came out with her, and before them went the richly-harnessed horses, and the slaves, brandishing their swords; all headed by Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and Malik, Ibla's father. The people rejoiced at this event, and Ibla pretended to be overjoyed; whilst every moment she lifted up the curtain of the howdah, and looked about to the right and left. Ibla, said her mother, who was by her side, I could have been persuaded that on such a day as this you would be drowned in tears; but I see you all brilliant with joy: what is the meaning of this? My mother, I was in a distant land, and despaired of ever returning home, said Ibla; but now I have beheld this beautiful Knight, all my wits

are captivated by his loveliness and grace, and by the life of my father's head, this Knight is dearer to me than any human being; and had I the power over Antar, I would gnaw his flesh, and drink his blood, for I am indeed vexed at what I have suffered, and at having irritated my family. And her mother was well pleased at the change.

Thus they continued till they reached the defiles where Antar was concealed. Shiboob was reconnoitring on some of the sand-hills like a cunning fox; and he cried out to his brother, O thou black-born, the howdahs and camels are approaching. The instant Antar heard this, he sprang on Abjer's back, and girded on his irresistible Dhami, and his long spear. Oorwah and his people did the same. Antar wished to explain to Oorwah his plan for the battle. O Ebe-ool Ebyez, said he, this is Ibla that is coming, and the troops protect her. Mas-hil her lover is behind. Which do you prefer? Will you meet the enemy with your men? and shall I take the bridle of Ibla's camel? Or, will you conduct her camel, and guard her whilst I drive away the troops? O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, let me protect Ibla, and do you drive away the enemy from us. Antar smiled, and said Yes; and I am the man to drink of their cups, I am their slayer, and their destroyer. When thus I rush out against the party, do you and your comrades protect Ibla, and away with her to the valley. Let none of your men attack them till they

see the horsemen close on me, and surrounding me; then let them make the assault, and aid me.

And forth he issued from the mouth of the valley like a gust of wind, till coming up to the howdah of Ibla, he shouted at the slaves, and fell into the midst of them, plundering their souls; his uncle was stupefied with fear and terror. The slaves shrunk from the carnage, whilst he sung from his saddle, and thus recited:

“ This day shalt thou see a day when the battle
“ will blaze, and lives shall be cut off by the sword;
“ a day that shall frighten all that witness it. In it
“ shall be blood, and the sharp-edged swords shall
“ clash. Brave men shall drink of the cup of fate,
“ and heroes be hurled from their saddles. Away
“ with laughter and jest, and mirth. They shall
“ be in battle, and in the turbulent conflict. Here
“ shalt thou see me in the field of war, hewing off
“ heads with the sword, whose edge is pain. I will
“ abandon warriors on the plain of contest, laid low
“ and stretched out ghastly with anguish. Heroes
“ shall be struck down; armour cleft in twain, and
“ confusion reign in the dust of the conflict.”

As soon as Antar had finished these verses, he shouted to his uncle, Son of an adulteress, whithersoever thou goest, behind thee comes erasing fate, and the turbulent lion. Malik was stupefied; he speedily retired towards Mas-hil, to inform him of this accident, whilst Antar took the bridle of Ibla's

camel, and said, Health to thee, beloved of my heart! And art thou alive, and in health? O Aboolfawaris! replied she. O ornament of every circle! lord of the bold heart and intrepid soul! hero of the tall spear! Thus he addressed her:

“O Ibla! daughter of Malik, son of Carad,
“love of thee has sunk into my heart. Soon will
“I meet them with the tearing thrust of the spear,
“till my heart is appeased. I will smite their heads
“with the polished scimitar—I will hew off their
“skulls, and cut their throats—I will ravage their
“cultivations and lands, and will glut the wild
“beasts with their carcasses. I am Antar, noble
“and zealous. He who is nobly born! yes; he
“that is strong in battle, shall be called on the day
“of carnage a Shedadean!”

Foul wretch! exclaimed her mother, didst thou not tell me thy cousin was nothing to thee, but truly I suspected thee when I saw thee turning about to the right and left. Now the slaves all fled towards Mas-hil, and told him of the sad event. His eyeballs turned fiery-red; then galloping towards his troops: I am the knight of Yemen, and Irak, he roared. He stopped not till he came up with Antar at the opening of the valley, and thus taunted him:

“Has a tender of camels taken my bride cap-
“tive? And has he wounded me with the arrow of
“separation? Has he seized the fawn that enslaved
“my heart with the magic of her eyelashes and

“ pupil of her eyes? Hopeless were his attempts,
“ were he even to bear her away on the steeds of
“ Ootak. I will make her slave drink of the cup
“ of death with a spear! and I will annihilate
“ the Absian Chiefs with finely-edged swords. I
“ will leave their lands whelmed in affliction. Wo-
“ men shall ever remember the catastrophe! I am
“ a lion, whose name is known from the land of
“ Room even to Irak.”

Whilst Mas-hil spoke, Antar listened; and instantly he replied :

“ O Mas-hil, instead of embraces and kisses, be-
“ hold the thrusts with the well-shapen spear, and
“ fatal blows from the hand of the nobly-descended
“ lion, high raised above his fellows. Instead of
“ Ibla are the cleaving strokes of scimitars and
“ thrusts of spears, tearing out the eyeballs. I am
“ the well-known warrior, whose fame is spread
“ over every region. Behold! how horsemen smite
“ the breasts of their antagonists, but my thrust is
“ through the throat and the eye-ball! Cowards
“ pride themselves on the extent of their wealth,
“ but my pride is in the steeds of Otak. See!
“ death is on my javelin's point—See! at one
“ thrust life is extinct—See! how glory belongs to
“ me alone, and after me, no higher honour can
“ wait the most ambitious—See! how I have sur-
“ passed every warrior, and truly my attack has
“ checked every foe. Now tell the Kendeyans what
“ thou hast seen, for the hour of thy death and thy

“wane is come! Recommend to them all thy
“wishes, for if once thou meetest me, thou wilt
“never return!”

No sooner had he concluded, than he rushed upon Mas-hil. They thrust with their spears—they smote with their swords, and the bird of fate was flying over them. The dust arose in black clouds, and Mas-hil perceived in Antar what confounded his senses; but he concealed his anguish, braved every thing with patience and perseverance. Again the thick dust rolled up, when, lo! a troop overtook Antar from the sides of the plain: he rushed upon his antagonist like a lion, and thrust at him the spear of rage and fury; he rent open his corslet and coat of mail; he tore out his entrails and his heart, and he hurled him at his full length upon the ground. Then he assaulted the troop, and soon brought down disgrace and misery upon them. Terrified they were as they perceived the destruction of Mas-hil, the knight of the world; but they engaged Antar, till despairing of success, and seeing death was at his command, they dispersed away from him, and joined their rear. Ibla's father and brother continued their flight, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh, and in the fulness of their agony and distress they exclaimed, O Kendeyans! misfortune has come upon you; war has suddenly overwhelmed you! death is nigh at hand. At this the horsemen advanced thick as a shower of rain when it pours; King Amroo mounted and

asked the news. They told him what Antar had done. Overtake, said they, your nephew, before death descend upon him, and this voracious lion destroy him. Speak not thus, O Malik, said King Amroo, for I am under no alarms for the son of my sister; let your black come, he will never return. 'Tis thy fears that dictate these expressions. He then hastened to the foe, and the troops behind closed upon him like the waves of the stormy sea, when, lo! the troops that had accompanied Mas-hil hurried towards him, screaming and shouting. Some of them advanced, and told him what had happened; his heart was near bursting—he halted: How evil and inauspicious, he exclaimed, has been the face of Malik and his daughter to us! To his horsemen he called out, and they slackened their bridles, fixed their spears, and sought the summits of the mounds and sand-hills. Antar, when all had fled, stood over the carcase of Mas-hil, stretched out like the mountain side; he smote it with Dhami, and as he cut it in two, he thus exclaimed:

“Favourite of the songstress! I have left him
“dead, a plenteous prey for the spotted serpent’s
“maw. My hands with a speedy thrust reached
“him, and the blood gushed out, and he weltered
“in his gore. I rent with the sturdy spear his
“heart; however noble may be the hero, the spear
“is not to be resisted. I have left him a prey to
“wild beasts, that they may feed on him—that
“they may gnaw his head and arms. I am one

“ whose hands, inflamed with wine, would tear the
“ regal standard from a king. I will urge my steed
“ into the dust, and he will plunge into it, champ-
“ ing the bit and snorting; but when he sees that
“ I mind not his distress, he shows his grinders,
“ but neighs no more. I have pierced him with the
“ spear, and have raised him on high on the point
“ of my sharp-edged Indian scimitar.”

Neither did he cease till he saw the desert all black, and dust extending along the plain, troops pressing on him, and warriors shouting at him. Heroes advanced in haste towards him. Horsemen appeared on all four sides, each exclaiming, By the faith of an Arab, I will not permit thee to return home, thou foulest of blacks, for thou hast slain a warrior whose equal the world cannot boast; and we must destroy thee to avenge him. As soon as Antar perceived the sparkling of scimitars and the glittering of spear-barbs, and the din of shouts and cries, he shook with rage and fury, so that all his armour nearly flew off from his body: he was scarcely sensible to whom he was speaking, or with whom he was fighting. But as pride and ardour seized him, he thus exclaimed:

“ When I behold the steeds pouring down in
“ numbers, and snorting, I meet them without a
“ roar. They call on Antar, and their spears are
“ like a descent of locusts on a towering sand hill.
“ They call on Antar, and their studded breast-
“ plates are like the eyes of frogs in a pool of water;

“ but I dash them down with the bright forehead
“ star and chest of my steed, till he is all besmeared
“ with blood. But should he bolt away from the
“ fall of the spear, I still urge him on ; then he
“ complains to me, and gently neighs. But the
“ horses are stern and sour-looking, as if their riders
“ had drunk of the cup of coloquintida.”

Anon he rushed upon the advancing troops, his heart harder than stone, and his mind like the waves of the sea when it roars. He smote off heads with his sword, he dealt severing blows, and drove penetrating thrusts ; and when the troops closed upon him, he shouted in their faces, and they were driven back upon their rear, tossing the riders from their backs, till his arms slackened of their vigour, and he beheld the day like night. Upon this King Amroo called out to his men, and threw himself on Antar, steady as the noblest of heroes. Matters were in this state, when lo ! a dust appeared among the mountains, and there started forth some swarthy-complexioned horsemen, crying out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! And when they approached the plain, they uncovered their heads and cast aside their garments, and exposed their lives to death ; they poured down like eagles, and thrust at the foremost of the troops.

Now Oorwah, as soon as Shiboob came up to him bringing Ibla, stationed ten men to protect her, and with the remainder he made the attack, when he saw the Kendehans surround Antar, and attack him

with their spears and falchions. Let us now, my cousins, attack truly and sincerely, said he to his comrades, for this is the first time we have ever fought with Antar. Let us remove from him this affliction, that he may acknowledge it as long as he lives. It was the intention of Oorwah by this discourse to make them behold Antar's exploits, and teach them firmness for future occasions. When Oorwah's comrades perceived Antar's unshaken resolution in assaulting the warriors, their hearts were like mountains, and they did as Oorwah commanded; they endured patiently all the horrors of the conflict, they assaulted with the utmost impetuosity, and exhibited the firmest courage and determination. Again Antar's powers expanded: where he thrust, he slew; where he struck, he cleft; where he attacked a whole body, he made it retreat. The dust arose and thickened—the horses feet played with the skulls as if with balls—and all that were present on that day wished they had never been born, had never stirred, and had never moved on the earth.

Antar heard his uncle's shouts, and his voice crying out to the Kendehans, Assault this black, this infernal black, who has slain Mas-hil; destroy him whilst he is engaged in slaughter. Fear not those who have aided him, for they are only common fellows. When Antar heard these words, he attacked him, urged on by his feelings, and overtook him. Malik endeavoured to fly, but Antar grasped hold of him, and seized him by his rings, and clung

to his throat, and threw him down behind him. Shiboob soon bound him fast; his son made an attempt to defend his father, but lo! an arrow struck his horse's scrotum, and overthrew him. Shiboob was on him before he could recover himself, and bound him also, and away he went into the valley with them both. The intelligence was soon spread among the Kendehans, so the horsemen and warriors came out one after the other. The numbers increased against the Absians, and the succour brought against them augmented. Oorwah's men exhibited all their courage and their zeal, whilst Antar assisted them as a father assists his son. They were covered with wounds, and took refuge in the valley and the defiles, for they were exhausted with striking and thrusting; and as soon as night clothed the world in darkness, they were surrounded by infantry and cavalry.

King Amroo also came down to the entrance of the passage, and in his heart there was a blazing fire against Antar. In the evening no less than seven thousand horsemen crowded round him, and all were talking of Antar's exploits. My cousins, even the Bestower of life on the world could not have done such deeds, cried King Amroo; but if he quits us alive after such achievements, the Arabs will be ashamed of us, as long as the seated sit, and the risen rise; and we shall be considered by them as mere beasts and savages. Oorwah's men reposed themselves. Some even expressed their disapproba-

tion, saying, How can we, fewer even than a hundred, in this battle pretend to withstand all the population of Yemen? but as to Antar, he is in love. Their situation was no secret to Antar, so he went up to Oorwah and said, O Ebe ool Ebyez, I am aware your companions repent of what they have undertaken; it would be better for you to take them away, and seek safety among these hills, and leave me alone in these difficulties, for I well know death never advances or retards. What is this? said Oorwah. We will never separate from you, till the enemies' horses trample upon our heads, and if any one of my companions repents of the enterprise, let him take the consequences. They ate a hearty dinner, and laid themselves down to sleep; but Antar arose and went to Ibla, and saluting her, kissed her between the eyes, and soothed his passion with her. And the tribe of Kendeh reposed in sorrows and distress.

They were in this situation when a messenger advanced towards them in full speed over the sands: Noble leaders, he exclaimed, know that the Chief Bostam has plundered your wives and families, and has ravaged your country and native land. So the Kendehans returned to demand the restitution of their wives and families. Antar, hearing their shouts, wished to attack them, but Shiboob prevented him, fearful of some stratagem on the part of the Kendehans. Shiboob, however, in the course

of the night followed them, and on his return was communicating to his brother what he had heard of Bostam, how he had plundered the dwellings and tents, when a dust appeared, and black columns arose, beneath which stood forth some swarthy horsemen, all shouting out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! This was an army of noble Absians, headed by King Zoheir's sons, Shas, Malik, Noofil, and Harith, and with them was the Chief Shedad, and his brother Zakhmetuljewad, and a thousand illustrious horsemen: and Oorwah's sister was the cause of their arrival, for when he had conducted her to the dwellings, and enjoined her not to mention the subject to any one, she religiously kept the secret, till she perceived the great anxiety of the men and women on account of the absence of Antar and her brother; upon which, exceedingly alarmed, she told Shedad that Antar and her brother were gone to the tribe of Kendeh to rescue Ibla, and she related all that Antar had done in his liberality and generosity on their return from the tribe of Ghiftan, and also the circumstance of the messenger from Bostam. On hearing this, Shedad went to King Zoheir and his sons, and in great distress related the story to them. This narrative brought tears into the eyes of all present. March! said King Zoheir, haste away! Take with you one thousand horsemen, and assist him; and if you wish, I also will set out. Shas and Malik were greatly pleased;

they selected a thousand men, and marched out with Shedad and his brother, a flame burning in their hearts, till they reached the tribe of Kendeh.

As soon as Antar saw King Zoheir's sons, he made his obeisance, and raised his voice in prayers for them and their father. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, we have indeed to reproach you, for you went away without telling us, so had any evil happened to you, all the men and women would have been in the greatest affliction on your account. O great prince, exclaimed Antar, I do not wish the Arabs should say of me, that the chiefs of the tribe of Abs marched out with their slave, and assisted him in the violence of his love. My son, said his father, under the influence of your passion, you daily expose your life to death; and, moreover, the Arabs are all your enemies. Then Antar told them all that had befallen his uncle Malik in the land of Kendeh, and how he had betrothed Ibla to Mas-hil, whom he had slain, and made to drink of the cup of extinction; and how Malik had excited the horsemen against him. Antar's account filled them with astonishment; they inquired about Malik and his son Amroo, and Ibla, and the tribe of Kendeh. As to Malik and his son, said Antar, they are in my possession, well secured; the Kendehans have returned home. And, acquainting them with Bostam's story, he continued, I was now setting out to his assistance, had you not arrived.

Amazed at his great success, they departed in

company with him till they reached the field of battle, where they saw Malik and his son in a deplorable condition, almost dead under the pressure of ropes and cords, so tight were they bound down. Ah ! said Shas, his heart pitying him in the presence of the multitude, in what an unlucky hour didst thou come into the world ! Art thou not ashamed ? Thou art become a fable among the tribes. O nobles and chiefs, by the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Malik, I will never deliver my daughter to this black slave whilst I have a tongue to speak, or a limb to move. Either then make me drink of the cup of death, or seize her for him with the hand of power, so that my justification may be clear to the world, and my honour unpolluted with ignominy. What induced you to take my son's property, said Shedad, and then refuse any return ? and marry your daughter to another man ? But now as to this girl, we will send her back to her country, and she shall not quit our dwellings till she herself requests of her own accord to be married ; then we will marry her to whom she pleases, and we shall be free from annoyance and affliction. Witness for me, cried Antar, all here, if he returns home and conceals his daughter, I will make no demand upon him whatever ; I will not even remain near him, but I will do what he pleases, and live with my sister Merwa in the tribe of Ghiftan ; and on his account I will abandon family and home, and will wait for time to effect my purpose. But should he marry her to any human

being, I will requite him as he deserves, and I will hasten his departure from this world. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, no blame can now attach to you, and it is impossible for any one to object to such conditions. Well! said Malik, I shall demand of you this concession and acknowledgment when we have returned home. But I, said Antar, will not return to reside with the tribe of Abs, whilst you remain there, unless you grant me permission to do so. Upon this Shedad got upon his legs, and releasing Malik, kissed him between the eyes. King Zoheir's sons were much astonished at all this, and at his excessive liberality, and his affection for his family and tribe; whilst Antar endeavoured to win his uncle with these verses:

“ I have had patience, but in my love patience
 “ is extinct. Tears have flowed till they have be-
 “ come blood. O ye that depart, in my heart you
 “ dwell—my heart thirsts after ye. What burdens
 “ of anguish have I borne! Were Mount Redwa *
 “ to endeavour to support them, Redwa's self would
 “ be crushed by their weight. O thou, daily in-
 “ flicting me with grief, the horsemen of olden time
 “ would sink under such burdens. Fear not, that
 “ in my wrath, I will raise thee up on the point of
 “ my cleaving sword; but that thou livest, and that
 “ I have not destroyed all thou hast built up, to me
 “ no thanks are due. But I cannot forbear when

* A mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.

“filthy Arabs oppose me, for I will not be disgraced—my object is high in heaven. I speak the words of truth in advice—he that exposes himself unnecessarily to danger is never praised, even should he escape.”

Antar now resolved on going to the assistance of Bostam; and leaving thirty horsemen with Gheyadh in the defile, he departed with the thousand newly arrived warriors; Shiboob preceding, and showing them the roads over the sand-hills, whilst his brother Antar rode by the side of Shas.

Now when the messenger whom Bostam had sent to Antar returned with the news that Antar had set out against the Kendehans, and that he excused him from the expedition, I cannot be satisfied, exclaimed Bostam, with that reason, for it was from me Ibla's father ran away. So he selected a thousand Shibanian horse, and having procured his father's permission, he departed for the land of Kendeh; and he happened to arrive just at the time when the marriage of Mas-hil was approaching; so he secreted himself in the mountains, and despatched a slave to gain some intelligence of Malik. The slave on his return stated, that Ibla was actually married, and that the Kendehans were employed in the marriage feast, and on the next day were to conduct her to her husband. Alas! cried Bostam, much distressed, Ibla has at length slipped through Antar's hands—his anguish will be vain, and his enemies and rivals will exult. But by the faith of an Arab, I will not

be the harbinger of good news to the Kendehans in this marriage. I must exert myself to liberate her, and show that I am the real friend of Antar. Return to the Kendehans, continued he to the slave ; and do not leave them till you see Ibla set out. Then hasten back, and I will show you what I will do. The slave accordingly returned, and reposed among the shepherds, pretending to be fatigued and ill. In the morning, when the howdahs were raised upon the camels, and the men and women departed with Ibla, Bostam's slave went back and told him the news ; and his heart was near bursting that Antar should be thus disappointed. He instantly mounted with his men, and invaded the dwellings and tents about evening : there he heard the sounds of grief and lamentation on all sides, and the shrieks of the girls and women. Cousins, cried Bostam, what has happened to these people ? I could almost be persuaded my precaution had had some effect, and that Antar had seized his bride, and had made the tribe pass an evening of defeat in the death of Mas-hil, and the dispersion of the Kendehans. So come on, my cousins, plunder their flocks, capture their well-shapen maidens, and congratulate yourselves on this spoil and gain.

At the word they galloped away, and brought down the descent of Fate and Destiny ; dealing blows among them irresistible and unsparing. All the men that had been left behind they slew, and they drove away the cattle and the families, and

they set out on their way home, saying, Now will the Kendehans leave Antar alone when they hear this event; and thus it was that the news reached them about morning as we mentioned.

So they quitted Antar, and sought Bostam, for their terrors were great. They overtook him at a spot called Jilgil, and they surrounded him on all sides.

As King Amroo was the chief of the Kendehan tribe, he despatched to the habitations a thousand lion-warriors, fearful for the calamities that might befall them. As soon as they reached Bostam, they attacked him and his companions with all their force. But he rushed into the fight, and aided his men; and doing the deeds of a nobly-born Arab, he repulsed the troops away from his people. He tore their chests with his barbed spear, and fought like a terrifying lion. But the Kendehans were greatly superior in numbers to the Shibanians, and Antar did not come up with them until they were in extreme peril.

Bostam felt certain of death, so great was the rush of the horsemen; and he was about to receive on his chest the force of united spears, when lo! Antar joined him with all his horsemen, saying, I was indeed afraid of this, for Aboolyaczan; and he made the assault with the troops of Abs and Adnan. The Kendehans were struck with horror; the instant they saw his terrible form, their bodies shook with affright, and their complexions changed as they

heard them vociferating, O by Abs ! O by Adnan !
Antar at their head, thus exclaiming—

“ God protect thee, O Aboolyaczan ! I am the
“ lion—the vanquisher of all antagonists. The lion
“ of war is come to thee ; its lion is at hand, and its
“ exciter on the plain of opposition ; the rapid brandisher
“ of swords in the achievements of Kings is
“ come to thee ; the destroyer of heroes is at hand.
“ O Kendeh, a Knight is come against you, who will
“ uproot all the delights of Cahtan ; one who never
“ waves his sparkling scimitar in the contest, but the
“ universe begs for quarter. How often have I
“ forborn ! but fortune betrays me, and my enemies
“ would involve me in disgrace and infamy : but
“ now dost thou not see that kings fear me, and all
“ the host of heroes tremble before me ? I am the
“ severer of heads in quest of glory ; I am the dis-
“ comfiter of warriors and horsemen ; Glory is my
“ glory ; the age is my age ; the time is my time,
“ and the station my station.”

No sooner had Antar finished his verses, than the wise men of Kendeh assembled in the presence of the King. Know, O monarch, said they, this demon is not alone, but the pride of Abs and Adnan have come after him, and I fear some of them may invade our homes, and ravage our possessions, and capture our women ; and should this conjecture be well-founded, the destruction will be eternal.

You have taken a right view of the business, said King Amroo ; and I fear, if we protect what is of

inferior worth, the more valuable will be plundered from us; but my idea is, that you should fight and retreat, but beware! should they put you all to confusion, Antar will utterly destroy you, and every trace of ye will be extirpated.

In a short time the report was published abroad among the Kendehans, and they fought as they retreated; but as their hearts were anxious about their wives and children, they could exert themselves but feebly in the battle.

When Antar perceived their situation, he directed the spears against their chests, and urged the Abians on to the contest. The same did Bostam with his followers. Now the flight of the Kendehans became general, and they dispersed to the east and to the west, and none arrived at the dwellings but those whose deaths were postponed.

As soon as King Amroo reached the tents, he shouted out to his people that were there, and again ordered them to the field of battle; and they hastened eagerly to the assistance of their companions, and the engagement continued on both sides till the armies of darkness advanced, and concealed the print of their footsteps. The Kendehans being completely routed, retired to their tents, whilst Antar, being aware that there was not one even to tighten their girths, ordered his people to plunder their flocks, but to spare the married women and families.

After this, Antar turned towards Bostam and said, Truly, thou hast ever shown the excess of

benevolence towards us ; and never can we possibly make you a suitable compensation. He continued thus eulogising Bostam in these verses :

“ O Aboolyaczan ! O full moon ! O subduer of
 “ the desert and towns ! Were the ears of all other
 “ men deafened, may thine alone be opened ! O
 “ Bostam ! O thou distributor of favours out of
 “ nothing, surpassing all that can be imagined !
 “ Generous men we had of old, we shall never for-
 “ get them or their history ; endued thou art with
 “ modesty and goodness ; a compound of all that
 “ beneficence and nature ever formed ! And all that
 “ thou givest will be stored up for thee in eternity !
 “ Thou art the sword of resolution ! Were I to
 “ beckon to it, it would rest sheathed in the firm-
 “ rooted mountain !”

Bostam answered him thus :

“ Hail ! May greetings ever welcome thee, morn-
 “ ing and evening ; for thou art the death of the
 “ horseman of the wastes, and the most deserving
 “ of praises and eulogies ; for God only created
 “ thee to be a wonder in the battle and hour of
 “ troubles ; no lion can cope with thee in the fight ;
 “ no cloud can equal thee in bounty ; thou hast at-
 “ tained all that is knowledge, and wit, and modesty,
 “ and patience, in difficulties and relaxations ; thou
 “ excellest all in generosity and munificence ; and
 “ hast perfected the nobleness of thy ancestors !
 “ Let every one that sees thee admire all that he
 “ beholds of magnanimity and grandeur ! O Abool-

“fawaris, thou art my succour, noble must he be
“who is acquainted with fate! The bounty of thy
“hand when it bestows gifts, heals and relieves a
“man from the virulence of misfortunes. Thy age
“is like thy resolution in action, and thy resolution
“is like thy sword in fate. When fire descends on
“thee, it is sweet, even as the dew that refreshes
“the meads! Live for ever in wealth and eternal
“glory, unchangeable and unperishable!”

Bostam imparted to Antar all the anguish he had endured on the subject of Ibla's marriage to Mas-hil. Antar also related all that had happened to him; how enraged his uncle was against him; and that he himself had sworn to reside no longer in his native land. You must then, said Bostam, make your residence amongst us in Shiban, for I was the first that gave myself up to your service. No, said Prince Malik, we cannot possibly permit our cousin to abandon us, therefore do not make any irrevocable engagement with him, so that we may arrange his business, and terminate his affairs in his favour.

O Prince, said Shedad, verily my son's residence with Bostam is particularly advisable; let no more dissensions disperse the tribe, and our lands be no more devastated. Thus was the matter concluded: Bostam had determined on dividing the spoil amongst the Absians, but they all swore they would not take a halter of it. Let our cousin Antar have it all, and let him live on it during his stay with you.

Bostam was all astonishment at their liberality and perfect love. Shedad advanced, and thus took leave of his son :

“ You have formed a favorable opinion of fortune, when all goes well, and you do not fear the evil that fate may bring with it. You have escaped also in night adventures, and you boast of it ; but in the brightness of the night, often misfortunes occur.”

CHAPTER XV.

BOSTAM ordered his men to drive on the flocks, and they separated in joy and happiness; and as he engaged Antar in conversation and social intercourse, on the subject of Ibla, Let no man imagine, said Antar, that he has ever endured an equal share of anguish with me. Then he wept, and sighed, and complained, and thus spoke:

“ My patience and my transports exist when I am
 “ moving, and when I am at rest ; but my love for
 “ Ibla is the companion of my heart. In her face, and
 “ in the roses of her cheeks is my full moon, brilliant, sparkling, and luminous. Her figure is graceful as the ل (alef), and her light limbs are round
 “ as the ن (noon), and her seat of smiles is budding as the م (meem) ; musk is her smell, and from
 “ her juices and her breath are sweet liquors
 “ and perfumes. How is it that my heart ever pursues its love, as we wish for the hot water in the
 “ bath ? But patience ! perhaps the breezes that
 “ pass over her residence may blow a breath from
 “ her embraces. They are resolved to betray me ;
 “ their treachery is their faith, for perfidy is a disease inherent in their bowels. They are wicked,
 “ but I have to ask their pardon—and they still

“increase their insults. I still act justly towards them; but they ever deal in invectives, as if I could not endure to be absent from them, and as if I should die for love of them, and as if I could not to endure say, ye have outraged me; for God well knows I am indeed wronged.”

They continued their journey till mid-day, when Antar suddenly checked his progress, and said to Bostam, O my brother, my heart is very uneasy about the tribe of Kendeh, for should they learn our situation, and that we all have taken different routes, they may pursue my cousins, and may chance to slay some of King Zoheir's sons. Do order your horsemen to drive away these flocks, and you and I with ten horsemen will return towards my cousins, that we may be assured of their security. As you please, said Bostam; and he ordered his people to drive away the camels and flocks; and after he had selected ten horsemen, they set out traversing the deserts, Shiboob going before them, pointing out the roads till they reached the valley, where, on their first arrival, they had been concealed. Here they attentively contemplated the roads and tracks, but they could perceive nothing but the print of the horses feet turned towards home. Thus were Bostam and Antar: but as to the Absians, as soon as they were at a distance wandering over the deserts, their bosoms felt distressed on account of the loss of Antar. Well, said Shas, to Malik, Ibla's father, this business has

turned out just as you wished, and Antar must remain alone in a foreign land. And soon their conversation and animosity increased in violence, when Prince Malik came up and separated them, saying, My cousins, do not quarrel in this land, for we are still amongst our enemies, and he about whom you are quarrelling has preferred quitting us to living with you. Thus they continued till they left the land of Kendeh, but Shas's rage and indignation were intense. He marched on ahead with half of the army, and also Shedad, Antar's father, whilst Malik, King Zoheir's son, remained behind with five hundred men, and Ibla went quietly on with him, for his mind was superior to Shas's, and he showed courtesy to all. At length they came into a country called Riyab, abounding in lakes, and the wild animals were ranging far and wide. It happened that the party were in want of provisions on account of their distant journey, and many of them were hungry. Being much distressed, they stated their complaints to Malik; so he told them to mount their steeds: Come on to the hunt, said he, and let not one return, but with sufficient provisions for himself, and his comrades, and associates. Malik mounted a swift mare, and employed himself in spearing the beasts and stretching them on the sands, galloping among them right and left, until he separated from his party and his troops, and as he was much engaged with the immense quantity of game, he roamed far among the wilds, watching his

opportunity. At last he halted, and cast his eyes round the desert right and left, and whilst he was contemplating the wastes and sand-hills, behold, one of the desert standing in the plain, and before him a camel lying down, and behind him a damsel, and she held the Bedoween's horse. As soon as the damsel saw Malik standing on the top of a sand-hill, she made signs to him with her hand, that she demanded his aid. Malik understood her wishes, but he would not assent to her demand, for, said he to himself, haply she may be his wife or sister, and something may have occurred, that may render it improper to assist her, so he resolved on returning to his party, fearful of the accidents of fortune. But the damsel let go the horse from her hand, and struck it on the face, and it fled over the wilds. O Arab, catch your horse, cried she to the Bedoween. Upon that he quitted the camel, and pursued the horse till he overtook it; he caught it by the halter and returned. But no sooner had the Bedoween departed in quest of his horse, than the damsel ran up to Malik and demanded his assistance. Wherefore, said Malik, do you demand my protection against him? Is he your husband or your relation? No, said she, I and my countrymen were returning home, when this demon met us; he slew my cousins; and she wept. When Malik heard this, his heart pitied her, for he was a prince, and the son of a prince, and a noble Absian. Well, said he, congratulate yourself on the end of your troubles and

misery. But lo ! the Bedoween returned mounted on his horse, and perceiving Malik in conversation with his damsel, his eyeballs started into the top of his head ; he grasped his spear, and rushed upon him : Foul Arab ! said he, what horseman art thou that dost venture to converse with the damsels of the brave ? I am surnamed the crashing thunder and the deluging cloud, and called Feyaz the depredator ! Instantly each attacked his adversary, and they commenced the fight and contest. Malik met him with a spear, and cried out in a loud voice. The Bedoween parried his thrust, and twisting the spear out of his hand, he attacked him like a lion, and seizing Malik by the rings of his corslet, he cried out, O by Cahtan ! and dragged him off his horse's back ; he took him captive and bound him, degraded and in misery : but when he remarked the beauty of his person, and his garments, and his armour, he was convinced he was some great personage : Youth, said he, of what tribe art thou ? Speak the truth, or I will make thee drink of the cup of death and perdition. Truth becomes the noble, and falsehood is repugnant to the generous Arab chief, replied Malik, I am of no despicable birth, nor is my wealth mean. I am Malik, son of Zoheir, King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, and Fazarah and Ghiftan, and Marah and Dibyan. Bravo, bravo ! cried the other, thou, by heaven, wert one of my chief objects ; through thee will I take my revenge, and will liberate my cattle. Upon

this he bound tighter the cords, and fastened down his arms and shoulders, and tied him on the back of his horse, and marched towards his own country, saying, Never shalt thou be released from my power, till thou deliverest up to me thy father and thy slave Antar, that I may sacrifice them as I would a ram, otherwise I will execute every cruelty upon thee. What is the reason of this? inquired Malik. Know, said he, that I am the lover of one of our damsels, and I demanded her in marriage of her father, to whom I offered all my property, sheep, he and she camels: but he refused me, saying, I will not marry you to my daughter, unless you bring me the head of him who murdered my son, and avenge his fate. On whom, said I, is your vengeance to be taken? On a black of the tribe of Abs, he answered, he is their herdsman, and their horseman, and their protector, for he plundered our flocks and captured our wives and families, and he slew my son, and he is but a camel-driver, and now I have sworn not to marry my daughter, but to him who shall bring me his head. Upon this I engaged to slay this son of filth, your black Antar, and I quitted not my tents till I had made a contract upon this point with him. So I set out on my way to your country, and fell by chance on this girl; I slew her countrymen, and carried her off. Again I set out, and fell by chance on you, Prince Malik, and through you will I succeed in my projects. When Malik heard this, he rested all his hopes on a stratagem, and sought his

deliverance by art and cunning. Arab, said he, the road is nigh, for last night only I quitted Antar in the land of Riyab, and with him were but ten horsemen. Away against your enemy, if you are, as you proclaim yourself, a noble horseman! O by the Arabs! was all the Bedoween's reply, for he was highly delighted and rejoiced. If you have spoken the truth, said he, I will release you from this bondage. Could but my eyes light upon Antar, I would take him prisoner were there even a thousand brave horsemen with him; but I shall now rest till morning, and your black will then appear, for as soon as he is aware of your disappearance, he will not proceed on his journey, but will undoubtedly come and seek you, and he must pass by this road, for his good luck and fortune have abandoned him. Upon this he dismounted and reposed till the day dawned, when he lashed the damsel and Prince Malik to the backs of two of his horses, and proceeded without further delay. About three hours after, behold a man on foot speeding over the desert, and before him fled the deer, whom he overtook and grasped by the horns, and when the Bedoween saw him, he stared at him in amazement, surprised at the force of his muscles and the strength of his knees; and whilst he was looking at him, behold ten horsemen advanced towards him, all immersed in steel, and enveloped in breastplates of bright metal, and in front of them was a knight like an hyena. When the Bedoween remarked the mag-

nificence of their accoutrements, and the excellence of their steeds, and the smallness of their numbers, he made towards them, eager to seize them. They also observed with surprise the camel and the man bound with cords to the back of a horse. The troop halted, and the Bedoween moved towards them to demand their object. What horsemen are ye? he exclaimed, and to what Arabs are you connected? Upon this their leader shouted out, and he was the conquering hero, Antar, son of Shedad. I am one, he cried, that will wither your soul! known amongst honourable men, as the chosen knight; the far-famed slayer—the knight of tumults and uproars—the chief Antar, son of Shedad, and what coward art thou? And who is this prisoner bound on that horse? Who is this damsel that is crying out, and demands assistance? O by the Arabs! cried the Bedoween, shaking himself with joy upon his horse. I greet thee—I welcome thee, black in complexion, fair in deeds, knight of the tribes, I am called Feyaz the depredator! I am the tempestuous blast! I am come to assault thee. And he related his story; how he demanded the damsel, and was sent by her father for her marriage donation: he would not admit, he added, of any thing but thy death, and the annihilation of thy life. And who, said Antar, is this prisoner? Your lord, Prince Malik, son of King Zoheir. As soon as Antar heard this, the light became dark in his eyes. Bostam soon joined him, and demanded of

him the cause of this long parley. He informed him of all the Bedoween had said. God is with you, O Aboolfawaris ! said Bostam, how he has inspired you with forethought, and how he has intimated to you the revolutions of fate !

Now Antar, as he was returning from the land of Kendeh, in his fears for Ibla, had bid Shiboob early in the morning to cut off through the defiles into the land of Riyab ; and Antar, followed by Bostam and his people, was proceeding to the vicinity of the land of Abs, eager to catch some news of Ibla, for lovers and the devotees of passion sigh fondly for news of their love, and Antar's love in the excess of his anxiety enchained him with the bonds of desire and solicitude, as he thus expressed himself :

“ When the zephyr gently blows, its breath re-
“ lieves the sickened heart, and brings me news of
“ the damsel and of those I love, who are travelling
“ on their journey : regardless are they of whom
“ they have left behind, cast down and dead in the
“ land of love : one who has quitted their country
“ and roams anxious about them, wheresoever they
“ drive their baggage camels. Indeed, O Ibla,
“ they have betrayed my vows. It is thy father
“ that is ungrateful for favours. I have borne sor-
“ rows and absence patiently, even in my weak
“ state, and I have defied the railers. I am ac-
“ customed to grief, so that my body, were it to
“ lose its pains, would sigh after its emaciated state.
“ The ravens taunt it, as if it had been one that

“ had destroyed its plundered young; it weeps,
“ and the torrents of my tears sympathise with it—
“ it sighs, and my woes cruelly increase—it passes
“ the night in anguish for the loss of its mate, for
“ whose absence it moans the live-long night. I
“ said to it, thou hast wounded the inmost recesses
“ of my heart. Ever is thy grief a mental disease.
“ I have shed tears from my eyes, and my native
“ home and country excite all my interest. Ab-
“ sence has left me no soul, no body, in which,
“ miserable as I am, I can live. Wert thou to
“ take off the armour from it, thou wouldst see
“ beneath it only a ruined vestige; and on those
“ worn-out remains is a coffin-sword, whose edge
“ would notch the bright polished scimitar. I am
“ so accustomed to the calamities of fortune, that
“ all their vastness appear but trifling to me, (nu-
“ merous as they are, they appear few).”

Thus they continued traversing the deserts till they approached the land of Riyab, and met the knight Feyaz, and heard his adventures, and saw Prince Malik in his power. And Antar was occupied with Feyaz in the conflict, till the brightness of the day darkened over their heads. But Shiboob quitted his deer, and moved towards Prince Malik, who was groaning from the pain of his wounds. Alas! alas! cried Shiboob, and came up to him, and untied the cords, and placed him again on his horse, saying: Seek the field of battle, that you may console your heart. As soon as Antar saw Prince Malik, he exerted himself in the contest

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with Feyaz, and exhausted him, and smote him through the neck, and drew out his sword glittering through his joints. He then issued out of the dust, and congratulating Malik, thus spoke :

“ I say to my enemy when he contends with me, “ and advances like a towering well-built bastion, “ much good may it do to thee, the glass thou hast “ drank. Thou hast laid down thy cheek where “ there is no pillow. As soon as I have unsheathed “ my sword, its edge draws forth blood, and every “ chief becomes its victim. I am Antar the un- “ raveller of every difficulty, the destroyer of foes “ with my Indian blade. Horsemen pride them- “ selves in me in every contest, and the brave with “ their chieftains are humbled before me. If the “ most virtuous of my associates regard my actions, “ they will see the multitude prostrate before my “ glory. I am raised far above all mankind by “ my scimitar, my spear, by my blows in battle, “ and by my father.”

Approaching the prince, he kissed him, and exalted his honour and reputation : What has happened to you, my lord, said he, has been the means of augmenting my glory ; never may the day be that can bring evil on you, and I be still grasping the bridle. O Aboolfawaris, said Malik, thanking him, thou art indeed our greatest friend and sincerest ally. May God destroy him who would estrange your lucky stars from us, and deprive us of your councils ! Then he related all that had passed with

Malik, Ibla's father, and how he had separated from them entirely, that his brother had advanced with his party, and that he had been occupied in hunting, and all that occurred with Feyaz. It is my opinion, said Antar, you should return to the Absians immediately, and say nothing about what has happened to you; only tell them that you were occupied in hunting until evening, when you chanced to meet some Arabs, who entertained you, and treated you kindly, so that no one may blame you. Prince Malik having approved of these hints, Antar turned towards the damsel who had been with Feyaz, and giving her all Feyaz's plunder and camels, he said to her, Go home under my protection, secure from every one, man or demon; and should even Persia's monarch oppose you, his balcony shall totter. Antar's expressions made Bostam seriously reflect, and he felt aware that he could actually execute all he said.

Prince Malik retraced his way, and Antar marched with him, fearful of any unlucky event, till they reached the land of Riyab. Here Antar cast his eyes around, and he saw birds fighting, and wild beasts combating in the plain over the carcasses of the slain. This, said Antar, is a bad omen; it is a circumstance that gives evidence of death and destruction. And when they had advanced into the middle of the meadow, they perceived the dead scattered about on all sides, and blood that had changed the hue of vegetation, broken spears, and

shivered scimitars. Woe! woe! Antar exclaimed: Truly this intelligence is authentic, and the revolutions of fate and destiny have happened to our comrades. Alas! I can scarcely expect to overtake my Ibla. As they turned over the carcasses, they said one to another, This is such an one—this is such an one, till the groans issuing from a tortured heart reached their ears—they advanced and looked about, and lo! it was Ibla's father, Malik! He was almost dead; his blood was clotted with the sand, and the birds and the flies were hovering over him. Whither are you going, my brother? cried Shibboob; here is your uncle weltering in his blood, and his iniquities have reduced him to what he himself projected. Antar and his followers came up, and beholding Ibla's father in that state, they bound up his wounds and poured briny water upon his face. He opened his eyes, and seeing his countrymen around him, his life crept into his body, and his senses returned. Of this, said Antar, I was afraid; but you still continue to pursue the road of outrage against me. O nephew, said Malik, in a feeble voice, what is past is past; but I will never quit you again; my heart will study your pleasure, and I will ever be your slave. Congratulate yourself on this good luck, my uncle, said Antar; but who was it that did these deeds? where is Ibla, and your son, and the others? All, said Malik, are in the hands of Anis, son of Madraka the Khitaamite, for he came upon us with a thousand horse. We were in a state

of excessive fatigue and distress; and, moreover, Prince Malik and many others were dispersed in pursuit of game, when, behold! Anis surrounded us with his horse, and attacked us in all directions: he levelled his blows against the chiefs, and took the rest prisoners.

Now this knight was a man no man could encounter, and a warrior of warriors: and when he resolved on an expedition from place to place, the horsemen followed him, and his companions exposed their lives for him on account of his extraordinary intrepidity. At this time he had departed with a thousand horse; and he roamed with them, ravaging the Arab tribes, till he reached the land of Balka and the mountains of Nika. He was on his return, and before him went the slaves, the boys and camels, and the young camels, till they reached the land of Riyab, where he saw the Absians scattered about the meadows and the lakes. Anis was marching at the head of his party, for he treated horsemen with contempt. As soon as he spied the Absians he recognized them by their clothes, and their horses, and their standards, for the Arabs could always distinguish each other by their horses and banners. Now, said he to his countrymen, now you will be talked of by both men and women on account of the quantity you will gain in flocks, and he and she camels, if you vanquish this party of Absians, whose name is so great among the Arabs; and for every one you capture you will receive an immense ran-

som. Come on—Come on! And separating the thousand into four divisions, he attacked them, loudly vociferating, and their horses pressed on in crowds. When the Absians saw this, they exerted all their powers. Anis exhibited his whole strength: he encouraged the horsemen by his own deeds, and by his impetuosity he overwhelmed the Absians. He took fifty prisoners, after having slain a vast number. Amongst the captives were Oorwah and Amroo, Ibla's brother. He seized the property and the men, and departed, ordering his slaves to drive on the horses and camels. Ibla too was made captive with her camel: she was, indeed, accustomed to captivity, and had experienced the reverses of fortune: and as she saw her father covered with wounds and torn with spears, she proceeded at the head of the slaves and women, amongst the other prisoners. Oft she bewailed her native land in the obscurity of the night, and thus eased her heart:

“ O God of Zemzem and Mina, my heart is worn
“ with grief, captivity, and anguish; my frame is
“ exhausted, and I have no powers of body to bear
“ the garments of affliction. I have lost my father,
“ who *was once* kind and generous. He continued
“ his obstinacy till he drank the cup of perdition.
“ Foreign hands have overpowered him with swords
“ and spears. Here am I in a strange land in cap-
“ tivity, bewailing my distresses; and cruel Fortune
“ has thwarted me, and the world has abandoned
“ me, as if there was no such beautiful person as

“myself in the world. O protector of Abs! couldst thou see me, thou wouldst know what I endure. The day on which we separated from you, I was separated from all my hopes. Our warriors are now plundered of their lives by the spear, and I am in a strange land, suffering anguish as a captive. If thou hearest in the night the complaint of the drooping dove, be assured it is weeping for us.”

Ibla continued her tears and lamentations till the dawn of day. Anis dismounted to repose, and ordering his slaves to prepare dinner, they slaughtered the camels and the sheep, and prepared a repast; and they supplied also the prisoners and women with food of camel's flesh. But as to Ibla, she renounced all nourishment, and would not sleep.

The greatest part of the day had now passed, and but little remained of it; and as the companions of Anis were describing Ibla's beauty, and charms, and shape, and form—Countrymen, he cried, have I not often desired you a thousand times never to talk of women before me,—not a free-born or a slave,—and never to converse with me but of feats of arms and battles? And can any thing degrade man like the humiliation of love and passion?

When they had satisfied their hunger, about nightfall they travelled on till the sun rose, when they alighted at the waters of the tribe of Helal. And Ibla's grief and lamentations increased upon her, and she despaired of her cousin; and when

Anis heard her loud cries during the night, he demanded of his attendants about her: My cousins, asked he, who is this damsel that was groaning in the tranquillity of the night? O Chief, they said, this is the Absian damsel, whose beauty and charms we described to you. Never did we see a more agonized heart. Night or day she desires no nourishment: she renounces sleep: her grief and sorrows are not to be pacified. Bring her before me, said Anis, that I may learn her story. Upon that, the female slaves brought Ibla into his presence; he raised up her veil, and looked at her face; he saw the tears streaming from her black eye-lashes; he was smitten, and his heart fluttered with the violence of his passion—at the instant the state of his mind was changed. What is your name, damsel? said he. She answered, Ibla. Who was slain that belonged to you? he asked. My father, she replied; and again she hid her face with her hands, and threw herself upon the ground. Bring hither her family, cried Anis, that I may demand her of them in marriage, and be married to her; and instead of a dower or settlement, I will release her countrymen and herself; for as soon as I saw her, I became enamoured of her. And the mind and senses of Anis were from this moment all occupied with Ibla; and he suddenly tasted of love. They now veiled her face, and introduced her relations, towards whom Anis turned, and telling them what had passed, was civil to them, and demanded Ibla in

marriage. Seeing them hesitate in giving an answer, Why are you silent? he asked. Magnanimous Chief, they replied, we cannot speak for her, there is only her brother here; her father is absent. Oorwah at that moment was close to Amroo, Ibla's brother, and he said to him, Amroo, if you wish that Anis should be put to death, and his neck be cut off, marry him instantly to your sister; perhaps God will send Antar to darken his life and silence his name, and he may still release us from captivity. I have often experienced the effects of promising her in marriage, and I well know what her misfortunes have produced. But where is Antar? said Amroo. By this time he is in the land of Shiban, and far from us; we have behaved so ill to him, that he has quitted us for ever, and I am afraid of the consequences; for if I marry her to Anis, I fear that Antar may come hither and join me to my father, were I even concealed in the apartments of Nushirvan; and if I do not marry her, this devil will put us to death. Listen to me, said Oorwah; marry her, and do not talk nonsense. Bargain with him that he shall not enter unto her here, until he reach his native land and home: tell him that she has been wedded to her cousin some time ago, and lengthen out the business; perhaps Antar will come and make his wedding so inauspicious, that it may perhaps only be followed with the dawn of ill-luck to him; and his stars may set in the mansions of inversion.

Now Anis, seeing them falter in their reply, became troubled. He perceived they were consulting with Amroo, and that he was much disturbed. Do you consent that I become your sister's husband? he asked. My lord, replied Amroo, you are the consent, and you are above consent; but know that this damsel's father has already married her to her cousin, and has taken the marriage donation; but her father has taken advantage of him, and the devil has coloured his stratagems with the appearance of kindness and liberality, so he fled with her from place to place; and should I marry her to you, I dread the consequences. If I go home, I fear he will come upon me and kill me, and make me drink of the cup of death, were even the Kings of Abs and Adnan to protect me, and Fazarah and Dibyan; for he is one of the calamities of the world—no knight can oppose him in the field, and he fears neither man nor demon.

Anis became furious at this description. What! said he, is the name of this knight, for dost thou not know all the horsemen of Arabia? O mighty Prince, replied Amroo, this is he who slew Khalid, son of Moharib, and brought down misfortunes on him and his clan; who dispersed his warriors and his armies. To whom do you allude by this discourse? demanded Anis. To him of whom you questioned me, said Amroo. But what hero is he? asked Anis. I mean, said Amroo, the Knight of the world; myrrh to the taste; the insufferable colouintida.

His name is known throughout Hedjaz and Irak, he who killed Mas-hil, son of Tarak, and exterminated his tribe. But what is his name? repeated Anis. He is the lord of the black steed, and the broad scimitar and long spear, said Amroo; the furious lion who has disgraced the necks of the Arab and the Persian. Verily, you amaze me, cried Anis, with this horseman and this trampling hero; but explain to me his name among the knights of the age. He is, continued Amroo, the noble warrior who has vanquished the stoutest heroes with his sword. He is the serpent of the bowels of the desert, the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. I have only told you the truth.

Upon this Anis raised up his head to those that were seated by him, and said, Is there any one of ye that is acquainted with this man, whose description frightens me? O Anis, said a noble Sheikh, I have heard of this terrible knight; and it was indeed a man honest in his speech that informed me of him, and told me he was a black knight, but that he had crushed the necks of the Arab chiefs with his sword, and had made the kings of power bow down to him; the Persian and the Arab fear his might, and his uncle has only married his daughter to him through fear of his impetuous strength: and as soon as he inveigles him by his artifices, he wanders with her from place to place. Her father has espoused her to a thousand horsemen, but the marriage has never succeeded; and the last person to

whom he wedded her was Mas-hil, son of Tarak. But Antar went against him with one hundred friends, and waylaid him, and extinguished his glory and prosperity: and he has driven away from her every lover and every suitor, and to venture to speak of espousing her is a sufficient cause of death. And he who flies from him, flies cruelly wounded; and by the faith of an Arab, O Anis! should you make any attempt on this damsel, I shall tremble for you. Be not then excited by the charms and loveliness you have beheld in her.

And would you, O Sheikh, exclaimed Anis, make me forget my love for her by the description you have given me of her cousin? I consent, however, to abstain from her, until her cousin and his party come in quest of her; then will I try myself against him. Accordingly, he ordered Ibla to be treated with all honours, and said within himself, If this girl even in misery and captivity is so beautiful, what will she be when her heart is at ease, and when plumped up with good feeding?

They journeyed on till mid-day, when lo! a dust sprang up behind them very rapidly. My cousins, said he to his people, bring me news of this dust, and let me know what there is beneath it. Upon this a hundred horsemen immediately advanced. Now beneath this dust was the serpent of the desert, the Chief Antar, with Bostam and his party; for as soon as Antar heard Anis described by his uncle Malik, he and Bostam immediately gal-

loped on till they came up with the Khitaamites, and prepared for the contest; and when Bostam perceived the horse that had separated from the troops, O Lion of the Forest, by the life of Ibla's two eyes, said he to Antar, let me engage these advancing horsemen. There are an hundred of them, but when you in your strength are in my rear, I would even meet a thousand horsemen in front. Antar smiled; Do as you please, said he, for you have adjured me by the most sacred of oaths.

Upon that, he slackened the bridle of his steed, and encountered the hundred horse. Among them was an obstinate warrior and a valiant lion, called Mubadir, son of Ghaylem, and he was Anis's cousin. He headed the troops till they came close up to Bostam, when he cried out, Tell me who thou art, and whence thou comest, before I silence thy life, and make thy head fly afar off. Bostam returned him no answer, but plunged down upon him like an eagle, and pierced him through the chest with the barb of his spear, and it issued out through his back. As soon as his cousins saw this thrust, they all rushed against Bostam like ravenous lions, saying, O Mubadir, now thou art no more, the tribe of Khitaam is disgraced. They came down upon Bostam like a cloud, crying out to each other, Come on, to this demon; take him prisoner. And they separated into two divisions.

Antar saw this, and attacked in aid of Bostam. Seventy assaulted him, and thirty rushed against

Bostam. Antar received them with the chest of Abjer, and where he struck he cleaved asunder ; and where he pierced, he annihilated ; and when he shouted at the horses, their feet shook with horror ; and when the warriors crowded upon him, he severed their skulls.

Anis heard of the death of Mubadir ; he advanced towards the dust, anxiously expecting the return of his people with the prisoners, that he might console his heart by slaughtering them, and avenge his cousin, when lo ! out of the seventy horsemen that attacked Antar, there appeared only eleven ; the rest having drank of the cup of perdition. What is the matter ? cried Anis, may the curse of God be on the father of your beards !,

Do not reproach us, O Anis, said they, for our actions ; had we resisted, our necks also had been smote off. And has all this happened to you at the hands of ten horsemen ? asked he. By the life of your head, they replied, all these calamities are owing only to one hero ; but be not roused in thy anger, be not indignant, for the like of this knight can never be found. His blows would burst mountains ; his thrusts are death, and truly have we experienced horrors at his hands ; for he snatches up a horseman from the field of battle, and strikes another with him, and on the instant the two are dead.

Whilst they were thus conversing, behold five out of the thirty that assailed Bostam came up, and two were wounded, crying out " O misery ! O ruin !"

Now Anis roared, and his heart was rent, and his alarms and terrors increased; And what is the catastrophe? he cried. Talk no more, said they, for his like we have never seen among the Arabs; and had we followed our own wishes, we had left him alone. Then said one of the eleven that had engaged Antar, Wretches! had you gone with us, you would have been well provided for; not one of ye had returned, neither great nor small. Anis, in the rage and phrensy of his heart, burst into a laugh: No one, he cried, can credit such nonsense. I think, had this been Antar, whom the Sheikh described, who with a hundred horse encountered the whole tribe of Kendeh, and slew Mas-hil, son of Tarak, not one of ye had returned to mention the fact, or tell the tale. Be not enraged, be not indignant, O Anis, they exclaimed, the equal of this Knight cannot be possibly found. We heard him crying out, Unworthy cowards! I am Antar, son of Shedad. He would tear up a horseman from the back of his horse, and raise him like a tent-pole, and dashing him on the earth, confound his breadth with his length.

This then is the slave, cried Anis, whom we were mentioning this day; and should I not slay him and extinguish his life, I shall not gain possession of his bride. But now he is come in quest of her, exclaimed they. Anis returned to the spot where they had alighted, and his heart boiled like a cauldron; and they reposed till morning.

Now when the prisoners knew of Antar's deeds

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in the conflict, joy and gladness visited them. Well, what think you of my advice now? said Oorwah to Ibla's brother Amroo. Did I not tell you to marry your sister to Anis, if you wished his neck to be hewn off, and you and your comrades to be released? Now see what has happened to his party; and never will the knot of his marriage be tied, for Antar will render his morrow unlucky, and had you given her to him and betrothed her to him as a woman is betrothed, this would have been no evening to him.

And now when Bostam returned to Antar, he found the dead strewed before him. Had we arrived, Aboolfawaris, he cried, a little sooner in the day, not an eye of our companions had slept in captivity and in bondage. What is, is; replied Antar. Let us repose and consult till to-morrow; and they thus continued conversing till the mantle of darkness was dispersed.

And as the day shone at the return of dawn, Anis shouted to his horsemen, and immersed himself in steel and a bright cuirass: he mounted his horse, and advanced towards his troops. Antar and Bostam were both mounted with their nine horsemen. Anis poured down, anxious to engage Antar. Antar also assaulted Anis, his eyes burning in the crown of his head like firebrands. He marked him admiring his limbs and surveying his own shape and form, and as he was dragging his spear behind him he thus recited:

“ My morning draught is the cleaving of heads
“ and breasts; my scimitar is my cup—no cup of

“ wine. My wine is of the blood of warriors, quaffed
“ to the music of sword-blades and spears. When
“ I arise in spirits and in joy, I feel a flame of burn-
“ ing coals in my entrails. I am Anis, son of
“ Madraka, styled the destroyer of men in armour!
“ In me is a heart bold in battle with heroes. My
“ custom is to chase the hungry lion from his den.
“ Beware, beware! my garments, my Ibla, are of
“ steel; my sword is sharp, and my spear pene-
“ trating. I shall be raised in glory among men by
“ your death; and by it they will learn my valour.”

Antar listened to his discourse, and was surprised at the insanity of his passion. Son of a two-thousand-horned cuckold, he cried, hast thou not heard what has happened to others before thee on account of Ibla, and in the pursuit of her, that thou too art inflamed with love and distraction for her?—Yes, thou son of a coward, I have heard of thee before this day, cried Anis; after tending camels, thou hast been fortunate and prosperous, and thou hast slain a number of vagabond Arabs, and hast demanded thy cousin in marriage by frauds and deceptions. But fate has driven thee to me, that I may hasten thy destruction, and lower thy honours with my sword, for I have vowed within myself not to enter unto thy cousin, till I have made thee drink of the cup of death, and joined thee to those who are gone and are dead. And now may God favour my revenge, and prosper my enterprise! Having ceased, he assailed Antar, and conceived he was to attain

his wishes and conquer. Antar was much astonished at his actions, and launching out into the plain, as he galloped with him and charged, he thus replied:

“ Behold the sport of passion in every noble person ! but I have thanked my forbearance, applauded my resolution, and the slave has been elevated above his master : for I have concealed my passion, and kept my secret. I will not leave a word for the railers ; and I will not ease the hearts of my enemies by the violation of my honour. I have borne the evils of fortune, till I have discovered its secret meaning, before even it was concealed. Fortune has been my guide wherever I am. I have met every peril in my bosom, and the world can cast no reproach on me for my complexion : my blackness has not diminished my glory. Were this not the colour of my skin, the morning’s dawn would not bow before me at hearing my name. Tribes talk of genealogy as an honour, but the blow of the sword in the battle is my glory. Others have laboured, but have returned confounded as soon they beheld the traces of my form.”

No sooner had he finished his verses than he rushed upon Anis like an impregnable mountain ; they commenced striking and piercing, they engaged with the cleaving sword for an hour, and then vanished from the sight, the dust rising over them like smoke. The necks of the horsemen were extended out towards them, and the birds of death

hovered over their heads. Various shouts burst forth among them, and the Khitaamites vociferated to their lord, and opposed his disastrous fate.

Upon this, Bostam and the Shibanians prepared for the fight. This is the day of battle, my cousins, cried he. Ibla screamed out with a loud voice, for her soul had revived. Haste, my cousin, she cried, to the destruction of thy antagonist, and rescue thy maid from captivity, for truly her situation is deplorable, and her friends have been slain. Antar's heart was sorely grieved at her complaints, so he shouted at his adversary, and attacked him furiously. He exhausted him; he terrified him; he drew his foot out of his stirrup; he seized hold of him by his girdle; threw down his horse under him, and held him suspended in his hand like a sparrow.

When the Khitaamites saw their Chief a prisoner, they made an assault hoping to liberate him, but the eight horsemen encountered them, headed by Bostam, all roaring out like lions, and driving their spears through the horsemen's chests. Guard your prisoner, Aboolfawaris, cried Bostam; and I will satisfy you in the carnage of the Khitaamites, and will make their chiefs drink of the cup of revenge.

Antar having captured Anis, wished to bind him fast, but he was prevented by his violent exertions, and he tried to escape out of his hands, so Antar smote him on the shoulder, and almost killed him: and having thus wounded him, he left him stretched on the ground, and joined Bostam in the conflict,

and plied his sword among the foe. The dust and the sand arose over them; skulls lay under their feet; and unexpected calamities overpowered the tribe of Khitáam.

In those days there were knights who could encounter a thousand, and even two thousand of the most obstinate horsemen; having always the advantage, and ever unhurt. Now Antar was one of those warriors at that period; for the adored God had thus endowed him, and given him a lucky star at his birth. Moreover, the historians state in their Chronicles, that the King of Heroes had created Antar the instrument of his vengeance over all the giants of Arabia.

When the tribe of Khitáam saw that his blows were more impetuous than thunderbolts, and that his thrusts rent open coats of mail, their resolution failed: they abandoned their property and their flocks, and they dispersed over the desert like wild beasts, dastards and cowards as they were; whilst Antar and his comrades pursued them till they drove them out of that country and desert. Three hundred of them were slain, and only three of the Shibanians. Ibla and her maidens had released Oorwah and her brother from bondage, and as they returned to their friends, Antar saluted Ibla, saying, Think not, my cousin, that I forget thee, although thy father is oppressive and hostile to me. Ibla wept at the mention of her father: O my cousin, she said, then truly his treachery has destroyed him.

No, answered Antar, thy father is well: I left Malik, son of King Zoheir, with him. And he related to her all that had happened to him; how he had found him lying among the dead severely wounded; what he had done to relieve his afflictions; and that he had left with him his brother Shiboob. At this detail Ibla's sorrows were calmed, and her distresses were lightened. Antar ordered Anis into his presence.

Oorwah and Amroo hastened to the field of carnage, but could not find him; for Anis having recovered from the shock that had stunned him, and seeing an immense number of his comrades lying dead, instantly mounted one of the scattered horses, and fled from the scene. Having in vain searched for him, they returned to Antar and told him. I was too indulgent to him, said Antar; and I was wrong in sparing him. Oh that instead of merely wounding him, I had put him to death.

Aboolfawaris, cried Oorwah, repent not of having spared him. Consider yourself as having liberated him, and taken his property as his ransom. For he will be the poorest of all the Arabs: every grievance and every evil have befallen him. God has driven this booty towards you without trouble. And all this is on account of your cousin, the grazing fawn: for certainly you will never effect your marriage with her till there shall not be a rich Bedoween throughout the desert.

Antar smiled at this address. Drive on these

flocks, said he, and let us return to the land of Riyab, for my heart is with my uncle and Prince Malik.

So the Absians drove the flocks and the cattle, Antar at their head, and Bostam by his side; and the flame in his heart was appeased. They continued on till they came nigh unto Prince Malik, and Ibla's father, and Shiboob. As soon as they saw them, they congratulated each other, and Malik, Ibla's father, thus recited:

“ Alas ! the sea of thy generosity has flowed to-
“ wards us ; the mountain of thy mercy is raised
“ sublime on high. Thou art truly Antar the vic-
“ torious warrior in the day of battle, where foes
“ are destroyed. Thine are labours that equal the
“ stars, ever fixed but incorporeal. God is with
“ thee. Behold the cloud of battle is spread out,
“ and the plain flows with the blood of thy foes.
“ Horses trample down their riders through the
“ dust, like the lions in the forests. There are the
“ heroes disgraced by thy spear ; there thou meetest
“ them firm and staunch. O Aboolfawaris, son of
“ my brother, in the loveliness of a smiling face,
“ thou hast proved thy kindness unto me. Thou
“ hast revived me after extinction. Thou hast
“ exerted thyself, and the tribe has been annihilated.
“ Thou hast resuscitated me, after I had tasted of
“ death from wounds, from misery, and sorrow.
“ O ! I will applaud thee in retirement and in pub-
“ lic to the world, to my family, and to the tribes.

“ Mayst thou, persevering hero, never fail; let us shadow ourselves beneath thy shade—let us swear by thy generosity, the best of oaths.”

For this once Malik spoke with sincerity: for Prince Malik had softened his heart with regard to Antar, during the time he was left with him. They reposed that night, joying in each other; at dawn they proceeded homewards. But Antar took off a large proportion of the camels, male and female, and presented them to Bostam, saying, Aboolyaczan, you have indeed overwhelmed me with kindnesses, so take this share and seek your own country and your family. And they bade each other adieu, Antar proceeding home with his comrades. It will be proper, said Prince Malik to Antar, to send forward your brother Shibboob to inform our clan of our arrival, so that my father and all the tribe of Abs and Adnan may come out to meet us, and our friends rejoice, and our enemies grieve.

Antar gave this commission to his brother, who shot forth like an eagle, till he came into the presence of King Zoheir, and informed him of the news. All the tribe of Abs mounted, and in an hour they met Prince Malik and Antar. Shouts arose from the tribe of Abs, and joy came upon them all. King Zoheir embraced his son, and turning to Antar, already on foot: O Aboolfawaris! said he, you abandoned your friends and native land; you have passed your time in wandering

about, and shall we never see an end of your adventures? My lord, cried Antar, by the assistance of God, my circumstances are improved, and my affairs are more tolerable: and he informed him of all that had passed between him and his uncle in his passion and rage, and what he had done in a strange land, till he had rescued his uncle from death. King Zoheir applauded his liberality, and his exertions, and his forbearance, and his modesty; and when they saw the incalculable quantity of cattle he brought with him, they knew he was born under a lucky star: and they all went down to their tents, and friends assembled with friends: the women and men rejoiced in the arrival of Antar, but he did not go home till he had made a division of the property, and given the largest share to Oorwah and his men, and the rest he gave to his father and to his uncles, that they might further his wishes.

Ibla returned home, to the great delight of her friends and slaves. Ibla had conceived a great affection for a slave girl that Antar had brought away as a captive from Kendeh; her name was Rabiât, and she was more beautiful than the rising sun. Ibla used to seek consolation in her society, and used to complain of all her cousin had suffered, and for hours together she would sit and talk with her. But Amarah, from the day of Antar's arrival, took to his bed and couch of affliction, it was the consummation of his griefs: he renounced food and sleep; his mother nursed him, but all her cares

only added to his pains. O my son, she said, what calamity oppresses thee? perhaps I may discover the means of effacing thy afflictions. Mother, the origin of this my feeble state and my weakness springs from a flame in my heart, and the prime cause of all is the safety of that Antar, son of She-dad. Had Ibla even been slain in any one of those affrays, then would the business have been settled for ever. Brother, said Rebia, if thy purpose is the death of Ibla, I will contrive a scheme for her destruction, and prevent Antar from ever seeing her again. Execute, my brother, exclaimed Amarah, this dreadful deed, and put her to death by some stratagem on Antar. Rebia entered his tents and began to meditate his plot (we have before stated, Rebia was full of deceit and fraud), and having assembled all his slaves, male and female, he called them into his tents: Who of ye has any connexion, said he to them, with the slaves and girls of the family of Carad, let him inform me, and I will fulfil all his wishes. My lord, said one of them, Khemisah, Ibla's handmaiden, loves me ardently. Bring her here, said Rebia, and conceal her in my tents, till I tell you what she must do. The slave expressed obedience, and added, If I give her that order, she will never, I am sure, on any occasion, quit our dwellings. Rebia filled the slave's wallet with kabab* and sugar-plums, and having in-

* Roasted meat.

structed him in the artful tale he should tell Khemisah, he sent him to the pastures with the camels, saying, Be alone with her, and if you like her, I will demand her of her master in marriage for you, and if any thing particular should be required, it shall be done out of kindness for you, and I will marry you to her. As soon as the slave heard this, he was overjoyed, and ran till he reached the pastures, where he soon made up to Khemisah, and told her all. She was much delighted. He brought her home with him, and when the day was spent, Khemisah prepared to return; but Rebia entered: Have you forgotten me? Khemisah, said he. Indeed I have been very remiss in my attentions to you, but we shall be many a day together, and I am resolved to purchase you to-morrow morning, and will wed you to my slave, this Miftah. Now Rebia had a much-loved friend in Shibani; they had been long mutually attached, and he was called Mooferridj, son of Helal. After he had taken his measures with Khemisah, he sent to his friend, Mooferridj, to request he would send ten horsemen to him, that he might return by them a most valuable deposit. Mooferridj immediately complied with the demand, and despatched his cousin, Sinan, with nine horsemen, under the guidance of Rebia's slave, saying, Whatever he may order you, oppose him not. The men travelled on with the slave, and when they arrived, he showed them into a tent in his neighbourhood, and passing on to his

master, informed him they were come. So he let them all into his tents, and receiving them with the greatest attention, he entertained them for three days. On the fourth day the men said, Rebia, what is the urgent business for which you sent for us? He then ordered Khemisah into his presence: My purpose, said he to her, entirely rests with you, and I intend it should be all settled by your means. My lord, what is your business with me? said she. Know, Khemisah, continued Rebia, that my brother, Amarah, is desperately in love with your lady Ibla, and is near his death. I visit him every day, and ask him what it is he wants. I wish only, he says, to cast my eyes once more on Ibla before the departure of my soul from this world. Now you are the only person that can possibly aid him on this point. As to me I am quite puzzled, and cannot get rid of him. As soon as Khemisah heard Rebia's discourse: Let your brother, she cried, walk out this night to the lake, whilst I arrange matters for my mistress also to go forth. Rebia smiled, and felt assured his plan had succeeded. So he feigned great fondness for her, and presented her an arm-let of gold, saying, Take this, it is a free gift to you. But she refused it, and returned home. Rebia then went to the Shibanians and told them, how the business was settled: Go with them to the lake, said he to his slave, and when Ibla comes forth in the night, let the troop seize her and carry her off, and return to their own country with her. And

what is this maiden's crime? said the Shibanians. She is an adulteress, he replied, and has clothed her lord in shame, and he is anxious she should be put to death in another land. Upon this, Sinan and his people went away and concealed themselves in the vicinity till night, and they had not been stationed an hour there, when Ibla approached. For when Khemisah returned to Ibla, she said, Know then, my mistress, that your cousin Antar met me just now, and desires you will walk out to the lake to-night by way of exercise and recreation, for he is very anxious to communicate something to you. When he told me this, he went home to my lord Malik's, and I really cannot say whether he was in earnest, or whether it was intoxication that set him on this plan. Ibla waited till it was dark, and took with her the two maids, Rabi'at and Khemisah, who walked before her till they came to the lake, when, behold! Sinan ran towards her, drawing his sword upon her, and snatching her off the ground, placed her behind him. The horsemen dismounted, and bound the maids fast, and left them lying on the earth; then returning to the horses, and having mounted, they traversed the wilds and wastes, till they reached the land of Shiban.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUT Antar, and his brother Shiboob, were in the tents of Prince Malik, where they remained unconscious of what had happened till about sunrise, when Ibla's mother repairing to the tent in which her daughter, and her maid, Rabiāt, slept, saw no vestige of them. In an hour the intelligence spread throughout the tribe, and Antar also heard it. Alas! he exclaimed, what can have happened to Ibla? His father Shedad, and his uncle Zakhmetaljewad, mounted, and also Oorwah, and the sons of Carad, and having scoured the desert and the hills, they returned late in the day; and on their way home, as they passed by the lake of Zatulirsad, they beheld Khemisah and Rabiāt fast bound with cords. They inquired for Ibla. Early in the night, they replied, some horsemen seized her; And who, said they, made you quit the house? Masters, said Rabiāt, know that Khemisah told my mistress, Ibla, that her cousin Antar wished to speak with her, and besought her to go out by night to the lake that he might communicate his wishes to her. When she heard this, she was much distressed; but we came, as desired, when, lo! some horsemen fell upon us, and carried her off, and bound us. And you, said

Shedad to Khemisah, who ordered you to tell all this to Ibla? O! my master, she replied, take me back to the tents and secure my protection from Antar, and I will relate to you who was the cause of this sad calamity. Shedad took her away, and returning to the tents, procured for her protection from Antar, when she stated all the story of Rebia, how he had given her an armlet, and engaged to marry her to his slave: but I know not, she added, whether the troop that seized my mistress was a contrivance of Rebia's, or the effect of chance. The light became darkness in the eyes of Antar. Thou wretch, he cried, and hast thou, urged by thy lust, delivered thy mistress over to her enemies, with all the wealth and strings of pearls, and jewels, and rubies she had on? Had not my protection been previously insured for thee, I would destroy thee with this sword. I am convinced this last plot originates in Rebia, and did not I stand in awe of King Zoheir, I would ply my sword amongst that family of Zeead, and first of all would I slay that ruffian Amarah, and his brother Rebia.

Just at that moment King Zoheir's messenger demanded their attendance, and when they were in his presence, Malik, Ibla's father, advanced, and saluting him, said, It is Rebia alone who is the author of Ibla's disappearance; it is he who has laid this plot; he stationed these horsemen by his command. My daughter also had on pearls and jewels, Chosroe's coronet and tiara. And when he had re-

peated all that Khemisah had stated of Rebia's discourse with her, Bring me Rebia, said King Zoheir. He came. Rebia, said the king, have you any knowledge of the circumstance of Ibla's misfortune? Yes, said he, I have heard of it: so I and my brother immediately mounted, and roamed over the wilds and wastes, but we could hear nothing of her; and, indeed, this is no trifling event; we must not submit to it, or we shall incur great blame. No more of your tricks, exclaimed Ibla's father; restore to me my daughter and all the property she had on her, otherwise must I proceed from words to blows with you: Khemisah has revealed all your doings and your plots against Ibla.

Cousin, said Rebia, I excuse you, for indeed you have lost a precious jewel. Listen not to the words of a contemptible slave-girl. She has certainly been aware of the grudge and spite existing between us; but we must be patient till some news of Ibla be received, that if she be still alive we may search out the mystery. My father, said Shas, Rebia must certainly leave us, and go to the tribe of Fazarah till we learn Ibla's fate, and how she disappeared.

So King Zoheir commanded him to depart. Rebia expressed his submission. I will go with the family of Zeead, said he, and I will abandon my country to Antar, that he may clear up the business and realise his schemes; but one of us will have cause to repent. So Rebia departed with his men, their wives and families.

But Antar remained drooping his head, and in the greatest grief and affliction returned to the tents; and though the sons of King Zoheir endeavoured to console him, yet his anguish only increased, his eyelids tasted not of the nourishment of sleep, neither would he stir out of the tents; and when he was in the severest agony he sent for his brother Shiboob, and thus addressed him :

“ I have risen with a tortured heart ; weep, then,
“ shed torrents of tears, O Shiboob, my brother !
“ Hast thou not felt the loss of Ibla ? Dost thou
“ not pity me ? I have abandoned sleep during her
“ absence ; my anguish and agony are multiplied.
“ On her account I mount my steed no more for
“ my pleasure or for battle. Canst thou behold
“ the camel returning laden with her, the object of
“ all my hopes ? O Ibla ! after this separation shall
“ we ever meet, or must I only be excited by the
“ phantoms of my imagination ? This is the work
“ of the family of Zeead, for they are men full of
“ deceit and filthy scum. But shortly will I attain
“ my objects in spite of them, and I will hack their
“ limbs with my sword. I have no one but you to
“ relieve my sorrows—but you in the path of troubles and calamities. Go, then, to the dwellings
“ of the tribes ; obtain intelligence of Ibla, and ease
“ my heart.”

As soon as Shiboob heard these verses, he instantly departed, in order to obtain intelligence ; and Antar remained eagerly expecting him, cherish-

ing affliction night and day, and passing his time in tears and meditation.

But Rebia reached the tribe of Fazarah; and when the Sheikh Beder knew of his arrival, he met him with his chiefs, and rejoiced; he raised his dignity, and congratulated him. Noble chiefs, said Rebia, verily we are greatly troubled by the oppression of this infernal slave, but we forbear on account of King Zoheir, and are fearful of disturbances. I thought it better, therefore, to quit them, and take up my residence under your shadow. He informed them of the loss of Ibla, and the disgraces he had incurred on her account. Beder received him with great attention and kindness, and said to his son Hadifah, You must be particularly attentive to this man, for he is one of the Sheikhs of Abs and Adnan; let him be conducted to one of the best habitations. Hadifah acted accordingly, and conducted the tribe of Zeead to the principal station, and as soon as they were reconciled to their abode, and Rebia felt secure on the subject of Ibla, he was quite overjoyed, particularly when he heard of the precious jewels she had with her. He formed a thousand conjectures in his mind, and would say, If any news of her should come to light, and that black go in quest of her, he will rescue her, and all that property will be lost to me, and I shall not succeed in my expectations. I must certainly go after her myself, and bring about her death. He consulted with Beder on the point: It is for you to

command, said he, if you wish I will attend you. But Rebia took leave of him, and travelled on till he reached the tribe of Shiban, and presenting himself to Mooferridj, son of Halal, O chief, said he, what have you done with that maiden that I sent you with your cousin Sinan? She is here, he replied, in my tent, but she is nearly dead. And the garments, and pearls, and clothes, and jewels? demanded Rebia. I have seen nothing of them, said Mooferridj: but O Rebia, who is this damsel? She is Ibla, he replied, the daughter of Malik, and Antar's betrothed wife; and then he related all the preceding circumstances. Mooferridj shuddered as he listened. O Rebia, said he, I have been your friend for years and years, but how could you have the heart to smite me by these sour grapes? By the protection of an Arab, had I known she was the wife of Antar, I would not have admitted her within my tent had she been mistress even of my life and death. Take her away, Rebia, get me clear of this business, and bring not upon me trouble and vexation from Antar. Mooferridj sent for Sinan; he came, and looking at Rebia, quickly understood the signal. Rebia inquired about the property; he produced the whole, and nothing was missing but what Sinan had given as a bribe to the horsemen. When Mooferridj saw all this wealth, he trembled. What do you intend, Rebia, he cried, to do with this property? Do you, said Rebia, take half, and I will take half. Let us murder the girl, and there

will be an end of it. Agreed, said Moofenidj ; and he then raised his head to a slave whom he had brought up : he imparted the secret to him. He was called Basharah, son of Meneea. O Basharah, said he, I wish you would take away this damsel, and carry her out to the desert, and murder her. Bury her in the sandhills, and should any one question you about her, say, her family came and took her away. They remained quiet till night, when Basharah attended to ask his master's permission to murder Ibla, which being granted, Rebia gave him a poniard, saying, Sacrifice her with this, and take it as a present for yourself, that you may remember me by it for ever.

Basharah mounted his horse, and speeded to the tent where Ibla resided. He placed her behind him, and whilst they were proceeding, Whither, she cried, are you going to carry me in this obscurity ? To drink the cup of death, he replied, for my master has commanded me to kill you. On hearing this, she wept and screamed aloud, and called on the name of Antar through the wilds. When the slave saw what she was about, he turned aside out of the road, and descended into a deep valley, and made her alight from the horse ; he bound both her hands ; he drew out the poniard, and was about to deal a speedy blow, when, lo ! a man pounced upon him like a male ostrich, and struck him with a dagger between the shoulders, and, lo ! he was swimming in his blood. Fear not, cried her rescuer, I am thy slave

Shiboob. As soon as she recognised him all her fears vanished. And where is the lion-warrior, thy brother? she demanded. With the tribe of Abs, replied Shiboob, suffering in your absence every agony and anguish. I set out to search for you: I have been wandering about from tribe to tribe these fifty days, till I chanced to meet you here, and the Lord of life and death brought me to you, and this happy event just happened as I was despairing of you, and had resolved on returning home. But I heard that Rebia was in this quarter with Mooferidj. So I said within myself, I must certainly learn something of him, and I concealed myself in the country till I came thus to you, and rescued you from annihilation. And what are you determined to do? said Ibla. I will first finish this fellow, said Shiboob; I will then take you away, and go home with you. Alas! said she, I never expect to see home unless my brave Antar is with me. Ah! where art thou, and thou, my Rabiath, my comfort in all my successive calamities? O Ibla, said Shiboob, Rabiath is nearly dead with excessive grief, and the tears she has shed for your misfortunes. Thus saying, he ran towards the slave to finish him. He found him seated on the ground, listening to all that passed, his wounds preventing him from speaking; but when he saw Shiboob rise to put an end to him, O young man, he faltered out, by the faith of an Arab, spare me, whilst I put one question to you, and I will give you some hints that may prove

of benefit to you. Do not expose yourself to such perils, for by whatever road you go there will be also friends and foes. Ask what you please and relieve your heart, cried Shiboob. Know, said the slave, son of my aunt, I was the lover of a damsel called Rabiât; she was like the rising sun. She and I were both brought up under the favour of our master, Mooferridj, son of Helal, and love for her took possession of my soul. The troubles of the times tore her from me, and I have never heard her name mentioned by any mortal but you, noble born; and as soon as I heard you mention her, life returned unto me on her account. I now request you to inform me truly whether this maid has been with you a long time, or only lately. This maiden, said Shiboob, formed part of my brother Antar's plunder among the prisoners he rescued from Anis, son of Madraka. He then told him how Ibla had been made captive in the land of Riyab, and how she had taken an affection for Rabiât when they were prisoners, perceiving her varied cheerfulness and melancholy. He also gave him such distinct descriptions of Rabiât, that the slave's grief and anguish greatly increased. It is, it is my beloved! he exclaimed; but it is now near day, I fear some unlucky accident. Tell me first what you intend to do with Ibla? If you take her away and depart, the horse will pursue us, and bring misery and destruction upon us, and restore us to Rebia, and he will speedily put us all to death, and thus our pains and

trouble will be thrown away. The most advisable plan is, that you return to your brother Antar and acquaint him: let him act as in his wisdom he may think prudent, and come hither; thus will our hopes be realized. I will return with Ibla in the mean time. I will conceal her with my mother, and present myself to my master, Mooferridj, and Rebia, and tell them I have slain the Absian damsel, and that this is her blood streaming over my clothes, this blood now flowing from my own wound, and I will wait patiently expecting your return to this country. How can I depend on you? said Shiboob. How can I trust your word after the deed you undertook? Let this wound which you gave me, he cried, be my security. But you were to be excused for that, for you knew not the secret of the story.

Being thus convinced of his sincerity, Shiboob also felt aware he could not travel with Ibla over the desert unless his brother Antar were with him. Basharah is right, said Ibla: return and tell your brother to come with a party of Absians; thus will my afflictions cease: then we will all go off and Basharah with us. Shiboob approved the advice, and having stipulated with Basharah, and made him swear by the Great Creator that he would not deceive or betray him, he set out. But Basharah took away Ibla, and returned home with her. He placed her in the best apartment. He cherished her on account of Rabiât, his beloved, and she was dearer to him than any of his family or tribe.

So behold, ye wise, the mercy of God! his power is manifest! How beautiful are his works! See how Basharah went out to murder Ibla in his determination, but he returned, and he would with joy have enclosed her in his own existence! Basharah did not enter the dwellings till the lights were all out, and all voices silenced; then he went unto his mother, and informed her of all that had happened to him, and having desired her to conceal Ibla, and recommended her to attend on her, he repaired to his master, and congratulated him, and Rebia, who, on seeing him and the blood on his clothes, poured forth thanks and blessings, saying, O Basharah, hast thou indeed done what we ordered thee to do? Yes, my lord, said he, I have fulfilled all your hopes, and this blood is the proof of my sincerity.

Rebia was exceedingly pleased and happy. He instantly rose up, and put on Basharah his own vest and turban. But, said Mooferridj, Rebia, we must remain here no longer: to-morrow I will go with you to King Numan. They reposed that night, and Mooferridj having recommended his wife and family to the care of Basharah, and having also delivered over to him the charge of his treasures and wealth, they departed.

In the meantime Shiboob travelled night and day till he came near home. In his heart was a burning flame on account of Ibla and his brother, for he had left him in a state of the deepest misery and afflic-

tion. Antar, indeed, indulged in sorrow beyond bounds; his melancholy increased upon him; he was miserable and restless. King Zoheir's sons renounced their rides for his sake, and every one comforted him as they could, either with their sympathy or their raillery. When Antar perceived how they railed at him, he resolved on fixing his residence on Mount Saadi, but he stayed quiet that night, and determined to remove the next day. About midnight, when he was contemplating the stars, occupied with his love for his mistress, behold Shiboob entered. Antar could scarcely recognise him, so much altered was he by fatigue and grief, by watching at night, by want of sleep, by fear, and thirst, and hunger. At the sight his heart was nearly bursting, and he exclaimed, O my brother, your long absence has almost destroyed me, and I dreaded also your death. Here I am anxiously expecting you; and he sighed from his sorrowing heart, and thus spoke in verse:

“ O, my brother Shiboob, tell me quickly, per-
“ haps sorrow will be effaced from my heart.
“ Haste, haste, inform me, my heart is melted with
“ afflictions and griefs; if indeed my hopes of Ibla
“ will be fulfilled to-day before I die, let her come
“ with speed. Son of my mother, what a wretch I
“ am, alienated, separated, and in affliction ! Daugh-
“ ter of my uncle, O how I am oppressed ! Grief
“ has fixed its residence in my heart. They think
“ I can be consoled against thy love. No ! by Him

“ who spoke from the Mount, my eyes have re-
 “ nounced all enjoyment in thy absence ; for thee I
 “ have endured reproaches and raillery. I mourned
 “ thee in tears and blood—I wept for thee on the
 “ plains and the mountains. For thee my frame
 “ is exhausted and worn. I am become a tale and
 “ a proverb by my tears—I will traverse the rug-
 “ ged hills—I will follow the track of lovers over
 “ every desert. Whilst I live will I pursue their
 “ tracks over the whole earth, or let death be
 “ at hand. I will raise the dust and the storm, and
 “ the sword of India shall draw blood from the heads.
 “ I will empty the world of its inhabitants, and will
 “ darken the deserts and the mountains. In thy
 “ absence I have not raised myself on a horse—
 “ never has my hand grasped the spear—never,
 “ never have I drawn the cleaving sword—never,
 “ never have I succeeded in my hopes. I have
 “ abandoned the cup with my companions, and
 “ sweet sleep has fled from me. I have renounced
 “ wine and sleep till the moment I shall see her. O
 “ that death would overtake me ! I have renounced
 “ the goblets and the cups with all my comrades of
 “ the tribe. Son of my mother, explain and speak,
 “ for my heart is on fire ; my body is in torture ;
 “ my strength fails, powerful and strong as I was.
 “ O Ibla, couldst thou but see me, and all the sor-
 “ rows of the anguish and misery that have beset
 “ me, and the constant never-ceasing grief—the
 “ tears—the lamentations and sighs ;—couldst thou

“ but see me, then wouldst thou weep in pity for
“ the woes that have descended into my heart.
“ Alas ! how oft have I borne the burdens of love
“ for thee, O Ibla ! no one could have borne such.
“ Hadst thou loaded me even with a mountain, the
“ son of Shedad had endured it, and it would have
“ been no weight ; but when, O Ibla, after this ab-
“ sence shall we two again meet in the same home ?
“ Forbearance is extinct, so great are the calamities I
“ have suffered by separation, absence, and sorrow.
“ The family of Zeead are my grievance ; they
“ have reduced me to shame, and I am a tale
“ among them. They seem secure from the vicis-
“ situdes of night and enmity, but there are changes
“ of day and fortune, when I will destroy them all
“ in the day of battle ! The blade of India shall
“ free me from troubles ; do they not know that I
“ am the hero that has withstood every hero in the
“ contest ? My deeds, O Ibla, are fair ; my seat is
“ on high above the planet Saturn. If I delay any
“ longer in taking vengeance on those minions for
“ what they have done to me, let them abuse Antar
“ on all occasions ; let him be branded with the
“ name of coward. But have you seen the land to
“ which Ibla is gone, or the quarter, or the sand-
“ hill ? My patience is at an end, O Shiboob, and
“ my sleep has pointed at what will happen. There
“ is none but you, my happy brother, to clear it up
“ without delay. So haste, explain what you have
“ encountered ; conceal nothing, you lord of stra-

“tagems—relate it now. Speak to me, that my
“heart may be eased of its anxieties—you are my
“treasure, my hope amongst mankind—haste then
“to speak—be speedy in thy narrative!”

Despair not, O my brother, said Shiboob, and
thus replied in verse:

“O Aboolfawaris! passed is all sorrow and
“anxiety—happiness is at hand and triumph, son
“of my mother, be consoled about Ibla, she is
“safe; no affliction or harm has ever touched her.
“Hear my story and what I have encountered in
“my expedition, for in it is what might astonish
“the most experienced of mankind. I roamed
“over the tribes and every region, the valleys, and
“the mountains; behind them I left my track;
“how many countries have I traversed that are
“barren wastes, where nought is to be seen but
“weeds and sand; I crossed the deserts like a
“skulking wolf, and moved without trouble or pain
“to myself: into the deserts I launched, the stones
“struck fire, and the parched sands scorched me,
“till I reached Sanaa, and Aden, and Zebad, but
“heard no news of her. I traversed every country,
“every mountain, and left no one in the wilds
“untried—but I saw her not, neither did I hear of
“her; there were no signs, no tears. Then I went
“to the land of Irak, and how many mountains did
“I traverse on my journey, but I persisted in
“scouring the land, and I became like a dry camel,
“or a male hedgehog, and the desert was on flames,

“ and the rays blazed on the mountains, and sparks
“ of fire burnt from my eyes, till I reached the
“ land of Irak, and then in sadness I went towards
“ the tribe of Shibān: I went to them by night in
“ fear, and there I heard some news. I was walk-
“ ing out, my heart full of vexation, when two per-
“ sons appeared before me in the middle of the
“ valley. I drew my trusty dagger from my side;
“ one of them was like a mountain, and was about
“ to kill the other, lying in tears on the ground.
“ I hastened on and struck him a speedy blow, ir-
“ resistible and never failing. I wounded him, and
“ then approached his enemy, fearful of the effects
“ of my blow, and the blood that gushed from him.
“ I approached the person, that I might distinguish
“ the one I had stabbed, and who was the other:
“ when the last saw me coming forward, he cried,
“ Art thou a demon or a man? Who art thou, tell
“ me, for I see thou art full of sorrow and grief. I
“ belong to the noble Absians, said I, a tribe en-
“ nobled amongst the Arabs. Hasten, O Shiboob,
“ one exclaimed, my hope, my joy! And at the
“ voice my breath was almost exhausted; I recog-
“ nised the speech at once; I knew it was Ibla, and
“ her tears were flowing. She repeated her words like
“ one demanding relief from calamities and troubles.
“ My life is thine, son of my uncle, rescue me, she
“ cried. Be composed, said I; fear and doubt are
“ removed from thee. Then the slave too addressed
“ me, saying, I am Basharah, and my story I

“ will relate quickly. I have a countrywoman
“ whose name is Rabiāt; she is my beloved, and
“ she was taken prisoner. I lost her, and my soul
“ adored her; on her account grief and sorrow
“ overwhelmed me. I have heard she is gone to
“ the tribe you have mentioned. O, master, have
“ you any news of her? I have intelligence of Ra-
“ biāt, I replied; she lives with us, and passes a
“ happy life; and when he heard me he rejoiced.
“ He threw himself before me, and the tears burst
“ from his eyes; he stood up whilst my arm sup-
“ ported him, and he made peace with me; he said,
“ Ibla has escaped the perils that surrounded her.
“ Do you also escape under the night to your bro-
“ ther; let him come with a troop of friends.
“ Speed, speed away, before Mooferridj discovers
“ me; he expects me in the morning. So I have
“ come in my fears, like a blast of wind, even like
“ the lightning when it dazzles the sight. So come
“ to us; let us traverse the desert in the dust with
“ some trusty Absian chiefs. Rescue your cousin,
“ and liberate her from the vicissitudes of fate and
“ fortune. I am come with this intelligence, and
“ you have heard it, and all is true.”

When Shiboob had finished, Antar was all amaze-
ment, and his heart was filled with delight and joy,
and his rage against Rebia increased. He imme-
diately sent for Rabiāt, and gave her information of
Basharah: You may trust to him, said she, for I
am sure he feels as much affliction in my absence,

as you do in the separation from my mistress, Ibla. But may God destroy that Rebia for his contrivances! it is evident the plot is his. Antar thus consoling himself in conversation with Shiboob and Rabiât till the morning white appeared, sent for Oorwah, and told him the news. O Aboolfawaris, said he, what do you intend to do? I wish, said Antar, to make a dreadful impression on that family of Zeead. This resolution, said Oorwah, is by no means wise. The best plan is to conceal the circumstance of Ibla's discovery, so that my interference may not appear in the business; for it would go to Shiban; Rebia and Mooferridj would gain the information, and would soon manage to take Ibla away from the slave with whom she now is; all the world would know it; and all your trouble would fail, and you would not succeed in your object. Antar felt convinced Oorwah's advice was just. Well, my brother, said he, you and I will then proceed with ten horsemen to the presence of King Zoheir, and will salute him and his sons, and will secure his faith and friendship; and when he asks how I am, I will conceal from him what has passed, but say to him, Sons of my uncles, a long time has now passed, and I despair of my cousin Ibla. I am convinced she is now entirely lost to me; I feel assured that he who took her away with all that wealth must have put her to death. I am now under great alarms for my brother Shiboob, for should he have fallen among some enemies, they may have slain

him or made him captive. I am anxious, therefore, to learn his fate. I will wander about for three days, and then return. This is just the thing, said Oorwah. So he sent for his particular comrades, and they all mounted and came to him; Antar and Oorwah also mounted, leaving Shiboob at home. They proceeded to King Zoheir, and saluted him. Antar related what we have stated above. O Aboolfawaris, he said, this is highly becoming of you, and very proper. Fate and destiny cannot be avoided, and what is passed is irrevocable. No one in the world has been able to perform what you have imposed upon yourself, but do not destroy yourself for such trifling considerations. King Zoheir and his sons were highly pleased at Antar's expedition, and all their sorrows and vexations disappeared. Late in the day Antar returned home, and he groaned aloud: he wished to sleep, but the excess of his agony prevented him. He sent for Oorwah, and told him he was resolved on the expedition, to which Oorwah instantly assented, and communicated the same to his companions. About midnight Antar set out, joined by Oorwah and his associates, who were waiting for him, and took the road to the land of Irak and the land of the tribe of Shiban. By Antar's side were Oorwah and his horsemen, and before him went Shiboob, who showed them the way by the springs and the lakes.

Now Rebia and Mooferridj departed for the territories of King Numan, and introduced themselves

to him. He received them hospitably. They related what they had done to Ibla, and that they had divided her property. Rebia recited some couplets of verses. So the king gave him a robe of honour, and paid him all manner of attention, giving him presents and donations, and feasted him three days. Soon after Rebia asked permission to return, which was accordingly granted, with many presents, and many valuable proofs of kindness and liberality. He set out for his native land, and pursued his journey in all haste till there only remained one night between him and the tribe of Abs, when he alighted, and was exceedingly pleased at all the fine things King Numan had given him. That spot was called Rikaya Beni-Malik. He sent on a slave to announce himself to his brothers that they might come out to meet him.

Now Antar went on traversing the wilds and deserts till he also came to the place called Rikaya Beni Malik. Let us halt here, said he to Shiboob; but when he perceived some horses and horsemen already there, he said again to Shiboob, Look out and see who these are. So Shiboob immediately went on and returned, saying, Know then, my brother, this is your friend Rebia. Antar was overjoyed at this. My opinion, said he to Oorwah, is, that we should assault them this very night without delay, and make them taste of sorrow and misery. Do as you please, was Oorwah's reply. Cousins, said Antar, let not one of you cry out, O by Abs,

O by Adnan! but let the cry be, O by Cahtan! They all agreed, and mounted their horses, and set up one general shout that made the earth tremble after it had been silent. He that was seated rose up, and the sleepers woke, and the cry was, O by Adnan! O by Cahtan! They poured down their swords among them; Rebia was soon wounded, and all his property taken. What will you do with all these things? said Antar to Shiboob. It will be adviseable, my brother, answered Shiboob to drive away all these he and she camels to the pastures and mountains, but as to these chests let us bury them in the sand till we return home; but these mules we will take them along with us for the baggage. You are quite right, Shiboob, said Oorwah. So they turned out the camels to the pastures with ten horsemen, and buried the chests in the sand, and on the mules they loaded the provisions and baggage, and then pursued their course to the land of Irak. Antar was in an ecstasy of love and anxiety, and being much delighted also at this accident, he thus exclaimed:

“ My love is excessive; my patience exhausted;
“ so take me by the hand, and do not add fresh
“ sorrow to what I already feel. Stop, ye railers,
“ provoke me no more, for I have no support for
“ my frame but the remains of my forbearance.
“ How many nights have I complained in anguish,
“ whilst absence lighted the flame of love in my

“bosom, and when the bird mourned in the darkness of the night, I grasped my waist with my hand in anguish. O bird of the tamarisk, sing as thou listest, for thou livest secure from the vicissitudes of fortune and sorrow ; thou hast only lost thy mate whom thou lovedst, as I have lost my love far away from home. Talk of the nights thou hast passed as the most brilliant days in enjoyment, but still thou callest from the branches, O songster. O, my master, fear not in the day of battle when thou seest the flash of swords and coats of mail, meet the spear and the charging warriors ; die honoured, and bow to no one. But let me appease myself on him who opposes me as long as I am lord of this breath in my body. If I do not let alone the birds of the atmosphere hovering over the dust, no moisture will ever water my heart.”

They thus continued traversing the roads, and passing the waters and the springs, till they reached the land of Irak. Antar was led along by his passion till there only remained between him and the land of Shibban one night. It will be well, said Shiboob, to conceal yourselves here, whilst I go and learn some news for you, and meet Basharah, and I will speedily return. Away, then, O my brother, cried Antar, and let not your absence be long. Shiboob put on a long-sleeved garment, and clothed himself like a slave of Syria, and passed on till he neared the dwellings of

the tribe of Shiban. In haste he sought the shepherds, of whom he might inquire about Basharah; for he had never seen him by the light of the day, and had never met him but by night. So he was consulting with himself about it, and in what way he should introduce himself among the tents, when a horseman appeared ambling along, and wandering about out of the road; he sighed from an oppressed heart, and thus expressed himself in verse:

“ Western breeze that blows from Hadjir, O
 “ breathe my salutation to my absent love. Perhaps
 “ my Rabiāt will return my compliment, and will
 “ in mercy bestow a thought on her wanderer. O
 “ Iblī, if thy cousin is consoled without thee, fearful
 “ of the men of my tribe—should he abandon
 “ thee, should he forget thee, I will conceal thee in
 “ mine eyes from the fear of thy foes. Should any
 “ accident have happened to Shiboob, should the
 “ bowels of the battle-field, or the tomb contain him,
 “ then to command is with the Almighty God,
 “ who executes his destined will on his creatures.”

As soon as this horseman had finished, his tears chased down his cheeks. But as Shiboob heard him, his heart fluttered, his eagerness increased, he understood the words and their import, and he was convinced it must be Basharah, so he answered him in the following lines:

“ God has not abandoned Antar, nor that famous
 “ fellow Shiboob; but he has come to you in all his

“ Absian ardour, and a troop has followed him—
“ tried men—each a lion, ennobled by the sword.
“ Fierce with his scimitar, like a pitiless hyæna,
“ he encounters the chests of the steeds, stern as
“ they are ; and he cleaves the skulls of his foes
“ with his falchion. His deeds are extolled among
“ the people like the flowering spring.”

When Shiboob had finished his verses, he continued—God has not let loose the calamities of the time upon Antar ; he is not consoled for Ibla ; he has not betrayed her ; but he has come to you with a troop with which he will engage the whole tribe of Shiban, were there even with them the friends of Soliman. Shiboob ran up to him and kissed his knee, and made himself known to him.

Basharah wept with joy at Shiboob's arrival, and all his afflictions vanished ; he acquainted him with the absence of his master in the cities of Khorasan, but that he did not depart without giving him full power over his treasures, and his property, and his wife and children, and family : and I am resolved to take all his property away with me, and repair to my beloved Rabiât. In the mean time, let Antar and his friends lie concealed in the wide waste, and alight in the valley of Nika, on the road to the mountains of Radm. But as soon as we arrive, let them rush out upon us, and ply their swords among us ; let them not spare a single slave, and then we will proceed in safety. Wait, and I will bring Ibla to you.

Basharah mounted his horse and returned. Now Ibla was ever in the most anxious state of expectation; night and day she wept. Basharah's mother endeavoured to console her with tales and stories, and Basharah did the same, sitting down by her, and questioning her about Rabiāt, and would thus calm away her sorrows: and never did he quit her till she slept. This was her continual custom till the night he encountered Shiboob. So when he came to her at this unusual hour, he saw her drowned in tears, and sighing from her overcharged heart; she was invoking her native land and home, and thus expressing herself in verse:

“ My transport is extinct, my anxieties augment,
“ and will not give way, and this is the state of my
“ love. By your existence—Come, come, ye travelers,
“ be kind, restore my heart, and have compassion
“ on my withered frame. Say to the inhabitants
“ of Hedjaz, you have left Ibla enduring the
“ pangs of death for love of her songster. Ye have
“ witnessed my condition, my separation, my foreign
“ dwelling; and with you is there no one to come
“ after me, and no one to aid me? I am every day
“ and night expiring of love; and the song of the
“ dove pains me when it sings. My sorrow, my
“ irritation, my anxiety destroy me continually; so
“ I weep in affliction when I hear you. Alas, alas!
“ will Basharah come to me, will he tell me my af-
“ flictions are at an end? O sons of my uncle, will
“ ye not come to me, and will ye not think of ap-

“peasing my sorrows? Ye have broken the compact, ye have denied my love; ye have abandoned me as a fawn in a foreign land. If in your journey ye pass by the land of Aalidj, restore to me my heart, and pity my agonised frame. I complain, but there is no one to remove my grief; there is no one to partake my afflictions, or share my sorrows.”

As soon as he heard these lines, he entered. O my mistress, said he, Basharah is now come with good tidings—and he told her all that had occurred. May God render all your tidings good, cried she; and may he join your virtues to your beloved! Then he clothed her in the garments of a man of Shiban, put on a turban and a vizor, and mounted her on a noble steed; he girded her on a sword, and conducted her out of the tents till he gave her over to Shiboob. Take your mistress, said he; do not stop till you are with your brother, and tell him to be of good cheer.

Shiboob rose up and saluted Ibla, and having thanked Basharah for his conduct, he set out for his brother; and when he came towards him, he found him much agitated about him; but he started up, and having embraced Ibla, and kissed her between the eyes, he made him relate all about Basharah and his plans, and there they remained in expectation of the event.

But Basharah, when he returned, having delivered up Ibla, wrote a letter as if from his master Moosfer-

ridj, and introducing himself to a cousin of Moofer-ridj, who was called Malik, son of Hoosan, Know, my lord, said he, that I have received a letter from my master, in which he thus states—Know, O Basharah, the King of Persia has sent me into the cities of Khorasan, and with me some Persian troops, that I may reduce for him some cities that have revolted against him. An immense number of people are collected about me, and are greedy in seizing all manner of property. I have therefore resolved on escaping by flight, and my desire is, that you load all my wealth, and treasures, and goods, and secure them all in the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml: now, I am determined to execute his orders.

When Basharah had thus communicated the letter, he assembled his master's slaves, and chose out of them fifty stout fellows, and having sent them to the pastures to fetch him two hundred strong camels, he entered the magazines of wealth, and took out all the chests of goods that were there, precious jewels, and left nothing but useless articles, tattered tents, broken tent-poles, and patched cushions. By the evening the packing was all finished. So he raised the baggage on the backs of the camels, and he and his mother set out in the beginning of the night, and travelled on till they came nigh to the mountains of Radm and the valley of Raml. They were just about crossing the valley, when a troop of Absians burst out upon them, shouting aloud; and as soon

as Basharah heard the cries of the horsemen he was delighted ; he goaded on his horse towards Antar, and saluted him, recognizing him by the length of his form, and the prodigiousness of his figure. My lord, said he, ply thy sword amongst this filth, seize all this property, and bring about a meeting between me and my beloved Rabiāt, so beautiful and so full of grace : then he thus continued in verse :

“ By thee glory is exalted ; by thee honours are
“ elevated. The Arab and the Persian can never
“ attain thy superiority. Thou hast exhibited bravery
“ and intrepidity, O warrior, and there is not a title
“ that does not belong to thee—men labour in the
“ acquisition of wealth, but glory is thy only object.
“ Fear not, thou canst not fall into calamities, for
“ all thy exploits raise thee sublime on high ; thy
“ glory, the winds encompass not its extent—thy
“ liberality, it is incalculable. Mayst thou live
“ for the Absians for years ; may they be exalted
“ in thy name, recorded in prose and verse.”

Antar smiled at Basharah's compliments ; Mayst thou rejoice in thy beloved for many years, said he. But Oorwah and his people put to the sword all the slaves, and driving the property and camels, they proceeded towards their own country, Shiboob going before them, cutting over the sand and sand-hills.

Ibla travelled by the side of Antar, and was relating all her sufferings from the time of separation till their meeting, and all the noble, virtuous acts of Basharah towards her, and thus they passed over

the country till they approached their own region, when Shiboob turned out of the road to the sands where the chests were buried. They took them out, and loading the beasts with them, they came near home with such a vast abundance of wealth, the kings of the age could not equal.

On Antar's arrival, the land of Shoorebah was all in confusion. All were in amazement at the immense quantity of cattle and valuables he brought with him, and King Zoheir's sons went out to meet him. As soon as Antar saw the Princes, and the commotion of the people, he said to Ibla, Seek the tents of thy father; whilst he himself urged on his horse Abjer, and advanced towards King Zoheir's sons, and saluted them. They congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his expedition. Mine is an extraordinary story, said Antar; and I cannot explain it but in the presence of King Zoheir your father.

When Malik his uncle saw all these sheep and cattle, &c. and that the whole country was filled with their abundance, he was all astonishment, and said to his son Amroo, Ah my son, if thy sister were but still among the living, all these flocks would be driven to our tents. At last he presented himself to Antar, and saluted him, saying, O Aboolfawaris, hast thou heard any thing of thy bride, or hast thou returned in despair?

My bride, said Antar, is with her mother. Malik smiled, and thought he was in joke; so he went

aside, and walked on till he came to the tents, and tears streamed from his eyes at his separation from Ibla, and that he had lost all these fine things, when came forward the handmaidens and slave-girls, and informed him of Ibla's safety. At hearing this his senses fled, so violent was his emotion. He hastened to her and saluted her, whilst she complained to him of all she had endured from the time of her disappearance till her return. All the women, free-born and slaves, and the virgins, all came to Antar, offering presents on his return from his triumphs. But there was not a happier man than Basharah, for his dearest Rabiath had also joined the concourse of women. He dismounted, and embraced her.

Antar ordered tents to be pitched. These are yours, said he to Basharah; I am your protector; and all your master's property is yours. Basharah expressed his thanks, and he and Antar alighted at the tents.

END OF VOL. II.

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ANTAR,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC,

BY

TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT
CONSTANTINOPLE.

PART THE FIRST.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1820.



LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTAR.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANTAR remained in the tents till King Zoheir sent a messenger after him, saying, Your presence is required by King Zoheir, Aboolfawaris, that he may execute his agreement with you. As soon as he reached King Zoheir's dwellings, he smiled upon him, and seated him among his sons. Welcome, he cried; I greet thee, Champion of the Absians, on the day of battle; protector of their wives and children—And he felicitated him on the safety of Ibla.

My expedition, said Antar, was only on her account, in order that I might rescue her from one who plotted her death and annihilation; and thus he continued in verse:

“ O King of noble mind; O most renowned for
“ every virtue and high qualification—give up your
“ ears to attend to my discourse. However difficult

“ of attainment, no one should dread any enterprise;
“ and when resolved on revenge, he should defy all
“ fears. If fortune deserts me, my hand is my hope,
“ and it will succeed ; and glory shall raise me above
“ mankind. I only fear you, whom no one shall
“ afflict with pain ; and I respect only women. I
“ have that dependance on you, that with it I brave
“ all evils ; and in you I only acknowledge one that
“ preserves his protection. So seize what is my due,
“ and aid me against a man who is a foul wretch,
“ degraded and unrespected.”

When Antar had terminated his verses, he related to King Zoheir all that had happened to him, and he was exceedingly surprised at such events. Ibla then, said he, is among the living. Yes, my lord, replied Antar ; she is at her father's : but, O King, all is past that befel her ; I would indeed have striven to release her, had even mountains opposed me in the form of men.

O Antar, said King Zoheir, you and Rebia will not cease quarrelling till you have opened upon us a door that will never close. You would have done right to have informed me of this important point, and I would have despatched a messenger to King Numan, and have explained the business : Numan would have released Ibla from the tribe of Shibān ; you too would not have gone away and taken the property of Mooferridj, who is absent in the service of the King of Persia ; and we should then have had no farther negotiation with him.

My lord, said Antar, had I acquainted you with it, Rebia would have heard of it; he would have mounted, or sent word to have her killed; but now the charge against him is established by her appearance; but as to the tribe of Shibān, I will soon show you what I will do with them, that they may restore Ibla's tiara and property. May God destroy Rebia! cried King Zoheir, and send him on the path of death for his insidious practices, in carrying off by force the daughter of his uncle, and delivering her up to a tribe that was not of her species. For this, may God punish him in his property and his person!

King Zoheir related to Antar all that happened to Rebia at Rikaya Beni Malik during the night attack—and the misery he had endured. When the news of Ibla became public, all the women and noble ladies assembled round her, congratulating her on her safety, and the same evening the intelligence reached the tribe of Fazarah, and Rebia heard it. His soul melted within him, and his gall burst, as he said to his brothers, What say you to this? Did you not tell me, said they, that you did not leave Shibān till you had actually accomplished the death of Ibla? I am quite bewildered, said Rebia, at this circumstance; for certainly I did not even go to King Numan till Ibla was buried in the sand, and with my own eyes I saw her blood on the hands of a slave whom we ordered to kill her: but,

indeed, should the slave have betrayed us—And he sent for the man who brought the news, and asked him how Ibla had been rescued. My lord, he answered, I have not heard the particulars, but I saw Antar on his return, and with him were some companions and property that filled the whole land, and by his side was a swarthy slave, tall in stature, beautiful of countenance. I inquired about him, for his extraordinary beauty surprised me. They told me it was Basharah, and that he was the person who had rescued Ibla from Rebia, and had taken away all the wealth of his master, being desirous to fix himself among the tribe of Abs and Adnan, on account of a young girl who lived with Antar, named Rabiāt, to whom he had been long attached.

This explained the whole business, and he said to himself, This is indeed what never entered into my calculation; but, continued Rebia, let King Zoheir do me justice, otherwise I will stir up dissensions between him and King Numan, whom I will urge to invade him with the Persians and the Arabs; and I will say to him, When I asked his daughter in marriage for him, he answered, I have no daughter that can do for King Numan. This was Rebia's situation: but Antar in a subsequent conversation said to King Zoheir, I request permission to send to Rebia, in order to demand restitution of Ibla's property. Should he confess it, and say the devil tempted me, and it was taken from me on the night

attack, I will pardon him ; but should he deny it, I will punish him as he deserves. And he rose up and went home.

Now Cais, King Zoheir's son, was not easy about Rebia, so he would not venture to give any answer to Antar, for he dreaded the prospect of any disturbances among the Arabs ; and all were interested in the elucidation of this dreadful business. Basharah was all this time devoting himself to Rabi'at.

At dawn, Antar told his uncle Malik and his son Amroo to go to King Zoheir, and not to quit him till he should send to Rebia and demand Ibla's property. They accordingly departed, and said, O King, our daughter has been captured in her own country, and carried by force to Shiban : you yourself are witness to this. Ibla's property has been plundered, and you are the King of the time. We cannot either forget the stratagem of Amarah, who also took her prisoner, and exposed her among the tribe of Cahtan ; and now Rebia has endeavoured to put her to death after having violated her reputation among the Arabs. But that is now past ; what I demand is Rebia's punishment for his treachery ; otherwise, my nephew Antar will use violent measures, and release our property from him by the sword.

This discourse alarmed King Zoheir, as to the troubles and dissensions that might arise in consequence, so he sent for his son Cais. Know, said he, that Rebia has brought disgrace upon this tribe, and

his crime is made clear by Ibla's re-appearance. I wish, my son, you would go to him, and order him to make restitution of the property, and not thwart these people any more, before I let them requite him for his misdeeds.

Prince Cais set off with five horsemen, and when he came nigh to the tribe of Fazarah, he sent on a man to apprise Rebia of his arrival. Rebia and Amarah, and Hadifah, came out to meet him and saluted him. For what purpose are you come? said Hadifah. O Cais, is it for the chase in our country, or on a visit, that we may enjoy your society? I have only come, said Cais, on account of this man, who has behaved ill to the tribe, and has abandoned his friends to be insulted by his enemies. He related to Rebia all that had happened, and demanded all Ibla's property.

Well, said Rebia to Hadifah, did ever the like of what I have endured from my tribe befall any human being? Is there in the world a severer distress than mine? Have I indeed usurped to myself wealth not even all the kings of the Arabs could supply? Had not my brothers overtaken me, the wild beasts might have eaten my carcase; and after all, they accuse me of this infamous transaction, and King Zoheir believes, to my discredit, all that worthless insignificant slave can state to my prejudice. I never set eyes upon Ibla, neither on a journey, nor in society. I never took from her a single robe or jewel, and all the world knows I used to rail at my brother

Amarah on her account, and dissuaded him from pursuing her; and truly I have been as much affected by this cruel event—yes, just as much as her own father. Perhaps it was some Irak horsemen that chanced to meet her, and carried her as a prisoner away from home, and now have released her; for I have just heard she has returned to the tribe of Abs, and that God has restored all her charms to her family. She's an honest girl, and speaks the truth; but did she see me the night she was carried off to Shibān? and did she ever set eyes on me when in that country? Ascertain this point, and let Antar trust in what she says; and if Ibla absolves me in her answer, let them demand her property from the tribe of Shibān, where she was disgraced and dishonoured, but that tribe will never let Antar possess himself of their property, or their maiden Rabiāt. But truly their horsemen and their armies will fall upon you; their dust will rise over you, and perhaps King Numan will assist them with the warriors of Lakhm and Juzam, all noble people; and will make your father repent when repentance will not avail him; but now he is warned, and let him look to his own affairs.

Prince Cais listened, and he hesitated what to believe. Cousin, said he, you have spoken the truth; I know Antar is a wretch, and that he has offended you in this business. Now that, O Cais, you are well acquainted with this circumstance, said Hadifah, why do you not put to death this cursed slave?

Prince Cais wheeled about, and returned with his associates to inform his father of Rebia's answer. They continued till they came near home, when he saw his father, and his brothers, and the heroes of the tribe all assembled at the lake of Zat ul irsad ; he looked at them as some one thus repeated—

“ Behold our spacious residence sweetly flowered,
“ it combines every pleasure of life. On the pro-
“ jections of our dwellings is the narcissus, lovely
“ in its sword-blades enveloped in green armour.
“ Mark how the edge of the scimitar and the point
“ of the spear surround the fair and the swarthy.
“ The men are like lions when they protect their
“ young, yea, even like rapacious lions. Their
“ women are like fawns, and their children like the
“ glittering planet Venus. The modest women
“ dance in security with the men, and in the enjoy-
“ ments of life there is no molestation. There is
“ only among them the lion of the tribe, their chief,
“ and he is Antar.”

After Cais' departure for the tribe of Fazarah, Hatal, and a party from the tribe of Ghiftan, came to visit King Zoheir, and he gave them a feast at the lake. When Cais arrived they all stood up ; he mentioned Rebia's answer, and how he depended on Ibla's testimony. Antar was seated there, and when he heard Cais' narrative, May God curse that Rebia ! he exclaimed. Restrain yourself, said King Zoheir, O Aboolfawaris, and let Ibla be questioned. I will go and interrogate her, said her father. So

he rose and went to his daughter. Questioning her, Ibla replied, May God curse falsehood and liars ! I saw not Rebia the night they carried me off from the lake, and I saw him not in Shibān. Malik returned and told King Zoheir : Well, said he, there is nothing then to be said against Rebia. But Basharah happened to be present, and as soon as he heard Malik's and King Zoheir's remarks, O mighty king, he exclaimed, what is all this artifice ? Was Ibla present among the men when Rebia and my master divided her property ? But when I returned and told them Ibla was killed and under the sand, then Rebia danced and capered for joy, and presented me his own inner garment and turban. Basharah disappeared for a short time, and quickly returned, bringing with him the garment, turban, and poniard, with which Rebia had bribed him ; he placed them before King Zoheir : This is what Rebia gave me, said he, for the murder of Ibla. When the chiefs of Abs saw this, they all exclaimed against the nefarious and infamous conduct of Rebia, and they wanted to have him seized.

When Cais heard the disgrace of Rebia, his indignation and rage increased. He immediately mounted his horse again, and said, By the faith of an Arab, never will I sit down till I have elucidated this affair that will burst my gall. He hastened back to the tribe of Fazarah, and when Rebia saw him, he was in great consternation and amazed at his speedy return ; and to his inquiries,

Cais related the story of Basharah. When Rebia heard this he burst into a laugh, but it was the laugh of conscious shame: in his heart there blazed a fire of rage; he clapped his hands and appeared much pleased. Now, said he, by the faith of an Arab, my property that was taken from me at Rikaya Beni Malik will come to light, for that garment, turban, and poniard were taken during that night-attack; and now, indeed, I have no enemy but Antar.

Cais was confused and astonished at the words of Rebia. He remained that night, and did nothing but consult about the destruction of Antar till morning dawned, when Cais mounted and returned home.

Well, said Rebia to his brother, what did you think of the answer which I made to Cais? God prosper you, said his brother, how you lied and managed to confirm falsehoods, artifice, and villany, and fraud!

Cais went home, and met his father at the lake, and told him all Rebia had stated in reply, and that the garment and turban were taken from him during the night-attack, and that he has no other enemy but Antar. Indeed, my son, said King Zoheir, I am quite bewildered about the families of Carad and Zeead; however, put this business off till to-morrow, when these guests will go away, and the contest between Rebia and Basharah shall be decided. The next day the Ghiftanians having de-

parted home, King Zoheir sent after Antar and his uncles, ordering them to bring Basharah, that Rebia might be confronted.

My lord, said Antar, when they were all assembled, what is Rebia's answer? Aboolfawaris, said King Zoheir, Rebia says that you have the property that was taken from him at Rikaya Beni Malik, amongst which was this garment and turban; but bring Basharah here that we may understand what he has to say, and then the offender shall be punished according to his acts. Antar jumped up and went to the tents in search of Basharah, but he could not find him. He asked Rabiab about him, but she said, O my lord, since that time he was with you at the lake I have not seen him, and he never returned. Antar shuddered, and was amazed. He went back and told King Zoheir, who said, He would not have disappeared had he not been a liar, and doubtless you are concerned in this business, and this is not an affair becoming an Arab chief: and King Zoheir expressed his wrath. The warriors of the family of Carad retired, and their shame was great. Antar also returned, saying, I will not quit this country till I have rescued my property with the sword, and he thus repeated:

“Greatness has excited jealousy, and I am
“avoided; did not passion influence me, love
“should not master me to such a degree. I would
“possess myself by force of what I obtained from
“fortune, doubly armed and powerful as she is;

“ but should my hand be broken its power would
“ not be obeyed, for I have a heart that spurns at
“ fortune. There is a time for compassion and
“ likewise for ignorance, but, O tribe, I am more
“ inclined towards mercy. I cling to my kindred
“ and honour them, and conquerors are the objects
“ of my respect, and I admire them. But here
“ they remark my forbearance, and my weakness
“ inflames them with hope; but I shall not be van-
“ quished. I shrink from the base-minded, for I
“ know avarice should be avoided, and generosity
“ sought after. It is ascertained that liberality is a
“ quality in man that is talked of by the good, and
“ subdues all dispositions. Ambition I have, and
“ its mansion is above Arcturus, and my residence
“ is exalted to the skies.”

O my son, said Shedad, we are with thee, and whithersoever thou goest we will accompany thee. We will not remain in a spot where thou art despised and ill treated. But stop till we obtain some intelligence of Basharah, and let us observe the conclusion of our adventure with Rebia. Antar staid quietly three days, but on the fourth night, when Antar was sitting alone, a black slave introduced himself, and said, O Aboolfawaris, protect me and realize my wishes, and I will give you good tidings. What are your tidings? asked Antar. My lord, he cried, haste to your friend Basharah, and release him from the power of Rebia. And how, exclaimed Antar, came he into his power? Master,

cried the slave, thus it is: When Basharah gave evidence against Rebia, and made the affair public, he said to his brother, What think you of this slave Basharah, who has received our bribes in Shibān, and is now come to witness against us here? He then called to one of his slaves, called Marzook, and said, Well, Marzook, you are ever talking of your zeal, but till now I have never had occasion for your services. What do you want, my lord? asked the slave. What I want of you, said Rebia, is that you go to the tents of the tribe of Abs, and bring me Basharah, that I may expose him to the cruellest tortures. The slave took with him four others, and set out for the Absian tents, and secreted himself in a valley near the habitations, seeking the lake of Zat ul irsād. Here Marzook and his comrades remained concealed till Basharah rose up; he was intoxicated; and as he strayed to some distance from the tents, Marzook plunged upon him like a vulture, and rolling him up in a sack, carried him off to the valley, and thence they all repaired with him to the tribe of Fazarah. As soon as they came into the presence of Rebia, Now, he cried, are all my wishes fulfilled. He dug a deep pit, and threw him into it, covering it with branches and camel dorsers, and stationed over him a slave-girl, called Yamama, beautiful in face and form, and much in favour with Rebia. Early in the morning, when Rebia went out to the chase with his brother, the damsel came to Basharah, and as soon as she beheld

him, love for him struck into her heart, and entered deep into her senses and her soul. How is it that these wretches have thus ill-used you? she cried. With whom am I? fair maid, he asked. With the family of Zeead, she replied. Then can I never escape, he added. You may escape, said she; if you will sincerely engage yourself with me, and swear to me you will be my lover, I will release you from this peril, and supply you with provisions. Now she had a brother called Masrook, who was attached to a maiden whose master was one of Oorwah's men. So she said to him, What will you say to one who will bring you to your dear Wirdeh? How can that be? said he. Instantly run, said she, to Antar, son of Shedad, and give him intelligence of Basharah, and say to him, Master, bring me and my beloved together, and I will give you information about the designs of Rebia towards Basharah; and she told him all his distresses. The slave instantly departed, and coming to Antar's tents, he introduced himself, and related all the above. Antar was overjoyed at this news, and immediately sent for the master of the girl Wirdeh, and demanded her of him; he not only surrendered her, but gave her also a string of good he and she camels, and afterwards they all went to King Zoheir, to whom Antar explained all that had passed. King Zoheir was agitated and amazed: And what do you intend to do? said he to Antar. I am determined, he replied, to proceed to the tribe of Fazarah and release

this foreigner. O King, exclaimed Shas and Malik, we will also go and settle this business. Go, said their father; and Antar departed with the princes, but first said to Oorwah, O Ebeool Ebyez, mount your men, and tell them to conceal themselves in the valley of Yaamoorah. Oorwah having executed his commands, they all proceeded till they reached the tribe of Fazarah, who, on seeing a dust arise, mounted, as also Rebia and Hadifah, to meet Antar and King Zoheir's sons. What! my cousin, said Rebia to Antar, art thou come to oppose us, or dost thou repent of thy obstinacy? O Rebia, said Antar, let him repent who has acted ill, and let him be ashamed of his disgraceful deeds. Produce Basharah, said Rebia, who said I bribed him to murder Ibla; let him confront me in the presence of these Arab chieftains. Be witnesses, ye that are present, exclaimed Antar. Drawing forth his invincible Dhami and urging on Abjer till he came up to the pit, he cried out to Shiboob, Bring forth this foreigner, and immediately Shiboob descended (O friends!) and brought out Basharah from the pit, from underneath the pack-saddles and camel-cloths. Ah! exclaimed Rebia in despair: and Hadifah said to him, I will stir up a battle between you and Antar; cry out in my name, and see what I will do. Upon this he shouted out, O Ebe Hidjar! Dost thou not mark this treacherous slave? And the men encountered each other, and the warriors engaged, and limbs were hewn off. Antar dispersed the people, and

penetrated towards Hadifah in the field of battle; he perceived him exciting his men to the contest; he engaged him, and struck the head of his mare, and hewed it off. Hadifah was in a most deplorable state, and his ribs were all dislocated. Then he met Rebia and Amarah, and took them prisoners, and despatched them with Shiboob and Basharah to the dwellings of the Absian chiefs. But when the sons of King Zoheir saw this terrible affair, and ascertained the treachery of Rebia, and that all he said was false and deceitful, they wheeled round their horses' heads, and went home to inform their father of the circumstance. But the chief Beder, when the account of what Antar had done reached him, mounted his horse, and came forwards in order to extinguish this dissension; he saw his son Hadifah on his return in a most shattered condition, who, on being questioned, related all that had passed, and how Antar had slain his mare and his men. By the truth of the pillar of stone of Mecca, he exclaimed, Antar must have had some consideration for you, or he would have left you dead, for he came to rescue his guest, and you irritated him. He galloped on to overtake Antar, as he saw him overthrowing his people. O Aboolfawaris, said he, we have always heard you were a most impartial man, but to-day we perceive you are inclined to violence and oppression. My lord, said Antar, I came here to release my friend from captivity, but your people stirred up this commotion and sought

to fight me, so to defend my own life was my bounden duty. O Aboolfawaris, said Beder, grant me this day this proof of your generosity, and Antar instantly ordered his men to depart; they desisted and went home. On the way they passed by the valley of Yaamoorah, where they joined Basharah and Shiboob and their prisoners, Rebia and the wretch Amarah. Basharah came forward, and kissing Antar's hand, O Aboolfawaris, he cried, by the life of Ibla's two eyes, give me authority over Rebia and Amarah that I may parade them among the tribe of Abs. Do as you like, said Antar, for I know King Zoheir will not keep on good terms with me. And he thus expressed himself:

“ O Ibla, thou art the light of my eyes: so command my existence, and rule me, thou, my ultimate hope. If thou quittest the tribe of Abs, reside not in the mansions of degradation, and listen not to the railers, for the land after our departure will remain without any celebrated defender or hero. Ask of Fazarah concerning my deeds when they poured down upon me like a deluging cloud. They brandished their barbed spears in rage against me, but they beheld the refulgence of my dazzling scimitar. Let Beder, son of Amroo, inform you what a warrior am I; how I meet armies with a heart hard as a fragment of a mountain. I engaged their horsemen and they were dispersed, and my thrusts came upon them quicker than death. My steed bore

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“me away; and as he went he slipped among the
“skulls scattered by the sword and spear. I took
“prisoners the chiefs of that mighty tribe, and I
“returned overjoyed, like one intoxicated. O se-
“paration! my heart trembles at separation, but I
“weep not for the separation from friends and
“native land, but for the separation from her, in
“whose eyes is my malady, and truly this pains me
“and increases all my vexations. I move in terror,
“fearful of separation, as my enemies move trem-
“bling through fear of me.”

Oorwah felt aware he had spoken only the truth about the tribe of Abs. Then they all marched on till they came near home, when lo! there arose a great dust, and under it appeared some noble Ab-sians on full gallop, and their spears pointed. These were King Zoheir and his sons, and his nobles with their standards over their heads, and horses scattered about. The reason of it was this: when Princes Shas and Malik returned home they made a great uproar among the tents, and related the fray that had taken place between Antar and the tribe of Fazarah; their father was much vexed. I was convinced, said he, this dispute between Antar and Rebia would not be decided amicably, and having inquired the particulars and its origin, Before we could reach them, said his sons, blood had flowed, and bodies were dead. Every one now mounted and came forth from the tents, and the people were all in confusion, and the families of Carad

were in great tumult, and the women were abusing Antar. As soon as Antar saw King Zoheir and his sons, he dismounted and hastened forward, anxious to kiss his hand. King Zoheir stooped down and kissed him between the eyes, and ordered him to mount, and as they all departed home, Antar told King Zoheir about Rebia, and how he had taken him and his brother Amarah prisoners. But how is it, said King Zoheir, that I see them not with you? My uncle Malik, said Antar, has taken them home, who said, These fellows shall remain in bondage with me, till they restore the property they took from my daughter. Yes, indeed, said King Zoheir, your uncle shall do such a deed as this, when I am asleep and under the sand; but as long as I am on the back of my stallion, I will not permit an Arab to aggrandize you and degrade me. And King Zoheir evinced great wrath in his countenance till they reached the tents, and behold there came some fugitives, and behind them a horseman with a drawn sword in his hand. They contemplated the fugitives, and lo! they were Shedad and his brother. Now when Basharah took away Amarah and Rebia, and brought them to the Carad tents, he mounted them on two stripped camels, and placed them tail foremost, and proceeded crying them out through the tents, saying, This is the punishment, the lightest punishment for those who carry off their countrywomen to the Arab tribes. All the women of the tribe of Abs and Carad came to enjoy

the sight, and Ibla stood with her companions : she was superbly dressed, and all her sorrows had vanished. She was conversing and saying (whilst Amarah heard her), This is indeed but a small chastisement for you. You stole my property—you wanted to murder me—you made a pretty business of it—but God has requited you speedily. Amarah gazed at her, whilst she was glancing from right to left, and flaunting about in the most beautiful fascinating manner, and her words sank into his heart cooler than the purest water : he screamed, Alas ! alas ! for thee, O daughter of Malik ! Oh ! Oh ! for the hour of possession ! Be silent, thou dolt ! said Rebia, for all this has happened to us on account of thy love, and never wilt thou desist from thy perverseness, till every vestige of us is rooted out. Now Cais, King Zoheir's son, had been left behind in the tents, and when the news reached him of what had happened to his friends, Rebia and Amarah, his pride was roused ; he mounted and rode towards the Carad tents, bellowing like a lion, and the foam issuing from the corners of his lips ; and when he saw Rebia, he wept, and raised his voice, and exclaimed : Alas ! the disgrace of this violence from those bastards ! Where is the respect of kinsmen ? Sons of my uncle ! where is the noble pride of illustrious Arabs ? But Rebia continued in this abject state till Cais was quite shocked, and the whole country seemed obscured in his eyes. So he rushed upon Basharah, and struck

him with his sword; he cut him across the shoulders, and left him sprawling. He cried out to Antar's father and uncles, and they instantly disappeared from his presence, alarmed at his high rank and dignity, but not afraid of his prowess. And when they all left him, he untied Rebia and his brother; Go to our tents, said he; and he himself galloped after the family of Carad, till they launched out into the desert, where, perceiving the troops of King Zoheir returning with Antar, they speeded towards them: My son, cried King Zoheir, what is this affair? What stupidity has succeeded to modesty and good sense? He stopped and said, What discretion is there in man, when he sees the chiefs of his tribe degraded? And he related the story of Rebia, and the indignities Basharah had made him suffer, and finally said, O my father, I will never rest in this spot till I have satiated my vengeance against the family of Carad, and have put Antar to death. King Zoheir was distressed, and felt assured the sword must fall upon his tribe, and would disperse his people among the hills and plains; for the animosity between the families of Carad and Zeead could not be tranquillised: O Aboolfawaris, said he to Antar, depart with your party from this country, for these people will not let you alone, and you will not submit to any indignity, and this disturbance cannot terminate satisfactorily. So depart from us, and do what you please.

Antar expressed his obedience and submission; I

will instantly depart, said he, with my party, and if I am able, I will rescue my property, or will die in the attempt. Then he addressed himself to King Zoheir, and thus :

“ Am I injured ? and my spear and sword are
“ my defence, and the guide to glory is attached to
“ my bit. I have a two-armed power that can
“ struggle with lions and defend me. I am ho-
“ noured wherever I go. My person is respected,
“ and my station is not easily attained. I will
“ abandon these noble dwellings ; but the lustre of
“ swords shall urge me on in the obscurity of the
“ dust. Cups of wine are at my disposal, but I
“ desire only the blaze in the fiery contest. I will
“ soon quit you ; I want not your country, but I
“ will attack you on the wings of darkness. I will
“ seek my enemies with my lion-associates, each a
“ lion in the battle and the contest : I abandon
“ sleep, unless I can kindle a blaze at night-fall
“ that will involve my foes in a blast of fire. My
“ hand falls upon their heads like torrents of flakes
“ of fire in the dead of the night. Death they shall
“ behold exterminating their friends, and far shall
“ fly their heads hewn off by my sword. My com-
“ rades shall shake their spears in their hands, and
“ infuse death into the entrails of their opponents.
“ The brilliancy of their swords in the clouds of
“ dust shall be like the beauteous rays of the sun
“ through the rain. You have renounced my deeds,
“ but my power is my companion, and the blow of

“ my Indian blade among the tents. I will abandon the base and the dastardly, and I have drawn my sword for an ungrateful prince. O songstress ! be thy song the neigh ! for that is my music, and streams of blood my wine. Towards Ramda be my journey, for that is my abode, and the place for my tents. Speak not to me of the pleasures of life, for the attainment of my high ambition is my health and my sickness. In glory is the delight of every one anxious for renown, not in drinking nor in eating. Shall I disgrace myself by submitting to dishonour, when my sword falls on the necks like an ostrich ?”

Prince Cais cut short his verses ; Hey, bastard ! he exclaimed, you found Ibla in Shibān, and you come to claim her property from the tribe of Abs and Adnan. You should demand her goods from the people where you found her. My lord, said Antar, put not yourself into a passion, I am going to leave you, and shall look after my own affairs ; but my adventures and my deeds shall soon reach you : you shall hear how I will rescue my property ; but as to your expression of bastard, no one but yourself had ventured to make use of such language, or his death would have been at hand, and his exit from this world instantaneous. Then he addressed him, saying,

“ I had made of thee a strong breast-plate to ward off from me the arrows of my foes, but it is thou that hast thrown them. In thee I placed

“ my strong hold when ignominy should assail me
“ on all sides ; but if thou canst not preserve thy
“ friendship as a protection for me, be then neither
“ for me nor against me, at least, keep aside and
“ be impartial, and let my enemies hurl their darts
“ at me. From how many foes have I drawn blood,
“ and from how many men have I desired to be re-
“ moved ! I dread not disgrace when alone, even
“ when the battle destroys the horses and the horse-
“ men. There are people who must either live
“ great and renowned, or must hide their fall under
“ the earth.”

As soon as Antar had finished his verses, Strike the tents, he cried to his father and his uncles, and prepare for departure, that the heart of King Zoheir may be at ease, and my lord Cais have all his wishes fulfilled. They did as he directed, and they separated from the troops in order to seek the tents, when lo ! loud screams arose, and plunder and pillage commenced among their dwellings ; they hastened on their horses to ascertain what was the matter, indignation blazing in the heart of Antar : Verily our tribe have evinced their hatred towards us, he exclaimed, and he drew forth his sword, and threw himself among the tents. The cause of this was the family of Zeead ; for they, as soon as Prince Cais had liberated them, and had set out to meet Antar, sought the Carad tents. Amarah entered the dwelling of Malik with the view of obtaining a look at Ibla ; but Rebia wanted some

horse trappings, when lo ! he saw the chests Antar had taken from him on the night-surprise, when he was wounded at Rikaya beni Malik : there he also found all the precious goods King Numan had given him : he recognised the whole. Hola ! hola ! he cried out, this is the property Antar took from me by force ; it was he who wounded me, and he nearly killed me. Now when Cais had mounted in order to liberate Rebia, a crowd of slaves had followed him ; This is all my property, said he to them, that I brought from King Numan : I have now found it at Antar's, so carry it away to your master's, Prince Cais, and I will give you a good share of it. As soon as the slaves entered the habitations to plunder the goods, the women began to scream out ; but they seized the chests and all that was hung upon cords ; so the maids and the slaves made an uproar, shoving each other upon the ground. When Antar heard these screams, he entered the tents, resolved to ply his sword among both chieftains and slaves. But King Zoheir seeing the affair become more serious, and the disturbances more furious, began to be much alarmed, and as it was near the close of the day, he cried out to his son Cais, Take away your friend Rebia, and order him to depart from us, and to go down to the barren desert : let him not kindle dissensions among the Arabs, and make us to become a common proverb. Do you too, Shas, go to Antar, and send him away without delay, and let there be no more said to us

on the subject. Cais repaired to the tents, and checking Rebia, prohibited any further tumult. So likewise did Shas and Malik; they sought the hero Antar, and when they joined him, they saw death glancing from his eyes: they stopped him with gentle expressions. O Aboolfawaris, said Shas, truly your separation from us is like the separation of souls from bodies, but no one can avert the decrees of the Almighty, his orders must be obeyed. Emigration is the most advisable plan for you: bear this event patiently, and act honourably. Do not be too much distressed, my cousin; all you desire in this world is Ibla, and she will be with you. My father will certainly repent of this deed, and calamities and horrors will descend upon him; and as to this property Rebia has taken away, it will revert to you after kissing your feet and your hands; for they will all stand in need of you. Had I known, said Antar, that this business between us would have come to this pass, I would have put Rebia to death, and had succeeded in all my wishes; but now his property has come to light, and he has it, and out of respect to you, I have not been able to do him any harm.

Antar took leave of Shas and Malik, his distress and agitation being extreme. He ordered the slaves to fasten the howdahs on the camels; they did all he told them, and they loaded them with the baggage and the families, and they left not a halter behind. They then departed, traversing the wilds

and the wastes, the plains and the mountains, amounting in all to two hundred and fifty famed warriors, one hundred and fifty belonging to the Carad division, and one hundred forming the party of Oorwah. As to Basharah, they bound up his wounds, and raised him on a tall camel, whilst Rabi'at accompanied the women. The party proceeded till midnight, when Antar, Oorwah, and fifty horsemen alighted, saying to his father and his uncles, Do you go on ahead with the women. But he and Oorwah mounted at daylight and galloped over the plains till they came to the pastures of the tribe of Fazarah: the sun was just risen, and the cattle were grazing. Antar rushed upon them, and drove away all the he and she camels, and the high-priced horses that belonged to the tribes of Fazarah and Zeead, and when they had launched into the desert, Send on the plunder with thirty horsemen, said Antar to Oorwah; do you stay with me, that we may encounter the troops that will come upon us, with these twenty men. Oorwah did accordingly; the thirty went forward with the plunder, Antar and Oorwah slowly following them. As soon as the intelligence of the seizure of their cattle reached the tribe of Fazarah, they all mounted, but Hadifah was still weak from his fall, and was incapable of riding. The troop marched off in number five hundred, and with them four of Rebia's brothers. They went on till they overtook Antar, who, when he saw the horsemen, and heard their

shouts, turned upon them, and met them, and in less than an hour he had slain numbers of them, and wounded all four brothers. Oorwah and his people also slew those who were destined to die that day, piercing their chests with the points of the spear; extinction and perdition fell on the tribe of Fazarah. Antar smote off heads and skulls, and despatched the horsemen to the mansions of annihilation, crying out: Ye filthy Arabs, wherever ye go, Antar is behind ye: we are the persons who have taken the property of our enemies; who will now deliver you from our attack? Know, my cousins, said Haml, there is between Antar and the family of Zeead a most implacable animosity, and every one that interferes in it is destroyed and slain; and had I been aware that it was Antar who had seized the cattle, I would not on any account have gone out against him. So he turned his horse about, and he and the rest returned home, abandoning the family of Zeead. When Antar had taken possession of as many baggage-camels as he desired, he drove them on before him, and they all proceeded together till they overtook the cattle, and pursued the journey to Rikaya beni Malik, where the family of Carad had alighted, who, when they saw Antar's dust, mounted and saluted him, and seeing all the he and she camels he brought with him, they were greatly delighted. Here they halted to repose from their fatigues, and consult about the spot where they should fix their residence. I must, said Antar, go to the land of

Irak, and must labour in the utter destruction of the tribe of Shiban. But, said Shedad, O my son, do you not fear King Numan? No! exclaimed Antar, by the faith of an Arab, nor even the King of Persia, the lord of the balcony. O my brother, said Shiboob, if you wish to effect so much, and to battle with kings, come with me, and I will conduct you to the mountains of Radm and the valley of Raml, where ten men can defend themselves against the universe; and when we are in those mountains, you may engage warriors as many as you please, and the women will be secure. This is a most judicious arrangement, said Shedad, and a measure that cannot be found fault with; for I have heard of that spot, that the most timid can defend it, and its inhabitants must be safe. So they all agreed upon this point, and they reposed till the night was nearly passed, when they departed for that country.

Now this mountain was on the borders of Hidjaz, in the direction of Irak; it was stupendously lofty, and he who would look at it would imagine it was connected with the clouds; its summits rose so high towards the heavens, the sun could almost burn it with excess of heat and light: on its sides were caverns and caves, and trees, and fruits, and forests, the haunts of wild beasts and lions, and serpents. There was not a single road but windings and labyrinths that would bewilder the mind of man. It was like a strong fortress, and were ten men to

stand firm at the mouth of the defile, they would prevent the whole universe from reaching them; for there was no other path but by that gorge and defile, and between it and the tribe of Shibān they were seven days journey.

When Antar heard this description from Shibōob, he immediately assented to his proposal, and they set off traversing the wilds and the wastes; and he thus sang to them:

“Where is there a friend of sound judgment and
“faith, now that the greatest part of mankind are
“false? Fortune has betrayed me even where I
“had most trusted it! And can my efforts now
“avert calamities from me? One day they demand
“my exertions in the field of battle, and one day
“they complain of my excesses. If the foe pur-
“sued me, I liberated myself, however impetuous
“was his pursuit; and when my spear chooses, it
“impedes every assault, and fate and my steed ex-
“tricate me from every danger. But now, O hea-
“vens! shall I succeed? or will the enmity of my
“adversaries prevail? My horse, when the dust of
“battle inclosed him on all sides, sprang against
“the thrusts of the tribes. I will haste in pursuit
“of the chase, though the parched earth should
“rise in waves, or the onset of combatants environ
“me. A party of Absians accompanies me, whose
“high celebrity is extended over the deserts; they
“are beautiful, like lions in every spot, when the
“blood of their enemies is clotted over their jaws.”

They continued their journey, travelling night and day, till they reached the mountain. The women alighted from the camels, and Antar entered the defile, accompanied by his father Shedad, his uncles, Oorwah and his companions; and when they had passed the entrance they perceived an intricate passage, and a valley abounding in forests, and they heard the roaring of wild beasts and the lions. It is impossible, said Antar, to dwell in this valley unless we burn down its sides with fire, otherwise there will be no security for our women against danger. So he ordered the slaves to light a fire in the forests, and they did so: and before evening the flames played in all quarters: the wild beasts were frightened and fled away, and dispersed. This continued for five days, and the snakes and the serpents were burnt. On the sixth day the flames ceased to blaze, and they entered the valley, and all danger was removed from them. Before sunset the tents were extended out, and the women and families entered: the mountains re-echoed their voices. And they soon became familiarized to their new abode, forgetting their native home, and their former friends and neighbours. Three days after, said Antar to his father, now that our property and families are in security, and that we have no occasion to harbour any fear of the Arabs, I am anxious to proceed against the tribe of Shibān, and punish them for their conduct: I must drive away their cattle, and take their families captive. We are few in number,

my son, said Shedad, and far away from home, and if we separate from our wives and families we cannot secure them from our foul foes. This is not to be dreaded, said Antar, for all our enemies are ahead of us, and we are in quest of them, they are not seeking us. My son, said Shedad, with how many horsemen do you intend to go against Shibani? A hundred brave fellows will be sufficient, replied Antar; the remainder I will leave with you. That is not right, said Oorwah, for the Shibanians are very numerous, particularly when Mooferridj shall return. That tribe cannot consist of less than five thousand bridles, besides confederates and neighbours; my opinion is we should set out from hence with one hundred and fifty men, leaving one hundred behind, and with this indeed we shall be undertaking a hazardous enterprise. Antar left with the families a hundred horsemen under the command of his father, and recommending them to be careful and vigilant, he and Oorwah departed with a hundred and fifty, fearless of the approach of death, and undaunted at fate even when it descends, for they were all bold intrepid fellows, and were also of the tribe of Abs and Adnan; and when Antar stopped on the road, his heart recollecting all his anxieties, he burst out thus:

“Calamities extend their arms against me; they oppose me, but I have resisted them. Vicissitudes of fortune stop and slumber, for my courage has drawn aside their mantle. Contend not with a

"man whose deeds the boldest warriors have ex-
 "perienced in the contest ; whose steed has stamped
 "over the land of his enemies when he drenched
 "their dwellings with blood. Woe to the tribe of
 "Shiban ! I have visited it, and dearly purchased
 "war stretched out its arm. Dust rose on high,
 "and its ocean swelled, and the bickering blade
 "darted forth its lightnings. My spear plunged
 "into their entrails, and burst through their armour
 "and their ribs. Their women arose in lamentations
 "for their husbands, who groaned in the agonies of
 "death. O Ibla ! for love of thee I feel a kindling
 "flame ; I have its anguish in the very folds of my
 "bowels. On the day of my separation the fire of
 "my spirit burst out, rocks even would have feared
 "it. O Ibla, oft as the raven of the desert pours
 "its plaintive note, to hear it in the dead of night
 "fills my heart with sadness. I have quitted my
 "home, and there are my neighbours, but their
 "cupidity has cut off my society from them. Soon
 "shall they see infamy when the horses of death
 "rush out upon them. I am the son of Shedad
 "who covets exaltation, and my ambition soars
 "above them. Soon shall my lasting celebrity be
 "sung, and in its report shall warriors feel the
 "highest pleasure."

Antar continued his verses till Oorwah and his
 people were greatly pleased, and Oorwah was all
 astonishment. They travelled on towards Shiban,
 and death appeared easy and insignificant to them.

But Mooferridj, when he returned from his services in Persia, was very happy; he brought with him wealth fire could not have consumed. On his way home he stopped with King Numan, and staid as his guest for three days, and he related to him all that had happened to him in the cities of Khorasan. On the fourth day Mooferridj departed, seeking the land of Shibān, very anxious to revisit his native land; and when he reached his country, and his uncle Malik, son of Hosan, knew of his arrival, he went out to meet him, and congratulated him on his safety. Mooferridj alighted, quite delighted at his return home, and before even inquiring about his wife, he asked for Basharah. O my cousin, said Malik, son of Hosan, Basharah has reverted to his base origin, and he has done a deed no one ever did before. What has he done, my cousin? demanded Mooferridj. Know then, my cousin, said Malik, that your slave Basharah did not remain above twenty days after your departure, when he feigned having received a letter from you, stating, O Basharah, take away all my property and my treasures, and deposit them in the mountain of Radm and the valley of Raml, for I have suffered insupportable distresses in the service of the Persian monarch, and I am in the most deplorable condition. It is my intention to escape by flight if I find an opportunity. So he loaded every article in the magazines on the backs of the camels, and since then I have heard nothing of him, and I have had no

traces of him till lately, when a messenger came to me from Rebia, saying, Your slave Basharah is with Antar, and has restored to him his cousin Ibla. Antar has realized all his expectations, and has delivered over to him all the property he took away. He is now established with Antar in perfect happiness and contentment of heart, and he has done all this on account of his beloved Rabiāt, a base-born girl. I am going to King Numan, and I shall acquaint him with this circumstance; but now here you are, so do what you deem best. At hearing this the eyes of Mooferridj turned red, and he clasped his hands one within the other in excess of rage and passion, exclaiming, O Malik, did we not murder Ibla, and did not the slave conceal her in the desert? How then has she appeared amongst the tribe of Abs and Adnan? As to that, said Malik, I comprehend it not. But Sinan, son of Abdoolazi, happened to be present; he was a knight of Shiban, and their champion when they were surprised by assaults night or day; Know, said he, O Mooferridj, that your slave Basharah did not slay Ibla as you ordered him, but he deceived you by his tale; he waited till the coast was clear for him, when he seized all your property, and repaired to the slave, a bastard like himself, where he leads a life of ease and comfort. Basharah shall do such deeds as this, exclaimed Mooferridj, when I am asleep or swathed in my winding-sheet, but as long as I can mount on the back of a steed and have

about me five thousand horsemen of Shiban, and behind me one like King Numan, my property shall not be pillaged; no one shall venture to dishonour my family. Send for your allies, cried Sinan, and those in whom you confide in your difficulties and your relaxations; lead us to the tribe of Abs that we may extirpate every vestige of them, and ravage their country, and level their boundary-marks with the ground, and leave not one of them to report the news, having first put to death their slave Antar. This would not be proper, said Mooferridj, for King Numan wishes to connect himself by marriage to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and to wed Mooted-jerede, King Zoheir's daughter; he has demanded her, and if we proceed against them without his orders, and execute such deeds upon them, he may blame us and be angry. But my opinion is that I should go to Numan and acquaint him with all these circumstances, and then he will send a message and liberate my property for me, my he camels and my she camels, and will give me directions to march against my enemies. Thus will we depart under his commands, and will slay Zoheir, and Antar his slave; we will exterminate his horsemen and his troops, we will capture every thing, and make prisoners the high and low, and we will not suffer our property to be plundered, or that slave Basharah to triumph over us. Do as you please, said Sinan; lead us whithersoever you choose, and we will gratify your wishes.

Each returned home and renewed his vows to his wife and family. But Mooferridj was so irritated at what had happened he could not stop longer than that day. He returned to King Numan, and in his heart there blazed a fire of rage against Basharah, and when he reached Hirah he rushed into the presence of King Numan like one frantic, on account of the loss of his property. But Numan was amazed at his speedy return. Is it well with you, Mooferridj? said he. No! he replied, infamy and misery! And he told him what had happened to him through his slave Basharah during his absence, and how he had seized all his property and possessions, and had repaired to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and was now established with Antar, son of Shedad. Did not you and Rebia, exclaimed Numan, inform me that you had assassinated Ibla, and had divided her property? Yes, said he, but we were not witnesses to her murder. We delivered her over to Basharah, and ordered him to put her to death, and bury her in the sand, and since that we knew nothing about it. Do not distress yourself, said Numan, for all you possessed shall revert to you, and the man who protected your slave shall be brought bound before you, for I am at this moment resolved on sending to King Zohair to demand his daughter in marriage, and truly Rebia promised me to do so for me, but now indeed the affair is more serious in consequence of what has happened to you. At the instant he wrote

a letter to King Zoheir couched in these terms: Know, O King Zoheir, head of the tribes, that it is incumbent on us to improve the state of the Arabs. It has reached me that your slave Antar has quitted the condition of servitude, and that you have extended to him your protection, and that you style him as you style your cousins. It would be advisable for you to pursue the established customs of the Arabs, and not bring down upon yourself destruction. You must order Antar to restore Mooferridj his slave, and all his property, and arrange this affair with him to our satisfaction, otherwise we shall punish him according to his acts, and shall send him back to tend camels and sheep. After this demand the marriage-settlement of your daughter Mootejerede as much as you please, that we may send it to you. Do not send this messenger back but with a suitable reply, and act like a wise, prudent man, or you may repent of what you do.

He despatched his letter with a courier, who traversed the wilds and the sand-hills till he reached the tribe of the noble Abs, and he happened to arrive just two days after Antar's departure, so he came to King Zoheir, and saluting him, delivered to him the letter. He opened it and read it, and understood its contents. O Arab, he replied, your master mentions something about taking from Antar the property belonging to the tribe of Shiban. That man is no longer under my subjection that I can command him on any point; for between him and

us there have arisen troubles and dissensions. He quitted us two days ago, he and his uncles, and all the tribe that was connected with him. We have heard he has taken the road to Irak; had he remained, the two tribes would have been annihilated. In a short time he will be a neighbour of King Numan's in some direction, so let him gain information of him, and let him do as he pleases with him. But, moreover, we have no daughter fit for marriage; and had I a daughter I should not send her into a foreign land, and I shall not let any one have authority over her; and with this answer there is no occasion for a letter.

He gave him a robe of honour, and sent him to a house of entertainment. But the messenger declined, and retraced his steps in a great rage, and he did not stop traversing the deserts till he reached Hirah. He came before the king, and told him what had passed. His wrath and indignation were extreme; his passion blazed and flamed. If I do not degrade him, he cried, may I never possess his daughter! I must positively slay every one of them: I will destroy the whole tribe, every warrior of them. As to Antar, he must be heard of in some of the lands, and he sent the Arab and the Persian in quest of him. He afterwards requested his brother's attendance, whose name was Mozeed, but the Arabs surnamed him Prince Aswad (black prince). He was a shedder of blood; of excessive pride and arrogance; immense in form and bulk. He was

like a strong tower, and could receive on his chest a thousand horsemen in the field; and when he appeared before King Numan, the latter informed him of the news he had received, and communicated King Zoheir's answer, and that he had refused him his daughter in marriage. Aswad smiled—the smile of fury and indignation. O King, he cried, you are too mild and easy with your foes, and you excite the Arabs against you. A king must keep up the respect and awe of his station, or his supremacy will be subverted. It would be right to send me against King Zoheir, to devastate his country, and overthrow his troops and armies, and capture his wife and sons, and I will bring the whole with me into your presence, that you may have them at your disposal; otherwise you will be an object of shame far and near, and the Arabs will say King Numan demanded in marriage King Zoheir's daughter, who would not give his consent to his being her husband. This representation increased Numan's anger and wrath, and immediately he equipped his brother with ten thousand horsemen of the tribes of Lakhm and Djuzam, and directed him to set out. As soon as Aswad had departed, King Numan cared no more about searching for Antar, but continued every day to ride round the town with his attendants, and the chiefs of his government, together with Mooferridj.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was on the fourth morning after Aswad's departure, they roamed far into the desert, when lo! a dust arose, rolling from the direction of Shibān. In an hour the dust was divided and split, and its blackness was converted to a piebald hue, and under it appeared a troop of horse in full retreat, and horsemen scattered about in great disorder. At this, King Numan's alarms gave way to security; for they were shouting out, Save us! save us! King of the age: protect us from this calamity of day and night.

Mooferridj advanced to ascertain who they were, and lo! they were his own horsemen—his own cousins, and his own tribe. What has befallen you? said he; and what mortal has thrown you into this confusion? Antar, cried they all, came down upon us; last night he surprised us in the tents; he made our wives widows, and our children orphans; he seized what he pleased, and left what he pleased.

Mooferridj dashed his fists against his forehead; all patience, and even his senses, vanished. Well! at last he cried, with how many horsemen did he come against you, that he has treated you in this manner? O Chief, they replied, we only saw him with a few attendants.

Then said King Numan, whilst the world seemed obscure in his eyes, Tell us by what road he is gone. By God, said they, O King, we were like drunken men, and had not the senses of women. We should say he was actually in our rear, and that he was pursuing our very footsteps; but should not assistance reach us by the close of the day, indeed it will be evident, that Antar has captured all our families, and has taken the road of the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml. By the faith of an Arab, cried Numan, I will seek him out, were he even to mount up to the skies; and I will abandon all the free-born women of Abs to be purchased as slaves. But, to soothe the heart of Mooferridj, he continued, do not be uneasy at what has happened. Set out to-morrow for the mountains with the Shibanians, and take as many Arabs as you please; but if you vanquish this accursed slave, do not put him to death, bring him to me, him and his uncles, that I may hang them all at the gate of the city. Sinan was present: O King, by thy munificence, he cried, were I and Mooferridj not afraid of your reproaches, we had not brought this event upon ourselves.

They returned to Hirah, and having consulted about this important crisis till morning dawned, Mooferridj assembled the fugitives and his companions, amounting in all to a thousand horsemen, with whom he set out for their own country, whilst a flame was raging in his heart against Antar. Nu-

man also was desirous of going with them, with the horsemen of Lakhm and Juzam. No, no ! said Mooferridj, it is not an affair to require your interference ; and when he reached his own home, he saw the whole country ruined and plundered, and some few tents on the summits of the hills, and the women weeping and wailing. At this catastrophe his anguish increased : he inquired for his own wife and family, but could find no one to give him any information about them. Thus was his calamity heightened, and his misfortune increased, and so great was his affliction, he could not remain there above an hour, but set out with his brave army for the mountains of Radm, following Antar's track.

But Antar, having quitted the mountains as we described, continued his journey over the wilds and wastes, till he came near to the tribe of Shiban. He arrived early in the morning, and alighting at some retired spot, he sent Shiboob to gain intelligence.

Shiboob darted forth as a bird on the wing, and returned about mid-day, saying, O son of my mother, there are not in the dwellings more than a thousand horsemen. How is that ? said Antar. Mooferridj, replied Shiboob, returned from the King of Persia full of joy and delight ; but when he heard that Basharah had seized his property (for his cousin Malik, son of Hosan, had given him every information in consequence of Rebia having acquainted him by a message, that you had regained Ibla, and that all his property was in your hands) ; he suffered what

never happened to any one before. He instantly returned to King Numan to report this intelligence, and to consult about an expedition against the tribe of Abs, and to take vengeance on them. In the excess of his resentment occasioned by this catastrophe, he said to his cousin, Never will I drink of wine, till I can assuage my heart on that base-born Antar ; and truly that tribe since his departure are all quite at a loss what to do, they seem careless of misfortunes, and are asleep, and feel secure from every calamity. The most advisable plan is, that you should rush upon the Shibanians under the cover of the night ; and when you are near the tents, divide into three bodies, and trample down the whole tribe under the hoofs of your steeds. Thus will you attain your ends ; thus will you succeed in all your projects.

By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed Antar, you have advised well. So he immediately mounted, followed by his men, and Shiboob preceded them like the northern blast till the day was spent, and night came on with impenetrable obscurity. The lights of the tribe shone upon them ; but the night was utter darkness as it vaulted over the two horizons. They formed into three divisions, and shouted out in every direction : they poured down among the tents and dwellings, and plied their spears and their swords among the Shibanians. The east and the west were in commotion. The whole region was in convulsion ; the country trembled beneath them ;

the warriors started from their pillows; the hearts of the maidens palpitated; the virgins were made captives, and the horsemen expected to become prisoners. The darkness and obscurity stupefied their senses; all their movements and attempts were thwarted. The coward found no hole to creep out at: the horsemen sought relief from the pressure of the field of battle: the King of Death was firm in grasping souls. The sword continued its execution till the night became illumined, and the morning dawned in its brilliancy: the Absians were still engaged; their garments were as if painted with blood.

It had been indeed a most dreadful night: but Antar acquired all the glory and the honour; and he arose lord of the land of Shiban, master of their property and their women. He repaired to the habitations of their chiefs, such as Mooferridj, and Sinan, and Malik, and all the head men of the tribe; where he captured their wives, and drove away their daughters and children, slaying their cuckolded husbands. He took three of Mooferridj's wives prisoners, and four of his cousin's daughters, all of whom were most accomplished females. Oorwah and his people, and the family of Carad, obtained all the noble steeds and camels, and they departed for the mountains of Radm, leaving their enemy's country ruined, and all its vicinity destroyed; and they continued their march till between them and their friends there was only one day's journey.

So in the morning they came near the country

whose mountain sides had been burnt ; when Antar spied out ahead a tremendous dust increasing upon them, and a lofty cloud of sand rising over them. Do you see that dust ? said Antar to Oorwah, what can there be beneath it ? Oorwah extended his ken towards it, and he perceived a dust approaching, rising to an immense height ; it augmented, and the black column was advancing upon them. O Champion of the Absians ! said Oorwah, I do indeed perceive a towering dust coming towards you. I think it must be some booty that God has sent to you. Let the horses be rested, said Antar, after their hot march. So they rested them, whilst the men prepared their warlike weapons, and fixed their spears. Antar stationed forty to take charge of the property, and the remainder advanced like stern lions, in number one hundred and ten horsemen. They marched on till the dust came near to them, when they heard issuing from it loud screams and tumultuous shrieks, every thing proving some dreadful disaster and calamity ; and the general cry was, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! who will protect the Absian women ? who will release their captive females ?

As soon as Antar heard these clamorous voices, he shuddered. We are ruined, O Ebe ool Ebyez ! he cried ; good God ! what Arabs can have overpowered us, and brought this misfortune upon us ? Who can have dared to insult us, lions of the dens as we are ?

Now the cause of all this was Rebia, who as soon

as he returned to the tribe of Fazarah, and heard that Antar had plundered his property, and had driven away his horses and camels, went to Hadifah, gnawing his hands from very passion. O Ebe Hidjar ! said he, how careless you have been of us this time ! and how you have failed in protecting us ! and we are your neighbours. O Rebia, said Hadifah, had I not been much debilitated by the effects of the fall, I would not have failed in protecting your property in this emergency. I did not know it was Antar that had made this predatory assault, or I would not have been kept away from him, even had my life tasted of horrors ; but I imagined they were some rapacious Arabs ; so my brother and yours went out, and with them a body of horsemen, whom I enjoined to make every exertion in settling the business, and to bring back the horses and property ; but they returned routed and disgraced, and when I learnt this circumstance, I became as if drunk without wine : but if I do not overtake that Antar, and gratify my hatred in his death, I shall die without the affliction of any disease. O my cousin, said Rebia, I cannot possibly remain here after this degradation.

So they all made preparations from that day, amounting in all to seven hundred horsemen, all well-trained warriors, and they set out in pursuit of Antar, in despite of the prohibitions of the Sheikh Beder, for they would not listen to him, but traversed the barren wastes and wilds. Know that we

are proceeding against the consent of our father, said Haml to Hadifah, and we have rebelled against the Sheikhs of our tribe. I fear this expedition will terminate ill, so that we shall incur the reproaches of our countrymen, and not one of us will be able to reside among them. My advice is, that we should pass in our way to the tribe of Marah, our ally, in which we confide in our difficulties and our relaxations, and take with us their champion Zalim, son of Harith, with a party from their clan and noble warriors. Then indeed we shall succeed in our projects and attempts, and shall take our vengeance on that Antar, even had he with him the tribes of The-mood and Aad. This would be a great disgrace said Hadifah, that we, who boast of our descent and rank—that we, exalted among the Arab chieftains, should not be able to redeem our rights from a wretch of a slave, but must incite against him the horsemen of other tribes.

HamI had been induced to address his brother on this subject on account of the dread he felt in his heart of Antar. Rebia joined him, for he knew that this knight whom HamI had mentioned would accomplish all their desires. Now this Zalim was a knight of the tribes of Marah and Dibyan, and he was a great object of astonishment in those days; and in addition to the superiority he assumed over the other Arab chiefs, on account of his extreme intrepidity, he boasted of a sword he had inherited from his father and ancestors. It was called Zool-

hyyat (endued with life), for when it was unsheathed, it was impossible for any one to fix his eyes on it, on account of the extraordinary effect and imaginary sensations it produced. It was said that it had been the sword of the great Jobaa, son of King Himyar, who was formerly monarch of the universe: and when it fell upon a rock, it would cleave it in two; and did it encounter steel, it shattered it; and when it moved, it glittered and sparkled, and over its sides there crept the wavy forms of biting snakes. Zalim was so delighted with it, that when he went to bed, he had it within his arms, and by day he was never apart from it. It is thus described in this distich:

“In no trouble, in no adversity do I fear death,
“when it confronts me; for how can I dread the as-
“saults of death, and Zoolhyyat is glittering in my
“right hand?”

So when Haml mentioned Zalim, Rebia immediately coincided with him. At last they brought over Hadifah to their views, and travelled on till they reached the tribe of Marah. There they alighted, and were hospitably received. Rebia informed Zalim of the circumstance of Antar, and the troubles they had endured. In the excess of his pride, Zalim smiled; By the faith of an Arab, said he, the tribe of Abs deserves to be degraded on account of their conduct towards this despicable, insignificant slave, and all the disgraceful events that have befallen you are owing to your Chief Zoheir.

It was he who admitted him to the rank and consideration of an Arab. I am not unwilling to attend you on this expedition, neither does the danger or trouble annoy me. I am only distressed on account of my sword Zoolhyyat, that it should be contaminated with the blood of slaves, the offspring of carcasses.

Then having entertained them for three days, he set out with them, accompanied by five hundred noble horsemen on celebrated steeds, eagerly pursuing Antar, and continually demanding intelligence of him in the deserts and the cities, till they heard that he was in the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml. May God curse the father of his beard, and may he be afflicted with unspeakable calamities ! Does he think thus, exclaimed Zalim, that mountains can protect him from me, or that the defile can defend him ? By the faith of an Arab, verily will I make him taste of the wine of misfortunes. They proceeded in the right direction, having obtained a trusty guide. But as to Amarah, the world could not contain him, for now he felt secure that Antar would at any rate be slain, and that Ibla would console him for all his sorrows ; and when they came near to the valley and the two mountains (there being only two days between them), a slave belonging to Rebia met them as he was seeking the land of Hidjaz. My masters, said the slave, in answer to their inquiries, know that Antar is gone against the Shibanians, with one

hundred and fifty brave fellows: and there only remain one hundred more to protect the wives and women; and had not he and Shiboob been absent, I could not have escaped.

When they heard this, they were much delighted: Truly, said Hadifah, the business has turned out as you wished, and every difficulty has been rendered easy. Arabs, cried Zalim, how have we gained our point, if Antar does not fall, and is not vanquished? By the faith of an Arab, our trouble is misspent, and our pains are only increased. O Chief, said Hadifah, we will content ourselves with capturing their wives, and we will return home: Antar indeed will be safe, but if we do not kill him, we shall kill many of his party. O Hadifah, said Rebia, let us first carry off the goods and families we shall find in the mountains, and then continue the pursuit of Antar, wherever he may be, and when we have extirpated him, we will go to King Numan, and will represent to him the necessity of his sending his brother Aswad to King Zoheir, to drive him into his presence, and force him to give his daughter to him. I will give Ibla in marriage to my brother Amarah, and will make a marriage-feast, the equal of which no chiefs ever prepared: then we will return home, and be quiet and comfortable. Truly, said Amarah, I am of your opinion on this point, O Rebia; for I am quite sure Ibla was only created for me, and her charms will only coalesce with mine.

They continued their journey without delay till they reached the mountain, and the dust they occasioned appeared like the black shades of night. The Absians that were reconnoitring soon discovered them, and immediately gave notice of the circumstance to the horsemen, and shouted through the mountains. Shedad and his brothers mounted with the hundred horsemen, and the whole land was in confusion with the screams of the women and maidens, whilst the men hurried out to the defile and pass, having first enveloped themselves in steel.

The horsemen of Fazarah soon came in sight, the troops divided, and they all made one universal shout, making the whole country tremble. They attacked the Absians like tall furious sea-monsters, headed by Zalim, as he poured forth the bellow of devouring lions, and drew out his Zoolhyyat. In a moment the parties encountered, and they exhibited their fury, shouting in the name of their fathers and ancestors, and struggling in the battle and the contest; the sharp-edged scimitars and long spears laboured among them, and foes and enemies exulted over them; but numbers multiplied upon the Caradians after they had engaged at the entrance of the strait, like brave men, who fear disgrace; and though difficulties increased upon this small party, they preserved the head of the defile, and plied the thrust and the blow. But when Zalim perceived that their courage still protected

them in that spot, he dismounted with a party of horsemen, and penetrated through the defile. There the battle began to rage—blood was spilt, and the fire of contention blazed till Zalim had slain seven of the Absians, and had driven the remainder into the valley.

Rebia and Hadifah, seeing what Zalim had done, also dismounted, followed by their party, and thus occupied the defile. But when the women perceived this calamity, they uncovered their heads and let fall their hair, and there was not one but was convinced of captivity and misfortune; and about mid-day the tribe of Fazarah effected their entrance; they bound the Absians as prisoners, and took possession of their women and property. They drove away the camels, and they all issued forth from the mountains. Basharah fell into the hands of Rebia, who gave him a cruel beating. Amarah reproached Malik, Ibla's father. You abandoned your family and your clan, said he, and you have followed the advice of this black slave, and these are some of his blessings that have now happened to you, and he will most certainly drown you in a sea of calamities.

Shedad heard this speech. O son of Zeead, he cried, let it suffice that you can abuse my son in his absence, for he would have brought down on you his severest punishments, and know that nothing will last, and he will assuredly come in this direction. Every one of ye will feel his frown—and

every one of ye will repent of this deed. This passed; they pursued the tract of Antar, the women and children going before them, but Zalim staid behind with the chieftains of the tribes of Marah, and boasting of his arts, he thus exclaimed:

“ Is it thy teeth, O lovely girl, that smile, or is
“ it the lightning that draws its sword before me?
“ Is it thy form, or the branch of the palm, that
“ waves to the zephyr, as it resembles the date-
“ tree? O daughter of Aamir, do not disdain the
“ dust whose brightness gives brilliancy in the dead
“ of the night. If thou art ignorant of me, ask the
“ tribe of Abs, when I brandished my scimitar;
“ I surprised their horsemen in the defile, my sword
“ cleft their flesh and their bones—I drove away
“ their women when I had reduced their virgins
“ to consternation and mourning. How should a
“ worthless slave protect the wives of the noble, or
“ be able to preserve his engagements? He shall
“ soon see, if he comes alive, that my sword can
“ act when death even is still: it is the destiny of
“ the world when crowds rush round our dwellings.
“ But what glory is there in this contest, that my
“ sword should descend upon a dastard slave!
“ Where in the combat is there one like me when
“ my scimitar flashes its fires? All mankind lie
“ beneath my sword, and with me right and wrong
“ are confounded.”

When Zalim had finished his verses, the horsemen were delighted at his poetry and prose, and

extravagantly was he flattered by Rebia and the wretched Amarah. They continued their journey till the next day, about three hours after sunrise, when they met the hero Antar. Amarah happened to be in the van, looking at the women, and surrounded by a body of the tribe of Fazarah and Marah, and talking to Malik, son of Carad, till eyes fell upon eyes, and Antar's slaves shouted out on his arrival; he heard the screams of the women, and his indignation became most violent; he attacked the family of Zeead, and pierced the first through his chest, and the barb started out between his shoulders; he urged on, and struck the second, and he rolled him over in the sand. As soon as the horsemen saw this accident, their reason deserted them, and they felt assured this must be Antar. So they shrunk to the rear, the despairing Amarah at their head, crying out, Fly, my cousins! The slaves of the family of Carad crowded together upon them, and plied their sharp swords among them, shouting out, Hey! Antar is come against ye, and to-day will he requite you for your deeds towards the women and children. In a short time the men were all released from captivity. Antar advanced towards Ibla, and saluted her; he also ordered Shiboob to release his father's women and his uncle's, whilst he and Oorwah went forwards with one hundred horsemen to meet the foe, leaving the remainder to protect the females.

Amarah came up to his brother Rebia and Ha-

difah, and meeting the troops, exclaimed as above, and the whole desert was in confusion. What is the matter with thee? asked Rebia. What has happened to thee? What has appeared unto thee under the black of the dust? Antar has appeared against us, they cried out, he is slaying our brothers and our cousins, and has come up with the women and the children, and taken the property, the camels, and the infants, and had he not been occupied with Ibla, he would not have left one of us alive, not a white or a black. Prepare your warlike weapons, cried Rebia, and be ready for the conflict. Zalim rejoiced in the news, and he was much delighted at Antar's arrival; he gave the reins to his horse, and he galloped after the horsemen, the heroes and warriors following him. When lo! Antar appeared before them like a lion in armour, and as his companions followed him, he cried, Ye sons of ordure, you have pursued us from your homes, and have gained over to fight against me the tribes of Marah and Dibyan, and you conceive yourselves secure from the calamities of day and night. He instantly unsheathed his sword and assaulted—the desert was in tumult—all promiscuously crowded—attack and defence was the word—swords made hot work—the coward sought to fly, but found no way to escape. The irresistible brave stood firm, and the scimitars neither spared friend nor foe. The blows of Antar fell more powerful than the stones of an engine; he dispersed whole troops, and mangled them dreadfully;

he encountered Zalim and Hadifah in the middle of the field of carnage, and they were also eager in quest of him; but Hadifah being the nearest to Antar, thrust at him with his spear, saying with a loud voice, Take that, thou son of a slave, I am Hadifah, the son of a free-born woman. When Antar perceived the thrust directed towards him, he parried it off very skilfully; he roared at Hadifah, and turning round the barb of his spear, he struck him with the butt end, and sent him rolling over on his head. He then sought Zalim, and wanted to treat him as he had done Hadifah, but Zalim smote Antar's spear and broke it, and just as he attempted to close with him, Antar howled, and he was horror-struck; he smote him with the remnant of the spear on his chest, and it palsied him, the end of the spear grazed on Zalim's elbow-bone; it paralysed every nerve, and forced him to let go his sword; Antar rushed upon him, he grappled him, and seized him by the rings of his corslet, clung to him, and took him prisoner, and gave him over to his comrades, wretched and degraded! That is right, cried Shiboob, seize these cuckolds, that I may bind them fast; come on! now to the others. Antar commenced the conflict, and he pierced the chests of the combatants; he exhibited all his powers, and he extended the heroes right and left. Shiboob in the mean time had secured Zalim and Hadifah. Oorwah and his people, with his uncles who had been released, accompanied

Antar. Rebia being alarmed, lest he should be disgraced and overwhelmed, had nothing for it but to scamper off and escape. Antar made hot work in their rear, and the brave were irresistible in their assaults. Only one hundred escaped out of the thousand, and they were mounted on swift steeds. The tribe of Abs returned, and darkness obscured the land, whilst Antar stood before them, as if bathed in a sea of blood. Having collected the booty, they passed on, and early in the night they came near to the mountains, and by day-break they entered with the prisoners of Fazarah, and those of Marah and Dibyan, all bound fast with cords. The slave-women preceded them with the cymbals and dulcimers, and joy was universal among them. Early in the day they entered, and it was a most glorious morning for them; they pitched the tents and pavilions, and stretched the tent-ropes; but the happiest of the party was Basharah, whom Antar had released from the power of Rebia. But they had only been established one day in that valley, when the next morning the dust of the tribe of Shiban, with Mooferridj, arose upon them. The troops were extended right and left, and the warriors and heroes came forth. The Absians, as soon as they saw them, prepared for the engagement; the polished steel glittered in their hands, and the burnished armour flashed with the brilliancy of lightning. They rushed out of the defiles and pressed forward for the battle and the contest. When the

Shibanians saw them advancing, Do you see that black slave? exclaimed Mooferridj; how his presumption has overpowered his reason? he has even quitted the mountain, and intends to attack the tribe of Shiban and its five thousand warriors, and he has scarcely two hundred and fifty vagabond horsemen. The fault is not his, but the fault is with him who has obliged us to fight him, and that is Rebia, who was the cause of all this disturbance. Be not surprised at what Antar is doing, said Sinan, for truly he is anxious for the carnage of death. It happened that Rebia had decided on escaping at the first onset, so he fled till he reached the tribe of Shiban, and as soon as they recognised him, they asked what was the matter; he informed them of all that happened, and wept at the severity of his misfortunes. Comfort your mind and brighten up your eye, cried Mooferridj, for we are marching in quest of Antar, and we shall certainly overwhelm him, and reduce him to distress in his property and family. Mooferridj related to him the affair of Prince Aswad and his expedition against the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and all the arrangements of his brother King Numan. So Rebia was consoled with this intelligence, and he returned with them that he might enjoy the spectacle of Antar's destruction, and release his brother Amarah from misery. For he saw their number amounted to five thousand, all warriors,

brave and intrepid, and with them was their celebrated knight Sinan, and they were marching under the orders of King Numan. By the faith of an Arab, said he to himself, Antar cannot escape this time. Thus they eagerly pressed their march till they approached the mountains of Radm, as we have mentioned, and Antar went out to meet them, as we have described. And Sinan said to Mooferridj, that Antar would certainly seek the contest. O Sinan, said Rebia, Antar is never fatigued, never harassed, and in his heart he is only anxious to meet you, and succeed in his attempts against you, and were you even to fill the plains and the mountains, he would still come out against you, and be only the more eager to encounter you, for he would be saying in his soul, that he would annihilate ye all, high and low, and that he would carry off your property and your plunder. When Sinan heard this, he roared and started forth in quest of Antar, thus exclaiming:

“ Hast thou captured my women and seized my
 “ property, bastard slave, thou camel-driver! Shall
 “ I remain dispirited and in disgrace, and my sword
 “ sparkle, brilliant and polished? My spear, when
 “ I brandish it in the palm of my hand, will dive
 “ through the strong-ribbed mountain. Shame, O
 “ Fortune! that a slave should conquer, and the
 “ chiefs and lords be discomfited! Were she im-
 “ partial, this scum of men would not stride the

“ noble steeds. But, O daughter of my uncle,
“ grieve no more, though the nocturnal vicissitudes
“ have separated us! As to fortune, it is two days
“ sweet and one bitter; and among men there are
“ two sorts, the base and the noble. How many
“ exalted tribes have I overwhelmed! I have re-
“ turned, and their warriors in captivity; and how
“ many flames of fire have I kindled with the edge
“ of my sword on the chests of the noble com-
“ batants!”

When the Shibanians heard Sinan's harangue, and perceived that he was preparing for the slaughter, his men galloped forward, most desirous to release their wives and families, directing their spear points towards Antar, and one thousand were the number that followed him. Antar, being aware of their intent, took with him his father Shedad and his uncles Malik and Zakhmetuljewad, and Amroo, Ibla's brother, and altogether thirty of the family of Carad. Stay here, said he to Oorwah, with these hundred horsemen and occupy Sinan, whilst I repulse the troop that accompanies him, and I will soon return to you. Antar made the attack against the thousand horsemen, and rushed down upon them, impetuous as a torrent; he charged among them east and west, and overwhelmed them with thrusts and blows; and he never dashed into a division, but he dispersed it, nor a troop but he crushed it; and thus also acted his brother Shiboob, the dust-coloured dragon. He never se-

parated from his horse Abjer, but protected him from the blows of the warriors; whilst his father Shedad and the horsemen kept up a fierce conflict, and in less than an hour the troop retreated from the dust and the darkness, a hundred of them being slain, and more wounded. By the faith of an Arab, said Mooferridj, we have fallen into a most dreadful misfortune, we did not lay our account to this; in fact, thirty horsemen have been able to effect all this destruction, and the party, though only consisting of two hundred and fifty, will at this rate be equal to ten thousand, and we consist of only five thousand, and the remainder, how shall we answer them? My advice, cried Rebia, is, that you should attack with the tribe of Shibān, and overpower them with the horsemen, otherwise we cannot succeed; overtake your cousin Sinan, that Antar may not kill him in the field of battle. Mooferridj shouted out to his men, and they instantly unsheathed their swords, and brandished their spears, and the universe was in convulsion at their shouts. Above three thousand joined them in the assault, and in a formidable charge sought the defile and the mountain. At that time Antar had returned to his companions, and he found Sinan coming back with the tribe of Shibān, and with them Oorwah as his prisoner: a numerous host surrounded them. Now Sinan, when Antar left him, attacked the hundred horsemen, and assailed them with his sword; he routed them, and

made them retreat into the mountains, having slain thirty. He also resolved on penetrating into the defile, and releasing the women of Shiban; but Oorwah again assailed him, and prevented him; they fought for an hour, but Sinan saw his companions were cut up, and that only five hundred stood firm with him, the remainder having taken to flight, whilst others checked him from coming up with Antar. Aware of this disaster, and seeing how the shouts arose over him, his passion and fury increased; so he closed with Oorwah and grappled him, stopping all means of escape, and extending towards him his mighty arm, he seized him by the rings of his armour, and held him fast. Thus having taken him prisoner, and delivered him over to some of his men, he turned about to attack Antar, who was also in quest of him. He dispersed his horsemen and his troops, and as Sinan stretched out his spear at him, and cried out at him, and thrust at him, Antar smote the spear and shivered it: thus parrying him off till he came close to him, he pressed on him, and struck him with the flat of his sword, and tumbled him off his horse. Shiboob pounced on him and bound him fast, and tied his arms and his sides. As soon as the Shibanians saw this terrible event, they abandoned Oorwah cast upon the sand, and escaped by flight towards Mooferridj; the troops were all scattered and discomfited. Shouts arose on all sides, and the dust thickened to the east and to the

west. Antar cried out to the noble Absians; they were on the alert, and brandished their spears and their swords; the thrusts were incessant and overpowering, and the voice of the speaker was silenced: they seized each other by the chin and the throats, and every path and road was choked up with the warriors. But God prospered Antar and the wonders he did that day, as also his horsemen and tribe, and his father Shedad and his uncles.

Oorwah soon sprung again on the back of his horse, and allayed his heart upon the tribe of Shibban. The scimitar continued to cleave, and blood to flow, and men to rave and fall, till the day closed and was obscured, and night coming on, each division retired and separated. The tribe of Abs alighted at the entrance of the defile to guard it against invasion or surprise; but Antar ordered Shiboob to take Sinan to the valley, and tie him up with the other prisoners. The tribe of Shibban also alighted, and their ruin and rout was evident. Mooferridj endured more than ever went to the heart of man, on account of the capture of his cousin Sinan, and the destruction of so many of his horsemen. Thou mine of fraud and deceit, roared he at Rebia, by the faith of an Arab, had I thrust at Sinan my cousin for a whole day, I should never have gained my point against him, and never should I have been able to touch him, ere fatigue had enervated my arm; but this infernal slave has taken him prisoner in an instant, and truly I shall pass

this night in a state of stupefaction ; for if I go out against him, I shall become a scandal among the Arabs ; and if I do not attack him, we shall not succeed in our expectations. Take my advice, said Rebia, clothe yourself in brilliant steel to-morrow morning, and march your troops against him, and let not one of your companions remain behind ; smite their horsemen and warriors with the sword, till you drive them to the defile, and then enter after them ; thus will you succeed in your hopes ; and should every one of them slay ten of yours, and even more, you will then even have the advantage with the remainder. This, Rebia, is advice becoming you ! he replied, this is your sagacity ! your wit ! how ! shall we hasten the men upon Antar, and leave him to charge upon our flanks, and play upon us with his sword and his spear ? By the faith of an Arab, had not the day closed upon us, not a spot of ground would have been left for any one, but had turned his face to the desert and the waste. Thus they continued wrangling till the armies of obscurity departed. And as soon as it was day, the Shibanians started up ready for the fight and the contest ; they fixed their spears and prepared to exterminate lives. But the first who shone on the plain and the scene of blows and thrusts was Antar. He galloped and charged, and urged his Abjer to the theatre of contention, and thus expressed himself :

“ The morning of thrusts in the field of battle

“ (where wine is not put round in glasses), is dearer
“ to me than the varied amusements with the cup,
“ and the ewer, and the flowers. My wine is in-
“ deed that which gushes about the spear's point,
“ when the war-steeds trample. I am the slave, of
“ whom it shall be reported that I encountered a
“ thousand free-born heroes : my heart was created
“ harder than steel, how then can I fear sword or
“ spear? I have met the chargers, and I cared
“ not : I am raised above Arcturus, and the Lyre
“ or the Eagle : when the warrior beholds me, he
“ avoids me, his courage fails, and he flies. Ye
“ have indulged, ye people of Shiban, a thought,
“ but my horse and my perseverance have thwarted
“ your imagination. Ask Rebia of me when he
“ came against me with the chiefs of Beder. I
“ took their chiefs prisoners, and only quitted them
“ when I had dispersed them over every desert.
“ Here now I again come forth, and in you will I
“ appease my heart and allay my bosom ; I will
“ seize the property of Ibla with my sword, and
“ the lord of the balcony shall acknowledge my
“ power.”

As soon as Antar had terminated this address, he sought the contest, and the flame was kindled afresh in his bosom. Mooferridj sprang on his horse's back, and being cased in his armour, he thundered down to the field of battle, and charging to and fro, exclaimed : Thou vile slave, it is disgraceful, infamous, and ignominious, to fight with thee !

But Antar sent forth a shout at him that would have split a stone. Mooferridj received him as the parched earth the first of the rain. They gave two yells, that excoriated the ears of their horses, and made every limb of the horsemen tremble. They commenced the engagement. Rebia was much alarmed for Mooferridj, that Antar should overpower him. It was not judicious in Mooferridj to go out against this devil, said he, and I fear some accident will happen to him. To which Malik, son of Hosan, replied, By the faith of an Arab, this calamity was all owing to you. Son of Zeead, had it not been for you, we should never have known this Antar, neither would our wives and children have been made captives; and as he was preparing to make an assault, lo! a yell arose from under the dust, and some one cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am the lover of Ibla, and I stand alone in the world! They all eagerly gazed at the dust, and behold Antar, who had taken Mooferridj prisoner, driving him as he would a camel. He gave him over to Shiboob, who bound him fast by the shoulders, and took him away to the other prisoners. Antar perceived that the Shibanians had dismounted, and were waving their spears and unsheathing their swords; but he was not to be intimidated at this. By the faith of an Arab, he exclaimed, I will put them all to the rout, and will not leave one to know whither he is going. Then shouting out to Oorwah and his father Shedad, he

selected fifty brave horsemen. Guard the entrance of the pass and defile, he cried, and he roared out to the troop that was with him; and they split the enemies troops into two parts, and made them drink of death. The horror and distress were excessive, and the day became like the night. They continued to plunge through the Shibanians till they came into their rear, where Antar, perceiving the horses running loose without their riders, said to his comrades, Collect them from right and left, and turn their faces towards their owners, then goad them on with the points of the spears, and they will trample down their own masters. So they separated towards the horses, and collected them all into one body, and sending forth a tremendous shout at them, goaded them with the points of their spears. A black cloud of dust arose; they plunged among the men on foot, and trod them down with the stamp of a camel, whilst the Absians roared at them from the interior of the valley. None escaped but those whose lives God had lengthened. Lucky was he whose horse speeded away with him and rushed over the waste and plains.

Malik, son of Hosan, was one of those who escaped, and also Rebia secured himself with a party of his people, and he was gnawing his hands through mortification and shame. O my cousins, all this has happened to us on account of this dog-devil, cried Malik to the Shibanians, pointing at Rebia; had it not been for him we had never known Antar

nor Ibla, nor one of the race of Abs. So come on and have at him. Thus saying, he made towards him, as Rebia also advanced to congratulate him on his safety, but Malik struck him with his spear through the shoulder, and it came out under his armpit, and hurled him off his horse on the ground, weltering in his blood, and he thought he had slain him. Thou son of a foul mother, cried he, all our misfortunes originate in your hatred towards that bastard slave. Moreover, the Shibanians put twenty of Rebia's party to death, and the remainder fled over the country. But as to Antar, he ordered them to open a way for the horse to the mountains, whilst he pursued the race of Shiban till he came up with Rebia. O Ebeool Ebyez, said he to Oorwah, dismount, go to him and bind him: truly his treachery has reverted on himself. Oorwah alighted and tied his arms, and as he was going to raise him on a horse, he opened his eyes, and recovering his senses, he saw Antar standing over his head. O my noble cousin, exclaimed the wretch, have some consideration for the relationship between you and me. Bind up my wounds, but tie not up my arms. I am almost dead, and indeed I sorely repent of all I have done to you. By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, you shall never be in a situation to repent the foul deeds you have already done towards me. You only call me cousin when you have tumbled into some intolerable calamity. So they all returned to the mountains, and all the

party was relieved from sorrow, for their evening was more propitious than the morning. He placed Shiboob, and Jareer, and Basharah, as guards over the prisoners; and those that were most grievously afflicted and distressed were Mooferridj and Sinan, for Basharah was stationed to torment them.

Antar reposed that night in the most perfect delight with his friends and troops, till the obscurity being nearly dissolved, he assembled the chiefs, and as they were consulting, said Shedad to Antar, O my son, what have you resolved on doing with your prisoners? As to Zalim, and Mooferridj, and Sinan, I shall hang them; but as to Rebia, and the wretch Amarah, I shall detain them in bondage till they restore the property they took from Ibla. He arose instantly, intoxicated as he was; his head rested on Oorwah's shoulder, and he came to the door of the cavern where the prisoners were confined, and said to Shiboob, Raise up this cuckold, - that I may hang him up on the summit of the mountains, and range these other fellows by his side. When the party heard this they felt certain of death. As to Amarah, he was almost dead already, and he remained fixed in stupefaction, for when he looked at Antar he saw his eyes red as coals. O Aboolfawaris, said Mooferridj, delay your work, for the end of violence is never praiseworthy. As to us, you first took our property, captured our families, slew our men, and devastated our country; what, therefore, is our crime that we have merited death

and hanging? And what crime, said Antar, can be more enormous than this? you seized my property, you captured the daughter of my uncle, you even attempted to slay her, so I must absolutely extirpate the tribe of Shibān. It was your cousin Rebia, said Mooferridj, who told me to do so, and am I to be adjudged deserving of extermination, root and branch? But know that the property that I took from your uncle's daughter is now with King Numan: truly the affair is well known, and the secret now quite public, for Rebia sold the tiara and turban for he and she camels, and I placed my slave in deposit in the land of Irak. It will be well for you not to be too hasty with me, that I may contrive some means to liberate it, and restore it all to you; and thus I may rescue my person and my wife out of your hands. Do what you please with your cousin Rebia, and if you have any doubts as to what I have said, and think I am deceiving you, I can tell you still further particulars. On what subject can you give me any intelligence? demanded Antar. Know, O Aboolfawaris, said Mooferridj, that King Numan has sent his brother Prince Aswad against King Zoheir with ten thousand horsemen, and he has engaged to drag before him King Zoheir in his grasp on account of us, and on account of his daughter Mootegerede. I am convinced King Zoheir must fall, and will abandon his country to destruction. But if you proceed to violent measures with us, King Numan will hear of

it; he will march against you with troops and armies, and will make you food for the birds and beasts. As soon as Antar heard this he changed his resolution; And when did Aswad set out on his expedition? asked he. About five days before our departure, said Mooferridj, and doubtless now he is in your country. At hearing this the light became dark in his eyes. Alas! then the tribe of Abs is disgraced among the Arabs, he cried: I must and will root out every vestige of that King Numan. I have not forgotten King Zoheir's kindnesses, said he to Oorwah, and I must expose my existence for his sake, for I bear him no grudge. O Champion of the Absians, said Basharah, by the faith of an Arab, with respect to Prince Cais and his brothers, and their father King Zoheir, you are considered as much as his eldest son Shas; but no one estranged his heart against you but Amarah, and that ordure-born Rebia. May God curse your father and mother, said Amarah, how often do you talk to him of us, and make him think of us? Let him alone; let his intoxication pass off, and may his person and the sight of him ever be absent from us! Hey! O Amarah, said Antar, he who wishes to be Ibla's husband should not be a coward like you, and one that fears death and affliction. Who is he, exclaimed Amarah, that wishes for Ibla, or to hear her mentioned? and he who has heard of her would stop his hearing for ever. Now, said Antar, that would not be right; but when I have returned with

that Aswad a prisoner, and have released King Zoheir and his sons from infamy and ignominy, I will requite ye all according to your deserts, and I will slay you all, high and low : and thus saying he quitted them. O comrades, cried Sinan, this black slave must be perfectly frantic, his senses must be disordered, to march from hence and meet with one hundred horsemen Prince Aswad with ten thousand warriors, all armed with spears ! I never in my life, said Mooferridj, saw a more fortunate fellow than this black slave, nor a more expert spearsman. By the faith of an Arab, said Amarah, should Antar meet Prince Aswad he will ride him the ride of a lion. Were his armies as numerous as the sands and the locusts, he will most assuredly bring him here pinioned.

But Antar, when he returned home, assembled the chiefs, and informed them of Aswad's expedition ; and I am resolved to go to King Zoheir's assistance, he added. O my son, said his father, we are here but two hundred and fifty men, and shall one like King Numan be our foe and antagonist ! How can we proceed against ten thousand horsemen, and abandon our wives and families ? As to our women, said Antar, there is no alarm about them ; no one will venture to approach this spot before the fugitives of the Shibanians reach King Numan, and inform him of what has happened to them ; he must then address the Arabs by letter, and we shall return hither before all that can have taken place. But I

have not come to this place, or rebelled against King Numan, but on having formed a proper estimate of mankind. I do not fear even the monarch of Persia, the lord of the balcony; therefore, how shall I fear ten thousand horse, or even a hundred thousand of the bravest? And he sent for Shiboob and said, Son of my mother, how many roads are there hence to our country? There are three, replied Shiboob. Where do they meet? said Antar. By the waters of the tribe of Akhrem and the great lake. Upon that he selected a hundred and fifty of the noblest Absians, and left one hundred to protect the property and the families, and recommending his uncle Malik and his son Amroo to take care of the prisoners, and to be on the alert night and day, he set out over the plains and deserts, Shiboob preceding him showing the way. Antar had his heart full of King Zoheir and the Absians, and as the journey lengthened, he thus expressed himself:

“ He who is ambitious of honour bears no malice,
“ and no exalted sentiments can exist in the mind
“ of the passionate. He who is a slave of a tribe
“ must not contradict them; he must endeavour to
“ soothe them and conciliate them when they are
“ angry. Formerly indeed I tended their camels,
“ but now I protect them when they are in affliction.
“ God has ennobled the tribe of Abs, and has en-
“ dowed them with virtues the Arabs possess not in
“ their nature. Their slave has left the warriors
“ overthrown in the dust, all in consternation and

“in disgrace. Were I not to rescue them in
“their adversities, I myself should not be safe, and
“misfortune would not always fail me. If you
“think, O Numan, my arm cannot reach you, fortune then has changed. There are serpents, and
“their touch is soft in moving them round, but in
“their fangs is death. To-day, O Numan, you
“shall know what a youth will trample down thy
“brother whom falsehood has encouraged. A youth
“that plunges into the dust of battle with smiles,
“and when he retires his spear’s point is dyed with
“blood. If he draws the sword to enforce his
“blows, the atmosphere is illumined, and the clouds
“are rent asunder. The steeds are witness for me
“how I dive among them, and that my thrusts are
“like the sparks of a blazing fire. May God never
“remove from my eyes the noble youths; warriors
“when they alight, ennobled when they mount!
“Lions of the den, but no fangs have they but their
“barbs and the edge of their swords. Their fiery
“steeds rise with them, and round their necks are
“circles of buds like the basilflower. Ever will I
“encounter the chests of the chargers, fierce in look,
“with the spear, till their very saddles and housings
“cry out. He is blind within whose ken appears my
“form; he is deaf at whose mouth I raise my shout.
“The troops shall witness for me in the day of battle,
“the sword, and the spear, and the pens, and the
“records. My star shines far raised on high, above
“Arcturus, above the sun, above the clouds. I am

“ the son of Shedad, through the sublimity of his
“ virtues, in glory, in honour, in liberality, and in
“ courtesy!”

When Antar had finished his verses the men and the chiefs were delighted. For four days they traversed the deserts and the sands, and their anxiety was excessive; and when they reached the great lake, O my brother, said Shiboob, lay in a provision of this water, for there is no more ahead of you. Now was I well assured that you were sufficiently strong to prevent Aswad from coming to this water, I would secrete you in this spot, for when he and his army come here they will be almost dead with thirst. O Ebe-reah, said Antar, by the faith of an Arab, if every human being on the face of the earth, long and wide as it is, were to come here, I will not let one of them wet his fingers in this water till the sword has cleaved my heart, and my sight be blinded. If so, said Shiboob, stay here, possess yourself of this spot, whilst I go and obtain some intelligence of this Aswad. And he set out traversing the barren waste; but Antar and his brave associates alighted at the head of the water, and concealed themselves in the mountains. The next day early, behold Shiboob appeared. Glorious morning! cried Antar, come, tell me what is your news. O Ebe-reah! My brother, said Shiboob, I have seen Prince Aswad and his armies, like the rolling sea, and King Zoheir, and his sons, and the Ab-sians all in captivity, for Aswad surprised them in

the morning. They fought for three days, and on the fourth day came the tribe of Fazarah, and with them the tribe of Marah, and the armies attacked them in all directions ; so they plundered the dwellings and property, and made the women and families captives. Aswad is now returning on his way to his brother King Numan, overjoyed at what has happened. I heard all this from your friend Prince Malik, for when I separated from you I did not stop in my journey over the wastes till I met the armies, and mingled with them in the dead of the night, when I heard Prince Malik thus complaining :

“ We have drunk of fears after our security ; we
“ have been thoughtless of the adversities of fortune ;
“ we have tasted of ignominy now that the raiser of
“ the dust of the tumultuous contest has disappeared from us. In his absence we have been
“ destroyed by the oppressor, and the horses of the
“ rebellious with slackened reins have trampled
“ over us. Our families were protected by his long
“ spear, but its point is now broken. O hero of the
“ tribe of Carad, assist us with the edge of thy
“ sword from the rage of the Yemenites. Let not
“ the accursed tribe exult over us. Our wives have
“ been taken captives like harlots. Thou art our
“ refuge at all times when the horses of death trouble us. Thou hast familiarized us to glory and
“ honour, do not break us down, for thou wert the
“ builder. Our wives and our virgins are driven

“away, and they beckon to thy noble person with
“their fingers. Tears flow from every brilliant eye
“over the cheeks, blushing like the judas tree.
“They cry out in their sorrows, O by Abs, O as-
“sist us, (sufficient are the pains we now suffer,)
“against our foes that have driven us into the
“desert, and let the birds of Yemen mourn over
“them.”

Shiboob repeated these verses in the language of Prince Malik, and whilst Antar shed tears at the recital, Shiboob continued, O my brother, as soon as I had heard these verses, I advanced towards the Prince, and saluted him. He related to me all that had happened. I consoled his heart, and soon after I drew out my dagger, and I cut in pieces all the water-bags belonging to Prince Aswad, and now they will find no water before them but in this place, and in three days they will reach you.

At hearing the words of Shiboob, Antar's cares and sorrows dissolved. Thou hast done admirably well, O Ebe-reah, said he, and Antar felt assured of the discomfiture of the Prince's army. He then commanded his warriors to conceal themselves among the mountains and the sand-hills, and Shiboob stationed himself as their scout, gazing over the desert to the right and left. But as to Aswad, he marched on, the remainder of the night, till early next day, when he demanded of one of his slaves some water after he had eaten his meal. The slaves stared at each other; they turned pale, and looked to-

wards the ground. What is the matter with ye ? said the Prince ; and what has happened to you ? O Prince, they replied, as soon as morning dawned, we saw all our water-bags and sacks were rent open. On hearing this, the light became darkness in the eyes of the Prince. And who has done this deed ? cried he. We know not, most dreaded sire, said they. He immediately ordered his messengers to proceed to the great lake and bring water. They obeyed his directions, and the messengers set out with the water-bags and sacks, forming one hundred brave fellows ; and the army continued their march that day and night, and the next day, but as there was no news of the messengers, the Prince and his chiefs marched forward in quest of them, and to procure some water.

As we before mentioned, Antar had stationed Shiboob to look out ; so when the messengers advanced, he informed Antar of it. They attempted to fill their bags, and turned towards the water. In an instant sixty were made prisoners, and forty were slain. The messengers and their bags were seized, and to Antar's question about the Prince and his army, they said, They will be with you this day ; we quitted them in the most dreadful suspense, and if they wait for us to return with water for them, the whole army must expire of thirst.

O my brother, said Shiboob, give me fifty horsemen of Oorwah's, and I will fill these bags and return to the army, and will supply with drink all the

Absians, and will release them from captivity and bondage; for know that Aswad's troops will not be in a state even to look at one another. Do as you please, son of my mother, said Antar: and immediately Shiboob took away the water-bags and sacks, and selecting fifty horsemen, he departed, passing over roads the accursed devil himself would never have discovered, till mixing with them, he perceived brother knew not his brother, neither a son his father.

The Prince in the mean time had set out in quest of water, and a large portion of his troops had followed him, all most anxiously seized with the desire of drinking. They advanced towards the vicinity of the lake, where they saw their messengers all slain. He was confounded, and whilst they were in this state of horror, Antar assaulted him, and shouted, and terrified him. He smote him with Dhami a blow on the joints of his neck, and he hurled him at his full length on the ground. He dismounted to pinion him, and having bound him fast by the arms, he made towards his army that was dotted about the desert in tens and twenties. Antar and his party appeared against them: all that surrendered he made prisoners, but those that defended themselves he left dead, whilst they cried out to him, O son of Shedad, only give us some water, and take us prisoners.

Antar listened to none of their speeches, neither did he make any answer, even till the remainder of

the army arrived—the whole twenty thousand hustling in crowds towards the water. Antar raved even like a furious camel; he dashed down the warriors; when lo! a troop of horse appeared, amounting to three thousand, all crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! and at their head was King Zoheir and his brave sons. Shiboob had effected their escape; for when he departed with the water-bags, filled with water, he continued his journey till he reached the Absian prisoners. Seeing the army each interested in his personal wants, he penetrated through them, and supplied the Absians with water, and ordered Oorwah's people to release them. In an hour all were at liberty, and took their horses as they were by their sides. They carried off armour and accoutrements, and corslèts, and in less than an hour they were mounted, and became illustrious horsemen. Join my brother Antar at the great lake, cried Shiboob.

Upon this King Zoheir cried out to his people, Come on, my cousins, to the assistance of the man who has raised us from the dead, and has protected our wives and our daughters. He galloped on, and the Absian warriors followed him till they came up with Antar, and they all in one voice shouted O by Abs! O by Adnan! and they made a general attack on the army.

Antar was rejoiced at seeing the Absians at liberty, and he rushed amongst the enemy. King Zoheir

and his associates performed deeds that would have amazed the bravest of warriors. Thus they continued till the day fled, and the army of the Prince was entirely routed, and dispersed over the desert and waste, Antar and the Absians pursuing them till they drove them out of that country, and then returning to the scattered horses and dispersed plunder, they took possession of the tents, and baggage, and cattle. Aswad was their prisoner, with seven thousand of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam; more than four thousand were slain, the remainder escaped by flight. But Antar turned towards King Zoheir, and he appeared as if plunged in a sea of blood. The King dismounted, and ran towards him, and folding him to his bosom, kissed him between the eyes, thanking him, and extolling him. The same did all King Zoheir's sons; they advanced and saluted Antar, and thanked him for what he had done; whilst the Absians prayed for him, and lauded his deeds. They reposed that night; but the next day they set out for the mountains of Radm, and the valley of Raml.

They continued their march night and day till they reached the mountain, and they found it totally unoccupied. Antar shuddered, and was amazed. Shiboob gazed, and he saw Basharah hung upon the top of the mountain. Shiboob wept bitterly; Antar grieved for Ibla, and his tears streamed in torrents.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Antar departed in quest of Prince Aswad, he deputed his uncle Malik and his son, and a party of Oorwah's people, to take charge of the prisoners, and to protect the place. But as soon as he was gone, Amroo entered unto the prisoners, and began to abuse them, demanding restitution of the property they had taken from Ibla. Alas, O Amroo! said Rebia, art thou not ashamed of this discourse, and art not thou, as well as thy father, utterly disgraced by following this cursed and perfidious slave? Thinkest thou, O Amroo, that Antar can resist the Arab and the Persian, when King Numan shall send for him? What will ye do then? And moreover, O Amroo, how canst thou reconcile it to thy heart to marry thy sister to one, who used to tend her camels and her flocks? Rejoice then in the certainty that Antar will never return; for he is gone to fight with twenty thousand horsemen. My opinion is, thou shouldst persuade thy father to avail himself of this opportunity before he repents.

These words entered deep into Amroo's ears; Rebia's wily ways had their effect; and he felt

ashamed on the subject of his sister. But how can we manage to escape ? said he. My advice is, said Rebia, that you refer your business to this noble hero Mooferridj, he will take you with him to King Numan, and will secure his protection for you, and when we arrive at Hirah, and shall see Prince Aswad on his return, with King Zoheir, a prisoner, and all the tribe of Abs, we will mediate for King Zoheir, and will marry his daughter to King Numan, and marry Ibla to this valiant Chief Amarah ; then we will return all together home to our families and friends. God bless you for this contrivance ! said Amarah.

As soon as Amroo heard this, he was convinced. So he quitted the prisoners, and repaired to his father Malik, and related all that Rebia had mentioned. All this is perfectly correct, said his father, but I fear the good fortune of Antar : for we have never attempted to oppose him, but we have fallen into most grievous calamities ; but have patience with me till I have decided on the plan. They waited till night came on with its obscurity. Arise, said Malik to his son, seek the prisoners, that is, release them.

Amroo instantly arose, and went to the prisoners, and unbound them, and informed them of what his father had planned. He delivered to them their arms and accoutrements, and their horses ; and as we have said, they were the tyrants of war-

riors. So when they gained possession of their arms and armour, each sprang forth a lion. They assaulted the mountain; they seized the men, and bound them fast by the shoulders. They made the women and families captive, and plundered the stores and cattle; and by morning they were masters of every thing. But the first thing Mooferridj and Rebia did was to hang Basharah on the mountain top. They set their wives at liberty, and bound the women of the family of Carad, and Ibla was treated in the most ignominious manner, in contempt towards Antar. They drove away the cattle, and issued from the mountains, seeking the land of King Numan.

Amarah was in ecstasy, and kept trotting round the howdah in which was Ibla, brandishing his spear in his left hand. They continued their journey that day and night, but on the next day, soon after sunrise, there arose a dust: they halted, it cleared away, and there appeared five thousand horse, preceded by a knight, like a huge fragment of a mountain, or one of the remnants of the tribe of Aad. His feet drew deep lines over the land, such was the length of his body.

As soon as Mooferridj saw him, Fly, my cousins, fly, he cried; this is the Chief Maadi Kereb, and he wheeled round and fled, Sinan and Rebia following him. How can we fly, exclaimed Amarah, and abandon Ibla, and not fight a little at any rate,

that she may view the intrepid conduct of the fierce Amarah? O thou defiled mustachioed fool! follow me, and give us none of your bark-husks*, cried Rebia. Upon this, he threw away his spear and fled.

When Zalim saw what the family of Zeead had done, May God disgrace you among men, he cried; you that cannot protect your women, or repulse an enemy or foe. Then he also took to flight, and escaped.

This warrior that met them was a sturdy hero, and an undaunted lion, one of the thousand tyrants; his stature equalled the tallest trees, when he stood still and when he moved; in his hand he bore a thundering spear, and he was the dread of all warriors.

When Antar had taken Jayda captive, and had slain her cousin Khalid, Jayda obtained her liberty and fled, and in grief at what had befallen her, she clothed herself in black, and wept and mourned incessantly. And Maadi Kereb, when drinking, found his pleasures so disturbed by her lamentations and complaints, that he resolved on an expedition, when lo! a messenger came towards him, and saluting him, informed him of all Antar had done, and that he was gone down to the mountains of Radm, and that King Numan had sent twenty thousand horsemen against him.

* i. e. Nonsense.

When Maadi Kereb heard this, he was delighted; he sent for Jayda. Be comforted in the death of Antar, as a compensation for your cousin, said he. Let us, cried Jayda, undertake the destruction of this perfidious slave, and let us avenge ourselves.

On hearing this, Maadi Kereb ordered the tribes of Morad and Zebeed to prepare their warlike weapons. He selected five thousand horsemen, and resolved on departing. Jayda too was overjoyed at this expedition to engage Antar, for she was filled with the notion that she should kill him, and take vengeance for the loss of her cousin Khalid; and when they were at some distance from the tribe of Zebeed, Jayda thus expressed herself:

“ My life is wasting, but my grief passes not
“ away. My courage is diminished, and my soul is
“ exhausted. My tears flow abundantly, and my
“ eyelids are ulcered; any sleep, now Khalid is
“ gone, is my oppression. Alas! alas! O my re-
“ grets for him who defended us with his Indian
“ blade! But a slave of the tribe of Carad has af-
“ flicted us; whose arm is fate and approaching
“ death. Were there not such vicissitudes of
“ fortune, honours would not be granted to the
“ base-born slaves. O sons of my uncle! rouse the
“ dust of battle against the country of Abs and its
“ regions. Drive away all their virgins with the
“ point of the spear, to their infamy and disgrace.

“ My fury can never be appeased without the
“ piercing spear that raises the dust of conten-
“ tion, or the blow from the sharp-edged scimitar,
“ that makes the bravest gnaw their fingers with
“ rage.”

When Jayda had finished her verses, pride burst like a hurricane through the heads of her warriors, and they continued their course till they met Mooferridj, and all his people fled.

When Maadi Kereb marked Mooferridj and his flight, See these wretches, daughter of my uncle ! he cried to Jayda, when the wolf snuffs the smell of a lion, he flies and runs in terror away. But as soon as he saw Malik, Ibla's father, he recognised him, and also his son Amroo, and the whole body of Caradians. Know, said he to Jayda, these are our enemies, and Malik, son of Carad, who sent Antar to our country to slay your cousin. Thou old wretch, thou perfidious dog, bellowed he at Malik, we have heard the tribe of Shiban were your captives ; how is it we see you with them in captivity and bondage ? And truly they have carried off your property and families, and this is indeed a most curious affair. O warrior, said Malik, all you have heard is true, and we are ourselves the cause of this calamity ; for we have abandoned truth, and have followed fraud and deceit ; and we have been betrayed by those in whom we confided. He then informed him all about Antar, and how he had delivered the pri-

soners over to them, and was gone to meet Prince Aswad, and we, he continued, have set them at liberty, and this fatality is now come upon us. Maadi Kereb was amazed at this recital. You have indeed rewarded Antar most infamously, said he; but you know that it is Antar who has made you the common talk among the Arabs; and truly you have acted in the basest manner. And he fell upon him and his son Amroo with a whip he had in his hand, till he made their blood stream upon the ground from the violence of his blows.

After this, Maadi Kereb and Jayda, with their troops, returned, seeking their own country, taking with them the property of the family of Carad, their women and children. Ibla wept night and day for her cousin, the magnanimous conqueror Antar. But Jayda had ever in her mind the words of Malik to Antar, viz.—I will not marry my daughter to you, till you bring me Jayda to hold the bridle of her camel on the marriage night. So she went aside to him and his son, and beat them violently, till their blood trickled upon the earth, and they were nearly lifeless from excessive torture. Thus they indeed repented of their behaviour to Antar. But as to the Shibanians that fled from Antar when he took their Chief Mooferridj prisoner, they continued their hasty course till they came to King Numan, and related what Antar had done to them. On hearing this, the light became dark-

ness in the eyes of Numan, and he was amazed at Antar's good fortune. Well, said he to his attendants, entertain them till Prince Aswad arrives with his prisoner King Zoheir, and the whole Abasian tribe; and then I will send all my armies and troops against Antar, and will order them to bring him to my presence, that I may inflict on him the severest torments, and feed the dogs on his flesh.

He remained quiet for seven days, when the Chief Mooferridj arrived, together with Rebia, and the warriors, and there was not one but wept and shed torrents of tears in detailing his condition and his adventures, and when King Numan heard the occasion of this disaster, wrath was kindled in his countenance—he made them repeat their story. And Antar has proceeded against your brother the Prince, they added, with one hundred and fifty horsemen. Verily, exclaimed King Numan, this circumstance deserves to be recorded and inscribed, particularly if Antar should rout my brother and his army; then indeed there will be no resource but for me to deliver up the kingdom of the Arabs to Antar, and put myself to no further trouble about it.

King Numan waited patiently in expectation of his brother's arrival, his heart all the time enduring unknown tortures. In a few days the army that fled from the great lake arrived, all cut to pieces—

wandering over the wilds—not one daring to look behind him—each ignorant of the fate of his companions—till they presented themselves before King Numan, all exclaiming, What terrors ! what dreadful events ! King Numan, on seeing them in this condition, felt his heart on fire, and his distraction was insupportable. What ! has Antar vanquished you ? he cried. Yes, they exclaimed ; he has rooted out every vestige of us, and has not left of us even one to fight, nor a banner to wave.

Yet he would not have succeeded in his attempts but by thirst and drought, they added ; for he met us at the great lake. He took your brother prisoner, with seven thousand of his horsemen, of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam, and four thousand were slain in the dust ; the remainder fled over the wilds, and this is our fate. As to those four thousand, exclaimed Numan, who have been killed, how shall we be revenged on that sturdy slave, and how shall we take his blood, in compensation for the chieftains of Lakhm and Juzam ? For truly, if this news reaches Chosroe, we shall be no longer considered or respected by him. I am quite distracted, and know not how to extricate myself from these difficulties.

O King, said Rebia, write to the Arabs who are under your dominion, and I will also write to the tribe of Fazarah. We will all go against Antar, and tear up every vestige of him. Thou Sheikh of

iniquity, exclaimed Numan, turning upon him; by the faith of an Arab, thou hast indeed opened an unfortunate door with these Arab dogs, and thou for this disturbance deservest nought but to have your chin shaved, and the cruelest tortures, thou ordure of Arabs and men! But Numan ordered letters to be written to all the Arab tribes, both near and distant, requiring them to repair to him with all speed, and the Vizier Amroo, son of Nefilah, wrote accordingly to the Arabs, and amongst others to Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian, ordering him to come with his troops, and he also was directed to release the Shibanian women, and to restore to Mooferridj the property he had captured, and to take care of Ibla, and the family of Carad he had with him, until the differences with Antar should be arranged; and we, it was said in conclusion, will give you half the spoil, when Antar is dead.

As soon as this letter reached Maadi Kereb, he was greatly astonished. What extraordinary times, what wonderful events are these! he exclaimed. This slave must be endued with the most admirable qualities; and the proof is, that he has taken Prince Aswad prisoner; and truly by this his name will be recorded for ages: in fact, at first it was a disgrace and a dishonour to fight with Antar, but now it will be a glory and a boast, now that he has vanquished kings, and overcome the bravest. But I am anxious.

to outstrip the armies of King Numan, and succeed in putting this black wittol to death. He inquired intelligence of the messengers about Antar, and they informed him that he was gone down to the mountains of Radm.

On hearing this, he sent for Jayda, and related to her Antar's adventures ; and now, he added, Numan has ordered me to attack him, and to restore Mooferridj's property. And what have you resolved on doing ? asked Jayda. As to his orders, replied Maadi Kereb, about the restitution of Mooferridj's property, I must obey ; but as to his directions about my repairing to him, that I will not do ; but I will collect my troops, and will go against Antar myself. I will not trouble King Numan, but will accomplish his wishes, and I will not proceed to King Numan, but with all the tribe of Abs driven ahead of me, with ropes round their necks, and Antar's head raised high on one of my longest spears. And who, said Jayda, must go with Mooferridj's property ? You ; said Maadi Kereb. But then, said she, I must have with me the family of Carad, and their property, that I may not be slack in torturing that Malik, and his son Amroo.

Jayda remained that night, but the next day she mounted her steed, and taking away with her Mooferridj's property, the family of Carad, and their goods, she set out on her way to Irak. Maadi

Kereb, too, mounted with five thousand stout Zebeedians, and went to engage Antar. He marched at the head of his warriors like a strong tower, thus reciting :

“ The lions of the desert are my delight and
“ my companions; they see in me their fellow and
“ ally. Behold, the dwellings of the family of Ca-
“ rad are near their final doom. In the combat I
“ have overwhelmed their horsemen on account of
“ their slave, surnamed the accursed. I will de-
“ stroy their chiefs with the thrust of the spear
“ through their bowels and their waists. You shall
“ be satiated with their blood, after ye have eaten
“ your fill, ye wild beasts—so thank me—I am
“ Maadi Kereb, the chief of the Zebeedians, and
“ every Arab horseman is my inferior. Every
“ warrior humbles himself before me, struck with
“ fear when I brandish my sword in my hand.
“ Mine is the universe, and every slave therein in
“ the castles and the fortresses. My force is the
“ force of the lion; they fear my power, and ap-
“ proach me not. I heed them not. I care not
“ for them when they oppose me; and were it not
“ a heinous sin, I would say to the whole earth,
“ my right hand and my left hand should sub-
“ vert it.”

These verses proceeded from that extreme ignorance of the Arabs, for when any one of them mounted a horse, he used to say, the earth tottered

in affright at him, and that all the bravest warriors were within his grasp, and thus Maadi Kereb sought the mountains. But as to Antar, when he returned to the mountains, and saw that whole country destroyed, and Basharah hung up and the birds feeding on him, he was as no one had ever been before him, such was his distress at the loss of Ibla; yet he concealed his grief, and in appearance was patient and resigned. O my brother, said Shiboob, by the faith of an Arab, no one but your uncle Malik and his son Amroo have released the prisoners; indeed I was never comfortable at leaving them behind us in the mountains, for treachery is their nature, and iniquity can never be extracted from their hearts; but their perfidy will certainly fall upon them.

Antar and the Absians alighted in the mountains; they pitched their tents, and raised their standards, and crammed the caverns full with the prisoners; and whilst Shiboob and a party of slaves were stationed guard over them, Antar remained quiet; but in his heart was the flame of anxiety to learn some intelligence, and though in company with King Zoheir he evinced the most perfect courage and forbearance, yet when alone he thought only of Ibla; his grief then became extreme; he wept immoderately, and thus spoke:

“ Who is it by whom the lands of the valley of

“ Raml are laid waste? Where are his traces, O
“ northern blasts? Here I stand, and my tears
“ flood my eyes at the inutility of my demand.
“ Should I ask of the damsels of Carad and of her
“ companions for that beauty, how deceitful would
“ be the reply! how irrelevant to my question! At
“ the voice of the raven I am melancholy, and my
“ tears flow like pearls. O raven, wherefore dost
“ thou call all the day long on my right hand and
“ on my left? thou communicatest to me every
“ species of grief, and tellest of separation after en-
“ joyment, as if I had sacrificed thy young with the
“ edge of my sword, and had laid snares for thee.
“ By the virtue of thy parent, rather soothe the
“ wounds of my heart, and quench the flame of my
“ soul with thy song. Speak to me of my Ibla, tell
“ me where she is, and what the hands of darkness
“ are doing to her. My heart roams distracted over
“ the earth, marking the traces of her camel’s foot-
“ steps. My body is cast among the mountains of
“ Radm, and my imagination is haunted with
“ phantoms. In the valley the bird flits on the
“ branches, and its complaints are in the extreme of
“ bitterness. I say to it whilst it continues its sor-
“ rows, complain no more; is thy condition like
“ mine? As for me, my tears flow, and thou
“ mournest also, but without tears; and that is the
“ just explanation of my state. May God execrate
“ separation and respect it not; how oft has my

“heart been shivered with its arrows! I have engaged every hardy obstinate warrior, but absence kills me without a contest. I am truly called the Antar of horsemen, and the animated leader in every affair of importance and peril!”

Antar indulged in incessant grief and lamentation morning and evening till the arrival of his brother Jareer; his coming was indeed like a festival, for he informed him of all that had happened; and Maadi Kereb, he added, is marching against you with five thousand warriors, all immersed in steel and resplendent armour. Jareer had been taken prisoner with Ibla, and was unable to effect his escape till Jayda set out to go to King Numan. Jayda indeed did not know him, or that he was Antar's brother, or she would have treated him ill; for among the Arabs it was not generally understood that Antar had any brother but Shiboob.

Antar conducted him to King Zoheir, to whom he related all he had heard. O Aboolfawaris, said he, as to this knight that is coming against us, all the warriors are unanimous in their opinion that he is a tyrant fire even cannot overcome; and now what are your intentions, and what is your advice? None but to meet this Maadi Kéreb, exclaimed Antar, and all his host. Afterwards I will engage King Numan, and will extirpate all the Arabs he has assembled round him. I will raise thee to his station: then will I go to Moodayin, and will put Chosroes Nushirvan to death. I will exterminate all the armies of Persia,

and will not leave one of them to wag a leg; then will I become lord of the balcony, and will rule over the Persian and the Arab, for I know when death is protracted, the sharpest scimitar cannot avail, and man can effect what he pleases and desires, were he even the most contemptible of slaves. When King Zoheir heard Antar's discourse he was amazed at his intrepidity, and the little account he made of the Arabs. Do as you please, he said, for we will be guided by your actions. If you engage, we will engage; if you fight, we will fight; if you die, we will die. Yours is our property, and yours is all we possess. Console your heart and brighten up your eye, said Antar, for by the faith of an Arab, I must absolutely put you in possession of King Numan's station, had he even with him men and demons, and the fiends that rebelled against our Lord Soliman. I will strike off the head of my uncle Malik and his son Amroo. Thus saying, he started out of King Zoheir's presence, and every night he kept the watch, but on the third night the Absians searched for Antar, but could not find him. King Zoheir was greatly agitated, and he said, Antar is surely gone to encounter Maadi Kereb and the tribe of Zebeed; never will he let them reach this desert.

As to Maadi Kereb, he marched on till he came into the vicinity of the mountains, when he halted at one of the lakes, where assembling his people about him, O my cousins, said he, I am sure when

Antar hears of our expedition, he will either not dare to appear without the mountains, or he will intercept our road, or he will run away when he hears of us, and will not venture to establish himself in this country. But I am desirous of executing a plan, which is this : I will take with me ten warriors, and will set out and surprise the defile at day-break before they have any information of us. I will ply the sword well among them, and will allay my heart with them till you come up and facilitate the business for us, and make the affair easy. We shall gain a great reputation by this enterprise, for a well-contrived plan is more creditable than engaging in a battle. Do as you please, they said. He reposed till the greater part of the night was passed ; he then mounted his horse, and took with him ten horsemen, whose firmness in the most imminent perils he well knew, and he set out for the mountains. He travelled on till day-break, when he heard something ahead of him, and saw a man on foot skulking before them. Go, said Maadi Kereb to one of his horsemen, and bring me news of this fellow on foot. But he observed them as soon as they observed him. Hey ! young man, cried the Zebeedian, who art thou ? whence comest thou ? and whither art thou going ? I am a Zebeedian, said the man on foot, and my master Maadi Kereb has sent me to obtain intelligence of Antar. Thou liest, said the Zebeedian, thou ordure-born wretch, we are the tribe of Zebeed marching to en-

gave Antar, and no human being has been sent before us. And he fixed his spear in his hand, and was about to drive him into Maadi Kereb's presence, but the man on foot had already drawn out an arrow from his quiver, and fixed it on the handle of his bow, and shot the Zebeedian with it on the chest, and the arrow pierced him quivering through his back; he gave a scream, and fell dead. My cousins, cried out Maadi Kereb, this fellow on foot has slain our cousin; come on, on to him: and the nine crowded after him, and shouted out, and sought him in all directions. But when the man on foot saw the troop in quest of him, he fled out of their sight in less than the twinkling of an eye, and they could perceive no trace of him. The Zebeedians were amazed at his agility: This can be no human being, said they. He had not disappeared long when he returned, and with him a knight on a black steed. Ye ignoble dastards, he cried, I am Antar, son of Shedad, the vanquisher of heroes.

Now Antar, after what had occurred in the presence of King Zoheir, kept watch; but on the third night, said Antar to Shiboob, Let us, son of my mother, go to some distance from the mountains; perhaps we may come upon Maadi Kereb, and I will show him what will surprise him, for the king has been crying up his intrepidity. Do what you please, said Shiboob. So they marched on till they met Maadi Kereb and his party. Shiboob slew the horseman, and returned to acquaint his brother with

what had passed. Antar was delighted, and congratulated himself, and assaulted the Zebeed heroes ; he slew five of them, and Shiboob three with his arrows, and only one escaped, no more, who returned to Maadi Kereb, and told him what Antar had done to his comrades. When Maadi Kereb heard this, the light became dark in his eyes, and without saying a word he rushed upon Antar like a furious lion. Antar also received him as the parched up ground the first of the rain, and descended upon him like the descent of fate and destiny. They engaged till the very tears gushed from their eyes, and darkness involved them in shades of night. Thrusts fell at random, and the blood flowed from their bodies upon the surface of the earth. It was a moment the horrors of which turned youth to age. They continued the fight and the conflict till the morning rose upon them, and in their hands only remained the stumps of their spears. They threw them away, and unsheathed their scimitars, more ready instruments of death ; they smote each other with their swords against their shields till the whole country was illumined by their flashes. The sweat streamed from their bodies, and both wished they had never been born ; they rushed at each other with the fury of lions, so that their feet ground down even the stones and the rocks. Shiboob was also occupied with the horseman who had escaped out of the ten ; neither did he discontinue his wiles and tricks till he had slain

his horse, and he became a man on foot like himself. It was then he attacked him with his arrows, but could make no impression on him on account of the steel and coat of mail he had on him. The conflict continued between Antar and Maadi Kereb like a sparkling fire till Maadi Kereb was fatigued and exhausted, and disgrace followed glory; for he observed in Antar something on which he had not calculated. So he was overwhelmed with shame and repentance, for he had not suspected that he should meet with such a reception from Antar, or be subject to such difficulties with him. They flung away their swords out of their hands, and slung their shields behind their shoulders; the two approached with their horses, and wrestled on their backs with their whole power and force till their horses sunk beneath them, and both fell to the ground. During this they both bellowed like the roar of lions, and their feet pounded the stones and the rocks whilst they wrestled and struggled, and the sweat poured down from their bodies like the froth of caldrons, and their feet stamped up furrows like graves. But Maadi Kereb was worn out and exhausted, and observing how Antar engaged, the tears started from his eyes from excess of rage. Antar roared at him in a voice like thunder in the clouds, and extending at him his arm like the neck of a black camel, he grasped him by the rings of his corslet and his coat of mail, and cried out, O by Abs, I will not be controlled,

I am the lover of Ibla; I will not be restrained! and he tore him up from the ground, took him prisoner, and dashing him again on the earth, bound fast his shoulders. But when the Zebeedian saw Maadi Kereb in Antar's power he attempted to escape by flight from the presence of Shiboob, but he overtook him like a blast of wind, and as he raised his hand with his dagger, the other begged for quarter, and delivered himself up to Shiboob, who pinioned his arms, and went with him to his brother Antar. As soon as he came before him, Hey! we are on a par in intrepidity this night, said he, for you have taken prisoner a knight and I also. By the truth of Him who distinguishes between morning and evening, no woman will ever bring forth another such man as Maadi Kereb, unless indeed it should be the express will and pleasure of the God of old, said Antar. By the faith of noble Arabs, who preserve inviolate their faith and protection, exclaimed Maadi Kereb, all skill fails when you are present in the field, and even the boldest is but a coward before you. At that period knights did justice to each other in their conversation, and no one amongst them forfeited the consideration of a hero.

Antar bound Maadi Kereb on the back of a horse as he said to Shiboob, Make fast also your prisoner, and return with me to the tribe that we may see how this business will terminate, for it is my wish to ransom Maadi Kereb for Ibla and all

our prisoners in the power of King Numan, otherwise I will strike off the head of his brother Prince Aswad, and all the prisoners of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam ; and I will release my own people with the edge of my sword, were they even on the back of the clouds. O Aboolfawaris, said Maadi Kereb, there is no occasion for these threats, for Ibla shall be at liberty, and so shall all the women, men and children with her, and their property, and there shall not be lost of all that belonged to you the value of a halter ; and if you will but confide in my word, and release me from bondage, I will restore your family to you, and will intercede for a termination of this difference. Then will I take you as my master and friend for ever, and perhaps I shall be able to mediate between you and King Numan before he marches the Arabs against you, and a host numerous as the sands attack you ; and should you then wish for a conference it will not be granted, for intrepidity avails not with numbers, and good counsel is preferable to exposure to dangers. But now you are apprised of the whole business, so consider your own safety. O Maadi, I am aware of all you have said, replied Antar ; but know I have not undertaken this enterprise or opposed King Numan but in order to erase from me the name of servitude, and to attain high honours ; and my mind assures me I shall subvert governments, and my name become celebrated among the mountains and the plains. It is only on this account I expose my

person to perils, and in this crisis I must seat myself in the very station of Chosroe Nushirvan, the lord of the tiara and the balcony. Maadi Kereb was amazed at the strength of his heart, and he was convinced he must be a most potent warrior and of no soft mould.

Antar had not advanced far when the Zebeedian army approached, that filled the whole surrounding region. Maadi Kereb told Antar what he had done, and that his tribe was advancing on no other account; but, said he to Shiboob, go you away with the prisoners, and let me attack this army alone, and let me destroy them with the force of my arm and my elbow. Shiboob proceeded with the prisoners; but Maadi Kereb shuddered, and was stupefied at Antar's expressions, seeing a single knight prepare to engage five thousand horsemen. Thou brave slave, he exclaimed, fire even cannot harm thee. The Zebeedians soon reached the field of battle; they saw the carcasses of their companions stretched on the ground, and knowing they were those who had accompanied Maadi Kereb, they cried out, Misery and ruin! They looked round to the right and left, searching out some one of whom to inquire who had done this deed: they saw no one but Antar stalking towards them, when one cried out, Come on, here is a knight, I will ask him; but if it is he that has acted thus to our comrades, cut him in pieces with your swords; and they crowded on till they came near to him. Hey, foul-born! they

cried, who has executed this deed on our companions? Where is our chief Maadi Kereb?

Antar's answer was that of a ferocious lion; he roared, and he bellowed, and shouted: Ye sons of harlots, as to your chief, I have taken him prisoner; and as to you, ye shall drink of disgrace and misery; and as to myself, I am Antar, son of Shedad, the destroyer of heroes. He had no sooner spoken than he rushed upon them; he pierced the first and hurled him over; the second he disgraced; a third he annihilated his existence; and so likewise with a fourth and a fifth; and in less than an hour the whole five thousand halted, and the foremost fell back upon the hindmost, shouting at him from a distance, not one of them venturing to come near the spot where he stood, for if they approached, he slew them instantly, and he killed above two hundred. The remainder were seized with panic and alarm, and when they saw the calamity that was falling upon them, they divided into five parties, and surrounding Antar on all sides, the men made at him with their spears and their swords, but Antar uncovered his head and assaulted them, raving like a furious camel; his eyeballs flashed fire, and the foam poured from the corners of his lips. He shouted forth: O by Abs! O by Adnan! By thine eyes, O Ibla, this day will I slay these horsemen. The Zebecdians were in the utmost consternation as they said to each other: Fly not, or ye will remain a foul disgrace among the Arabs; they hemmed him in,

and drew blood from his body ; his horse Abjer was giving way, and there was not space for him to advance or retreat. Antar wanted to dismount, when lo ! a dust arose, and discovered King Zoheir and five hundred Absian horsemen, preceded by Shiboob like a wolf, and when they came up they attacked and shouted, men met men, and heroes encountered heroes. Antar recovered his power. The cause of King Zoheir's arrival was this : being exceedingly distressed at the disappearance of Antar, he sent for Jareer and asked him, how long ago it was that he had quitted Maadi Kereb ? My lord, he replied, I only left him behind two nights. Then, said King Zoheir, Antar is only gone with a view to finish their business, but it will be as well for us to join him and assist him : And I will go, said Oorwah, with my men to his aid ; and I, said Shedad, I will accompany you, and thus said Zakhmetuljewad, and all the Carad horsemen. And I will also go myself, said King Zoheir, I will not be backward in aiding our protector Antar, the overwhelming knight. So he took in all five hundred horse as we mentioned, and followed the traces of Antar. About midday they met Shiboob, and with him Maadi Kereb and his associates, and their hearts were at ease, particularly when they saw his prisoners. They saluted him, and asked him what had happened to them. He related all that had passed about Maadi Kereb : Overtake my brother, he added, for he is in trouble ; the Zebeedian troops

have attacked him alone, and he is now in the midst of an army of five thousand men.

Shiboob gave over Maadi Kereb and his companion to ten horsemen, and directed them to go with them to the mountains, and returned at the head of the horse like an antelope, till they came up with Antar, and attacked the tribe of Zebeed. By their assault, the horsemen were drawn off from Antar, and he rushed among the warriors. The Zebeedians, perceiving the destructive force of Antar and the Absians, turned away in flight, and departed in haste and confusion. In an hour a thousand of them were slain, and they said to each other, We, when Antar was even alone, could make no impression upon him; how can we succeed now that he has five hundred horsemen with him? and they wheeled about their horses' heads, and sought their own country. But Antar and the Absians pursued them till they drove them out of that land, and then returned to the scattered horses and dispersed armour, and having collected all the spoil, they set out for the mountains; Antar going ahead, as if he had been immersed in a sea of blood. When they reached the mountains, they assembled the women and families, and all were in high spirits at this event. They reposed that night, rejoicing in victory and triumph, and extolling Antar till day-break; when Antar mounted and repaired to King Zoheir. As soon as he appeared, the king sprang on his legs and met him, and seating him in the

most honourable place, O Aboolfawaris, said he, you expose your person to great hazards, and I fear some dreadful accident will happen to you, and you will leave us to regret you for ages.' O noble king, said Antar, by the faith of an Arab, verily all these events do not hasten death, and do not avert misfortune. King Zoheir was amazed at his words, (and it was on this account that all the Arab horsemen were so brave). Antar having ended his discourse, directed Shiboob to produce Maadi Kereb, and when he was in his presence: O Maadi Kereb, said he, write to Jayda and Numan, and demand your ransom of them. He agreed to the propriety of the proposal, and immediately wrote to Jayda, and thus expressed himself:

You, whom I acknowledge as the daughter of my uncle, know that fortune is treacherous, and the wise are not always secure from adversity, and he who says no one can slay me, errs in his speech. I indeed have acted like a fool, and was not aware of the vicissitudes of fortune. I have fallen into the power of the knight of Abs and Adnan. Then he explained in his letter all that happened with Antar: he recommended her to restore all the Carad women, adding, Treat Ibla kindly, and her father also, and make your excuses to them; do not detain any particle of their property; but be quick, be quick! before death arrives.

He despatched it by a Zebeedian horseman, and ordered him to return with all speed. But as to

Jayda, after she had separated from Maadi Kereb, she eagerly pursued her course, taking with her the women of Carad, and their property and children, till she arrived in the lank of Irak, where she saw the numerous assembled tribes. She presented herself to King Numan, and saluting him, delivered to him the women of the tribe of Carad and their property. Numan was much pleased, and to his inquiries about Maadi Kereb, she told him he was gone to meet Antar: By the faith of a noble Arab, said he, if Maadi Kereb effects this, and vanquishes the tribe of Abs and Antar, I will make him ruler over all the Arab tribes of the desert. Rebia looked at Ibla, and her father, and her brother, and observing how tortures had altered their condition, his heart grieved for them.

CHAPTER XX.

KING NUMAN stationed a guard over the family of Carad, vowing he would not hang Ibla, but by the side of Antar, and that he would not leave a single Absian alive. In the meantime he assembled his clans, amounting to forty thousand men. The last party that arrived were the tribe of Kendeh, commanded by Hidjar, son of Aamir, the Kendehan, a man of severe morose disposition and harsh manners, but whose name was celebrated for bravery, and general excellence in arms; for he was also one of the thousand tyrants in that age of ignorance. King Numan went out to meet him, and treated him and his companions with every mark of honour and respect. O king of the world, said Hidjar, why have you assembled all these armies? Who is he among the Arab kings that has rebelled against you? O chief Hidjar, replied Numan, no king has rebelled against us. But it is that slave Antar, that black robber, whom fortune has favoured to our prejudice, he has destroyed our armies, and defeated our horsemen; he has acquired glory—ay, and such glory! At hearing this, the light became dark in the eyes of Hidjar. O king, he cried, who is this Antar, this camel-driver, that you should on his account assemble these armies

and warriors? For I myself, by the life of your head, am able to take that Antar prisoner with ten men on foot. I will bring him to you in a state of infamy, and also all the tribe of Abs bound with cords, and among the first shall be King Zoheir and his sons. We well know, said Numan, that you are able to do what you say, but all I desire of you is, to bring me Antar prisoner, that I may inflict on him the cruelest torments. Hidjar returned to his party, biting his hands in regret that he had not previously attacked Antar.

On that day arrived Maadi Kereb's requisition to Jayda, demanding of her his ransom in cattle; and as soon as she had read it, she instantly repaired to King Numan, and presented him the letter. He took it and read it; rage and indignation possessed him; he summoned his ministers, and consulted them about what he should do. But as they all remained silent, Numan addressed them (and their silence increased his passion), I must absolutely march against him with the whole force of Arabs now assembled, or never shall I succeed. O dreaded king, said his vizier Amroo, son of Nefeela, I cannot approve of such a plan; for if you march against Antar with all these Arabs and Persians, perceiving himself thus reduced to a state of utter desolation, he will say to you, If thou dost not leave me quiet, I will cut off thy brother's head, and the heads of all those I have in my power: but, O noble king, ponder well this very important affair;

and purchase the blood of seven thousand of your countrymen with the blood of that worthless Antar.

But what is your advice? said Numan. My advice, replied he, is that you should immediately release your prisoners; but if you vanquish him, treat him as you please. Send him an answer to this effect. I will exchange your uncle for Maadi Kereb; but if you wish to ransom Ibla and the other women, release my brother and his companions, or I will send you her head, and will slay all the families with her. And know, O King, were the whole universe in his power, and demanded for Ibla, he would set the whole at liberty. Numan, feeling convinced of the propriety of his vizier's advice, ordered him to write the letter to that effect. He gave it to one of his attendants, whom he honoured with standards and ensigns, appointing also an escort of twenty horsemen, and ordering him to proceed by the shortest road. When the Satrap approached the mountains, he attempted to enter the valley, but the slaves checked him: Stay where you are, son of a coward, said they, till we obtain permission for your further progress from Antar, son of Shedad. The Satrap stopped, and his heart trembled within him as he said to himself, Verily Antar is like Chosroe Nushirvan himself. On the representation of the slaves, Antar granted the Satrap permission to enter within the mountains; and desiring King Zoheir to sit down, he stood over his head, grasping his sword Dhami unsheathed in his hand, and deaths were

glaring from his eyes. As the Satrap entered, and beheld Antar, he shuddered and was stupefied, and in the excess of his terror, he kissed the ground in the presence of King Zoheir and Antar. He then presented the letter to King Zoheir, who took it and read it, and explained to Antar the threats and conditions it contained. But Antar's eyes glowed fiercely like burning coals; he roared at the Satrap in a voice that made the barren wastes shake to their very foundation. The Satrap trembled and shrunk back. Heh! thou bastard, exclaimed Antar, by the faith of noble Arabs, wert thou not in the presence of this awe-inspiring king, I would cut off thy head, and I would leave thee lifeless, my first victim; away! disgrace and infamy be on the mother of Numan and the mother of Chosroe Nushirvan. Dares Numan threaten one like me with his wild Arabs? Would he frighten me with his bombastical nonsense? By the faith of an Arab, were it not for the respect due to King Zoheir, I would make thee drink of the cup of death; as to his demand of his brother Prince Aswad, and the prisoners, and Maadi Kereb, I will release them all, that it may not be said that I fear them. But I will not release the captives, unless, together with my cousin Ibla, be delivered up Chosroe's tiara, and all the property that was taken from her by Rebia and Mooferridj; and let not the value of a halter be missing of Ibla's property. On hearing Antar's determination, the Satrap retired,

and mounting instantly, returned to King Numan, before whom he repeated what Antar had said. King Zoheir then, said Numan, made no reply. No, said the Satrap, by the life of your head, my lord, he dared not open his mouth in the presence of Antar, but seemed bridled and bitted. But what was it that produced in thee such fear and horror? asked Numan. O King, said he, you have never seen Antar, and have never seen his eyes like balls of burning coal. Take your own measures upon this point, said Numan to his vizier, send away the women of the Carad family with their property and their husbands. He also ordered Ibla's property to be taken out of the magazines, so that not an article was left to the value of a halter; he delivered up the whole.

Take your property, said the vizier Amroo to Malik, Ibla's father, and his son Amroo: Away to Antar your cousin. When Malik heard the vizier say your cousin, his rage became exceedingly great; and he turned towards Rebia, saying, O my cousin, let me remain a thousand years in prison, but let me not return again to behold the face of that bastard Antar: but, by the faith of an Arab, I must contrive his death; I must destroy him by my artifices and stratagems. Thus the chiefs of the Carad family marched away with their wives and children, and all their property, and the slaves proceeded ahead, driving on the cattle and the camels, till they reached the mountains, when they raised loud

shouts, and prayed for Antar the unconquerable knight. Antar and the chiefs of the tribe of Abs being apprised of their arrival, they went out to meet them, accompanied by King Zoheir and his sons, who were delighted at their safety and the restitution of their goods. Antar embraced his uncle Malik and his son Amroo, saying, No evil or calamity, my uncle, shall overtake you whilst your slave Antar exists. O my son, replied Malik, may you ever live to insure our prosperity, and to protect us from all disgrace! Malik told him what Jayda had done to him, and concluded by saying, O my nephew, your brother Jareer was the only cause of all our misfortunes; for he, in his wit, was cajoling Rebia till he released them from bondage; and we were not at all aware of our danger, till the party pounced on our heads, and twisted their cords round our arms, and had you not taken Maadi Kereb prisoner, never should we have been released. You are right, my uncle, said Antar, and I have reproved my brother for his behaviour. Antar returned to Ibla, and asked about her property: O my cousin, she replied, I have not lost even the value of a halter. By the life of thine eyes, exclaimed Antar, had Numan even detained the value of a single dirhem, I would have hung his brother Aswad, and have put to death the seven thousand prisoners. I would have pulled down Hirah on Numan's head, and would have slain every Arab he has assembled—I would have

marched to Modayin—I would have slain Chosroe, and made his balcony totter over his head.

Having now entered the mountains, Antar ordered Shiboob to set at liberty Prince Aswad and his people. Shiboob released them. But Antar cut off Maadi Kereb's hair with his own hand, saying, O Maadi Kereb, I have cut off your hair in revenge for Jayda's insults towards my cousin Ibla; and he ordered the slaves and attendants to turn out the prisoners bare-footed and naked, and bare-headed; and as they were executing Antar's commands, Art thou not ashamed, O son of Shedad, cried Aswad, to drive us away in this condition? We have not a horse to ride on! we have nothing to eat or drink! By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, reproach me not for my conduct towards any one of ye, for you are all going to assemble in a body against me, and you will return a second time to fight me, and the horses I should give you, verily I shall have to fight you for them; as to eatables, you will find on your way green weeds that you may graze on, and drink out of the puddles; but we at all events are a tribe entrenched within the mountains, and in the day of battle a small supply will feed us: ay, and most of ye say of me that Antar is a black slave and a bastard. These are the expressions you and others make use of towards me, and would do so were I to release you a thousand times: my best plan would be to kill ye all at once; thank God you are alive. Do not act thus,

O Aboolfawaris, said Aswad, for indeed I cannot walk on foot, no, not a quarter of a mile, so do give me something to carry me, or put me instantly to death, and deliver me from this ignominy. Hola! Ebe Reah, said Antar to Shiboob, bring here a she-camel, let him mount it and quit my presence, or I shall never be able to keep my sword off his neck. So Shiboob ran off, and with his usual ingenuity and sagacity, he chose out a she-camel, foundered and quite worn out—born lame and blind—weazy and broken-winded—grunting, loose-lipped, and toothless—crop-cared and spavined. When it was presented to the Prince, his soul was most indignant. Come, Prince, cried Shiboob, mount, whilst I hold the bridle, for I am terribly afraid it will fly away, for indeed it is one of that celebrated breed of Asafeer camels. May God curse the bowels that bore thee! cried the Prince; away with it, for I want it not; and he rushed out from the mountains blaspheming the fire. So they travelled in the most pitiable plight, feeding on the weeds of the earth, and drinking of the puddles, till they came nigh unto Hirah; and as the Arabs, whom King Numan had assembled, observed them, they eagerly ran towards them, inquiring what was the matter, so they related all that had happened to them with Antar. The news soon reached King Numan, who immediately hastened to meet his brother, and when he saw him in this plight, his gall was near bursting with rage and indignation.

He sent a noble steed for him, and mounting him on it, took him by his side, and questioned him about his adventures.

O King, cried out all the chiefs, lead us away to fight this Antar. Prepare then, said he, your warlike implements, let us depart. Who is this Antar, cried Hidjar, that you in person must march against him? Is there no one whom you can depute against Antar with one hundred men, to subdue his power and quench his iniquity? By the faith of an Arab, exclaimed King Numan, I myself will march against him; yet he, who shall do the deed in my presence, shall be distinguished and rewarded with the highest favours. This intelligence will soon reach Chosroe; he will hear of what Antar has done to me, and I fear he will think meanly of me, and will consign the dominion of the Arabs to some one else: but in three days have all your weapons of war ready. Whilst the warriors were preparing, said Hidjar to his people, Were I not afraid of rebelling against Numan, I would myself march to fight with Antar alone, and thus put a stop to all further trouble. Let us prepare and depart.

The above events were soon reported to Chosroe by the enemies of Numan, who, as soon as Antar first settled in the mountains of Radm, wrote to Chosroe to inform him that he had taken Prince Aswad prisoner and seven thousand men. Antar's

power, indeed, must have greatly augmented, cried Chosroe, thus to compass such deeds; he has forgotten what formerly happened to him when he was made captive by Monzar, and when he slew my Satrap Khosrewan. We accepted his excuses, and rewarded him with favours—we gave him a tiara and a turban—we sent him back to his tribe—and we thought he would be a firm friend of our government, but he has reverted to the foulness of his origin; he has even assaulted Numan, and the only remedy is at once to tear out his lips, and destroy all his race, or the vagabond Arabs will pretend to predatory incursions even upon us.

Chosroe waited patiently till he heard of the captivity of Maadi Kereb, and that Antar had released his women and families from the power of King Numan, and all the property of his cousin Ibla, and the precious jewels, in exchange for Prince Aswad, and the seven thousand men of the tribe of Lakhm. At this Chosroe's indignation was kindled, and he swore by the fire that he would slay Antar. He ordered his vizier Mubidan to levy twenty thousand men from Khorasan, and twenty thousand from Dilem, and he appointed to the command a Satrap named Wirdishan, and this Wirdishan was a proud haughty man, whom fire even could not subdue; and he gave the expedition in charge to him, because he could not confide in the Arab hordes, saying, Be you their leader; exert yourself nobly,

that our power may be respected. Wirdishan mounted, and over his head were raised the standards and dragons of Persia. He marched night and day till he came nigh unto Hirah, where he was greatly surprised at seeing the immense multitude assembled.

Now that was the very day fixed on for the march against Antar, and all the troops were ready to the number of seventy thousand. Numan went forth to meet the Persians, and saluted Wirdishan, saying, What has so agitated the heart of the just King, that he should put in motion one like you to engage the Arab hordes? Numan, said Wirdishan, accounts of your enfeebled state have frequently been made to him, and he has heard of what Antar has done to you; that he took your brother prisoner, and that you ransomed him with cattle. This has disturbed him, and he has sent me to you to remove this trouble from you. Verily he has lied, who has told this of me, exclaimed Numan; I have assembled these armies, and this is the day appointed for the march against him, and I will tear his life out from his sides. This is a proof of your weakness, said Wirdishan, for you are resolved on marching with seventy thousand men against only four thousand.

After a repose of two days at Hirah, he departed for the mountains of Radm, not mingling with Numan's troops, on the contrary, reviling and reproaching them.

Now Antar had despatched his brother Jareer to the land of Hirah. Return not, said he, till you have ascertained what King Numan is about. Jareer departed, habited as a slave, and reached Hirah, where he sojourned till the arrival of the Satrap Wirdishan; and when the armies set out, he made all haste back to the mountains, and came to his brother, to whom he related the intelligence concerning the march of the numerous host against him. My brother, said he, I never beheld a haughtier fellow than that Wirdishan; for he has no regard, no consideration for any one. But Antar on hearing this gave a roar that terrified him, saying, What a bother you make about all this, you bastard. By the faith of an Arab, I will not leave one of them to guide them in their flight, were they even as numerous as the sands in the valley of Cornelians!

And as he consulted with King Zoheir about what was to be done, Son of my uncle, replied Zoheir, we have no other resource but the stroke of the cleaving scimitars, and patience under the dark clouds of dust. We will fight in your presence with the drawn sword, till not one of us, not a living soul remains. We will defend our wives and families, till the horses sport with our skulls in the battle. O King, eminent in virtue, said Antar, affairs have almost arrived at that pass indeed. But do not you or your sons join to the fight till the enemy has hacked my body with their long spears. My

wish is to take with me one thousand warriors, and march against these advancing armies. I will not permit them to reach this spot, but after spear thrusts that shall make the stoutest quake. Son of my mother, said Shiboob, I also will go with you, but on condition that you attend to my counsel and my advice ; for an affair conducted with skill is more efficacious than the boldest feats of arms.

Why should I not listen to your suggestions, said Antar, when I see they are judicious ? so speak ; what is your wish, O Ebe Reah ? My advice, O my brother, said he, is, that you march as you have said, with one thousand horsemen. I will conduct you, and conceal you in the valley of Torrents, through which the hostile armies must pass ; and where they will be greatly crowded. When they alight, do you rush out upon them, and shout at them, particularly if they should halt there in the night ; for then indeed you will see wonders in the blood that will flow and stream, and then will necks be hacked off in the contest. By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, your advice, Shiboob, is excellent, and the plan infallible. And immediately setting off with a thousand horsemen of the tribe of Carad, and Oorwah's men, he continued his march till he reached the valley, which not being far from the mountains of Radm, Antar anticipated the armies of Numan by half a day ; and whilst he concealed his men in the ravines, Shiboob ascended the loftiest mountain, and stationed himself as their

look-out, casting his eyes to the south and to the north.

About mid-day there arose a dust that obscured the whole region. In an hour the dust opened, and discovered armies like the rolling waves in a tempest. Shiboob shouted to his brother Antar—Son of my mother, be on your guard: prepare for the conflict, for your enemies will arrive by evening; and this night chiefs will purchase life by the exertion of slaves; and it shall be a night, the horrors of which will turn a new-born child gray.

Antar hastened away with his associates, and all being mounted, and armed with spears, and clad in steel and polished corslets, they stood firm, expecting the arrival of the armies; and the warriors were like lions concealed in a thicket.

King Numan and his brother Aswad were in the rear of the army as we observed, and he was greatly hurt at the words of Wirdishan. When the armies reached the valley of Torrents, King Numan halted without the valley, alarmed at the embarrassment of the defile, and the length of the pass. The Persians marched on, headed by the Satrap Wirdishan, like the most rebellious of the fiends; and he was in the utmost anxiety to cast his eyes on Antar; equally so was Hidjar; but they did not enter the valley till night had obscured it with darkness, and had thrown a gloom over all the country.

It was at that moment the horse thundered down

with their riders: the dust and the clouds of sand thickened. The darkness of the night was rendered more frightful by a tremendous storm of wind, that blinded the sight. The sand arose against their faces; and the whole region was in tumult and confusion, from the right to the left. The Arab and the Persian were promiscuously crowded together. The spot being narrow and confined, all were huddled into one mass. At that instant out rushed Antar with his troops of Absians, fearless of death, undaunted in peril. He vociferated in the front of the troops—the mountains rebounded, and the whole valley tottered. The Absians replied with a similar shout, whilst Antar still roared—Ye black kettles of Persians! I am Antar, the cleaver of skulls. The foe heard Antar's yell, and every limb quivered. The Persians muttered out abuse; but their voices faltered; they imagined the valley was going to crush them, and that they saw death in the spot whence Antar issued. He roared, and horror fell upon every horseman: lives were torn from the indistinct forms; horsemen unsheathed the scimitar; and the black gloom of the night became darker still. The mind was in despair; troops disappeared; designs were glorified; falchions glittered, and blood ran down the sides of the valley. Every one doubted whether the heavens had not been precipitated on the earth; they imagined the valley was filled with swords plundering their existence, and spears spoiling them of their lives.

Friend feared for friend; foes were appeased; and relations grieved. Cowards wished they had wings with which to escape by flight; and the water-mills of war turned round. Blood gushed from jugular veins; shrieks and screams re-echoed; blood burst from wounds, and crowds waved like the sea. The east and west were in obscurity; skulls were hewn off from necks; and the thrust of the spear fell at random. Blood streamed upon the ground and earth; and from the terrors of that night youth became gray-haired—torments descended upon them.

In an hour the Persian troopers retreated on their rear; and the Chief Hidjar exclaimed, O my cousins, let us seek the spot whence we came; truly we have erred, in not halting with King Numan: and thus saying, he retired.

But as to Antar, he was hard labouring in the cause of destruction and carnage; he left them wielding their swords one against the other, and sought the extremity of the valley, accompanied with Oorwah's men, and his uncle Zakhmet Uljewad, and his father Shedad, and a party of the tribe of Carad; all were directing themselves against the Persians, to overwhelm them with insupportable calamities. They smote off the heads of every opponent, and left them dead.

They were in this situation when the Chief Hidjar came ambling on the back of his horse, waving in his hand a falchion, sparkling through the intense obscurity of the night. I am the Chief Hidjar, he

cried ; but he had not time to finish his harangue, for Shiboob had drawn an arrow from his quiver, and had fixed it on his bow. He shot it at Hidjar, and the arrow pierced a mortal part of his horse, which stumbled, and hurled him with the crown of his head on the ground ; and as he endeavoured to spring on his feet, lo ! the Chief Shedad rushed upon him, and wounded him in the arm with his sword ; and when he attempted to seize him—No, no ! I am Hidjar, the son of Aamir, he cried. Worthless art thou, exclaimed Shedad—unavailing are thy words ; neither is there any glory in whom thou dost boast : and he dismounted and bound fast his arms.

Rebia and Amarah were behind him, and when they saw what had befallen the Chief Hidjar, and heard Antar's yells, they trembled for their lives. Fly, my gallant brother, fly ! cried Rebia to Amarah—or Antar will make us drink of the cup of death, and extermination. So they fled, and Hadifah with them, for Antar had not recognised them.

The battle raged till midnight ; the horses sported with the skulls of the horsemen, and the valley of Torrents being too confined for the multitudes, the Persians were routed in the presence of the Arabs. Scimitars were plied among them ; spears plundered them of their lives. At that moment advanced Wirdishan in front of the Persians, surrounded with a body of his host. In his hand he wielded an immense mace, and he came on bellow-

ing like a lion; and in the excess of his alarms and horrors, he scowled round to the right and to the left. On that night were slain only five Absians. Wirdishan having revolved on flight, Antar pounced down upon him, and drove his spear through his right side, and it issued out through his left, and hurled him on the ground. When the Persians beheld the fate of their Chief, they wheeled about their horses and fled.

Now when the darkness became illumined, and the day dawned on the survivors, the foe, horse and foot, rushed out of the valley, whilst Shiboob overthrew them with his arrows, and Oorwah with his people pierced them with their spears till their numbers were diminished, and all hope of relief cut off.

Antar and his warriors returned to the valley of Torrents, where they saw the blood flowing as if in large rivers, and as to the groans of the dying and wounded—no one pitied them. The whole valley was full, crammed with the wounded, and the overthrown, and the lifeless carcasses. Away with the spoils of the dead, said Antar; and depart, and drive the prisoners to the mountains; for this night may be reckoned a night indeed—for by the faith of noble Arabs who keep their promises and engagements, were I not afraid that King Zoheir might be uneasy at our absence, I would attack King Numan here also, and would not leave one alive in this desert, were even Chosroe Nushirvan himself with

them. It will be better for us to fight in the mountains, said Oorwah.

On that night they had made eight hundred prisoners; and when they had collected the scattered horses and dispersed arms, they returned seeking the mountains. Antar was overjoyed at what had passed, and he meditated on the horrors he had endured. Oorwah being by his side, he addressed him thus :

“ Hail, O Oorwah ! O valley of Torrents, hail—
 “ hail, for ever hail, my cousin ! How many are
 “ the youths, whose heads on that night became
 “ grey, beardless as they were ! How many heroes
 “ saw the horrors of death, who hoped to see the
 “ morrow’s dawn ! Death served them with the
 “ cup of absinth, with my sword, and then said,
 “ Much good may it do you. O what a night I
 “ passed with those who beheld death with pride,
 “ Absian heroes, who when they are ranked—their
 “ rank degrades all that is most high and eminent.
 “ When their steeds were spurred over the plain, a
 “ peal of thunder was in their movement. Shouldst
 “ thou ask of me, O Ibla, thou wouldst hear intel-
 “ ligence that would cure even an unknown malady.
 “ I drove away thy foes when they came, all haughty
 “ warriors, seeking my destruction. I assuaged
 “ my heart among the Persians, and I have slain
 “ that imperial Wirdishan. I have tempered my
 “ sword with the blood of glory, that flowed like a

“ torrent through the valley. Tell Numan, I am a
“ lion, with my sword and my spear. My drink is
“ of the blood of warriors, when their horsemen
“ have drank of the cup of extinction. Demand
“ justice on the day of battle. Should the foe out-
“ rage, I will redress the wrong. Verily, glory is
“ in the day of contention. When my thrust over-
“ whelms the assaulting tribes, I glut the birds with
“ their carcasses, as I destroy them with the edge
“ of my scimitar. I am appointed for the welfare
“ of the tribe of Abs, their glory is mine—their
“ honour is mine.”

As to King Numan, he had halted as we mentioned, on the outside of the valley with his Arabs, resolved to move in the morning and join the Persians, when lo ! the fugitives from the valley of Torrents rapidly advanced, exclaiming, Misery ! woe and destruction ! Instantly the horsemen sprung towards their horses, and inquired the news. They related what Antar had done to the Persian forces, that he had slain Wirdishan, and had routed his whole army of Arabs and Persians. Struck with dismay at this news, Numan's forces determined on immediate flight, fearful of death and annihilation. He himself also mounted, alarmed that his troops should run away in disorder : and the horsemen having remained on the backs of their horses quaking through fear of Antar, the irresistible hero, till morning dawned, Numan ordered them to march ;

so they proceeded, headed by Prince Aswad, at whose side rode Maadi Kereb. Enter not the valley but with great caution, said Numan, for I calculate something of this kind may still happen to you.

On this account they halted at the head of the valley, and made the Arab tribes march in first, who went forwards brandishing their swords in their hands, but in the greatest terror of Antar, son of Shedad. They entered the valley, and heard the groans of the dying, and saw the torrents of blood; and they were astonished at Antar's masterly contrivance; and though there was not one but was in the utmost consternation, affection for Antar sunk deep into the heart of Numan, and he felt very desirous of the marriage with the daughter of his king Motegeredeh (he had once demanded her, but his messenger had been sent back unsuccessful); for he thought within himself, were I related by marriage to this tribe, my power would be strengthened, and my influence increased.

He thus marched on till he approached the mountains, but Antar had reached them first, with his prisoners and plunder. All exulted in his exploits; the delight was universal; and their hearts were quite merry at the result of the engagement.

Antar advanced towards King Zoheir, and kissing his hand, related what he had done to the Persians, and how many he had slain, and how many he had captured. King Zoheir was highly gratified. O King, said Antar, it is still our duty to prepare

to engage the armies of Numan, and protect our women and families.

So Jareer was directed to order the Absians to take their arms, and issue out into the open space in front of the mountains, ready for action. Let the slaves, said Antar, be divided on the two sides of the defile, and order them to collect a great quantity of stones, and every one they see going forth to fight, they may let pass; but those they see returning, they must stone to death: and if they should see that we are all crowded promiscuously with the enemy, and that we are retreating, then too they must hurl at us the largest fragments of rocks, and prevent us from re-entering the defile.

Jareer having communicated Antar's orders, they prepared for battle, and issued from the valley into the open space, like wild beasts starting from their dens. They mounted their horses armed for the conflict, having slung on their long spears, and girded on their polished scimitars. The slaves also came forth, and stood at the entrance of the defile, and the head of the pass of the mountain, armed with bows and arrows, fierce as male camels. King Zoheir and his sons also mounted, and over his head floated the eagle standard. The battalions advanced, and the squadrons were drawn up. The race of Carad stood forth, and at their head was Antar, like a lion on horseback.

It was scarcely mid-day when the army of King Numan approached like the billows of the tem-

pestuous ocean. Numan advanced, and over his head waved the ensigns and banners; and as he was about to halt, the drums were sounded, and the earth trembled far and wide. As soon as they came up to the mountain, they vociferated in one universal shout, that deafened the hearing, and made the hearts of the timid quake. The Absians answered them with a still louder shout, and dashed their spear-heads against the ground.

King Numan's pavilion was pitched just opposite the mouth of the mountain. Mooferridj also halted with the Shibanians on the right of Numan; the tribes of Zebeed, and Khitaam, and Morad; and on the left were the tribes of Zeead and Fazarah; and on their left were the four thousand Kendehan troopers, whose hearts were greatly exasperated at the capture of their Chief Hidjar.

Antar stood in front of the Absians like a ferocious lion. He took his feet out of his stirrups, and crossed them over the neck of Abjer: he leant upon his tall spear armed with death, for he was entirely unconcerned at the multitude of the advancing forces. He smiled, and seemed exulting on the back of his horse. His father Shedad was on his right, and Oorwah on his left, and the race of Carad behind him. No sooner did the tribe of Kendeh see him than their rage increased; they advanced, and the tribe of Shiban, and his furious adversaries to the number of five hundred followed; all rushed upon Antar, seeking him with their spears and their

swords. On to the fight, O Ebeool ebyeze ! cried Antar to Oorwah, do you and your men trample down these paltry fellows.

Oorwah did as he directed, and met them with one hundred of his men, and they commenced the battle and the conflict. They thrust at each other with the barbs of their long spears ; the dust rose and thickened, but as the numbers increased against Oorwah's people, Antar strengthened them with a hundred more horsemen of the Caradians, with whom went his uncle and his father. Now was their fury let loose ; the horses dashed against each other, and skulls flew off from bodies. Antar stood behind his men, and whenever he marked any of them falter, he assaulted the foe like a lion in armour ; neither did he desist till he had driven away the enemy, when he returned to his post again to watch over the safety of his friends. Swords continued to labour, and blood to be spilt, and men to fight, and the flame of war to blaze, till the day closed, when the tribe of Kendeh were completely broken, and were in the greatest alarm and distress ; many of them escaped by flight, Oorwah and his men having vanquished them by the encouragement of Antar. More than seven hundred of the Kendehans were killed, but only twenty of Oorwah's brave spear-armed heroes.

On their return Antar met them and congratulated them on their success. You know, my cousins, he cried, you cannot rise to honours but by

patience in adversity ; and now indeed this day you are clothed in robes of fresh glory, and only those friends have been slain whose deaths could not be deferred : it is not the steel that decides in such points. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, we could not have routed the foe but by your aid ; this affair is all owing to your intrepidity and your good fortune, for in our troubles we had recourse to you, and your arm would have prevailed had even mountains moved against us. Antar thanked him for his compliment, and they all returned to the mountains. As to King Zoheir, he felt himself emboldened by the events of that day, and rejoiced in the victory over his foes. He bestowed abundant praises and thanks on Antar, meeting him with joy and congratulation. O Aboolfawaris, said he, we shall never doubt about the discomfiture of our enemies as long as you live for us ; whilst you exist we shall never experience adversity or calamity. Antar dismounted from Abjer, and wished to kiss King Zoheir's hand, but the king bent down towards him and kissed him between the eyes. Know, O king, said Antar, that I have made a calculation of our forces and that of the enemy, and we are superior to them in numbers. King Numan's army consists of seventy thousand bridles, and we amount to four thousand, but every one of our men can trample down a thousand of Numan's, so by this calculation we are even numerically superior to them. O Aboolfawaris,

you are right, said King Zoheir, for where in all Numan's thousands is there a knight like you to encounter and destroy?

In the meantime King Numan had alighted in his magnificent pavilion, and was in consternation at the deeds of the Absians and their hero Antar. This is a fortunate man, he said to himself, for he has made war his habit, his meat, and drink. They reposed that night till morning, when the men arose for the battle and the combat. King Numan mounted, and he placed on his right his brother Prince Aswad, and Maadi Kereb and Jayda, with twenty thousand horsemen, and on his left were Mooferridj, and Rebia and his brother, with the tribe of Fazarah, with twenty thousand more, and he himself stood in the centre with the remainder of the army. Antar also drew up the Absians right and left, centre and flanks. He stationed Oorwah and his men on the right, and with him one thousand horsemen; and on his left were his father Shedad and his uncle Zakhmet ul Jewad, to whom he added one thousand horse. He himself advanced, and with him were one thousand also: he went round to all the heroes, exclaiming that he would lead them to the contest.

When all the forces were drawn up, and every one was in his place, behold the chief Amarah urged his piebald steed between the two armies, and exclaimed in a loud voice, What is it, my cousins,

that drives you on to your own destruction? What have you seen in this black slave that you dare the enmity of King Numan on his account, and have even roused the anger of Chosroe against you? Do you think that this perfidious slave is able to defend you against all these armies that are assembled against you? And you, O King Zoheir, who call yourself the king of the tribes Abs and Adnan, of Fazarah and Ghiftan, of Marah and Dibyan, have you deigned to ask assistance of a black slave, a fellow so worthless and mean? By the faith of an Arab you have clothed us in shame: you had best deliberate again on the state of your affairs. Avert your decided fate; separate yourself from Antar; seize the bastard, and deliver him to me that I may make him over to King Numan, and secure his protection for you. Then let us all join in one party, and return all of us to our native land, and we will wed Ibla to him whose rank equals hers, and whose connexion equals hers—the great chief Amarah for instance, whom all the Arabs know; and thus you, Zoheir and your tribe, will be saved from perdition and destruction. Amarah had not finished his harangue when up came Shedad, and exclaimed, May thy mother soon mourn for thee! may thy family and all thy tribe witness thy annihilation! thou foul coward! thou son of a two-thousand-horned-cuckold! thou Amarah. How oft has he defended thy women from the sharp sword and lacerating spear! But the best thing we can do

is, to ply our edged swords and tall spears till either these Arabs slaughter us or we slaughter them ; till either you exterminate us or we exterminate you. Ay, and they will do it too, my brother, cried Amarah to Rebia ; by the faith of an Arab, I heartily wish I had not come out into the plain, and had not ventured on a word, for I cannot possibly stand this battle and this contest. So he threw away his spear out of his hand, and shrunk back amidst the shouts from the tribe of Carad. Antar longed to fall upon him, but his father prevented him, saying, O my son, it would be an indignity to yourself to stir a step against this cuckold.

They were thus engaged in conversation, when, lo ! Jayda appeared in the midst of the plain like a strong tower immersed in steel ; her heart and soul ulcered with anguish. She was robed in garments of black on account of Khalid ; and when she was between the two ranks, she thus expressed herself :

“ O by my tribe, tears have festered my cheeks,
“ and in the greatness of my agony sleep has
“ abandoned me. These mourning garments have
“ debilitated my energies, and sickness has weakened
“ my bones and my skin ; for I had a hero whom
“ a black slave by his oppression and violence made
“ to drink of death. The full moon indeed fell to
“ the earth when the arrow was aimed at him, sped
“ from the hand of the slave. Now he is gone : I
“ am left to my afflictions and griefs, and I endure
“ my distresses in solitude. The sword mourns

“ him, now he is gone, and in the sheath it bewails
 “ its condition. O thou dead ! mourners have wept
 “ him in the mountains of Fala and the land of
 “ Nedjd. He was like a branch in form—the re-
 “ volutions of fortune cut him off—alas ! how cut
 “ him off ! O by my tribe, who will assuage my
 “ sorrows, and will regard his engagements with
 “ me, now Khalid is gone ?”

Jayda had scarcely finished, when the tribes of Zebeed sent forth one general shout that made the mountains tremble ; they remembered the death of their chief Khalid ; they poured down upon Antar, uncovering their heads and lightening their garments, to the number of five thousand, and about two thousand of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam followed them ; they all attacked, led on by Maadi Kereb bellowing like a lion. Antar observed their assault : he took with him three hundred horsemen of the tribes of Abs and Carad, and met the seven thousand ; and whatever he smote he cleft in twain, and wherever he thrust he slew. The horses closed upon him ; he yelled at them, and they dispersed, hurling off their riders. He raved as raves a camel ; his eyeballs were fiery red ; foam swelled from the corners of his lips, so that every one that beheld him exclaimed, God ! how dreadful ! They were now in the fiercest of the contest, when Jayda excited the warriors against him, and rallied the men back to the conflict. He rushed upon her like a ghoul or a hungry wild beast, and descended upon her like

the descent of the most voracious lion. Jayda would have fled, but he overtook her, and pierced her through the sides; he broke two of her ribs, having burst through her double armour. In her love of life she threw her arms round her horse's neck, and sprang beyond the dust. When Maadi Kereb saw Antar and what he had done to Jayda, he shouted at him, and rushed upon him, exclaiming, *Hola!* thou bastard, dost think thy every attempt will succeed? This day I will take my vengeance of thee, and will in thy death wipe out my disgrace. But Antar met him and roared at him; he hemmed him in, and closing all means of escape, he drew forth Dhami, and struck Maadi Kereb a dreadful blow. The sword fell on Maadi Kereb's helmet and cleft it, and also the wadding and the edge of the sword even reached Maadi Kereb's head, and wounded him severely, and nearly killed him. At last he threw his arms round his horse and fled, the blood streaming down his face. As soon as Prince Aswad saw what Antar had done, he made an attack against Oorwah with his twenty thousand, which Antar perceiving, he said to Shiboob, Go to King Zoheir, and tell him not to quit the mouth of the defile, but to send me one thousand of his warriors that I may meet King Numan and his whole army. Antar shouted on Abjer; he encountered the horses' chests, and poured down on them like the rush of a torrent; he slew the men; he destroyed the warriors, and overwhelmed them with

his shouts and his roars in disgrace and ruin, hacking their joints. But when the thousand arrived they made one universal shout of O by Abs, O by Adnan! They assailed the armies and the horsemen; men encountered men, and heroes heroes; blood flowed and streamed; the long spears laboured and also the polished falchions. None were to be seen but the slayers and the slain; the destroyers and the destroyed. Every horseman roared in terrors, and the king of death despatched his messengers to grasp lives. In a short time every resource was resorted to. Every sharp sword continued its blows till the heart and mind were bewildered, and the earth rocked under the weight of the armies, and the undaunted heroes of Aboul-fawaris Antar.

This continued till evening came on, when of the Princes' army were slain an innumerable and incalculable host; the remainder took to flight, for in the contest with Antar they beheld death and perdition. The Absians returned exulting in their victory and triumph, and extolling Antar till they came to King Zoheir, when Antar dismounted, and wished to kiss the king's hand, but he had also dismounted, and meeting him, kissed him between the eyes, saying, Admirable are thy deeds, O protector of Abs and Adnan, thou hero of the age! By the faith of noble Arabs, you have this day appeased all my sorrows. By the life of thy head, O king of the age, said

Antar, I must absolutely drag that King Numan from beneath his ensigns and standards, and must make you reign in his stead over all the Arabs! After this they entered the mountains, and reposed with their wives and families.

CHAPTER XXI.

After the retreat of the army, Numan summoned to his presence Amroo, son of Nefeela, and consulted with him about making peace with the Absians. My advice, replied he, is, that to-morrow morning you repeat the attack ; perhaps they will be discomfited, and will demand peace, and that would be more suitable to your dignity. Numan approved of his vizier's counsel. The next day both armies started up, eager for the combat. King Numan mounted and arranged the standards over his head. Thus also did the Absians, headed by Antar, the lord of battles. The ranks being drawn up, Antar was anxious to exhibit himself in the field of battle, when lo ! a dust arose, and veiling the land, seemed suspended over every quarter of the atmosphere ; and there came forth a renowned warrior of immense bulk, like an elephant or a towering palm-tree. The combatants gazed at him in amazement, for he was a victorious warrior, one of the haughty tyrants of Arabia ; his name was Ghasik, son of As-hab ; and he was followed by twenty thousand horsemen. King Numan had long been accustomed to make him presents, and previous to his expedition against the Absians he had sent to Ghasik to request

his assistance. Now Ghasik was one of the thousand proud tyrants in that age of ignorance, and his form was one of the wonders of that period. He fought with various weapons as a horseman and on foot, and when he ran on foot he would outstrip the snorting steeds. His countries were Tahl and Zal, and he and his tribe worshipped the great dogstar. When Numan's letter reached him he read it, and having understood it, he called out to his people, and instantly set out for the land of Hirah. On his arrival he was told that Numan had already marched, so he proceeded after him till he came up, as we have described; and when Numan knew of his arrival, he went out to meet him, and told him all that had happened: how the tribe of Abs had defeated his armies and horsemen. O king of the age, said Ghasik, this day will I make the Absians mark the horrors I will perform. He dismounted from his horse, and threw off his armour and his coat of mail, till he remained only in his common clothes, his head uncovered and his feet bare. He snatched up two darts that were like sparks of fire; he stood forth between the two ranks on foot and unarmed; and as he approached the hostile armies, O tribe of Abs, he cried, stand forth knight to knight, or ten to a knight, or a hundred to a knight, or a thousand to a knight; and if you still desire less odds, attack me with your whole force that I may encounter ye all alone, and may repulse ye with the force of my single arm and my single

elbow. And here I am, without armour or polished mail, for I know that where death is protracted, armour avails not. When he had thus spoken, he swaggered over the plain of heroes till the senses of the wisest and the oldest, as well as of the youngest, were confounded, and thus spoke :

“ Armour repels not the javelin of death ; so
“ stand forth, O noble heroes ; stand forth, and be-
“ hold the battle of a youthful hero, firm and resolute
“ in the scene of contention.”

King Zoheir was stupefied and amazed at Ghasik's deeds and heroism ; but Antar, perceiving the state of King Zoheir's mind, exclaimed, O king, what means this apprehension and alarm ? Calm your mind ; brighten your eye ; for by the protection of an Arab, I will put to the rout the whole of this army, were they even as numerous as the scattered locusts ; and were I conscious that my single arm would not suffice, I would take ten warriors, with whom I would dash into the midst of King Numan's forces, and I would drag him away either alive or dead, prisoner or a carcass. These words comforted the heart of King Zoheir, and he recovered from his fears and his consternation ; and just as Antar was about to dart forward against Ghasik, a horseman anticipated him, and attacked him. He was a celebrated one among the bravest Absians, and one of their most illustrious knights. He rushed upon Ghasik and attempted to charge him, but Ghasik gave him not time to wheel round ;

he shouted at him, and smote him with one of his javelins; it fell between the paps and issued out between the shoulders. The two armies were astounded at the blow, for the weapon passed through the horseman and the steel armour he wore. A second stood forth against Ghasik, but he overthrew him; a third, he deprived him of life; a fourth, he united him to his comrades; and a fifth, he left him despairing of existence: and thus he continued till he had slain twenty horsemen. But Antar was afraid that were he now to oppose him the Arabs would say, Antar stood forth against a knight without armour or polished mail; or Ghasik might even say, he attacked me when I was fatigued. Whilst Antar was reflecting on this dreadful affair, lo! his father Shedad stood forth. Ghasik permitted him not to charge, but took him prisoner instantly. No sooner saw Antar the fate of his father than a fire blazed in his heart, and he resolved on the attack, but Oorwah anticipated him. Ghasik had now called for his armour, in which having clad himself, he met Oorwah and assaulted him; he soon wearied him, and thwarted all his efforts, and stretching out his arm like the neck of a black camel, he seized him by the rings of his armour, and grasping him in his hand as if he were a sparrow, he threw him to his slaves to secure with cords, and they placed him by the side of Shedad. Fired by this double calamity, Antar rushed upon Ghasik like a devouring lion. Ghasik received him as the

parched up land the first of the rain. These sturdy warriors fought like ravenous wild beasts; they began the blow and the clash, the retreat and the advance, till the senses and the minds of all present were bewildered. They continued till mid-day, when Ghasik repented of his rash expedition, and of his combat with Antar.

I have no other resource, said he to himself, but to practise a stratagem on him; so, desisting from the conflict: Holà! O Antar, he cried, I have heard that you are one of those knights that love fair play, but this day I perceive you act not impartially towards me. Eh! what justice do you want? demanded Antar. You have engaged me, said Ghasik, when I was fatigued, and I now wish to return and change my horse, then will I come back to attack you, and I will not quit you till this affair be decided. You shall not escape, said Antar, if you wish it: surrender yourself, that you may be a ransom for the warriors you have already taken; or by the faith of an Arab, and by the life of Ibla's two eyes, with me the most sacred of oaths, I will make you a proverb among men! What! cried Ghasik, shall I surrender myself to you without fighting? Will not the Arabs say, May God curse the father and mother of Ghasik—what did he see in Antar that he surrendered himself without a blow? But if you are one of the horsemen that love justice, draw the spike out of your spear, and I will take off the spike out of mine; then let us

engage in the field of battle, and he who touches his antagonist three times, let him do what he pleases with him. Antar thought him sincere. Just as you please, said he. Ghasik took off the spike from his spear, and Antar did so likewise, believing he should thus be on a par with him. Thus was Ghasik strengthened in his courage, and he again had recourse to his stratagems; he snatched from under his thigh a javelin, and shook it till it coiled round his hand; he aimed it at Antar, saying, Take that, thou slave! thou wretch! As soon as Antar perceived Ghasik had deceived him, he tried to avoid the javelin, but he could not; it struck him on the shoulder between the armour and clothes. Antar was severely wounded; he roared out at Ghasik in a voice that made the mountains totter: Thy blow has failed; now prepare, coward, for the blow of the voracious lion. He assailed him, and pierced him with the spikeless spear he held in his hand, and he drove it right through his back quivering; and Ghasik fell dead.

When Numan saw what Antar had done, and how he had pierced Ghasik with a mere staff through the chest, driving it out at his back, rending the steel and the corslet, he said to his attendants: Verily, such a thrust no one could drive—no, neither man nor demon, not even the fiends who rebelled against our lord Soliman. Our character is blasted by this knight, whose equal the age cannot produce: Now is the time to order a general

assault, cried they all, now that Antar is wounded. King Numan did so, and the twenty thousand made the attack as if in one body. But when Antar reached the mountains, King Zoheir came up to him and kissed him between the eyes, thanking and extolling him. He entered the valley, having first recommended King Zoheir and the Absians to stand firm at the entrance of the defile till his wound was dressed ; then will I return to the contest, he added ; and he entered the tents, and extracting the javelin, cauterised the wound. In the mean time Ghasik's army had assailed the Absians with a force amounting to twenty thousand bridles. The Absians received them with undaunted hearts and Arabian courage. Men met men, and heroes heroes—blood streamed and flowed—joints were hewn asunder. Numan, perceiving the steadiness of the Absians, commanded his left, to the number of twenty thousand, to join him. They made an attack like the attack of a single individual. Soon the numbers increased upon the Absians, and their cries for assistance became louder ; but as they were in the thickest of the fight, the chief Antar appeared, shouting in a voice that made the mountains tremble, and the hollows resound : Worthless dastards ! Antar, the son of Shedad, is coming. For when his wound was dressing, Ibla came to him ; she bound it up, and wept over him. Weep not, said he, for by the life of thine eyes, and the black of thine eyebrows, I care not for those wounds ; to me

they are sweeter than the draught of wine : but, for thy sake, I will put to confusion the armies of King Numan, had he even with him all mankind, and the fiends to boot. He and Ibla were thus conversing, when lo ! Shiboob appeared like a male ostrich : Hola ! son of my mother, he cried, join the Absians, for King Numan has ordered all his armies to attack them on every side and direction. Antar bellowed and roared ; he started from the ground on to the back of his Abjer, and sprang forth seeking the engagement, till he reached the scene of horrors, and joined the Absians, who were worsted in the presence of that immense concourse of warriors. So he shouted as we have mentioned ; and he assaulted the enemy with a heart that bounded at encountering dangers : at his attack, sorrows were erased from the heart of the Absians ; and as they heard his roar, their souls revived ; their courage was renovated, and they fought in a manner to startle the boldest. As to Antar, where he struck he cleft asunder ; and where he thrust, he destroyed ; and when the heroes resisted him, he yelled at them, and made them shrink back in horror. He wrested a horseman from the back of his horse ; he raised him in his hand like a pole, and whirling him round as a sling, he struck a second with him down ; he precipitated the two, and made them drink of the cups of death. The warriors fled in dismay before him, and every one was horror-struck at his strength.

When Numan saw how Antar and the Absians had routed his army, he ordered his right to attack, and they also amounted to twenty thousand. This mighty host, calculated at sixty thousand, assailed the Absians, King Zoheir always assisting them with a hundred after hundred, till not a single one remained. But their hearts were encouraged by Antar, for they knew he was a resistless hero and a dreadnought lion. At that period the tribe of Abs was the most renowned among the Arabs for courage; and at that moment they were fighting the battle of life and death, and they encountered the forces of King Numan with hearts to which death was sweet and easy. The two armies were mingled together; the sword and spear laboured among heads and carcasses; blood flowed like lakes; God glorified that awful, dreadful day! where the steel armour alone defended bodies, and God prospered what Antar performed in his intrepidity; he overwhelmed them in disgrace and ruin, and executed deeds that will be commemorated for ages, for deaths were at hand, predestined by the will of the God of good and evil. The battle continued to rage between the two armies till the day fled with the light, and night came on in obscurity, and the warriors were separated, after they had filled the earth with the dead.

Numan descended to his pavilions, as he said to himself, Were I related to the Absians, every one on whom the sun shines would stand in awe of me; and

Numan had scarcely alighted when the Arab chiefs, and Prince Aswad at their head, came unto him : O King of the world, said they, our opinion is, that you put to death these two fellows we have in our power (they were Shedad and Oorwah); I will slay them to-morrow, said he, and Prince Aswad rushed from Numan's presence in a great passion ; but when they were gone, he sent for his vizier Amroo, son of Nefilah, and imparted to him all the love he felt in his heart for Mootegeredeh, King Zoheir's daughter. What do you wish ? said the vizier. To marry Mootegeredeh, and make peace with the Absians ; he replied, for were I assisted by such a tribe as this, or a hero like Antar, I should by their means strengthen myself against the deserts and the cities. O King, said the vizier, with respect to the marriage rely on me ; but on condition, that you order into your presence Shedad and Oorwah, robe them in garments of honour, and treat them kindly. I will then lead them to King Zoheir, and will demand his daughter for you, and I will not return till all matters are arranged. Numan approved of his vizier's advice, and he reposed that night in tranquillity, for his heart was at ease.

As to the tribe of Abs, when they returned to the mountain ; Console your heart and brighten your eye, O King, said Antar, by the life of your head, to-morrow I will decide their fate : I will disperse this army were it as numerous as the sands ; and King Zoheir was comforted.

Thus they entered the mountains, and slept that night till morning, when the chiefs of the Ab-sians mounted, brandishing their sharp-edged swords and slinging on their lances. King Zoheir and his sons also mounted, and over his head floated the eagle standard : they were drawn up in front of the mountains like lions of the cavern, and before them stood Antar like a rock. He seated his body on the back of his horse, and drawing his feet out of the stirrups, he folded them over the neck of Abjer. King Numan, as soon as it was day, prohibited any further hostilities ; he sent for Shedad and Oorwah, and investing them with robes of honour, he presented them some fine steeds with housings of gold ; and as he imparted to them his love for Moote-geredeh, he required them to assist his vizier Amroo ; and when they had promised to do so, he directed his vizier to accompany them. The vizier accordingly set out with Shedad and Oorwah, and repaired to the tribe of Abs.

When Prince Aswad saw what King Numan had done, how he had released Shedad and Oorwah, and had sent his vizier to the tribe of Abs to negotiate a peace, he was highly enraged and indignant, and he said to the Arab chiefs, Be calm, till I see what more passes between them. If he makes peace with them, I will write to King Chosroe, and communicate what my brother Numan has done, that he has made peace with the tribe of Abs, and connected himself with them by marriage, though their

slave was wounded, and they had retired to the mountains, and there was nothing more to be done but to take them prisoners. My brother has acted most shamefully, and he has betrayed the imperial government on account of his worldly lusts. I am now convinced it was Numan himself who ordered the Absians to lie concealed in the valley of Torrents; and it was he who plotted the death of Wirdishan: never will I rest till I have contrived his death, and I myself rule over the Arabs, and then will I search out the Absians under every stone and every clod of earth. But the vizier Amroo continued his way with Shedad and Oorwah, till they approached the tribe of Abs, who, on seeing them, advanced towards the vizier and saluted him: he presented them the robes of honour, and the noble horses for King Zoheir, saying, King Numan salutes you, and demands your daughter Mootegeredeh in marriage, so that the two tribes may be only as one tribe: he desires you to demand as much as you please of cattle and he and she camels, &c. King Zoheir made no reply, but turned towards Antar; What is your opinion? said he. O King, he replied, the man has released my father and my friend, and has subdued my pride by his liberality. As to your daughter, she must marry some one, and she cannot find a nobler match than King Numan, for he is the Vicegerent of King Chosroe Nushirvan.

In conformity with Antar's opinion, King Zoheir

gave his daughter in marriage to King Numan, saying to the vizier, I accede to King Numan's wishes out of respect to Antar the victorious lion. The vizier, much delighted that Mootegeredeh's marriage was settled (and from that day love for Antar entered into his heart), returned to King Numan, and told him the whole affair was arranged to his satisfaction.

When the prisoners on both sides were restored, Antar sent for the chief, Hidjar, and having cut his hair off, released him. But when the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam and the Arab chiefs saw what Numan had done, they first complained of it to his brother Aswad, and then returned home. After this the tribe of Abs quitted the mountains with King Zoheir and Antar, and the chiefs, and all repaired to King Numan, who sprang up on his feet, and received them in the most distinguished manner, investing them with beautiful robes. Prince Aswad marked all this, And I, said he, I will connect myself to the tribe of Fazarah. So he demanded Hadifah's sister, for he was much attached to that tribe, and he acted towards them as his brother had acted towards the Absians; he clothed them in robes of honour, made them presents, and distributed gold and silver. They remained seven days in that spot, feasting and carousing; when Numan having made a hollow peace between the tribes of Abs and Fazarah, he ordered the march, recommending the speedy conclusion of the affair

with Zoheir's daughter ; and Prince Aswad having also enjoined the same to Hadifah. The tribes of Abs and Fazarah set out for their respective homes and deserts ; and King Numan also departed, and when he had reached the throne of his glory, he thought no more of the calamities of fortune. But the Persian troops that Antar had routed in the valley of Torrents, and whose chief, Wirdishan, he had slain, did not stop in their flight till they came to Chosroe, and related to him all that Antar had done to them ; how he had slain their chief, Wirdishan. We fled and sought protection, they added, in the tents of Numan, but he ordered us to be driven out, and we have heard that it was he who sent to Antar, and recommended him to lie in ambush for us in the valley of Torrents, and not a creature has ever given us any advice but Prince Aswad.

This account excited Chosroe's rage and indignation, and he swore he would absolutely put Antar to death and all the tribe of Abs, and that he would not leave a head or a tail of them. They were thus conversing, when despatches were brought in by Mubidan from Prince Aswad. Chosroe ordered them to be read ; and as soon as he had heard their contents, the light became dark in his eyes. He turned to the eldest of his sons, whose name was Khodawend, and ordered him to mount with a hundred and fifty thousand horsemen, Persians, Turkomans, and Dilemites : March, cried he,

to the land of Hirah; seize Numan and all the grandees of his government, and appoint his brother Aswad to the viceregency over the Arabs; and after that, he continued, march against the tribe of Abs and Adnan. Bring me all their men—all their property—all their women—that I may hang every one of them on the tower of the palace, and in front of them all shall be the slave called Antar. Khodawend expressed his submission, and immediately rose up and gave orders to the resolute knight, the undaunted warrior, named Zerkemal, the brother of Wirdishan, whom Antar had slain: but he, when the news of his brother's death arrived, cut off his hair and took refuge in the mansions of fire; and on this day Khodawend ordered him to select the horsemen for him, and in less than three days he chose out one hundred and fifty thousand horsemen, Persians and Dilemites, every one like a lion when he springs; and on the fourth day the standards of Khorasan and the imperial eagles waved over his head. Chosroe came out to bid him farewell: and having given instructions for his conduct, sent with him his chief minister Buzurjmihir. They continued their march till they came nigh unto Hirah. Numan went out to meet them; but at the sight of the troops he was confounded, and he was certain it was the army of resentment. He had no other resource but to dismount in the presence of Khodawend; and as he kissed the ground and did homage, Khodawend ordered him to be

seized, and also a number of warriors his relations. He appointed his brother in his place, and having encircled his brows with one of the imperial tiaras, he made him King over the Arabs, saying, Know that the just King has heard that you are a faithful adviser of the imperial government, so he has made you ruler over all the Arabs of the desert. Therefore, instantly address in writing all the tribes, both distant and near, and observe who obeys you, and who rebels against you. Those that submit I will favour; but as to those who rebel, I will march against them, and will tear their lives out of their bodies, and then we will proceed against the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and will not leave a man alive among them.

Aswad was overjoyed, and exulted at the good news. He wrote letters to the Arab tribes, ordering them to appear at Hirah for the purpose of joining in the warlike expedition against the tribe of Abs and Adnan. Among those to whom he sent was Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian; and he said to him in his letter, If you wish to be revenged on the lion Antar—to arms! to arms! He moreover informed him of all that had happened to his brother Numan at the hands of Khodawend, the son of Chosroe. This letter he sent by one of his carriers, and then he applied himself to the execution of his duties towards Khodawend.

During all this time Maadi Kereb in his heart had endured what no man ever suffered before. All

the Arabs derided him, and praised Antar, and he made a secret vow in his own mind never to mount a horse, and never to appear in battle, till he should take vengeance of Antar, son of Shedad. Amongst the many others who came to him and reproached him, was one called Direed, son of Samah, and his relation Sebeea, son of Harith, surnamed Zoolkhi-mar. Direed had lived four hundred years, and he survived even to the coming of our Lord Mohammed, shaded in clouds, on whom be the greatest of blessings and most perfect happiness ! Old as Direed was, he was strong-limbed—fierce in battle—patient in difficulties, and on this account the Arabs called him Rihat-ool Harb (millstone of war). When he presented himself to Maadi Kereb with Zoolkhi-mar (lover of the veil tied round his sword-hilt), he assigned him a dwelling ; he slaughtered camels for him and his comrades, and he ate and drank with him.

On the third day Direed being in high spirits with wine, and singing, he began to banter Maadi Kereb, jeering and taunting him in the grossest terms for having been taken prisoner by Antar, and he thus expressed himself in verses :

“ Those, whose protector you were, O Maadi,
“ are now disgraced ; their hopes are disappointed ;
“ their wives are covered with shame : for should
“ he not blush who has aimed at glory, and has
“ fought with a slave who has captured him ?
“ Abandon the scimitar, you cannot wield it ; talk

“ no more of the honours you once recorded : it is
“ not for every one who brandishes a sword in his
“ hand to enjoy a high reputation, or to inspire fear
“ in his attacks. There is not death in the barb of
“ the spear, but its employers must instruct it in
“ the plunder of souls. Die then of grief, or live in
“ disgrace and despair ! Watch no more the nights
“ you have watched. If you are still noble-minded
“ and high-spirited, march against the demon of
“ Hidjaz, and assault him. Fear not the warriors
“ when they come. Besides him, there is no one
“ against whom any precautions are necessary. If
“ you fear, demand succour of Sebeea, and you
“ will see a lion in war with blood-dyed talons, who,
“ when he draws his sword, its edge rends the
“ earth ; with it he bears down souls, and it de-
“ fends those that seek its aid.”

On hearing these verses, the heart of Maadi Kereb melted like lead, and he began excusing himself to Direed ; he told him what Antar had done to Hidjar, and spoke of the armies and the warriors he had destroyed ; how he had slain Ghasik and Wirdishan, and had surprised by night the troops of Numan. Zoolkhimar smiled ; O Maadi Kereb, said he, all this proceeds from your inability and your fears, and is the consequence of your alarms and your terrors. You console yourself with the fate of others. May God curse him who cannot reduce Antar to disgrace, or scatter his limbs over the barren waste ! By all that will succeed, or have

preceded him, O Maadi, you must unavoidably wash off this garment of disgrace and ignominy, otherwise your affairs cannot be retrieved, and you will be exposed to most galling difficulties; but if you wish, I will go with you, and you shall see how I will treat him, and how I will scatter his limbs over the hills and the plains.

Having remained five days with him, they returned to their own country; and soon after Maadi Kereb wrote to the chief Hidjar an account of all these circumstances, and they all swore they would root out the tribe of Abs and annihilate them.

About that time arrived letters from Prince Aswad; so they departed, revenge their sole object; and being greatly pleased at the captivity of King Numan, and the expedition of the Persians under Khodawend, they quitted their native land, and set out for the tribe of Abs and Adnan. But the first that commenced his journey was Hidjar, for he was resolved to be beforehand with the troops of Chosroe, so that he might acquire high glory to the exclusion of others. In the mean time the Absians, having thus connected themselves by marriage with King Numan, returned home; and as they consulted about the state of their affairs, they augmented their stock of he and she camels, and lived in security with their property and families. Now Antar had recovered from his wound; one day Oorwah came to him with some other noble horsemen, and said, O Aboolfawaris, arise and demand

Ibla in marriage, and let this trouble be removed from our hearts, for now there can be no opposition to your wedding. I will not do that, said Antar, and I will not wed my cousin till Numan weds Mootegeredeh, and when King Numan's happiness is complete, then consult about me as you please, so that the freeborn and the slaves may all rejoice. They were thus conversing and deliberating about such matters, unsuspecting of the circumstances that had happened to King Numan, when in a few days arrived a messenger from Amroo, Numan's minister, with a letter acquainting them with the circumstances, how the dominion of the Arabs had been conferred on Prince Aswad; how he had written to Chosroe, and had given him information unknown to his brother Numan; and how Khodawend had marched, and had seized Numan.

This news excited great consternation among the Absians, and as a confirmation of this intelligence, letters to the same effect reached the tribe of Fazarah, who were in transports of joy, and passed their time in feasting, and drinking evening and morning. Now that Aswad is our relation by marriage, observed Hadifah, he will certainly avenge us: now shall we extirpate every trace of the tribe of Abs and Adnan; now will we plunder and ravage their lands, and now will we slay them young and old. Rebia happened to be with them; O my cousins, said he, all are preparing for war; and whatever tribe comes first, do you join them. Oc-

cupy every road against the Absians; surprise them before the Persians can come up with you; and seize upon their lands and their pastures.

King Zoheir sent for his son Cais, and having assembled the whole tribe, Know, said he, that the Vizier Amroo has informed us that the son of Chosroe is marching against us with the forces of the world. Our departure from the mountains, said Antar, was not a wise measure. Our only resource is to retire to a spot where we may protect our women and families. Then will I encounter the Arab, the Persian, and the Turk, and the Dilemite, till I have exterminated them; and I will show you what I will do with this new upstart king; and soon will I commute the purity of his enjoyments into affliction. My advice, said Shiboob, is, that you depart for the mountains of Adja and Selma, for they are even more inaccessible and stronger than the mountains of Radm: and when you are there, no evil can affect you.

The Absians approved of Shiboob's advice, and as they were all unanimous for a removal—Tomorrow night we will depart, said King Zoheir. The next day the Absians struck their tents, and having raised the howdahs on the camels, they drove away the cattle; and they departed traversing the wastes and the sand-hills. But Antar ordered two of his slaves to proceed to the land of the tribe of Fazarah, and directed them not to quit their country till they perceived what new plans they were adopt-

ing. The slaves set out accordingly, and the Absians sought the mountains, where they pitched their tents, and soon familiarised themselves to that country.

The slaves soon reached the land of Fazarah, and they found the whole tribe shouting with joy, for on that day a letter had arrived by a messenger from Prince Aswad, informing them of the march of Khodawend, and the armies of Persia; and now you may gratify your revenge against the Absians, he added.

As soon as they heard this intelligence, they sent to inquire news of the Absians; but finding they had already removed to the mountains of Adja and Selma, My idea, said Rebia (that mine of treachery, fraud, and deceit), to Hadifah, is that you should acquaint your relation Aswad with their flight; and let us join the very first that arrives here, and march against them.

They were thus deliberating, when lo! a dust arose and darkened the whole land, and there appeared the Chief Hidjar, and with him ten thousand of the tribe of Kendeh. The tribes of Fazarah and Zeead went out to meet them, and accommodated them with habitations, and treated them in the most distinguished manner. Hidjar questioned them about the Absians, and when they informed him of their flight to the mountains of Adja and Selma, he expressed his regrets at not meeting them in their own country. Be not afflicted, O Chief

Hidjar, said Rebia; we will march with you, and we will assist you in taking vengeance; for the Arab and the Persian are coming against them in every direction, and they cannot possibly escape death and destruction. We must now exert ourselves to extirpate every vestige of them, and to ravage their lands; and every tribe that comes to us we will join. O Rebia, said Hidjar, we want not the assistance of the tribes, for we have a party sufficiently strong; and soon will arrive Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian, and with him Direed, son of Samah, the Djeshmean; and Zoolkhimar, the Himyarite, accompanied with intrepid armies.

Rebia and the tribe of Fazarah were rejoiced at this news, and the Chief Amarah rubbed his hands in the excess of his joy. O my brother, said he, now indeed this black bastard cannot escape; and I shall now obtain Ibla, and shall be made happy; for really she cannot suit any one but me; and her charms are only to be compared with mine. Rebia laughed at him; O Amarah, said he, my heart tells me Antar will put to the rout all these armies, and he will not even let the first fall back upon the last; for I know of Antar what no one but myself knows.

Now the slaves whom Antar had sent to the land of Fazarah, when they saw the Chief Hidjar and his companions, and heard all their discourse about the Absians, set out for the mountains to join Antar, to whom they communicated what had happened, and all the plans of the enemy.

Antar on hearing this intelligence instantly arose, his courage all on fire, and repaired to King Zoheir, and informed him of all he had heard of Hidjar and the tribe of Fazarah. O Aboolfawaris, said he, we must now indeed make peace with them : but what is your opinion ? O King, said Antar, we will leave here one thousand horsemen, with your son Cais, to defend the women and families ; we will march with the remainder, and will surprise the tribe of Fazarah and Hidjar, and will soon overthrow all their iniquitous projects. That would be well, said King Zoheir ; and they immediately put themselves in readiness, and marched with three thousand men, leaving Cais, with one thousand, enjoining them to be on the alert, and on their guard.

Antar rode by the side of King Zoheir with Oorwah and his people, and his uncle Zakhmet Uljewad ; and when they were at some distance from the mountains, Antar reflected on what had occurred to him, and thus expressed himself :

“ Our country is laid waste, and our lands de-
“ spoiled : our homes are ravaged, and our plains are
“ devastated. Let us halt, let us mourn for them ;
“ for there is no friend in that quarter, and the
“ country is ruined. Fate has fallen upon our com-
“ panions, and they are dispersed as if they had
“ never alighted at their tents. In sportive merri-
“ ment they tucked up the garments of joy, and
“ their spears were spread along their tents. The
“ wand of happiness was waving over us, as if for-

"tune had been favourable, and our enemies thought
 "not of us. O Ibla, my heart is rent with anguish
 "on thy account : my patience is fled to the wastes.
 "Oh Hidjar ! Hey, I will teach thee my station ;
 "thou shalt not dare to fight me—disgraced as thou
 "art. Hast thou forgotten in the vale of Torrents
 "the deeds of my valour, and how I overthrew the
 "armies, undaunted as they were ? I precipitated
 "them with the thrust, and I abandoned them and
 "their carcasses to be trampled on by the wild
 "beasts ? Shall I not behold thee in anguish to-
 "morrow ?—Ay ; thou shalt not escape from me
 "to the arms of thy beloved. I will leave the brutes
 "of the desert to stamp over thee, and the eagles
 "and the ghouls shall mangle thee. I am Antar,
 "the most valiant of knights—ay, of them all ; and
 "every warrior can prove my words. If you have
 "a milch-camel, milk her ; for thou knowest not to
 "whom its young may belong."

When Antar had finished, they continued their
 march till they came within two parasangs of Faza-
 rah, when Shiboob directed them to dismount, whilst
 he himself set out for the land of Fazarah. Re-
 turning at midnight, he told his brother Antar and
 King Zoheir that the enemy had quitted their tents,
 and were assembled to the number of twenty-five
 thousand horsemen, under Hidjar, their guide and
 counsellor ; and their plan, he continued, is to ex-
 tirpate you, and ravage your country ; and by morn-
 ing they will meet you.

iii

Antar selected one thousand Absian horsemen. Go, said he to his uncles and his father Shedad; go by night with King Zoheir, by this road to the right, and surprise the enemy. He also gave Shas a thousand men, and sent him by the left, he himself proceeding with the remainder by the direct road, till they all approached the hostile army, and perceived their multitudes that filled the whole desert. They were in perfect ease and security, and never calculated on the possibility of an attack from the Absians, till the shouts came upon them from all directions, and the herald of calamities cried out over the whole land. They started from their tents, and sprang on their horses' backs, many of them without arms. They scarcely knew with whom they were fighting, with whom they were engaging, or with whom they were talking. But in their fears of Antar, they all drew their swords, and fell upon one another, and soon also laboured the swords of the Absians upon their shoulders.

When the Chief Hidjar heard the voice of Antar, he knew him, and cried out to the Kendehans, O my cousins, stand firm against this bold black slave, for he has only a small body of men with him; and he thinks he will serve us in the same manner he did in the valley of Torrents. But I am aware, that the battle turns one day for you, and one day against you: you have only to resist steadily this black slave, that we may put him to death, and our name be for ever renowned. The dust in the mean

time increased, and the horses trampled over the bodies. It was a night to them abounding in sorrows and tumults.

The three parties of Absians cried out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! they drove frightful thrusts till the horses were unable to charge from fatigue, and dawn was nearly rising on the tribes. But Antar did not discontinue the contest, assisted by the Absians, till morning dawned. Great part of the Fazarah army fled and retired, horror-struck at the blows of the lion-warrior Antar. Still Hadifah and Rebia remained with a few Kendehans, who stood firm, encouraged by their Chief Hidjar. Above three thousand of the tribes of Fazarah and Kendeh were already slain, and only thirty horsemen of the tribe of Abs.

By daybreak the two armies having separated from each other, and the troops having alighted, Hidjar advanced in front of his people, and exclaimed, I must defy Antar to the contest, or shame, disgrace, and infamy will overwhelm me. He waited till the meridian heat was abated, when he mounted his horse, and stood forth between the two armies, and every eye was directed towards him as he thus expressed himself:

“ It is only the thrust with the spear that can
“ relieve my affliction, and the blow of the scimitar
“ on the chest, and the skull. When the mind can
“ submit to infamy, words are only words without
“ deeds. Fortune consists of two days; this is the

“coloquintida of sorrow ; the next its food is sweeter
“than honey. You dastard, you have clothed me
“in shame ; but had you done me justice, you
“would have trembled before me, and have pro-
“strated yourself in disgrace. To-day your chiefs
“shall bear witness to my superiority, when I make
“you drink of the cups of extinction. You made
“me captive in the dark confusion of night, in the
“valley of Torrents, by fraud and deceit. Come
“forth—let alone nocturnal stratagems—give me
“fair play. Now I am on the alert, I will be a lion
“without his equal—ay ! a lion, a deluge, a sea,
“to whose shore there are no bounds ; and mine is
“a youthful heart hewn out of a mountain.”

When the Chief Hidjar had finished, he sought the combat. O King, said Antar, as he stood by the side of King Zoheir, verily I must settle this affair with Hidjar ; for without his death, his army will never be routed. And he started out against Hidjar, his head uncovered, and on his body only his ordinary garments. He had thrown aside his armour, and his polished corslet, in contempt of Hidjar. He called out, Eh ! thou hast abused me for treachery and stratagem ; truly such is the natural disposition of thyself, and thine own tribe ; for thou didst come against us with the Arab and the Persian. It was only the judgment-sword of heaven that overtook thee in that plain and waste ; and now thou art come against me with the tribe of Fazarah, and hast assembled against me a countless

host ; but I have surprised thee, that I may extirpate thee root and branch ; then will I return to engage the rest, numerous as is the host that seeks us, and though our party is but small. Thou art clothed in armour, and I am in these simple clothes ; my head uncovered, and bare my feet. And thus he continued—

“ Verily, thou hast falsely accused me of deceit
“ and of treachery in word and deed. Thou art
“ now on the alert ; meet me ; thou shalt see a warrior firm and resolute, fearless of peril. I am he
“ before whom the lion of the den humbles himself,
“ in fear of whom Chosroe himself trembles. I showed
“ thee in the valley of Torrents what my sword
“ could execute on the chests and the skulls. WIRDISHAN was there ; and the sons of horsemen followed him like a deluging rain. The horses
“ quaked under their saddles, and they drank of
“ death from the velocity of my spear. And thou
“ shalt be driven into disgrace and calamity without
“ a friend to aid either in word or deed.”

CHAPTER XXII.

ANTAR, having finished, shouted at the Chief Hidjar and rushed upon him; Hidjar met him, and these two obstinate heroes began the combat and the contest; the thrust, the blow, the give and take, now in sport, now in earnest; the approach and retreat, till the warriors were amazed at their manœuvres. Fatigue at length fell on the arms of Hidjar, for he saw that Antar was an irresistible hero, and he repented of his expedition into that land. Antar, perceiving his situation, closed upon him till stirrup clashed against stirrup, and grasping him by the rings of his armour and his corslet, he yelled in his face, O by Abs, I will not be controlled; I am the lover of Ibla; I will not be restrained. He seized him in his hand as if he were a sparrow, and dashed him on the ground. Shiboob pounced upon him, and having bound fast his shoulders and his arms to his sides, drove him away to the tribe of Abs. And as he looked at Hidjar he saw he was in tears like a woman. Eh! O Hidjar, said he, what is it that thus distresses thee? God curse thy father and thy mother! What, wilt engage in hostilities, and now that thy turn of fortune has caught thee dost weep like a woman? O Shiboob, said he, my

tears flow not from my fear of death, or at the occurrence of misfortunes; but as I reflect on the revolutions of Fortune and rapid execution of her revenge, I weep. To no one is she constant; she never beautifies but she deforms, and she never causes a smile but she accompanies it with a tear. How is that, O Hidjar? said Shiboob. Know then, O Absian, he replied, I had demanded some time ago in marriage the daughter of the Lord of Houran, and on her account I had exposed my life to every difficulty and danger; but he would not affiancé me to her but through the intercession of King Numan, and just as I was about to be married, King Numan wrote to me ordering me to march against your brother Antar when he was in the mountains of Radm. So I went against him—but that is all over; and when Numan made peace with him he released me, having first cut off my hair. I returned to my family, and asked my uncle to perform the marriage ceremony, but he said to me, Antar has taken you a prisoner, and I will never marry you to my daughter till you take vengeance on Antar. About that time came the news of the seizure of King Numan, and a letter from Prince Aswad ordering me again on a hostile expedition against your brother Antar. I set out against him in the full expectation of accomplishing my vengeance; but I have fallen a second time into his hands, and shame is increased on shame.

Well! O Chief Hidjar, said Shiboob, will you, in-

stead of serving Aswad, go with my brother and aid him in releasing King Numan? Then will your business succeed to your wishes, and you will be raised to the highest dignities, for truly King Numan has been ill requited, and he has fallen into captivity and disgrace. Now, O Shiboob, said Hidjar, I do intreat you to intercede for me this once with your brother, and preserve me from his grasp, then will I, by the faith of an Arab, submit to him, both myself, and my people, and my tribe, even until death; and if after this I ever betray him, may the mother of Hidjar be no more a freeborn woman! O Hidjar, replied Shiboob, I will engage for you, and I will ensure you my brother's protection. But I require of you to swear to me by Him who rendered the lofty mountains immovable; the Giver of life and death; that you will never betray us either in word or deed. And Hidjar took the oath required by Shiboob, an oath very binding among the Arabs at that period; and it is said that if a man ever swore that oath, and afterwards perjured himself, the evening would not shine on him before he would bark like a dog, and the flesh would drop off his bones, and he would die.

Now Shiboob having bound Hidjar by this oath, set him at liberty; he restored to him his arms and armour, and produced his horse. Hidjar mounted, and returned to the scene of contention.

As soon as the Kendehans saw their chief at liberty, they rushed upon Antar from all sides and

directions, and the Absians also attacked ; men met men, and heroes heroes. At that moment King Zoheir beheld Hidjar, and supposing he had escaped by force from Shiboob, he called out to his attendants to seize Hidjar, and drag him back into captivity and disgrace. But Hidjar dismounted from his horse, and running towards King Zoheir, he kissed his feet in the stirrup, relating to him all that had passed with Shiboob, and saying, Wait, O king, I will show you what I will do ; and Hidjar again mounted, crying out in a loud voice, My cousins, hold back your hands from the blow of the sword, for I have sworn to the Absians to be one of Antar's friends for ever, in order to release King Numan. The tribe of Kendeh no sooner heard the voice of their chief than they withdrew from the contest, and were rejoiced at their deliverance from the presence of Antar. They turned upon the tribes of Fazarah and Zeead, destroying them with the sword, and the thrust of the tall spear. As to Antar, he was hewing down the heroes with his falchion, and revolving in his mind Hidjar's treachery, when he saw him perform these acts, and as he perceived his party annihilating the tribes of Fazarah and Zeead, he was delighted at this alliance with the chief, who no sooner beheld him than he dismounted, and attempted to kiss Antar's feet in the stirrup, saying, O Aboolfawaris, let the blood shed between us be forgiven ! God knows all hearts ; and may he curse the father of Hidjar if after this he assists the

foe against you, or ever again harbours evil against you ! Antar thanked him for his kindness, and having vowed eternal friendship, they assaulted the remainder of the tribes of Zeead and Fazarah, and pierced them as they fled with their long spears, and cut them down with their sharp swords ; and they did not stop driving them away till they had forced them back on their tents, when they returned to the scattered horses and dispersed arms, and set out on their way back to Aja and Selma, Hidjar riding by the side of Antar, and rejoicing in his society.

But the chiefs of Fazarah, with Rebia, were remaining quietly before their tents expecting Hidjar would return to them with Antar as a prisoner, when lo ! their companions arrived, routed and in flight ; they shuddered. Rebia was in great consternation. Alas ! said he, sons of my uncle, what has befallen ye ? What has happened ? And they related the whole : that Antar had taken Hidjar prisoner, and that he had become one of his companions. Rebia was horror-struck ; he shuddered and fled, fearful of death and extinction. But as to Amarah, he flung his spear away out of his left hand, and went off at a full gallop, looking behind, terrified at Antar, exclaiming as he went, O that I had indeed kept myself clear of this party !

As to Antar, when he returned from the pursuit his heart was at ease with respect to the tribes of Fazarah and Zeead, for he had obtained of them all he wished and desired. He set out on his return to

the mountains, and as he meditated on the horrors he had endured, he thus expressed himself:

“ Ah! O Ibla, keep thy engagement; the past
 “ is past; it is enough to be kept apart from thee!
 “ Youth is not faded, and we are not yet become
 “ old. Fortune has not vanquished our youth;
 “ our sharp scimitars have not failed; our iron
 “ fingers can still wield them! Ask the Fazareans
 “ of us when we assuaged our hearts among their
 “ warriors. We let alone their women, but they
 “ were disordered; and before dawn they were
 “ tearing their cheeks with their hands. We have
 “ filled their country with alarm, and the two tribes
 “ are become our slaves. We have mounted above
 “ the Pleiades in their sublimity, and our valour
 “ cannot be increased; and when our babes are
 “ weaned as infants, our enemies shall bow down to
 “ them in subjection. He who would attempt to
 “ oppress us shall see in us the obstinacy of lions;
 “ we will surround them with the thrusts of the
 “ lengthened spear when battle rages in our hearts.
 “ We will kindle our flames in every contest till
 “ their bones and their flesh shall melt. We will
 “ shoe our horses in every land with their en-
 “ sanguined bones and their dried skins. Our mill-
 “ stones shall grind down the tribes. We have
 “ left their cultivated lands a barren waste. But on
 “ the day of generosity we have given away all we
 “ possessed, and have filled the country with our
 “ liberality and kindness. Who is there to give in-

“ formation of us to Numan that soon his deliver-
“ ance will arrive? Behold the Persians have re-
“ turned discomfited; they have fled with subverted
“ standards; the spear’s barb laboured in their rear,
“ and they float in blood like the human hearts.
“ They shall exalt him as their king, and Chosroe
“ shall fall; he shall endure what Themood suf-
“ fered. I am the slave that encounters deaths; in
“ truth, the knight of the noble steeds. In my am-
“ bition I will exalt myself to the Pleiades by my
“ never-failing fortune and illustrious deeds. I am
“ Antar, and my name shall for ages be celebrated
“ for sound policy. Mine is a happy star from
“ God, who created all mankind his slaves.”

As Antar stopped, King Zoheir and his brave companions, and the hardy Kendehans, expressed their delight; but the Chief Hidjar, quite amazed, looked in Antar’s face: O Aboolfawaris, said he, God has truly combined in you all intrepidity, liberality, and eloquence, and every noble quality, and has closed them upon the Arab and the Persian. And he who can recollect these verses will never require a companion at night or a friend by day. And these verses were called by the Arabs “convivial, social;” and they are among the chosen pieces of Antar, the lord of battle.

As to Maadi Kereb and the tribe of Zebeed, as soon as they heard of the departure of Khodawend and Aswad against Antar, and that King Numan was in durance, he summoned five thousand of his

tribe, and having written to the Chief Hidjar, ordering him to join him in the land of Abs, he himself hastened away to Direed and Sebeea, to demand their aid and assistance. And when Maadi Kereb alighted at Direed's, and had related all that had happened to King Numan, and the departure of Khodawend and Prince Aswad with the Persians and the Arabs against the tribe of Abs and Adnan, the light became dark in the eyes of Direed; and turning towards Maadi Kereb, If this system, said he, should really be persevered in against the Arabs, those filthy Persians will soon overpower us, and our women will be sold in the cities of Turcomania and Dilem. As to me, I will never encourage this conduct against the Arabs; for I will address the tribes in writing, and inform them so. I will not move hence till I hear what has passed among the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and the account of King Zoheir's admittance of Antar to their connexion, for by the faith of an Arab, were not Antar among the Ab-sians, I would instantly proceed myself to assist them against the invasion of the Persians. But I am afraid of the upbraidings of the Arabs, that they will say, Direed, son of Samah, lord of the tribe of Howazin, entered the service of Antar, who was a slave and a shepherd. But as to you, Maadi Kereb, I cannot possibly march with you, now that the Persians have seized the person of King Numan. I will not violate the sanctity of the sacred shrine; for I know that Prince Aswad will not enjoy his

dominion long, and never will they prosper who submit to him; and moreover, between me and King Numan there is an engagement which I cannot falsify.

These words created great distress in Maadi Kereb's mind, and his resolution wavered. But in three days he departed, and having assembled ten thousand horsemen, he set out to attack the tribe of Abs and Antar; but in his way he passed through the territories of Hidjar, where he heard of his expedition against the Absians, and that he had been joined by the tribes of Fazarah and Zeead; and we have learnt, they added, that the tribe of Abs has fled to the mountains of Adjà and Selma; for as soon as they understood the Chief Hidjar had marched against them, Antar and King Zoheir set out with two thousand horsemen, with the design to surprise the tribe of Fazarah and the Chief Hidjar; therefore in the mountains there only remains Prince Cais with one thousand warriors to protect the women. This intelligence delighted Maadi Kereb. Oh! exquisite! he cried; and turning to his companions, he added, Truly all I wished and expected has succeeded: and he congratulated them on the plunder and the accomplishment of their desires; and they instantly departed, traversing the plains and the wastes till they came near the mountains.

Prince Cais had stationed scouts on the summits of the heights and defiles, and as soon as they saw

the dust, they immediately gave him notice; and he ordered all the warriors to mount—they obeyed; and with Cais at their head, they hurried to the mouth of the pass like lions in a den, where, perceiving the desert waving like the sea with troops and armies, Prince Cais despatched an Absian horseman to inquire the news. He spurred on his horse till he came among them, and cried out in a loud voice, Tell me, O Arabs, who ye are before the battle rage between us. O Absian, said Maadi Kereb, advancing, ye are of little shame that have admitted to your connexion the offspring of a slave-woman. Verily your destruction is at hand, the Arab and the Persian are in quest of you, and my advice is that ye surrender yourselves to me without fighting. But as to your question about our rank, we are the tribe of Zebeed, and I am Maadi Kereb. I have stirred up against you all who have blood or vengeance to demand of ye.

The Absian on hearing this returned to Cais, and reported the circumstance. Rage was kindled in the countenance of Cais; he thundered from the mountains, and behind him followed the noble Absians whose intrepidity was proverbial. They shouted so that the mountains were in convulsion, the universe was agitated at their roars, and the face of day was blackened. The blasts of death were blowing with tempestuous gusts—the army of Maadi Kereb rushed upon the Absians—men met men, and heroes heroes. Blood streamed and

flowed—limbs were hewn off—horrors increased. Maadi Kereb penetrated through the Absians, for he was one of the thousand tyrants of that age of ignorance; he dashed down heads under his feet, he cut off wrists and fingers, and performed deeds that confounded the reason. The Absians were engaged in a sacred war, and they preferred death to flight, and would not live objects of shame among the Arabs. For in those days the Absians were the firebrands of war in bravery and undaunted spirit; they dreaded ignominy. The day seemed closed upon them, and the land was obscured in their eyes. They continued the engagement till the day fled, and darkness came on with thick obscurity, when they returned to the mountains, and Maadi Kereb halted at the entrance.

Cais assembled the Chiefs; Cousins, said he, my advice is that we continue the fight till my father and Antar return. They approved, and kept on the defensive till daylight appearing and the stars vanishing, the enemy arose up against them. Maadi Kereb advanced in front, and wishing to exhibit his courage, Hola! tribe of Abs! he cried, where is your black slave, whose aid you seek, and of whose force ye boast? Let him stand forth this day, and protect the women, and by the truth of Him who orders the rain to fall, and the desert to be clothed in green, I will leave for myself and ye too a tale to be recorded, and an example to be cited for ages. And he twisted and tossed about his spear in a style to

amaze the stoutest heart. But Cais observing Maadi Kereb's excessive vanity, Desist from the fight, he said to the Absians, whilst I go forth against this coxcomb, that prides himself above his fellows. And he urged on his horse till he stood before Maadi Kereb; How long this presumption? he shouted out, for thou art the very person our champion took prisoner: he reduced thee to disgrace, and was so kind as to set thee at liberty, having first cut off thy hair; he treated thee nobly, but his generosity was thrown away on thee, and thou hast acted like a low-born coward. Were Antar here, he would fight thee, and would tear out thy life from between thy sides; and though he is absent to-day, he will not be long absent; to-morrow he will come, and thou shalt see the calamities he will bring upon thee, and how he will punish thee, for truly thou hast sinned against courtesy; that is, if thou escapest safe from my presence, and thou bearest no marks of my spear. Cais thus continued in verse:

“ Had you any generosity, O Maadi, you would
“ not have come with horses and horsemen to attack
“ us. Our Knight took you prisoner; he pardoned
“ you, and thought you sincere, ingrate as you
“ are. You are returned; all kindness was thrown
“ away on you, for when a dastard is trusted, he
“ becomes a traitor. We are Princes, and you per-
“ ceive the rest of the world in the blow of the sword
“ are comparatively but slaves. God has favoured
“ the Absians, and has ennobled them with the

“honours of crowns and tiaras: had he granted us
“the power, the land should flow with beneficence,
“so that Noah would imagine he had given us the
“flood. Even Chosroe lives in fears at our great-
“ness; he dreads us, and the princes of the earth
“tremble at us.”

When Cais had finished his verses, Maadi Kereb vociferated at him, and attacked him. Cais received him as the parched up earth the first of the rain. The contest raged between them in the thrust and the blow; horrors and dreadful acts took place between them. But Cais was no match for Maadi Kereb in skill and prowess, and when the Absians saw the situation of their Prince, they resolved on making the assault, and by their aid to deliver him from his foe, when lo! the Zebeed warriors attacked at once, and endeavoured to finish the affair, and accomplish their hopes, and plunder the property; but the Absian heroes also assailed, and they were in one promiscuous confusion on the plain of battle: the penetrating spear was at work, and also the Indian blades. Calamity was thus removed from Cais, for he was near his destruction and death. He escaped from his antagonist, but not by flight. Maadi Kereb had wounded Cais in two places; but when the armies rushed upon one another, Maadi Kereb's attention was called off from him, and he routed the warriors till he drove them back to their mountains, having slain upwards of two hundred men. Still the Absians stood firm at the entrance; the

two armies continued to fight and smite till evening came on, when Maadi Kereb returning with his associates, reproached them for having made the attack. They alighted, and reposed till morning: Come on, cried Maadi, come on; plunder the Absians, before any Arabs arrive to prevent you.

At the word the horsemen mounted, and prepared for the battle of swords and spears; and as soon as day dawned on the Absians, there burst upon them the united cries of women and children: they unsheathed their swords, they shook their spears, and resigned themselves to death.

When Maadi Kereb observed the conduct of the Absians, he dismounted, and his warriors did so likewise. The Absians too followed their example, and every hope, every expectation was extinct. Grief fell upon the brave; the dust rose, and clouded over them; the party became quite a proverb; and they continued in this state till evening.

But Antar and Hidjar returned to the mountains. Antar was overjoyed in the society of Hidjar, and when they approached, O Aboolfawaris, said Hidjar, it occurs to me that I ought to precede you, because I had engaged myself with Maadi Kereb, to make a joint attack on your country with him, and Direed, and Zoolkhimar. I fear, he may have taken his road by the mountains: now I think, it would be advisable to send on Shiboob to see what is going on, and let him return quick.

Antar immediately ordered Shiboob to advance

towards the mountains, which he instantly did : he gave his feet to the winds, and sought the wide desert till he reached the mountains, where he heard the cries of the Absians, and Maadi Kereb shouting to his people, " to-morrow, ye shall plunder the enemy !" As soon as Shiboob had recognised Maadi Kereb, he hastened back to his brother. Know, son of my mother, he cried, Hidjar was correct in his supposition—our friends are reduced to extremities, and there only now remains to drag them out from between the mountains. Eh ! Ebe-reah ! said Antar, who has done this ? Maadi Kereb, he replied, and with a world like the sands : and when I approached the mountains, I saw Maadi Kereb going his rounds, promising his people the pillage of all the property of the tribe of Abs ! At hearing this, the light became dark in the eyes of Antar. O, by the Arabs, he cried, it is absolutely my bounden duty to make an example of that Maadi Kereb, and those Zebeedians, for those who will benefit by the warning.

He was about to put his horse on a full gallop, but the Chief Hidjar prevented him. Whither art thou going, O Aboolfawaris ? he cried. To fight with Maadi Kereb, said Antar. I request of you, O Aboolfawaris, said Hidjar, by the life of Ibla's two eyes, that you will let me only march against him. I will requite him for his deeds ; I will frighten him with your strength, and the greatness of your power. If you approve of this, it will be

the best plan, and I will bring him to you a prisoner. Do as you please, said Antar.

Upon that, the Chief Hidjar set out with his noble Kendehans, and he travelled from midnight till the dawn of day, when he reached the mountains, and perceived the engagement. Woes of battle be on you, O Maadi, exclaimed Hidjar; misery to you, and to yours, henceforward. Could Antar come and behold the state of his cousins, he would not leave a Zebeedian alive: and he galloped down from the end of the desert, and the tribe of Kendeh followed eagerly, seeking the scene of contest.

When Maadi Kereb saw the armies advance, he thought they were of the tribe of Abs. He called out to his nearest attendants, and rushed towards the approaching forces; and behold! he saw the Chief Hidjar. No harm to ye! he exclaimed; for this is the Chief Hidjar, and I have been expecting him, that we may totally exterminate the tribe of Abs. He urged on his horse, and his heart was filled with joy. Welcome, I greet thee, my dearest brother, my truest friend, he cried. By the faith of an Arab, thou art come exactly in time to take thy share of the plunder.

The Chief Hidjar smiled: Your design is frustrated, O Maadi, said he; truly, you imagine my extraction different from my father's and grandfather's, for liberality should not be lost on mankind; and he who is nobly born and connected, does not act like a base coward. How is this, said

Maadi Kereb, you are bound to me, O Hidjar, by an ancient covenant. Ay, said Hidjar, by the lord of Zemzem, and the sacred wall, if you listen to my advice ; otherwise, I must fight you with my sword and my spear. Maadi Kereb stared in amazement in Hidjar's face, for he knew not what had happened. But the Chief Hidjar related every circumstance about Antar, describing his liberality and courage, and how he had taken him prisoner, and delivered him over to Shiboob, and how he had set him at liberty on his taking the oath, and I assure you, continued he, O Maadi, were Antar to give me this day his camels, I would tend them ; and were even mountains to turn on me I would encounter them ; and if, O Maadi, you can submit yourself to what I have submitted, make a contract with me on this point, and be one of Antar's adherents, else, come on to the fight and the combat, and away with all dissimulation.

Maadi Kereb was in great consternation, and his rage blazed the more. Eh, then, O Hidjar, he cried ; hast thou entirely disgraced all thy race on account of Antar ? Away with such folly, said Hidjar, for I will not permit you to speak thus of Antar ; he is superior to all mankind, male and female, and in this age is Antar unequalled ; for, to engage a thousand horsemen, or ten thousand horsemen, or a single one, is all the same to him ; and his soul aspires to nothing but conquest over all the Arab warriors. I used to think myself the knight of the universe till I en-

gaged him ; but in him I perceived prodigies ; and as soon as he made me prisoner, Shiboob gave me protection, and assured me of security, and Antar set me at liberty, as if I had never entertained any evil intention against him. When I perceived this, my soul was subdued. I became one of his comrades. So, Maadi, think no more of assisting the Persians, but eagerly seize this opportunity, for I have left Antar behind ; King Zoheir and all the tribe of Abs are coming after me. He then told him that Antar had sent on Shiboob to observe what they were doing, and he returned, continued Hidjar, giving us an account of all you had done to his cousins. Antar wished to march against you, but I dissuaded him out of regard for you. So adopt this plan before death be at hand ; do not expose your life to dangers and perdition.

On hearing all this, Maadi Kereb recollected the words of Direed, and he knew this would be his advice : O Hidjar, said he, how can you soften the hearts of the Absians towards me, after all I have done just now ? That business, said Hidjar, will not tell against you, for I will be a mediator in this affair, and you will moreover be a strong support of this tribe, particularly when we have released King Numan, you and your party will seize the property of the Persians, and will hew off their heads, and you will become also a champion of the sacred shrine. Hidjar continued to urge Maadi Kereb on this subject, till he gained him over, and he con-

sented, and he swore by the oath by which the Arabs swore.

Maadi Kereb returned towards his tribe, and acquainted them with the event, and they were greatly delighted. But the auxiliary Arabs that were with him dispersed and sought their homes, fearful that Antar would put them to death. Thus the tribe of Kendeh joined the tribe of Zebeed.

Prince Cais and the Absians were in the greatest distress at the arrival of Hidjar, for they thought he would assist Maadi Kereb. Their shouts and screams increased, but Hidjar sent a horseman to inform them, and quiet their alarms, and by evening arrived the tribe of Abs with King Zoheir and Antar. The chief Hidjar met them with Maadi Kereb, and informed them of his adhesion. Maadi Kereb advanced and kissed Antar's and King Zoheir's hand, saying, O Aboolfawaris, all blood between us is forgiven, and the merciful God knows all hearts. O Arabs, said Antar, we have only acted thus out of our partiality for King Numan, and on account of the sacred shrine, for if the Persians possess themselves of it, they will root out every vestige of the Arabs from every region. All present agreed in the truth of this observation, and thanked him for his conduct. He clothed them all with honorary robes, and the tribes being mixed together, they entered the mountains, amounting to fifteen thousand warriors, proverbial for their prowess. They reposed that night, and in the

morning they slaughtered the camels, and made entertainments and feasts for seven days. On the eighth day came Jareer from the land of Hirah, and told his brother Antar about the armies of Arabia and Persia, describing to him the various tribes and nations that were assembled. Well, Jareer, said Antar, who are those who have submitted to Prince Aswad, and with how many thousand has he set out? O son of my mother, he replied, those who have submitted to Aswad are all those with whom there is blood and vengeance against you, and those who hate King Numan. But he did not form any regular plan till Rebia came to him with Hadifah and the tribes of Zeead and Fazarah, and those who accompanied them were in tears in the presence of Aswad, and demanded his immediate departure to extirpate every trace of ye, and to ravage your country. He assented, and swore that he would not leave an individual alive in your country, not even a fire-blower. Khodawend had determined on dividing his forces into two armies, one against you, and the second against Mecca. But when Rebia and the tribe of Fazarah arrived and acquainted him of Hidjar's having made peace with you, they advised the Prince to march his whole army against you at once; And let us take, said he, all the tribe of Abs prisoners in disgrace and misery. Khodawend approved of his proposal, and ordered the army to march. They have only left one thousand Persians in Hirah as a

guard over King Numan and the few horsemen who remain his friends. I did not quit them till the universe was in confusion with the glitter of arms, and swords, and corslets.

Antar shouted at Jarcer, Eh ! enough of your description of those greasy caldrons and Persians, he cried ; by the faith of an Arab, I will disperse their armies ; I will not even let the first join his nearest neighbour. And he proceeded to King Zoheir, and informed him of the news. War ; war alone must be our object, said the King, we must defend our women and our families ; but we do not know whether these who have associated with us will fight with us cordially, or whether they be false companions. O King, said Antar, by the faith of an Arab, let us but exchange a single look, and should only ten horsemen of ours be killed, then will they seek each other's blood in revenge and slaughter.

Upon this they mounted, and quitting the tents, informed their allies of the advancing armies, and that two hundred thousand horsemen were marching against them. Great indeed would be the disgrace, said he to Hidjar, should we permit these Persians to trample down our land under the hoofs of their horses, and King Numan not regain his dominions. What is your determination, O Aboolfawaris ? said the chiefs. My determination is to meet them, said he. But, said Prince Cais, Jarcer has informed us, their armies are most

numerous, and Khodawend is on his way against us ; and when he quitted Hirah, there were only one thousand Persian horsemen left behind ; now it strikes me, that about one hundred of our horsemen, mounted on swift strong horses, should be detached ; let them march to Hirah, where they may put the Persians to the sword, and release King Numan ; thus shall we succeed in our views, for this army cannot reach us for some days, and should it arrive, we shall be able to cope with them till King Numan returns, when many of the tribes will join him. All present highly approved of this proposal. God be with you and your father, and may Lat and Uzza bless you ! cried they all. It will do, said Antar, I will myself undertake it with ten horsemen ! O my cousin, said King Zoheir, your departure from the Absians at this moment would be very unadvisable, particularly as Hirah is very distant, and we are but a small party. No one but myself, said Hidjar, shall go to King Numan. Antar thanked him : that will do, said he, you ought to go. Take Oorwah and his men with you. Hidjar assented, and made ready that very day with one hundred of his own tribe, and he also took Oorwah and his people, who being mounted on swift noble steeds, departed for the land of Hirah ; and when they were gone, Antar, accompanied with Maadi Kereb and two hundred horsemen, daily roamed away from the mountains, to ascertain what was going on. They continued thus for ten days ; but on

the eleventh day, behold a dust arose that closed up the whole region. There appeared five thousand horsemen, the advanced guard of the Persian army, with a knight called Shahmerd, and he was an irresistible tyrant, and an untractable devil. This, said Maadi Kereb to Antar, must be the advance of the Persians. My advice is, said Antar, that we make a dash at them, and so saying, he urged on his horse Abjer, and drew up his men. Maadi Kereb did so likewise. The Persian chief saw them advance, and he could not make them out; as he said to his people, I cannot imagine what this small party can mean, for if it is the advance of their forces, whence can they have heard of us? They must be coming to demand our protection. However, let one of ye go forward and inquire. The Persians still advanced to the number of one thousand. Maadi Kereb shouted to his hundred men, and wished to assault them. But, said Antar, no, my brother, be not off your guard, and do nothing that may prove disadvantageous. How is that? said Maadi Kereb. Ay, said Antar, for if you deign to meet a thousand Persians with a hundred Arabs, our reputation will be lost amongst those greasy kettles: let you and I attack this thousand with ten men alone, and destroy them in the desert; let us fill their hearts with terrors. I will attack them alone, said Maadi Kereb, and will disperse them with my arm and my wrist. Antar attacked the right, and Maadi Kereb the left, and they were

immersed in dust; they both roared out like lions; all eyes were fixed upon them. The right was driven in confusion upon the left. The Persian leader, observing the two knights attack the thousand, was amazed and startled; he instantly dismounted, and worshipped the sun in blasphemy and pride, saying, Let I and you laud the unity of God! Do you see, said he to his companions, these two knights of the sheep-drivers, engaging the thousand Persian horsemen? This is the stupidity of the Arabs, said his comrades; soon will you see their heads laid low.

He remained gazing for an hour, when lo! the Persians rushed out from beneath the dust, flying away, pursued by the roars of Antar and Maadi Kereb, like peals of thunder in a cloud; and they continued their flight till they stopped before their chief. Eh! how is it, he cried, that two horsemen of the shepherd Arabs have attacked a thousand knights of Persia, and have routed them as a wolf the sheep? He shouted to his five thousand, and they rushed upon Antar and Maadi Kereb, who received them as the parched up earth the first of the rain. Joined by the Absians and Zebeedians, Maadi Kereb exhibited in the contest such intrepidity, that Antar was greatly astonished; for he only looked on and encouraged the warriors. He was, however, on the watch for Shahmerd, whom he saw brandishing a mace in his hand as he invoked the fire. Antar shouted at him—he bel-

lowed at him—he made him quake, and terrified him—he drove his spear through his chest. The spear penetrated through him ten joints of a reed out at his back, and hurled him dead to the earth. But when the Persians saw their chief a corpse, they wheeled round in flight, and retired in haste, and escaped, whilst Antar and Maadi Kereb returned with their comrades to the scattered horses and dispersed arms, and property and baggage.

On their way back to the mountains, exulting in their success, Antar thanked Maadi Kereb for his part in the combat, saying, By the faith of an Arab, had we informed our friends, and waited for them here, never would we have quitted the field till we had made a more serious impression on the foe. O Aboolfawaris, said Maadi Kereb, our fighting before the mountains will be more judicious; (and Maadi Kereb was afraid that Antar would remain in that spot with only two hundred opposed to two hundred and fifty thousand warriors, all armed with spears). Antar assented; and he travelled on, thus expressing himself:

“ Stop at home, if thou art in sorrow about
“ its lands, then perhaps thine eyes may weep in
“ tears. Ask of the baggage-camels, when they de-
“ parted, and when they will return! Dwelling of
“ Ibla! She is far away from thee! She sighs, and
“ my eyes are in agony at her sorrows. O land of
“ Shoorebah! may the clouds moisten thee!—May
“ the pouring rain bedew thy soil!—May the

"spring clothe thy lands in robes of flowers!—
 "May the country be perfumed with their fra-
 "grance! How often have I embraced in thee the
 "lovely virgin, whose companion was revived in
 "the obscurity. The sun, when it rose in splendour,
 "worshipped her charms, and her appearance il-
 "luminated the darkness. Death, daughter of the
 "noble-born! is like a garden, and my spear is its
 "branches and its roots. To-morrow there shall
 "pass from my hand to the Persians a cup more
 "bitter than the poisons of medicines. I will make
 "them taste of thrusts that shall disgrace their
 "chiefs, and shall make unweaned infants turn
 "grey. When the armies of Chosroe pour down
 "upon me, thou shalt see what will become of their
 "limbs. I will fight them till they, high and low,
 "shall be exhausted, and shall complain of the hor-
 "rors of the dust. I will leave their flesh for the
 "ravenous lion, and their horses and their armour
 "for my comrades. O Ibla! were Death a sub-
 "stance, it should bend and bow down before me."

As soon as Antar had finished his verses, Maadi
 Kereb was in amazement at his courage and his
 eloquence. May God never abandon your mouth,
 said he, and may no one ever harm you! And they
 continued seeking the mountains till night had
 darkened the land.

Now as they had been a long time absent, King
 Zoheir and the Absian chiefs mounted, and went
 in quest of them till they met them. And Antar

related to King Zoheir how they had treated the advance of the Persian army, and how they had routed them, and that he had slain Shahmerd. To rout the advance, said King Zoheir, is an indication of victory and conquest, and we ought to offer our thanksgiving to the God of Old, the Creator of mankind. They entered the mountains, and told the horsemen what had happened, and the Absians were delighted; they reposed that night till daybreak, when they rushed out, demanding the combat and the conflict, and lo! the Persian armies appeared, and their dust rose on high till the whole country was obscured. The wild beasts fled from their dens, and the standards appeared. To-day, said Antar to his associates, will the glories of warriors be conspicuous. He stationed over every troop a knight, whilst he superintended them all like a lion.

When the Persians advanced and saw the small numbers of the Absians (but they were like ferocious wild beasts), they poured down upon them like a deluging rain. The Absians received them with blows that stupefied hearts, and thrusts that blinded the vision. Antar stood apart from the scene of battle protecting his men; sometimes he rushed to the right, now to the left, and having overthrown the heroes, he retired to his post. And whenever he perceived his party hard pressed, he was ready to assist them. Maadi Kereb observing this, acted in the same manner. The battle con-

tinued thus till mid-day. Consternation fell upon the Persians, when, lo! Khodawend approached with the great body of the army, and seeing the conflict raging, he called out to Zerkemal to withdraw the army from the contest, saying, We will establish ourselves here, and despatch a messenger to the Absians, for they have always paid us great respect; and perhaps now they have repented of their conduct, they will probably return to their allegiance, and seize the person of that slave, the worthless Antar. Upon this Zerkemal called off the army from the Absians. And the Persians alighted in their tents, and the land and the desert were filled, and whilst they were reposing, Khodawend ordered a letter to be written to the tribe of Abs commanding them to submit; and let it be mentioned that in that case I will stand as mediator between them and my father, but if they resist I will not spare one of them either high or low. Accordingly the vizier wrote a letter to King Zoheir to the above effect, stating,—Khodawend is advised to destroy you, but he has had compassion on you; he has resolved on acknowledging you the supports of his government, and the abettors of its greatness. Feel therefore the value of this intention, and presume not to thwart the imperial government.

Having folded the letter, he gave it to a satrap, and ordered him to depart. He also honoured him with ensigns and standards, and gave him an escort of twenty Persian horsemen, with an interpreter

called Ocab, son of Terdjem. The tribe of Abs had alighted, and not one remained on horseback but Antar and Maadi Kereb, who on observing the satrap, Antar said to Maadi Kereb, O chief, verily there is a satrap advancing towards us, he probably wants us to surrender ourselves to him that he may take us and hang us on the balcony; I rather wish to begin with them before they commence with us. They were in conversation, when lo! the satrap came up to them; he did not salute them, but asked for King Zoheir. He inquires for King Zoheir, said the interpreter, for he has a letter from Khodawend for him. We, O Arab, said Antar, have read your letter before its arrival; in it your prince orders us to surrender ourselves without fighting or contending. Pull that satrap off the back of his horse, said he to Shiboob; ay, and the rest too. Seize all their property; and if any one dares struggle with you, treat him thus—and at the word he expanded his arm, and pierced the satrap through the chest, forcing the spear out quivering through his back, and he hurled him down dead. When his comrades saw what Antar had done, they cried out for quarter, and surrendered themselves to Shiboob, who bound them fast by the shoulders. As to the interpreter, he shuddered. May God requite you well, said he, for you have answered us before even reading the letter. If this indeed is the honorary robe for a satrap, let it not be so for an interpreter; for I have children and a family, and

I am but a poor fellow. I only followed these Persians, but with the prospect of gaining some miserable trifle. I never calculated on being hung; and my children when I am gone will remain orphans. So he wept, and groaned, and complained, thus expressing himself:

“O knight of the horses of warriors that overthrow; their lion, resembling the roaring ocean. By your awful appearance you have disgraced heroes, and reduced them to despair. As soon as the Persian sees you he is dishonoured; if they approach you, and extend their spears against your glory, they must retreat, or there is no security. Have compassion then on your victim, a person of little worth, whose family will be in misery when he is gone. Not the thrust of the spear or battle are among my qualifications. I profess no fighting; I have no cleaving scimitar. My name is Ocab: but indeed I am no fighting man, and the sword in the palm of my hand only chases pelicans.”

Antar laughed at Ocab's verses. O Aboolfawaris, said Maadi Kereb, it would be foul indeed to hang this fellow. He has confessed his crime. Antar let him go. Return to your family, said he, and go no more to the Persian, or you will be in danger; for when they see you safe they will accuse you, and perhaps will put you to death. You are very right, my lord, said he: by the faith of an Arab, had I known these Persians would have been

thus worsted I would not have quitted you; and probably I might have managed to secure some of their goods, and have returned with it to my family. Sheikh, said Maadi Kereb, this business has failed: but, come, take the spoils of this satrap, and return to your family, and pass not your evening a dead man. Ay, my lord, said Ocab, he is a wise fellow who returns safe to his friends. So he ran up to the satrap, and despoiled him. Round his waist was a girdle and a sword, and when Ocab saw all that wealth he was bewildered; and having completely rifled him, O my lord, said he to Antar, I will never separate from you again. I wish you would present me to your king, that I may kiss his hand, and offer him my services: then indeed I will for ever cleave to your party, and whenever you slay a satrap I will plunder him. Antar laughed heartily: But, said Maadi Kereb, O Aboolfawaris, you have slain the satrap, and now King Zoheir cannot consult with him. O Maadi, said Antar, whenever any one comes to order us to surrender ourselves to him we will hang him, and not parley with him. Antar joined King Zoheir, and gave him the letter; he read it, and was much agitated. My lord, said Antar, what is the answer? Hanging and beheading must be the answer, said King Zoheir, so that Khodawend may send us no more of his satraps. I have done so, said Antar; and going out he saw that Shiboob had hung most of them; only three remained. He ordered him to

shave their beards, and cut off their ears, and sling the heads of those he had hung round their necks, and send them back to their prince. Shiboob did as his brother ordered: one of them died on the road; two arrived, and their clothes were of the cornelian dyes; and when they stood in the presence of Zerkemal they grunted and blasphemed, saying, the fault is Khodawend's, who condescends to negotiate with these Arabs. Zerkemal introduced them to the prince, and informed him what had passed. Khodawend, on hearing this, swore by the fire that they must bring before him every Arab fettered, with their hands bound round their necks, or he would put to death every Persian he had with him. He passed that night in great anxiety for the appearance of day; and soon the men shouted among the troops; the horsemen mounted; the two armies prepared; the dust arose and obscured the land; the trumpets resounded, and shouts were raised; the imperial standards advanced; the Arab horse pranced, and the tribe of Abs also were eager for the contest in defence of their women and families, but they did not move far from the entrance of the mountains. Antar attacked the Persian, and scattered away their skulls. He wished on that day to keep off the Persians from the assault, but the armies could not be controlled; they shouted in their jargons, and raised their voices; but Khodawend prevented his Arabs from attacking with the Persians. Prince Aswad came forth, and also Rebia

and Hadifah, and they stood just without the scene of battle, enjoying the spectacle of the contest between the Absians and Persians. The universe was in convulsions. The sun, with the violence of the dust, was veiled; the earth shook; lives were plundered; men were bewildered; swords clashed; the senses fled; blood flowed; the land was in tumults; the dust rose in clouds; the dead were trampled on with fury; the brave advanced, the cowards shrunk away. Antar and Maadi exhibited all their powers on that day. Khodawend was amazed. And they continued in that perilous confusion till the day fled, and the night came on in obscurity. The whole country was crammed with the dead. The armies of Khodawend alighted at their tents, whilst Antar and Maadi Kereb returned in front of their troops, resembling the flowers of the Judas tree, so smeared were they with the blood of the horsemen. They remained on guard till daylight, when the armies drew up for the battle and the contest. The Absians stood forth, and in front were Antar and Maadi Kereb like the lions of the waste. Khodawend commanded the Persians to make the attack against the Absians. Instantly the complexion of the beautiful changed; the cries were incessant; the gates of success were closed upon the Persians; the battle raged; shouts were vehement. The coward thought of his life, and screamed. Skulls were chopped off by the sword; the king of death was eager in the pursuit of souls; energy was

excited; all sport was at an end. The horses were drenched in perspiration; great was the agitation; heads were smote and were cleft in twain. The stumbling and slipping were universal; swords and shields were shattered; hands and necks were clipped off; spears dashed through the eyes; and the heart of Amarah burst.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THIS day is thus described :

“ A day alone in the revolutions of time to be recorded in the tales of the historian. Wars commenced, and every evil fell upon the Persian and the Arab. The army of Persia came with their horses, and the troops filled the whole country to destroy the Arabs, and all the inhabitants of the barren wastes. The Absians, and the armies of the conquering Zebeedians, met them. The horses of death rushed among them, and the herald of fate vociferated aloud. Dust rose upon every side ; and the brave heroes vanished from the contest. The lightning of the scimitars flashed like the stars in the obscurity of night. The blows of the sword were heard like thunder roaring in the rolling clouds. The thrust of the spear rent open every bosom, and wrenched out the eyes. The knights bellowed in the contest like the lions of the deserts. They galloped over the plain, and exhibited their enmity to their foes. The youths of war raved in the battle—men, endued with every martial quality. They rejoiced in hearing the sounds issuing from the stringed instruments of the combatants. Brides seemed to

“stand among them, sparkling with every exquisite
“beauty: as their forms appeared brilliant before
“the combatants, heads flew off as offerings, and
“the men were hacked to pieces by the overwhelm-
“ing spear. The blades and lances played a tune,
“and the dancers moved to the clash of the edged
“sword. They were delighted in listening with ec-
“stasy. They danced, and could not be quiet. The
“cups of death passed round with wine of the liquor
“of perils: it intoxicated them, and carried them
“off speedily; and whilst they were singing they
“were dispersed. The falchions clashed, and again
“they returned to the destruction of dearly-prized
“lives. Where they fought, there fell the requisite
“punishments upon them for drinking the prohibited
“draught. He who could see them fell, or was
“trampled under the noble steeds. He who could
“see them threw himself dismounted on the ground,
“and there sought the plains and the deserts. Of
“one were the limbs hewn off; of another was
“pierced the heart with the thrust of the spear.
“They remained with their faces upon the earth,
“and they drank of the wine of perdition. The
“ravens made their complaints among them, as the
“owl mourns in its notes. The horses of death
“were eager among them, and the carcasses of the
“Persians were crushed under them. They were
“exhausted with the contest, and the horses of death
“galloped over them.”

Thus they continued to fight, and thus were they

annihilated in battle. The two armies continued the contest of blows and thrusts till the day closed, when they separated, the whole country being filled with the dead. But, on the return of dawn, they again started for the combat, and the hundreds and thousands being drawn up, and the ranks being arranged, Antar stood forth, and appeared on the back of Abjer, and he was like a strong tower, or a block of iron. King Zoheir, and his sons, and the other horsemen and troops followed him; his father Shedad, and the family of Carad, preceding him. The tribe of Ghiftan thundered behind, and then came all the warriors and knights. O Aboolfawaris, said King Zoheir, numbers and an immense multitude oppose us! What say you? O King, said Antar, by the faith of an Arab, I will verily show you this day a battle and a contest future ages shall record. I will exterminate the boldest of these heroes. And Antar began to encourage his heart with these verses:

“ I am the Absian, the slayer of cowards. In war
“ is the time of my glory. I remember my Ibla in
“ the hour of battle, and love of her inspires my
“ heart. I have assaulted the foe with the chest of
“ my charger in the day of battle, at the hour of
“ the concussion of multitudes. I have broken down
“ their tribes with the edge of my sword, and their
“ blood has flowed like pouring clouds. Never have
“ I turned away the chest of my steed from them.
“ My dependance is on Ibla, and my noble passion.

" I said to her, turn thee away, and depart, for the
 " destruction of troops is my duty. When the
 " movers of terror come down upon us, and the ar-
 " mies assail in quest of death, and the troops of
 " Arabia and Persia crowd round the great King,
 " it is then my noble steed with its hoof of rock
 " drives against them; and his rider is a youth of
 " the race of Abs, whose father and mother are de-
 " scended from Ham. The horse rush upon the
 " stern intrepid warriors, the harbingers of terror,
 " like male ostriches; in their hands are Indian
 " blades and spears: then bursts forth a blaze of
 " light, and it is the lightning flash in the thunder
 " cloud. They press on, they present the dreadful
 " combat; and then glows a flame like a burning
 " fire. I have slain Wirdishan, and he was a stout
 " warrior, bold in the encounter on the day of as-
 " sault. I have left his women to mourn him in
 " misery, and he is weltering in blood on the plain.
 " This day too will I slay the son of Chosroe, and
 " with him Aswad, thou son of a coward. I am
 " Antar, and my reputation is known far and wide,
 " as I tear open heads with the rage of my scimitar."

When Antar had finished his verses, he rushed
 upon the Persians, and roared; he assaulted, and
 with his shouts he made the deserts and the sand-
 hills rock, and the country trembled at the howl of
 the ferocious lion. That day Antar rushed upon
 the Persians, and as he vociferated, the mountains
 resounded, and hollows re-echoed. The horses

started back in confusion, and hurled their riders off their seats. In fact, the whole country was obscured; and the dust overshadowed the land: men burst down on one another; skulls were hewn off; bowels were wrenched out, spears were shivered, and swords were shattered. Blood deluged; lives were plundered; horsemen conversed in various tongues; darts were sped with rapidity. The noble-born were in their glory; the base retreated; the brave advanced: heads flew off; the dead were tossed about. On that day the very breathing was checked, and the scene exceeded all calculation. They continued to fight and to contend, to thrust and to smite, till God permitted the day to depart, and the night to throw around its veil of obscurity. Then the two armies separated, for they were exhausted with striking and piercing.

The tribe of Abs returned, and Antar at their head, like the flower of the Judas tree, from the blood of the horsemen that streamed down him. King Zoheir, and his sons, and the tribe of Abs in general, could utter no other word but the "Great Antar," and the victory and triumph were attributed to him.

The two armies reposed that night till morning dawned, when the Persians leaped on their horses' backs, and were drawn up in the left, and right, and centre, and flanks. The tribe of Abs also issued from the mountains, and the men hastened to their posts, when lo! Antar burst forth to the contest,

on his horse Abjer, like a savage lion, or a wave of the sea in a tempest. He rushed against the right of the Persians, and overwhelmed it with disgrace and infamy, and again he returned to the plain, when lo ! a knight of Dilem came down upon him like a roaring lion ; but Antar only said, accursed be your mother and the mothers of all who worship fire ! and he struck him on the jugular vein, and separated his head from his shoulders. Again he galloped and charged, demanding an antagonist : a second stood forth, he slew him—a third, he hurled him over—a fourth, he soon despatched—and they continued in this state till the sun being about to set, he turned away from the field of battle, after he had slain about two hundred and fifty horsemen, and taken seventy prisoners : and as he exulted in what he had done, he thus expressed himself :

“ When I wish, I steep my lance in the dye of
 “ vermilion ; and I overthrow the vehement horse-
 “ men with my spear. I am the son of the noblest
 “ of men to the east or to the west ; by my strength
 “ I conquer in battle, and in the attack. I am the
 “ knight of war that never flinches. I hew off the
 “ heads of the armed men, and am filled with glory.
 “ I am a knight whose equal the age will not behold,
 “ unrivalled for my feats, my conquests, and my
 “ liberality. I am the wished-for knight, the shouter,
 “ the vociferator ; I am the piercer of the brave in
 “ the day of assault. I am the object of horrors in
 “ every fight : I am the grasper of souls, the dis-

“ solver of every enchantment. I am the destroyer
“ of heroes in every dust ; I am he that makes the
“ warriors drink of the poison of serpents : I am
“ the knight of knights, my ambition soars on high,
“ and it is elevated to the sun of Paradise. O Ibla,
“ I am the furious horseman, the vanquisher of the
“ powerful, the stern and the intrepid. I swear
“ by the procession, by the pillar, by the stone, by
“ the temples, and by their supports, and Zemzem,
“ that I will raise the war in the field of contention,
“ and that I will annihilate heroes, piercing them
“ with my tall spear. I will raise the glory of Abs
“ above all mankind, by my generosity, by my am-
“ bition, and my resolution. When the warriors
“ cry out in the battle, who is there ? I cry out, I !
“ and death is hurled against death. Should the
“ circumference of the world assemble against them,
“ I would meet it on that day, as if the earth were
“ but the circumference of a dirhem. Truly, in the
“ battle of bitterness there is a lion of the tribe, and
“ when I am engaged, the valour of the most for-
“ ward is conspicuous. I am the lion, but I am not to
“ be trifled with ; I am the sea, but I am not to be
“ tasted. I am he who encounters deaths laughing,
“ whilst my foe meets me with not even a smile.
“ Not every one whom a steed ennobles is a knight ;
“ not every polished two-edged instrument is a
“ scimitar. Rise, my Ibla, and behold thy Antar
“ this day—the lion, when all the armed multi-
“ tudes rush upon him. O Khodawend, return,

“expose not your life to dangers with the champion
“of women, or you will repent. I am Antar the
“Absian, the knight of his clan; I destroy in my
“assault the pillars of the tribes.”

At hearing these verses, the Absians with one acclaim cried out, May God never split your mouth, and may there be never one to harm you! Antar thanked them, and dismounted. They entered the tents, and remained on the watch till next day, when the warriors again mounted. The men were drawn up, and as Khodawend, mounted on his most valuable steed, stood observing the Absians, lo! Antar started forth between the two armies, exclaiming, Where is the combatant? Who is the champion? This day is the day of universal agitation; this is the day for the elevation of funerals! Will no one dare to meet me? Ye caldrons of cowardly Persians! Be not afraid; come forth—one knight to one knight—ten to one—hundred to one—thousand to one: and if you think it but little odds, come all of ye, attack me, that I may encounter ye all with a staff with which I used to tend the he and she camels; and I will disperse ye among the wastes and the sand-hills.

When the Persian army and Khodawend heard Antar's harangue, amazement and terror fell upon them. This, said Khodawend, is the grossest indignity: when lo! one of the priests of fire advanced towards Khodawend, and kissing his hand, O Prince, said he, do not despise this hero, whose intrepidity

is quite proverbial. Take my advice, and rush upon him with all your armies, Persian and Arab, or this swarthy knight will exterminate us all.

Upon this, Khodawend ordered the whole army to attack, and they, after the manner of their forefathers, made the assault as if one man, Arab and Persian, Turcoman and Dilemite. But Antar met them with blows irresistible and infallible, like a voracious lion, when he roars and bellows.

When King Zoheir saw the attack of the armies, and how they surrounded Antar on all sides, he ordered the tribes of Abs, and Kendeh, and Zebeed, to the assault. They altogether made a rush at the Persians, and the ocean of death waved and dashed till the hair on the head and the locks below the ears turned grey. The valiant heroes fought, the cowards were in dismay and fled; beards were dyed with crimson blood; lords became slaves; and there passed among them what no pen can describe. The supports of life snapped, and were thrown down: the day darkened over them, and blinded them; the heroes roared and bellowed; wrists and heads were hewn off.

Khodawend beheld in the tribe of Abs and its swarthy horsemen a fury of battle he had never observed neither in Arab or Persian. The conflict continued to rage, blood to be spilt—the flame of war to sparkle, and men to slay, till night coming on, the armies separated, and the surface of the land was covered with the dead: for on that day above

ten thousand Persians were killed. Khodawend retired, surrounded by his warriors of Dilem. The tribe of Abs also returned with more than two thousand prisoners. Khodawend ordered his Satraps to take care of the Absian prisoners, amounting to about one thousand. Thus they reposed, anxious for the dawn of day. But Antar on quitting the battle was like the Judas flower; and as the tribe of Abs preceded him, he thus spoke:

“ O my Ibla, heed not the calamities of night,
 “ and let not nocturnal disasters afflict thee. Fear
 “ not death, for it is overpowered by the command
 “ of him who ordains every act. By thy life, wert
 “ thou to behold the foes that charge upon me, O
 “ thou essence of loveliness, as they empty their
 “ quivers, and rush on with every lion-hearted,
 “ long-mustachioed warrior, as they rave whilst my
 “ Abjer, in the midst of their hell-flames, outstrips
 “ the winds in the season of the northern blasts;
 “ and as they roll on in waves like the ocean around
 “ me—and as they attack brandishing their spears,
 “ then am I the undaunted lion. I fear them not—
 “ I heed them not—and when thou seest the light-
 “ ning of death flashing from the blade of my
 “ polished scimitar, and cups of death circling
 “ round from the barb of my well-proportioned
 “ spear, Antar, under the shadow of the dust, will
 “ cleave off the warriors’ heads with his sword, and
 “ when the pointed lances goad him, he will fight
 “ on the right and on the left. I am the death

“ that overthrows mankind ! the rock-ribbed mountains yield to my impetuosity. Let the Imperials come with all their armies, broad-chinned, and their mustachioes plucked out, we will charge among them with our hard-flanked, high-blooded steeds. We will encounter their fronts with the thrust whose fall would level the towers of mountains. I am Antar, in form like a lion, and I dread not the utmost fury of my foes.”

As soon as Antar had finished, King Zoheir hastened towards him, and kissed him between the eyes, and thanked him, (for on that day he never expected to see him escape alive from the arrows of the Persians). He afterwards sought his sons, and perceived three of them were wounded, and Warcah's eye had been grazed. Warriors, said Antar, had they not fought with arrows, we would have exterminated their hosts, and we would have left them as a warning to all beholders. When they had secured their prisoners with cords, and brought them into the mountains, By the faith of an Arab, cried Antar, in revenge for Warcah, I will verily take Khodawend's life. To-morrow will I attack him under his banners and his standards, and I will either take him prisoner, or leave him abject and degraded. They retired to their tents and lighted their fires, and the two armies were on the watch.

Khodawend ordered the Satraps to examine the troops, and when it was ascertained that ten thousand had been slain, and two thousand made pri-

soners, his bosom was violently oppressed, and he was in the greatest consternation. The fire is enraged at you all, said he, and you have merited this disgrace. What! has this catastrophe befallen you, you so superior in numbers? By this calculation, had they even amounted to one-fourth of your force, they would not have left one of ye alive. By daylight, the two armies being drawn up in order of battle, a knight came forth from the Persian army like a fragment of a cloud, mounted on a close-haired charger: from his neck hung an Indian sabre, and a thin spear was slung over his shoulders, and he wore a defensive coat of mail, short-sleeved; and he came on in a most impetuous style, till he had reached the middle of the plain, when Maadi Kereb rushed down upon him, and not permitting him even to gallop or charge once, he smote him with his sword, and left him dead. A second started forth, he slew him—a third, he hurled him headlong—a fourth he crippled, and a fifth, he accelerated his departure from the world; and so on, till he had killed fifty horsemen, when the sun inclining to the westward, the two armies separated, and sought their tents, and the picquets protected the sleepers till the day dawned in smiles, and the two armies prepared to renew the fight and the conflict. The ranks were drawn up, and the thousands were disposed opposite each other. When lo! a horseman appeared on a bright roan horse, and sought the contest. Antar stood forth against him,

but Maadi Kereb anticipated him : this knight was the brother of Wirdishan, whom Antar had slain in the valley of Torrents. Ocab saw him, and he went up to Antar ; O my lord, said he, this is indeed a mighty Satrap ! Maadi Kereb attacked him ; they both assaulted and struck ; they retired, and they closed, and they continued the combat, till the day closing in, they were about to separate unhurt, after they had fought a battle that would have turned infants grey.

Zerkemal was full of rage in his heart, that he had not accomplished his wish against his foe ; and as Maadi Kereb was returning towards the Arab army, the Satrap remained quiet till he had turned his back upon him, when he proved his perfidy, for he shouted and hurled at him a penetrating javelin, convinced it would overthrow him. But Maadi Kereb, hearing his shout, quickly turned his shield over his back, and the javelin fell upon it more fatal than the fall of a thunderbolt ; it pierced right through to his body and wounded him. Maadi Kereb fainted and fell on the ground. The Satrap was in the act of dismounting, when lo ! a yell struck him like the crushing thunder : he turned behind him to meet the knight, and as he advanced he shouted at him ; but the other again roared so that he blinded him ; he poured down upon him, and frightened him, and pierced him. The spear stuck in his ribs, he fell to the earth weltering in his blood. This was the swarthy knight—the skilful

combatant—the roaring lion—the captain of knights—the chief Antar, son of Shedad. For when he saw Maadi Kereh thus betrayed, he resolved on punishing the Satrap for his deed. He hastened towards Maadi Kereh, and having extracted the javelin out of his back, he bound up his wound, and placed him on his horse, and gave him over to his companions. It was now dark, and Antar returned to the tents, his grief excessive on account of Maadi Kereh. But as to Khodawend, his rage and indignation increased to such a degree, his passion nearly choked him.

O Prince, said Aswad, this is not the plan by which the government will last long in your hands. The warriors of Hidjaz are at all times of very inferior numbers, but every one of their knights will overthrow a whole tribe; and if you do not permit us to attack them in all directions, we shall never gain our object. I will not attack them, said Khodawend, but with knight to knight, and if you cannot bring me them one after the other, I do not want any assistance of you. All this, said Rebia, proceeds from Antar's good luck, so that at last he will vanquish us.

They reposed till the dawn of day, when the horsemen started on their horses' backs; the chiefs advanced, and Antar stood forth on his horse Abjer like a resolute lion. Shiboob had told him all that had passed between Khodawend and Aswad; for he had insinuated himself among the Persian troops,

and having obtained intelligence, he returned to his brother. By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, I will exterminate the tribe of Fazarah, and the armies of Persia, were they as numerous as the sands of the desert, and I will slay that cuckold Aswad and all his troops with the weight of my scimitar. I will restore Numan to his dominions—I will destroy all the inhabitants of Khorasan : And he hastened away to the plain, King Zoheir and his sons, and his father Shedad, and his uncles, following him, and also the tribe of Ghiftan galloped forwards: the tribe of Abs amounted to five thousand, and the tribe of Ghiftan to three thousand, and the whole of the army consisted of eight thousand, all sturdy lions. But Antar made his well known assault, and poured out his usual roar. The battle began to rage, and blood to be spilt, and men to be slain—and the flame of war to blaze—and the world to be obscured—and heroes to dash against each other—and skulls to be dispersed—and spears to be shivered—and swords to be shattered—and blood to stream in torrents—and lives to be plundered—and fires to burn—and horsemen to pierce—and the brave to be exalted in glory—and the base to retreat—and the Persians to be precipitated—and hands to fly off—and the dead to be kicked about—and the horses to charge in succession—and the enemy to be routed—and on that day the consternation was universal, and the battle put at nought all calculation—the combat was fu-

rious ; calamities and misfortunes were innumerable ; the easy became difficult. Antar pierced right and left, and filled the land and the sands with carcasses : he drove right through the army, and slew numbers of their heroes, and he never relaxed. King Zoheir also attacked with his sons, and they penetrated through the left. Antar's uncles triumphed on the right : thus they continued till night brought on darkness ; and as Aswad retired, he took no notice of any one, for he was intent on horrors and vengeance, and so it was also with Khodawend, for he was quite stupefied at the fury of the contest, and he shuddered in terror. As soon as the armies alighted at the tents, they ate their dinner and reposed till day shone.

The first that stood forth in the plain was the knight of the swarthy Abs, and challenged to the combat ; but as no one sallied out against him, he rushed upon the Persian right, and hacked among them with his scimitar ; he raved, and he issued from the dust, having slain seventy brave horsemen. Again he returned to the conflict and carnage, and assailed the heroes with the thrust of his spear. Come forth, ye caldrons of Khorasan ! he cried, aim your swords and your spears at me ; and though the horsemen rushed upon him with the utmost impetuosity, he plundered them of their lives, and stretched their carcasses upon the ground ; and he ceased not to thrust at them till they all shrunk back, when he rushed against the left,

where fought the Arab tribes. He dealt death and perdition among them, and slew them till the day closed, and he only quitted them after he had assuaged his soul among them; and Shiboob, like an unavoidable calamity, always preceded Antar, the springing lion; but they all returned from the field of battle towards the tents as night was coming on. The two armies reposed, keeping on the watch; but the day dawning, Antar came forth into the plain, and thus spoke:

“ Question the mountaineers of me, O Ibla ! ask
“ of them what the Persians have suffered from me.
“ I have destroyed the multitudes that came upon
“ me with billows of troops, men and demons.
“ They wished to devour us, hungry as they were;
“ but we have glutted them with blows and thrusts.
“ We have eaten, but they have not eaten ; for they
“ came against us seeking death at our hands. We
“ have dispersed their troops from the women more
“ beautiful than seraphs. How many horsemen
“ have I laid low with my sword, and their hands
“ were stained, but not with henna ! How many
“ warriors have I abandoned, whose wives must
“ mourn in tears their dissolution ! How many va-
“ liant heroes have beheld my thrust, and have
“ cried out, Hold, O son of Shedad ! My heart has
“ been created harder than iron. Mountains may
“ pass away, but I shall not pass away. I am the
“ strong bulwark for the race of Abs when their
“ enemies erect their fortresses. My complexion,

“ it is true, resembles the night, but my deeds are
“ more brilliant than the rays of the sun. Among
“ the horsemen there is not my equal ; how then can
“ I fear man or demon ? My dark complexion is my
“ parentage ; my father and my mother are my sword
“ and my spear when my genealogy is required.”

When Antar had finished his verses, behold Aswad in front of the Arab army ready to attack him ; and as they assaulted him, Go to King Zoheir, said Antar to Shiboob, with my compliments : demand of him one hundred horsemen, that with them I may cut down the enemy, and disperse them among the deserts ; but let him not stir from the entrance of the valley. Shiboob departed to execute his orders, whilst Antar assaulted the armies : horsemen engaged horsemen ; the equals in glory contended ; the shouts were dreadful among them ; spears laboured against hearts and lives ; the blades of the swords clashed ; slaughter and wounds were incalculable ; exertion was roused, and all jest was at end ; the cowards mourned for themselves, and wept ; and the eyeballs of those in health sunk deep into their sockets ; the brave cried out, Flinch not ! Whilst they were in this tumult, behold from the quarter of the desert there appeared a dust, which filled the whole region ; the armies stared at it with attentive gaze to discover what it might be : when, lo ! it was Aboolfawaris Antar, and in his hand was a prisoner like a camel, and behind him was Shiboob the subtle lion. The horsemen all looked at the

prisoner on whom this infamy had fallen, and behold, it was Prince Aswad ; for he was the first that attacked in front of the Arabs, and rushed upon Antar with the view to make him drink of the cup of perdition, but Antar frustrated his intention by his impetuosity, and he assailed him, bearing his shield over his bosom. He hurled him on his back, but the Arabs rushed on, anxious to rescue him ; still Antar engaged them till Shiboob returning, he gave him over to him, and he drove him before him till he brought him clear beyond the scene of battle. Antar ordered Shiboob to bind down his arms, and drive him on to the mountains, whilst he himself returned to the havoc and the destruction of heroes.

Maadi Kereb had continued ill with the pain of his wound till this day. He now mounted his steed, and plunged into the dust, exciting his cousins to the contest, and to follow Antar, the son of Shedad.

As to Khodawend, his bosom was stifled, and he said to his satraps, Let not the Persians fight in company with the Arabs. The armies continued to advance and engage, and the sword and spear laboured among them till the day fled. Discomfiture fell on the Arabs, and they returned to their tents, pursued by the thrusts of Antar, for they were indeed annihilated, and their old and young were in amazement. The Absians and the Zebecdians retired, and they had filled the land and the desert with the dead. As Khodawend marked the

catastrophe that had befallen him, Now, indeed, said he, the imperial government is mangled. Now the Persian warriors are disgraced, and after this event I cannot blame Numan who connected himself by marriage with this tribe. O prince, said one of his satraps, attack them with your whole army, so that we may engage them with darts and arrows, and pen them up in the mountains, otherwise they will bring down infamy and disgrace upon us, were we to be assisted even by the whole force of Khorasan. Upon this he ordered his officers to instruct all the warriors on this point, and to direct them to exert their united powers in the battle. Having reposed, they prepared their arms and their weapons, till the morning appearing, they started for the contest and carnage. Khodawend mounted, and he gave a shout that made the deserts ring. They waved on to the right and left, and prostrating themselves before the sun at its rising over the summits of the mountains, they blasphemed the great Creator, and then advanced with their bows and arrows, and unsheathed their polished scimitars. The Absians arose that morning, exulting in their victory which Aboolfawaris Antar had gained for them; they were all ready to mount, and attack with their spears, but Antar prohibited them, saying, O my cousins, this day will not be like other days. Assemble and stand firm at the entrance of the defile, and beware of separation or dispersion, but bear with perseverance the moment of the

onset. Engage them fiercely this day, and be not as they imagine you are, though the Persians drive against your horses, and seek to destroy you. Just then the armies of horsemen rolled upon them like the billows of the ocean, and the commotion was terrific among them. The day became like a night of total darkness; the horsemen were mixed confusedly, singly, and in pairs; the arrows struck the jugular veins of the steeds. (Asmaee reports, I have heard from one of the Arab chiefs in whom confidence may be placed, that this day was such that no one before him or after him ever saw its like, for they fought till their bodies fell dead; the blast of death withered them; the heads of the slain were dispersed.) But Antar having selected one thousand horse, pursued the conflict, and encountered horrors, till he drove away the troops from the Ab-sians, and scattered them among the wilds and the wastes. When he shouted they were dispersed far and wide; and when he attacked they were put to the rout; and thus he continued his dreadful deeds in front of that valiant army till consternation falling upon them all, he dismounted from the back of his horse, and rushed rapidly towards the Arabs with sword and shield. The tyrants of Persia shouted round him, and the whole atmosphere resounded. The scene bade defiance to the description of the most acute. The high-blooded chargers pranced over skulls and necks; the swift-spiced darts, and the thin-bladed scimitars and the quivering lances

penetrated through the tribes of Zebeed and Kendeh; and they endured intolerable horrors in the combat with the Persians. They tasted the bitterest draughts; and the swords continued to play till the sun disappearing in the west, and the night coming on with impenetrable obscurity, the armies retired from the field.

On that day the Persians lost twice as many as the Arabs, but still this diminution was scarcely apparent, so vast was their host. As to the tribe of Kendeh, they were quite cut up, for they were without their chief, and his substitute was obliged to fly; so likewise the tribe of Zebeed, they were not in good spirits on account of the wound of their knight; even Maadi Kereb had determined on flight, fearful of death and perdition. As to Rebia, he was congratulating Hadifah on their victory, saying, If the like of this day occurs again to the Absians, every vestige of them will be eradicated. O Rebia, said Hadifah, they are indeed invincible warriors. Never will they be vanquished whilst this slave remains alive among them.

The tribe of Abs thus returned, but in a most deplorable condition; many of their men were wounded. King Zoheir consulted Antar about entering the mountains, and fighting by their wives and families, but Antar swore he would not move till he had conquered those foul wretches; For if, said he, a thousand horsemen will stand with me I will defend this spot, were even man and demon to

assemble against me. They talked all night, but with the first rays of light the horsemen marched rapidly to the contest. They put on their instruments of war, and made a most formidable attack, at which the mountains resounded. The Arabs attacked; the chief Antar was at their head. They commenced the blow and the thrust; horsemen were slain; flames blazed; the multitudes mixed promiscuously; they fought with sword and spear; anxiety fell upon all; the eyeballs rolled round; in every spot they sought for refuge and retreat; spears scooped out the eyeballs, and the scimitars flew against necks; the sabres of death flashed and sparkled like lightning; sword blades and shields were cleft in pieces. Now, they continued in this frightful state for seven days entire; on the eighth day the Absians were unable to contend in open field, though they engaged still among the sand hills and defiles, and their destruction seemed inevitable. Antar was wounded in three places; still he protected the tribe and repulsed the foe, till afflictions falling heavily upon them, the women screamed, and tears burst from their eyes in copious streams, for the oceans of Persia were rushing upon them from every quarter, whilst Rebia shouted to his Arabs in a voice every one might hear, Eh! come on! he exclaimed. Plunder the goods; capture the damsels, all like rising full moons; cut in pieces that Antar with the edge of the cleaving scimitar; tear his carcass with the barbs of the

quivering spears ; and as he cried out, he just turned his head round, and lo ! he perceived a cloud of dust encompassing the whole region, approaching swifter than instant death. Rebia was quite confounded at the sight, and said to Hadifah, Doubtless this is the dust of Chosroe, who is coming with all his host, as he has been long without news of his son ; the evil destiny of the tribe of Abs is at hand, and every vestige of them will be rooted out. But whilst he endeavoured to ascertain what the dust really meant, it opened, and behold there was a valiant army like the waves of the ocean, headed by King Numan, and by his side rode the Chief Hidjar and Oorwah ; and soon after the army galloped forwards, crying out, O by Lakhim, O by Juzam ! your misery and destruction are at hand, ye Persians ! for King Numan is come. Rebia heard this exclamation ; amazement fell upon him ; all the joy he felt fled, and misery and grief were let loose upon him. He looked at Hadifah, and he too was in the greatest consternation : They have set at liberty King Numan at last, he cried ; and they are come with him to assist the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and I am convinced no one can have released him but the Chief Hidjar. Soon will he reproach us for our conduct towards him ; he will indeed requite us, and say to us, As soon as you knew of my confinement and my downfall, you assisted my brother, and you fought against my friends : so now we have nothing for it but to conciliate him as well as we can, or

death and destruction will overwhelm us. Stand off from the contest of blows and thrusts, he added, addressing the Arab tribes, for truly King Numan is arrived; he has been released from fetters and chains; he is come in spite of the power of his enemies and his haters. The Arabs listened to this harangue, and looking at the army that filled the desert, they informed each other of the state of the case, and retired from the combat, crying out to King Numan, O thou triumphant!

But as to the rescue of King Numan, it was effected by Hidjar and Oorwah. As we before mentioned, they travelled with two hundred men till they reached Hirah, when they plunged their swords into the necks of the slaves and the shepherds, who screamed and shouted; upon which sallied forth the horsemen of Khorasan, with the satrap whom Khodawend had left to guard Numan, and with him were one thousand Persians. They commenced the engagement, headed by the satrap; but Hidjar encountered him, and heard him muttering in his Persian dialect; he understood him not, neither did he make him any answer, but he pierced him through the chest, and the barb issued sparkling through his back. Oorwah struck the second horseman, and levelled him with the earth. The tribes of Abs and Kendeh shouted out their distinct patronymics as they transixed the Persians through their chests and their ribs. Hidjar fell impetuously upon them, and destroyed them with

the blows of his sharp scimitar. The riders were hurled off their horses; and the Persians saw the descent of calamities. Their numbers were soon diminished, and their strength and energy failed. A few of them fled; most of them were slain; and Hidjar entered Hirah with his troops, and releasing Numan from captivity, related to him what the tribe of Abs had done for him. Numan thanked Hidjar, as he said to himself, I was persuaded no one would release me but the Absians and Antar. They set at liberty also the thousand horsemen that were imprisoned with him; and on that very day having sent a messenger to his friends, and written letters to his allies, he waited a little to arrange his affairs, rejoicing at his deliverance from bondage; but on the second day by sunrise armies advanced like the rolling ocean, and in an hour more he had an army collected of seven thousand brave horsemen, with whom he instantly departed, traversing the wastes and the deserts, alarmed for the virtuous Absians, till they reached Adja and Selma. And when Numan arrived he had not less than twenty thousand men with him.

We have mentioned the event, and how the Arabs returned to their allegiance. Rebia too advanced towards him, and, kissing the ground, made his excuses; so did Hadifah and the tribe of Fazarah, for they feared some direful misfortune would overtake them.

As to Khodawend, he expected his death, and

retreated from the contest, as soon as he saw what had happened. The Persians, too, being alarmed lest Khodawend should be murdered, surrounded him on all sides through fear of the Arab king, for Khodawend's force was now reduced to fifty thousand worshippers of fire, the remainder having drank of the cups of extinction.

The tribe of Abs issued from the defiles like lions of the den, and in front of them stood Antar, the invincible hero. The Absians looked about in alarm at the horsemen and their numbers, fearful they would want to plunder their property and goods; but King Numan prohibited them from doing so. After this he proceeded to seek Khodawend, accompanied only by Hidjar and Oorwah. Fear not, most revered prince, said he, any hostile movement against you with these nations, for we are indeed the slaves of the imperial government, and the servants of the Persian kings. As to myself, O prince, I cannot see in me that crime that you should seize my person, except indeed my connexion with this Absian tribe; and have you not seen in their contest during these days something to confound mankind? It is on that account I have sought their alliance, for not one of them can be slain without the destruction of a whole body of heroes, and I never intended by means of this tribe to endanger the other tribes of Arabia; but I acted like a provident man, and I had arranged matters in the best manner in my fears for your safety. Your father has

listened to the words of my enemies, and seized me on account of a transaction on which he was misinformed. I have only rescued myself, and am come here, urged by my fears lest the Arabs should harm you, for they are a people that comprehend not the value of kings; but now what is past is past; and the sight of the eye is better than the hearing of the ear. Let your mercy and the mercy of your father be not denied me, for I cannot acknowledge in myself any crime that has merited such severity. Be you reconciled to me, and I will be the protector and defender of your government, otherwise the desert before me is extensive and wide. At any rate I will not separate from you till I have dispersed from you these armies; and I will attend you to your father in the firmest confidence. Khodawend, on hearing this address, meditated, and hung down his head towards the ground in excess of shame, for he was a rare and noble youth, as indeed were all the Chosroes, for they were the monarchs of the world from the beginning of time till now.

Khodawend dismounted, and affairs being amicably arranged, his alarms were converted into security. I will not move, said he to Numan, but with my stirrup against your stirrup: and when I reach my father's presence you shall see what I will do with you and your associates, for I never understood your worth till I felt your power. But I desire of you to bring me Antar here, that I may overwhelm him with my kindnesses and bounty,

and make of him my coat of mail against the calamities of fortune.

Numan turned towards Oorwah, and having informed him of all the circumstances, ordered him to go to Antar, and bring him, with King Zoheir, and all his warriors. Congratulate yourself, O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, on the most exalted honours, and the highest glory ; for Prince Khodawend requests you will attend him. The Absians had restrained themselves from the contest as soon as Numan appeared, and they were in that uncertain state when Oorwah came and announced the event. Praise be to God, said Zoheir, who is the cause of our deliverance from death and destruction ! We must now indeed go to Khodawend ; perhaps this business may be arranged after all these dissensions, and evil and wickedness vanish. What say you, O Aboolfawaris ? O King, said he, to my taste there is nothing more advisable than the slaughter of Khodawend by the sword, and the massacre of all his Persians. However, O King of the time, I will not thwart the general opinion on the subject ; and not to distress your royal bosom at such a moment as this, I will reply with obedience and submission.

Then King Zoheir took him and departed, accompanied with his sons, and in all one hundred horsemen, whilst Oorwah, going ahead, related all the circumstances that had passed, and how Numan had been liberated. But Antar went on like one going to give false evidence ; and when they reached

the Persian armies, the Satraps and the Dilemites stared at Antar as he burst asunder the troops in front of King Zoheir and his sons; and his spear was slung across his shoulders.

They continued in procession till they came up to Khodawend, when they dismounted and saluted him. Khodawend was astonished at such behaviour. O noble Arabs, said he, reproaches at such a crisis would only produce irritation, and the mention of what is passed would occasion animosities. I have only sent for you, to pardon you the blood of my troops, and to ask also of you a remission for all my past deeds. I accept you as supports and friends; and he ordered his slaves to bring forth some high-mettled steeds, which they soon introduced, with also a great quantity of honorary robes and presents. The flames of their hearts were extinguished, and distresses were cleared away; for the Ruler of the World is awful, and his bounties eagerly desired.

O munificent Prince, said King Zoheir, we are indeed the slaves of your government, now and of old; but when a man sees his disgrace before him, it is incumbent on him to cast it off from his person by the exertions of mind and body.

Khodawend presented Antar his own sword, that was one of the swords of Chosroe, and was worth the capitation-tax of Egypt and Irak, when well cultivated and populous. He ordered him also five high-blooded horses, with housings of gold, and turning towards Numan, he said, Take Antar with

us to our throne ; for I wish to satiate myself with looking at him, and hearing his discourse.

Numan expressed his submission, and he was overjoyed at this fortunate event, for he was still afraid of Chosroe, and he wished to take Antar with him to his city. So the business fell out just as he had wished, and before night every thing was peaceably settled ; they prepared feasts, and their joy was complete.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NUMAN now exerted himself to liberate Prince Aswad, and when they had released him, he kissed his brother's hand, and apologised for his conduct. Numan also made peace between him and the Absians, and the tribe of Fazarah, and Antar, and also Rebia, and Amarah, saying, O Aboolfawaris, peace between cousins is the best of proceedings; and now nothing remains but to settle your own private affairs. O King, said he, I will not consent to marry the daughter of my uncle till after your own nuptials, no, not till your wishes are accomplished, and your festival completed, and Chosroe be reconciled to you without any ill will. But should not all these events be satisfactorily terminated, I will make his very balcony totter over his head. I will slay all that dwell in Khorasan, and I will make you in his stead king of the age and the time.

Numan expressed his thanks to Antar, and they all remained together three days, but on the fourth day they prepared for departure, when, said Numan to Zoheir, Depart home, and make ready for your daughter's marriage till my messenger arrives. Do you too, said Prince Aswad to Hadifah, go home, and prepare for your sister's marriage.

Khodawend then marched with the armies till they reached Hirah, Antar riding by his side. Numan alighted at his palace, and his family were delighted at seeing him. He gave a magnificent entertainment to Khodawend, who two days after departed for Modayin, and his heart, after all his fears, felt secure.

Now Antar and his companions remained with King Numan fifteen days, but on the sixteenth day came the presents, and valuable goods, and articles beyond all calculation or description. For Khodawend, when he came unto his father, found him in the greatest anxiety for intelligence. Know, O my father, said he, we have injuriously treated King Numan, and we have listened to the suggestions of the treacherous, and rebels, and of his enemies: for his connexion with the Absians was a proceeding highly judicious and commendable; and King Numan is the only one that consults the good of our government, for he has a most correct judgment; and likewise Antar, son of Shedad, whose equal is not to be found: and my desire is, O my father, that you would send him a magnificent honorary robe, if you wish for the stability of the imperial government.

Thus he informed him of all the circumstances of the battles. Mubidan also seconded him in this affair, for he loved King Numan. So Khodawend did not cease importuning his father till the business was settled; and being pacified, though at first he

was vehemently enraged, he sent the articles by Mubidan, who repaired to Numan, who met him with all his warriors, and prayed for the imperial government: he detained him seven days at Hirah. The greatest part of the presents were for Antar, and also for Oorwah and Hidjar; and when all these favours flowed upon Numan, he felt secure, great as had been his former fears.

Antar soon after asked permission to return home. O Aboolfawaris, said Numan, your departure from me is like the separation of father and son: but I cannot detain you from home on account of your love for Ibla. So he granted him leave to go, after he had conferred on him presents no words can describe.

Antar set out with his companions, seeking the land of Hidjaz; and they continued their journey till they reached the first country of Hidjaz, where they halted for the night, at a water called Kywam. And though Antar was desirous of taking the night-watch, Oorwah would not let him. O Aboolfawaris, said he, I will take that duty from you to-night in this desert. Antar assented, and Oorwah having selected five of his own horsemen, marched out when it was quite dark. They roamed to some distance in the wastes, and went their rounds till the night was quiet, and all was in repose: and as the fresh breezes blew upon them, drowsiness overpowered their senses. They all fell asleep, and not one of them wagged his head till day dawned and

shone, when they returned to their companions, and roused them from their slumbers. They arose, and prepared for departure, but they could not find a single horse. Alas ! alas ! exclaimed Antar, we have been surprised in the obscurity of the night, and have been robbed of our horses : he questioned Oorwah about what had happened to him during the night ; but Oorwah was confounded, and hung his head down to the ground through exceeding shame. O, said Antar, this affair would not even disconcert a woman ; and I feel perfectly easy and unconcerned about finding my horse Abjer. So he turned to his brother Jareer ; Hie thee away into this barren wild, son of my mother, said he ; and return not till you have discovered their track, and if in your way you chance to meet some Arab horde, ask them for a horse for me, that I may mount— (Shiboob was absent when this event occurred, for Antar had sent him home with the women, and gave him charge of Ibla, being alarmed about her on account of that vile family of Zeead).

As Jareer was about to follow the track, the neigh of Abjer was heard, in his movements outstripping the northern blast. As soon as Antar saw him, he was delighted, and cried out, What joy ! He shouted towards him, and he replied with a neigh, gratified at his master's voice. Immediately he fastened the housings on him and mounted, saying to Oorwah, Do you and your men mount on these camels, and drive on till we have developed

this affair. And they travelled on till the heat exhausted them, and the desert seemed on fire. Antar was about to halt, when lo ! a man on foot appeared from the midst of the defiles, speeding away like a cloud in a storm, although both his hands were tied ; about his neck was a long rope, and behind galloped a troop of twenty horse, and he appeared bewildered, like one afflicted with a sudden calamity.

When Antar perceived the man on foot bounding along like a fawn, he bent his course towards him. Come, come to me, O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed the unhappy wretch, I am your brother Shiboob, and what has happened to me would even melt the stoutest heart.

At this Antar's heart quaked ; he was greatly agitated, and his two eyes appeared like horse-leeches, till he came up with him. He instantly loosened the cords, and untied the rope about his neck. O my brother, he cried, no Arab shall ever live to enslave thee. Nothing of that has happened, said Shiboob ; but both your story and mine are very extraordinary. Thank God, who has sent you to this spot, or I and Harith, King Zoheir's son, must have drank of the cup of death ; for he is a prisoner too, and I am dreadfully alarmed about him. I have left him with the companions of these horsemen, but I cannot possibly tell you any thing till I am perfectly convinced of security.

Antar was confounded, and turning his eyes at

the advancing horsemen, he gave a shout at them. He attacked them like a lion, and pierced them with his spear: he soon laid low sixteen of them, and the other four escaped by the speed of their horses. He returned, and asked Shiboob what it was all about. My narrative will be very long, said Shiboob, if you do not first tell me who is with you in this country. Son of my mother, said Antar, Oorwah and his men are with me. So he informed him of all that had occurred; how they had quitted King Numan, and had come down to this spot, and how their horses had been stolen. Son of my mother, said Shiboob, this circumstance of the robbery of your horses has been the means of our salvation; for the fellows that stole them are forty thieves who followed you from the land of Irak, and their chief is the nuisance of the Arabs; he is quite an insufferable fellow. I could recognise him amongst the whole race of man; he is called Awis, son of Saala, the robber. This morning the tribe of Zohran, with whom I have been a prisoner, encountered them: they slew thirty of them, the remainder fled; and whilst the tribe was occupied with them, I ran away into this desert, till you came up to my assistance. Now, as to the robbers, they had followed Antar and his comrades from the land of Irak; and when Antar was returning with all that wealth, Awis, son of Saala, happening to have a glimpse of it, assembled forty robbers. Well! said he to them, if you are indeed desirous of wealth, and the accomplishment

of your wishes, let us follow this black slave; let us expose our lives against him, and let us exert ourselves to obtain this vast property.

That night therefore Awis approached with his associates. How long, said he, must we be traversing these wastes? we cannot bother ourselves any longer. Upon that one of them advanced towards Antar and his companions, and found them all asleep. Much pleased at this, he returned to give information to Awis. My opinion, said he, is, we should content ourselves with their horses, and leave their men alone, and not bring a war dust upon us. They all agreed to his advice, and finding the horses grazing, they mounted some, and drove away the others; but they had not quitted the desert ere daylight shone, when Abjer, not knowing these fellows, and missing his master, burst loose from the person who led him, and galloped over the plain; the men hastened after him till he came nigh unto Antar.

My brother, said Shiboob, it would be well to let Abjer rest a little till Oorwah and his men come up here, that they may mount these horses that we have gained, for the enemy will of course follow me over the desert. Antar approved of the plan, and he let Abjer graze in the desert, and as he was quite amazed at Shiboob's narrative, he directed him to state how he and Harith were made prisoners. Theirs was a wonderful adventure; for when the Abians returned home, they waited in expectation

of Antar's joining them from the country of King Numan, and a great dread of the tribe of Abs had made its way into the hearts of the Arabs. Now it happened that one day Prince Harith went out to the chase, and with him a party of Absians. They had wandered away to some distance from the land of Shurebah in search of game. And as they roamed about the wastes and wilds, east and west, they came to a valley called the valley of Sandhills, where they beheld a large party of the tribe of Zohran. Harith questioned a slave; My lord, said he, we are of the tribe of Zohran, and our chief is Bekir, son of Moatemid, and whilst Harith was in conversation with the slave, a fawn fled away before him. Harith called out to his horse, and he made towards it; but having missed it, he passed by a lake where there was a party of the Zohran women. Now the cause of their removal from home was this. This chief Bekir had a daughter called Labna, and she was more beautiful and lovely than the full moon; her suitors were numerous, and many demanded her of her father, but he would not bestow her on any one. She had a cousin, who was Jareer, son of Cadim. Labna detested him on account of his harsh manners, although he was brave in the field. He demanded her of her father, but he refused; and there arose such an hostility between them, that their removal was absolutely necessary. So they traversed the wilds and the deserts till they reached the land of the tribe of Abs

and Adnan, and asked the protection of King Zoheir, which he readily granted. The damsel Labna, on the day Harith passed by the lake, was in company with her maidens. Harith beheld her, and became enamoured; and she likewise saw him, and all her limbs were in a tremor, and her agitation was great. So she addressed her maidens to take off their attention, exclaiming in verse:

“O truly mine eye has had a glance of the
“youth who has passed me, employed in the chase
“of the fawns;—he is gone, but his charms have
“captivated my heart;—he is gone, and my heart
“still burns the more.”

When Harith heard this, he looked behind him, and love for her took possession of his whole frame. His companions, as soon as they perceived how he was affected, checked him: O Prince, said they, we observe you are discomposed and dejected. Yes, said he, I wish to return home; and when he reached his dwelling, his mother came to him and said, My son, what has distressed you? I went to bed last night, said he, a little indisposed, and what is come to me no one but the Searcher of all secrets knows. But when his mother had quitted him, he sent for his nurse, and informed her of his situation. She listened, and promising to assist him in his troubles, she set out for the valley of Sandhills, where she saw the tents, and introducing herself among the women, she feigned being on a visit to them. At length she came up to Labna, and addressing her,

acquainted her with the state of Harith. She started up on hearing this, and also imparted her situation to the nurse, who said, I wish you would come to-morrow night to the lake. Labna expressed her thanks, and the old woman departed home to Harith, who was most anxiously expecting her. She informed him all about Labna, and the love she felt for him. This relieved Harith's anguish, and at the close of the day he took the old woman with him and set out; and when they reached the valley, he secreted himself among the Erak * trees. Labna too waited till evening, and then with one of her maidens went away to the lake, where she found Harith, and threw herself into his arms. They remained till daylight, and this became the spot of their future assignations, till one day he happened to ride out towards the valley of Sandhills, but he perceived no vestige of the tribe. In the greatest agitation and astonishment he returned home, and he became like a living corpse. The cause of this removal was a messenger, who came to them from their chief, reproaching them for their migration, and he was called As-hath, son of Dharnah. Not being aware of their total removal from their country, he waited for some time till he heard they had gone down to the tribe of Abs and Adnan. So he sent after them, saying, As to Jareer, son of Cadim, I have seized his person on

* Trees, with the leaves of which they feed camels.

your account, and I desire you will return to your native land.

Labna's father, hearing this message, was delighted to revisit his home, and his rage was quenched. But when their departure was ascertained by Harith, he informed Shiboob of all that had happened, and of his present situation. Shiboob pitied him. They waited till it was dark; Harith saddled his horse, and enveloped himself in his armour and rich corslet, according to his custom. Shiboob too grasped his bow and quiver, and filled his portmanteau with arrows, and they both set out for the land of the tribe of Zohran; and on their arrival, said Shiboob to Harith, Do you lie concealed here. But he himself departed for the tents, clothed like a poor infirm beggar; and he disguised his designs very cunningly till reaching the tent of Labna's father, O mistress! he exclaimed to an old woman, have you any victuals? Yes; wait for me a little, said she. She came out and said, Here, take these bean-shells, you famished fellow, and pray to the mistress of joys for a happy meeting of lovers; perhaps your prayers may be accepted. Are you a stranger in this land? said Shiboob. No, said she; but my mistress has a lover with the tribe of Abs, and she is out of all patience on his account. Is it not Harith, son of King Zoheir? said Shiboob. Yes, answered she, and I see you know him. Yes, he returned, for he is my master; so he told her all the story, and of Harith's arrival. Let him stay

where he is, said she, for her father has resolved on marrying her to Kheitaoor, who has even sent the whole of the marriage dower to her father, and there are only three days now to the wedding. The maid ran to Labna in haste, and told her of her conversation. Return, said she, and tell him to go back to his master; assure him that I will join him, and that he must take me away with him. She arose as soon as it was dark, and all the family were asleep, and went to Shiboob, taking her she-camel with her, on which he loaded all she possessed. Lead this camel, said she, and go with it to your master. Away went Shiboob, and Labna followed him till they met Harith. Come with me, cried Shiboob to them. Labna mounted her camel, and Harith his horse, whilst Shiboob held the camel's bridle, and they set out traversing the wastes.

But Labna's father and mother, when morning dawned, sought for Labna, but she was not to be found. They raised a hue and cry, and informed Kheitaoor, who mounted with a party of his warriors, and questioned Labna's father about the circumstance. My lord, said he, I heard on my return from the tribe of Abs, that Harith, the son of King Zoheir, was in love with her, and he must have carried her off. By the faith of an Arab, cried Kheitaoor, I will overtake him by sunrise, and will slay Harith and all the tribe of Abs. Having stationed some troops in different places, he himself set out with five hundred stout horsemen.

But as to Shiboob, and Harith, and Labna, they travelled under the veil of the night till morning dawned in smiles, when they reached the vale of Fawns and the mountain of precipices; this was a lofty mountain, and perfectly inaccessible but by one road. Arrived at the meadow beneath, they were desirous of alighting near it, when lo! ten slaves came towards them from the mountain's side, shouting and running impetuously. In front of them was a black slave like a lion. These slaves had occupied this mountain as a refuge and a safe retreat in their escapes after the perpetration of murders; and when they were hard pressed they climbed up the mountain, and defended themselves on its summits. Their chief was called Habis, and as soon as they saw Shiboob, and Labna, and Harith, they made at them, calculating that the horseman would escape by flight; that they should put the man on foot to death, seize the camels, and enjoy the damsel. But they knew not that this man on foot was a blaze of fire and a crashing thunderbolt: for as soon as Shiboob perceived them hastening from the mountain top, he met them resolutely, and smote their chief with an arrow on the chest, forcing it out quivering through his back. The slaves, seeing their chief dead, shouted at Shiboob, and all their wrath was excited against him. Harith galloped after him to assist him, but an arrow fell on the chest of his horse, and down he fell. Harith instantly sprung on his feet and

exerted himself to the utmost behind Shiboob on foot, whilst Shiboob practised all his arts, hurling them over with his arrows, and slaying them one after the other till six of them were killed, and only four survived. They made bitter reflections to themselves. I cannot think this can be a mortal man, said one, he must be indeed a devil, and he dwells hereabouts; for our chief used often to say he had seen a ghoul in the plain, and we ever bantered him about it. Talk not now of that, said another, let us escape in haste to the top of the mountain, and they fled; but they soon perceived that Shiboob had arrived before them at the head of the pass: Ye dastardly Arabs, he cried out, whither would ye fly? Your death is at hand. The first he struck down with an arrow on the chest, and it issued out through his back: he came up with a second, rushed upon him, and smote him with his dagger through the heart, and laid him prostrate; but the other two fled over the barren waste: so Shiboob returned to Harith, who thanked him for his exertions. O Ebe-reah, said he, I am now left on foot in this desert, and the way is long.

They were thus conversing together, when lo! a troop of horsemen appeared, headed by Kheitaor, and he was like a tower or a fragment rent from the mountain's side, and Labna's father was riding by his side. When Labna saw this, she was in despair. Here then is certain death, said Harith, and we have no other resource but this mountain where

these slaves retired ; for if we were at its summit, we should be secure. And I, said Shiboob, will empty my quiver before me, and will show you a little of my skill, and I will defend you against the inhabitants of the whole world, wide and long as it is. I will disperse this party over the sand-hills. Let us only ask for succour from the Lord of the Fountain Zemzem, and the Shrine. Do as you please, said Harith, but how shall we ascend this mountain ? and will not our fears and terrors enfeeble our exertions ? Be sure of success, said Shiboob, and he went up to Labna and took her upon his shoulders, and went off with her on foot, till he reached the skirt of the mountain, whence he clambered up with her till he was on the heights. Harith followed him.

But when Labna's father and his party saw that Shiboob was like a bird, they were amazed, for he ascended the mountain till he approached the summit. The party in pursuit overtook Harith on the mountain's skirts, for he was weighed down by his armour. He defended himself, and exhibited his prowess till numbers thronged upon him, so they took him prisoner, and Shiboob was in the deepest affliction. The troops alighted in the meadow under the mountain, and afterwards rushed one after the other to ascend, in order to accomplish their hopes with respect to Labna and Shiboob. But Shiboob overthrew them with his arrows till darkness came on, when they returned, thwarted in

all their attempts, many of them wounded. Upon this Kheitaor and Labna's father halted, in the greatest alarm at Shiboob's arrows. We are indeed quite nonplused by this devil, said Kheitaor, all we have for it is by daybreak to seize hold of Harith and prepare for hanging and torturing him; and we will say to Shiboob, if you do not surrender our daughter to us, we will hang Harith, and make his dwelling in the tomb. Here we will besiege you till we catch you, and we will take your life from between your sides. So they bound Harith fast, and stationed over him two black slaves.

Harith laid himself down, suffering the acutest grief and affliction. But Shiboob returned to Labna and comforted her heart, vowing to her he would ransom him with his own existence; and he remained quiet, till being convinced that the influence of sleep prevailed over the party below, he descended, sliding down on his back till he was at the bottom of the heights, where, having recourse to his stratagems, he made a minute scrutiny right and left, and at last perceiving the slaves were asleep, he approached them and despatched them all. Continuing the enterprise on which he was bound, he crawled along on his hands and feet till he entered the tents, where he heard Harith thus speaking:

“ O my tribe, the fetters of captivity have bound
“ me fast; there is no escape for me from these gall-
“ ing chains. They pounced down on me early in
“ the morning, or their thin blades would soon have

“despoiled my life. O my cousins, I had not congratulated myself on a day’s meeting, when separation befel me. Fortune has overthrown me with a deadly arrow, and for its sting there is no panacea. O my cousins, seek to revenge me when I am gone, where the high-spirited steeds charge. Tell Antar, the son of Shedad, that I cannot escape from their hell-flames; he will be a match for the foe with his irresistible sword, to him all lovers weep their sorrows. Alas! for Labna! what anguish must she endure in my absence when separation shall afflict her! I imagined we should all live happily together in security, and all our flames would be quenched. But Fortune has tormented us with separation; there is no faith, no covenant with Fortune.”

When Shiboob heard these verses repeated by Harith, he knew that he felt assured of death and perdition; his heart grieved for him; he advanced towards him—he found him tied down—the slaves about him were asleep—he came closer—he rent the fetters from his feet, and cut away the handcuffs—he calmed his apprehensions. Follow me, said he, and do as I do; and he went crawling along on his hands and feet: they continued stepping over the fellows asleep, till they were beyond the tents, and then they pursued their way in the greatest haste till they reached the summit of the mountain. As soon as Labna saw Shiboob and Harith with him, she was delighted at his contrivance. Shiboob took out

some victuals, and they reposed in comfort and happiness till the day dawned, when Kheitaoor starting up from his pillow, sought Harith, but he could not find him; he only saw the handcuffs cut away, and the slaves murdered and lying dead on the ground. Eh! ye wretches, he cried to his people, behold the prisoner was fast bound, and a single person has released him from the midst of ye, and yesterday he destroyed your bravest warriors; how will you now defend yourselves or your chief? This is all your doing, and he resolved on putting to death the other guards; but Labna's father prevented him. These men are not to blame in this business, said he; we were in fault, that we did not station a guard over the mountain's side. We shall never succeed in seizing him, if we do not all mount against him, and slay this devil, for he has already killed fifty of our men, and we shall be a disgrace to the end of time. They set out with the whole party, who were ordered to ascend the mountain; they accordingly began to climb, shouting, but alarmed. When Shiboob saw this, he emptied his quiver before him, and strung his bow; he bent down on one knee, and shot his arrows against their chests and their necks; the men fell down like leaves. Harith quitted Labna, and threw immense stones down upon them from the top of the precipice; in a short time fifty were killed. So Kheitaoor retired in despair and disgrace, writhing in agonies of terror. The tribe of Zohran, he exclaimed, is

rendered infamous among the Arabs. By the faith of an Arab, were I to encounter a thousand horsemen in the field, it would be an easier task for me than this devil. And he turned towards the warriors, and told them they must struggle in the contest. They continued in this state till darkness came on.

On that day all Shiboob's arrows were expended by the number he had shot, and the men and chiefs he had slain. Kheitaor stationed ten horsemen on the skirt of the mountain, whom he ordered to lie concealed among the rocks, saying in the height of his passion, Whoever shall sleep, him will I destroy. I will be near you, for I am convinced that this devil has expended all his arrows : however, he will not abandon his design ; he will therefore come down this night against you when the people are asleep, and will steal away your arrows. I expect therefore you will watch him till he descends, then seize him. But beware, should he escape from you, I will strike off all your heads ; for in his speed he will outstrip the winds, and I have not a horse that could overtake him.

Thus he stationed the men, and enjoined them to be on their guard. As to Shiboob, he was all anxiety till night came on in obscurity, when he started on his legs, and hastened down the mountain till he reached the bottom of the heights ; but he had scarcely recovered his breath, when the men sprung upon him, and surrounded him on all sides.

He rushed against them like a lion when he terrifies, and in his hand he held his dagger; and though he slew numbers of them, they at length took him prisoner.

The intelligence soon reached Kheitaor: the whole party arose and struck lights. Thou art fallen at last, thou devil, said Kheitaor: and having ordered his shoulders to be tied well down, Labna's father and the rest started away for the mountain.

Harith saw all this, and he was convinced of disgrace and misery. He immediately drew his sword out of the sheath, and fought as long as he had powers and strength, till he had slain ten slaves, and brought down perdition upon them, and also two of the Arab chiefs. At length numbers overpowered him, and they took him prisoner, and they bound him miserable and dejected. Bekir advanced towards his daughter, who was trembling like a reed; he dragged her by the hair to the bottom of the heights, and would have slain her, had not Kheitaor prevented him.

They halted in that place till day dawned, when they lashed Harith to the back of a horse, and fastened a long rope round Shiboob's neck, and stationed a slave over him to haul him along. He endured it all very patiently, till coming close to him, he gave him a kick on the stomach, and dashed out his bowels. He darted forth into the deserts, and they all endeavoured to gallop after him in a

body, till the robbers rushed upon them from the barren waste, and with them Antar's horses. Having slain them and carried away their horses, Kheitaor and his companions returned in pursuit of Shiboob till they met Antar. As soon as Kheitaor's eyes fell on Antar, he attacked him; galloping and charging he sought the contest, and thus addressed him:

" Lord of the noble black steed, and the sword,
" and the penetrating spear, if you indeed succeed
" in destroying any of our horsemen, fortune must
" have betrayed the invincible lion. When she
" offers a slave the cup of sweetness, she errs, in
" giving him to drink any thing but coloquintida.
" Tell me what you have seen; and know that
" mine is a never-failing scimitar in the revolutions
" of fortune. In every land I have left for the wild
" beasts and the birds a sea of blood shed by my
" sword. When I am present in the fight on the
" day of battle I exterminate every lion-warrior;
" when I even retreat the foe trembles in horror;
" and you might see the whole earth in the circum-
" ference of a dirhem. So have recourse to some
" subterfuge that you may escape by it, for apolo-
" gies cancel even the most heinous offences."

Antar heard Kheitaor's address, and laughed exceedingly, and thus replied in verse:

" Verily I say I will slay your horsemen, and I
" will leave their flesh as carrion for wild beasts,
" for my spear indeed complains of the inconve-

“ nience of thirst ; but now I have met a day when
“ it shall be moistened with blood. What ! have
“ you not known my power ? truly, the warriors of
“ all the cities of Persia confess it ; and the heroes
“ of war on the day of battle die at the mention of
“ my intrepidity and liberality. When I lose my
“ way over the desert in my nocturnal solitude, my
“ only company is my sword, resembling inevitable
“ fate. It is never drawn but on its separation
“ from the sheath a sea of blood gushes from its
“ edge. My piebald steed has a white crescent on
“ its forehead, like the dawn of day, and its black
“ is like the sable raven. These two are my sup-
“ port on the day of contention ; and the barb of
“ my spear sparkles like a speckled serpent. How
“ many heroes have I abandoned as food for the
“ wild beasts and every ravenous lion.”

Antar had not finished his verses when he rushed upon Kheitaor, and frightened him ; he shouted at him, and made him tremble ; he pierced him with his spear between the paps, and drove it out through his back, and Kheitaor fell dead weltering in his blood. When his companions perceived what calamity had overtaken him, they rushed on from all sides ; Antar met them with a frightful assault, and laboured among them like a blazing fire. In an hour forty of them were slain, the remainder fled and sought Labna's father. But Antar returned like a raving lion to his brother Shiboob, and his object was accomplished upon his enemies.

Just at that time came up Oorwah and his men. They were greatly surprised at seeing the scattered horses of the enemy, and were exceedingly rejoiced. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah to Antar, whence are these horses you have obtained? Antar related the adventures of Shiboob and Prince Harith's captivity. On hearing this they alighted from their camels' backs, and having mounted the high-blooded horses, they went up to Shiboob, and saluted him.

But as to the fugitives, they continued to flee away over the desert from Antar till they reached Beker, son of Moatemed, to whom they announced Kheitaoor's death, detailing every circumstance, and the destruction made among the horsemen. Eh! and who, said he, is the warrior; who is the dreadful lion that has slain him? A black knight, said they, mounted on a black steed, as if hewn out of a black rock, and in his hand is an Indian blade; and we heard him, as he fought among the horses, crying out, Ye base cowards, I am Antar, the son of Shedad. May God curse your fathers above all men! exclaimed Labna's father. What! has all this happened to you by a single knight, and he a black slave, powerless and insignificant? Know, said one of them, that this is the knight whom horsemen have described as overthrowing alone a thousand warriors in the plain, vanquishing them by his intrepidity and superiority. Labna's father shuddered. What sayst thou? he cried. Who ever be-

held a single horseman attack a numerous host? Return with me, and I will show thee what I will do. Mount these steeds, he cried to his horsemen, and make towards this slave with your scimitars and your spears.

And they put their horses on their speed, and followed him, when behold, the dust of the Absians sprung up, and their shouts arose, and they advanced like fate and destiny. It is my opinion, said one called Jifal to Labna's father, that you should let me pass over the desert, taking ten horsemen with me, that I may bear away Harith and your daughter, and convey them home; and do you attack Antar with the remainder. Take as many men as you please with you, said the other.

On that Jifal returned, and with ten horsemen departed, travelling on till they reached the place where they had left Harith and Labna; but they could see nothing of them, and no appearance of their track. We are indeed disappointed in our pursuit, said Jifal, and Labna has escaped us.

They passed on, when lo! shouts arose in their rear. They turned about to see the cause of this uproar, and behold their own horsemen and Arabs, all seeking flight, pursued by the tribe of Abs and Adnan. Jifal struck his horse's rump, and fled towards his own country, followed by his companions. The fugitives were scattered in tens and twenties, and they continued in this state till night advanced,

when Antar coming up with the Absians, What think you of this affair? said he to Oorwah; we have routed the foe, and have succeeded in our attempts; but we have not released either Harith or Labna, and I am afraid they have carried them away, and have sought their own country, and if Harith should be delivered to As-hath, the business will become desperate, and he will be put to death for Kheitaor: Shiboob indeed is gone on before us, and till he returns this is a serious affair; for if I pursue these fellows till I destroy them, I shall be separated from my brother Shiboob; and if I stay here till I have some intelligence of him, I fear Harith will be exposed to peril, and every vestige of him erased.

Whilst they were thus conversing, they heard some men shouting from the mountain, and saying, Come hither, O Aboolfawaris, for we have found Harith, and he is indeed despairing of life. Antar, on hearing this, took Oorwah with him, and having ascended the mountain, Antar called out to Harith, who opened his eyes, and mourned his sad state, relating what had happened to him. The cause of it was this: when the fugitives came groaning to Labna's father, and related Kheitaor's death, Bekir mounted, and sought the contest with his companions, having left his nephew Jireer with Harith and Labna, and two stout slaves. Instantly, Jireer unsheathed his sword, and making at the slaves, smote them with his cleaving scimitar, and slew

them all. He sprung at Harith also, and struck him with his sword, and dreadfully wounded him ; and then mounting Labna on one of the fine horses (thinking Harith was dead), he abandoned him, and rode away on his own high-mettled steed, with the design of going with Labna to some of the noble Arab kings, and to defend himself against accidents under his protection. In vain Labna shrieked aloud, and looked about to the right and left, praying for succour.

As to the subtle Shiboob, he set out in quest of Harith, and did not stop his progress till he came to that spot, where he saw no human being, but the slaves murdered. Advancing towards them, he also perceived Harith lying between them, groaning piteously. At this sight Shiboob stood aghast with horror: O my lord, said he, who has done this? Harith's heart was strengthened at seeing Shiboob ; so he told him what Jireer, Labna's cousin, had done. Shiboob took him in his arms, and ascending the mountain with him, on the summit he found a ravine, in which he laid him down, placing him in security: Shiboob then questioned Harith about Jireer ; What road has he taken ? he asked. He directed him to the quarter, and immediately Shiboob left him in the mountain, and let loose his feet, seeking the barren waste, and following the tracks of Jireer. He continued his course till he overtook him by break of day, and heard Labna's screams ; she was weeping, and in the greatest affliction.

Shiboob was delighted at seeing them; he hasted towards them, swift as the twinkling of the eye, and smote his horse on a vital part. The horse plunged with him, and threw him on his head. Shiboob sprung upon him, and stamping on his chest, stabbed him with his dagger, scattering wide his entrails, and annihilated his existence.

Labna, in the excess of her terrors, was bewildered; and when Shiboob came up to her, she exclaimed, Who art thou, O Arab? I am Shiboob, said he; and he gave her an account of Harith, and soothed her heart. He returned with her till he joined his brother Antar, whom he found just as he had brought away Harith from the mountain. On seeing Shiboob they were in ecstasies of joy, and grief and sorrow quitted them. Labna ran up to Harith, whose life, as soon as he saw her, returned to him; and thus reunited to her, his happiness was complete, and he forgot in her society all the pain of his wounds.

Antar remained the rest of the day in that spot in security, and by dawn of day he departed with his horsemen, seeking the land of the tribe of Abs and Adnan. But, as his love for Ibla burst upon him, he thus rhapsodised:

“ Oh! is it the fragrance of musk? is it *itr**? is
“ it a voice, or the breeze warbling over the desert,
“ that sings of her? Is it a flash of lightning? or

* Oil of roses.

“ is it her teeth in the wastes, resembling the full
“ moon when it rises? Is it the branch of the tama-
“ risk that sweetly waves in the wilds? Is it the
“ stem of the spear, or her form? Is it the narcis-
“ sus of the gardens, endued with visual powers, or
“ her cheek, like the untouched apple? I rave
“ through love of her; but let my railers see the
“ torrents of my tears, to which there is no end!
“ O Ibla, my heart for love of thee suffers tortures;
“ this frequent separation, and these echoes, fill me
“ with grief. O Ibla, fear not thy enemies, for
“ against the destiny of God there is no oppo-
“ sition.”

When Antar had finished, the horsemen expressed their delight at his prose and verses; they travelled before him, traversing the wastes, till there only remaining one day between them and the land of Abs, Antar sent on Shiboob to give notice to King Zoheir of the safety of his son Harith. Shiboob set out by dawn of day, and about midday he returned. It is impossible that you can have returned, having ever reached home, said Antar. O my brother, said Shiboob, I reached home, and saw all the horsemen dispersed about the country, mounted on their steeds. I inquired what was the matter of one of them, and he informed me that King Zoheir rode out with his son to congratulate and meet his brother Asyed, on his arrival from Mecca on a visit; and we have now heard, he added, that they have been taken captives. On this

account, the horsemen have mounted in order to release them ; and he who has plundered them is a notorious knight, and an obstinate warrior, accompanied by a troop of noble horsemen. And hast thou heard, said Antar, in what country they were detained prisoners? Yes, said he ; the troop came upon them in the valley of Irak trees. This is a most extraordinary circumstance, said Antar, that our Princes should be taken prisoners, and perdition come upon them. Certainly, no one has ventured on such a deed but one fearless of mankind, and unintimidated at death.

Antar sent Harith and Labna with twenty warriors to the dwellings and homes ; but he himself with his men set out for the valley of Irak trees, preceded by Shiboob.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN King Zoheir missed his son Harith, he sent out his slaves in every direction, and he remained anxiously expecting their return till the happy tidings of his brother's arrival reached him. Asyed was one of King Jazeema's sons. He was a learned man in that age of ignorance, and he generally passed his time at the sacred shrine and Zemzem. He was full of virtue and liberality, loving justice and equity, and detesting violence and oppression. He every year paid a visit to the tribe of Abs, teaching them the distinctions between right and wrong, and arranging their affairs, and when he arrived this time, he sent forward to King Zoheir to announce his approach. His brother went forth to meet him with three hundred horsemen, all like stern-faced lions, and all his relations and uncles, for King Zoheir was the father of ten, the brother of ten, the paternal uncle of ten, and the maternal uncle of ten. They continued driving away the wild animals over the wastes and the sands till evening came on, when having halted in a valley till day dawned, King Zoheir marched on without any apprehensions, till meeting his brother Asyed in the sandhills of Erak, he and his attendants dismounted and saluted

him. My love and affection for you, said Asyed, have exceedingly distressed me, otherwise I should not have quitted the fountain of Zemzem, and the holy mansion, and the sacred shrine. They proceeded towards the middle of a valley, which was called the valley of Tamarisks. The wild beasts and the deer fled before them. King Zoheir looked about and observed his brother Asyed, who was pointing with his hands towards the trees, and the tears were streaming from his eyes; burning sighs burst from his heart, and as he poured forth the groans of a woman deprived of her children, he thus addressed the trees:

“ O trees of the Tamarisks, where do ye behold
“ them? Do the people of my vows dwell in your
“ neighbourhood? I look all around, but the hand
“ of ravage has destroyed them; yet never have I
“ broken my former protestations, I have not be-
“ trayed them; my vows were made to one like the
“ full moon, resembling the branches and boughs
“ of the Tamarisk,—but I am alone and solitary,
“ though once we met, and here, now they are gone,
“ are only the owl and the raven. O trees of the
“ Tamarisk, whither are they gone? They are
“ gone, and in my heart passion has left a burning
“ flame. If ye ever, after being watered, complain
“ of drought, my tears to-day shall form a lake
“ around ye.”

When Asyed had finished his verses, his sighs became more frequent, his countenance changed, and

his agony increased ; his brother advanced towards him, having heard his discourse, and asked what was the matter, but he observed him still pointing to the trees, and thus exclaiming :

“ O trees of the Tamarisk, in the name of God,
“ tell me what ye know, for I am overwhelmed with
“ inquietude. Pity the tears of a distracted lover,
“ whose eyes weep over these devastated plains.
“ The valley is abandoned ; but there was an inha-
“ bitant like the fawn, richly robed. Speak to me
“ of Selima, of Robab, of Zineb, and those, resem-
“ bling brides, in the sand-hills. They have aban-
“ doned me in misery—they are gone, and I weep
“ over the remains of these desolated scenes. The
“ raven moans over the vestiges of these spots,
“ where no more are seen the tents of my mistress
“ and the horsemen. Take then, ye boughs of the
“ Tamarisk, my tears, that flowing would moisten
“ the saturated as well as the parched up soil. Al-
“ though the covenant between us is dissolved, yet
“ my love for thee bids me not despair ; I live in
“ hope that God will make us meet in joy, as if we
“ had never been parted.”

King Zoheir was so struck by his grief, that he ran up to his brother Asyed, and interrupted his speech, saying ; I cannot permit you to finish these verses, till you inform me what affliction has befallen you. I conjure you, by the sacred shrine, to tell me what this means. O brother, said Asyed, if I tell you my story, you will have an indifferent opinion

of my discretion and honour ; but indeed I am not much to blame, as I did it in the days of my youth. Know then, my brother, that the year our father, King Jazeema, made his pilgrimage, I accompanied him, and when our pilgrimage was expired, as we were on our way home, we happened to pass by this place, in which I saw a vast quantity of wild beasts and deer. My father rode on and went home, but I remained for the sake of the chase. Thus occupied, I remained till the meridian heat overpowered me, and the sultry air became so excessive I returned also, seeking the track of my father ; but I chanced to pass by this tree, and when I reached it I saw a very old Sheikh beneath it, and with him an immense quantity of camels, and also his daughter, who was tending them at the pasture. She was the most beautiful and most elegant of forms, and as soon as I came up to him I saluted him. What do you want, young man ? said he. I only said, Will you accept of a guest when he comes ? Welcome, said he, to me, in winter and in summer. But, young man, every one according to his means. On hearing this, I resolved on alighting at the lake, in order to drink and water my horse. But the Sheikh prevented me, and called out to his daughter, who brought me some fresh camel's milk and gave me to drink, and also watered my horse. I remarked the beauty of the maiden, and I perceived her moving in the plains of loveliness. Her father, too, observing the symmetry of my horse and my rich gar-

ments, brought me some victuals. Excuse my scanty offering, said he, for I am a poor man, and the liberal pardon when they see the apology is sincere. O Sheikh, said I, this is the greatest charity ; but if you will accede to my wishes, I would request you to accept my proposal, and gratify my desire with regard to your daughter, and you shall then go with me to my tribe. I am anxious you would receive me as her husband, and I will take you to my land and family ; speak to me and bestow her. By Him who has created her and fashioned her, I added, take all I have about me as part of her marriage dower ; and I took off my sword belt and my horse trappings, which were all of gold. The Sheikh at the sight of this was much surprised and delighted, and came towards me without hesitation, and giving me his hand for the marriage, drove away the camels and cattle, and went to his own dwelling, and I accompanied him ; and on our arrival he slaughtered all the sheep he possessed and some she camels, and rejoiced in me as no one ever rejoiced before, and married his daughter to me that night. I tarried with them three days, and afterwards I informed them who I was. I staid some time longer, and quitted them, bearing in my heart the greatest attachment for them, and intending to return to them with abundant wealth. Having reached home and joined my family, I despatched a slave to conduct my wife to me, and sent with him a great quantity of camels and sheep to this valley and desert. I re-

mained, anxiously expecting them, till my slave returned in despair, and brought back all my property. I asked him what was the matter? I have seen no one there, my lord, said he. I staid some time quiet, and despatched emissaries to all the Arab tribes, and expended amongst them much gold and silver, but I never could obtain any intelligence of her. And even now, my brother, I bear her in my memory. It was on her account I attached myself to Mecca and the sacred shrine, till I this day beheld these remembrances of her, and now all my sorrows come upon me anew; and whilst I meditated on the past, I was anxious that you should come with me to this spot, that I might renew the vows made so many years ago. King Zoheir, on hearing this narrative, was amazed at the revolutions of the days and nights. He dismounted, and ordered the slaves to clear away that spot, and spread carpets for them under the tamarisk trees, and the horsemen soon returning from the chase, bringing with them hares and deer, they made a sumptuous feast, and expressed great delight in the presence of King Zoheir and his brother Asyed, making the time pass pleasantly for them, and availing themselves of the delicious hours in joy and delight; and they kept carousing till the cups of wine overpowered them, and darkness came on, and there was not one but fell asleep, in which state they remained till the nocturnal wanderers on the watch surprised them. A troop of

horses came upon them about the break of day, and perceiving the spoil, and no one to protect it, they surrounded them on all sides, and took them prisoners. Now these horsemen belonged to the tribe of Cahtan, and were called among the Arabs the race of Cayan, and their chief was a brave knight, an intrepid warrior, well skilled in the art of war and battle, named the Chief Nazih. As soon as these horsemen had fallen into their power, they returned home, and none escaped of all King Zoheir's sons and brothers but Zambaa and Warca with three slaves, who made their way home, and raised an uproar among the dwellings, and instantly the horsemen mounted, all seeking the valley of Tamarisks. The whole tribe were involved in universal mourning, and loud were the groans and lamentations; it was at that crisis that Shiboob arrived, when he found them oppressed with affliction, and the horsemen already on their way to the valley of Tamarisks.

On Shiboob's inquiring what was the matter, they informed him of all that had passed, and what were their plans. He immediately returned and told his brother Antar, the lion hero, who sent Harith and Labna home, whilst he himself with his companions departed in order to release King Zoheir.

But as to the tribe of Cayan, they continued traversing the deserts till the forenoon, when the meridian heat oppressing them, they halted to

repose by the side of a lake called the Lake of the Waste. Here King Zoheir recovered from his intoxication, and also his sons and brothers, and the other horsemen, but they found themselves in fetters and disgrace. What horseman art thou ? said King Zoheir, turning towards the knight of Cayan, and to what Arabs art thou connected, that thou hast braved the princes of the tribe of Abs and Adnan ? By the future and the past, we have not fallen into your power but by the will of fate and destiny, so we will ransom our lives with whatever thou pleasest, and we will thank thee ; avail thyself of the friendship of such as us.

Nazih, at hearing this, started on his saddle and swaggered about : O God, thanks be unto thee ! he exclaimed, I did not know that you were of the tribe of Abs till this moment. With you will I terminate all my sorrows. At last fortune has had pity on me. Youth, cried Asyed, surprised at these expressions, what have we to do with such language ? Hast thou any revenge against us thou must satisfy ? I have no debt, no retaliation against you, said Nazih, but I will proceed with you to one who is your enemy and foe. He is my lord Obad, son of Temeem, with whom I was brought up an orphan till I attained this high station. I am enamoured of his daughter Dhimya, and am wrecked in the sea of love for her. On her account I endure battles and perils, and have exhibited my

prowess against the inhabitants of Sana and Aden. Besides you, I have found no opposition ; but he is most anxious to have hold of one of ye. Yet I have always heard every one say, Beware, approach not the tribe of Abs ; but now ye have fallen into my hands, and I will through ye succeed in my designs. Conduct us out of the road, cried he to his comrades, that neither friend nor foe may meet us. So they did as he directed, and Nazih was overjoyed, marching in front of the horsemen, till darkness overspread the land, when they halted by the waters of the tribe Akhrem ; and as they were near home, they imagined their important concerns would succeed, for King Zoheir despaired of safety, and so did his brothers and his associates. At day-break Nazih set out, passing over the barren waste till the forenoon, when lo ! a dust appeared in front of them that involved the whole region for an hour. Soon after the dust opened, and there appeared underneath it a man on foot like a bird when it flies, like a leopard when it maddens. Behind him were horsemen clad in iron, like the calamities of extermination. Ahead of them was a black knight on a black steed ; he was girt with a well-proportioned spear, and his roar was like the roar of a lion. He was the knight of the swarthy Abs, and their brightest ornament—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the chief Antar, son of Shedad. How is it, exclaimed Nazih, that this party has

been directed to this spot? They seem but a small number of horsemen, their fate has driven them to death and perdition.

The guide who had conducted them through these ways was called Aboolgharat, son of Aboolfita, the most intelligent man of the time for traversing the wastes and barren wilds. O Nazih, cried he, our hopes are frustrated—our pains are baffled—our object has failed—we have forfeited the aid of heaven, and we have encountered here the slave of the tribe of Abs, and not one of us will effect his escape; but as to your expressions, of how this party was directed to this place, I know that Antar has a brother called Shiboob, by his mother Zeebeba, and he is the calamity of calamities; the misfortune of misfortunes; for when he departed with his brother from the land of Irak at the beginning of the night, he did not halt with him in the morning but in the land of Syria. As to me, I know the roads and the ways no one of all the tribes but myself ever knew; and I am well aware, from my own feelings, when I am in company with any one that can puzzle me, or distract or confuse me in the wilds. But after all, my advice is, that you release the tribe of Abs from bondage, and relieve us from battle and contest, first securing protection from them: do not engage this great warrior, for he is not like those horsemen you have hitherto encountered. Nazih bellowed and foamed: What mean these words? said he, am I with a hundred horse-

men of the tribe of Cayan, and they Himyarites and brave heroes, and shall I fear the contest with this black devil? This day shalt thou see how I will bring destruction upon him. I will make an example of him amongst mankind. And he rushed towards Antar, galloping and charging to and fro; he thus burst out:

“ Away! ye that reprove me, I will not listen to
“ ye, my railers, I will not answer either by word
“ or deed. Let me die young; the swords of India
“ that tear out life are preferable to a life of dis-
“ honour and infamy. It is not the approach of
“ the day of battle that alarms me; it is not flight
“ that shall rescue me from death. Who is he that
“ avoids it, though death should encounter him?
“ Death is sweeter to my heart than honey. I
“ have indeed taken captives the chiefs of a power-
“ ful tribe. I am a knight, and the world can
“ testify it.”

Nazih having finished his verses, Antar commenced his attack upon him, and as he charged him, he thus expressed himself:

“ O antagonist, that wouldst desire a contest
“ with me in the battle, and wouldst aim at me in
“ the confusion of spears! How many armies, how
“ many camps have I routed! and have assaulted
“ when the water-mills of war were revolving!
“ The lightning of my sword flashes through the
“ dust, and its brilliancy sickens the eyes of all be-
“ holders. The barb of my spear falls on the chests

“ of the east and west, till they are all mangled, and
“ I will defend the tribe of Abs for ever till I die,
“ and their name through me shall be renowned.”

Antar again turned upon Nazih, and attacking him, exclaimed, Eh! what a coxcomb art thou amongst thy fellows! thou must be frantic! What Arab art thou? But this day I will silence thy presumption; I will make thee an inhabitant of the tomb, and I will make thee feel the ill-luck of thy resistance against the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and of thy daring violence against the prince of the age.

By the faith of an Arab, said Nazih, I have obtained unbounded good from the tribe of Abs, and I have captured every one of their chiefs and princes, and soon will I bring down annihilation on thee. At hearing this, Antar's passion increased, and he rushed upon him, eager for his death. Nazih met him and fought him; they engaged till their limbs were powerless, and the perspiration streamed down their bodies, and the blood flowed from their wounds. Indignation seized the heart of Nazih; he rushed at Antar and thrust at him, quick as the twinkling of the eye, aiming at Antar's chest; but in this thrust the spear came short, and as it was falling between the eyes of Abjer, Antar warding it off with his shield, but it wounded him in the thigh; then indeed was his wrath roused; he pounced down upon Nazih, and struggling with him till he quite exhausted him, he stretched forth his arm

towards the belt of his armour, and dragged him off the seat of his saddle, and took him prisoner. Shiboob ran up to him and received Nazih from his hands; he bound fast his shoulders, and tied down his arms and his sides, whilst Antar shouted out to his horsemen, and ordered them to strike and thrust. So they attacked the tribe of Cayan, and plied their swords and their spears among them; and the dust arose over their heads. Perdition fell upon the horsemen of Cayan, and the horsemen of Yemen, and they were overwhelmed with perils. The Absians slew thirty of them, and took seventy prisoners. In the mean time Shiboob, seeing them all occupied, hurried towards King Zoheir and his associates, and released them, slackening away from them the tightness of the bow-string. Antar also soon came up with his comrades and saluted King Zoheir, who told him what had passed. O King of the time, said Antar, it is incumbent on every one to give way to the changes of fortune, for it is ever treacherous. But pour forth your thanks to the great God for your deliverance, and your release from this perilous situation. Antar also related all that had happened to him in the land of Irak, and how his horses had been stolen from him on the road, and how he met Shiboob, and Harith, and Labna, and the tribe of Zohran; how he released them all, and slew Kheitaor. O Aboolfawaris, said King Zoheir, my son Harith lives then? Yes, said Antar, and is now with his family and relations. Glorious indeed are

thy works, O Aboolfawaris, said King Zoheir, for I had despaired of my son. But now conduct us home. King of the age, said Antar, it will first be advisable to cut the throats of these dogs. So Shiboob went up to Nazih first of all, who was in the greatest agony; he stripped him of his clothes, and his body appeared whiter than hail, and above his wrist was a bracelet of cornelian, and on it were shaped two images of burnished gold in the form of Lat and Uzza. As soon as Asyed saw this bracelet he recognised it, and perfectly recollected it; and as Shiboob was proceeding to despatch Nazih, Hold, my cousin, he exclaimed, a little for me, and he advanced towards Nazih; his agony of mind increased; he took the bracelet in his hand, he kissed it and wept over it; he sighed and sorrowed. Whence had you this bracelet, young man? he quickly asked. Nazih shed a torrent of tears; Know, my lord, said he, I was brought up an orphan among the tribe of Cayan. Who was your father? demanded Asyed. O my dread lord, said Nazih, I never knew who was my father; neither do I know of what Arab tribe he was. I was brought up as a poor fatherless orphan by the charity of my master Obad, son of Temeem. He has a daughter called Dhimya, and I have loved her from the days of childhood. On her account I have engaged my equals, and have subdued horsemen, and although I am mad to demand her in marriage, modesty has prevented me; and oft I say to

myself, I shall be this evening in his tent, then it shall be done ; and again, to-day I will demand his daughter, but I have never ventured yet, and were I to drink of the draught of death and perdition, I shall never approach him, however great my influence is over him, and however serviceable I have been to him. But in my heart I conceal my love for his daughter, and it is only to my mother I complain when my sorrows oppress me ; and my mother, she sometimes says to me, O my son ; you can never find any relief for this passion till you make an attack upon the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and are roused to seize some of their chiefs and bring them here, then may your plans succeed. For, O my son, your master Obad has an old vengeance against them ; and if you do not march against that country, you will never gain your point. Mother, I said to her, I hear every one extol the tribe of Abs for their irresistible steadiness in the day of battle, and they are the knights of extermination and of instant death. But my mother still would say, good luck is oft in penury, and victory comes from God ; and moreover, if you have fears, you must ever live a trifler. But take with you this bracelet, on which is the name of the Lord of heaven and earth ; your father gave it me, alas ! alas ! on the night he was wedded to me—and he said to me, Preserve it ! So if you succeed in your wishes, praise be to the God of Zemzem and the shrine ; and should you be taken prisoner,

this will liberate you from bondage and infamy. I took it from my mother and bound it on my arm, and I set out on an expedition against the vagrant tribes with these hundred men, and I did not discontinue my journey over the deserts till I came to the spot, the valley of Tamarisks, where we overcame you and succeeded in our attempts. There indeed shone clear the proof of my mother's sayings, and with you I was traversing the wilds and the wastes till I encountered this black, this dreadful warrior, and infamy fell upon me, and now you are come to cut off my head.

As Asyed listened to this tale, a shuddering came over him; he gazed at Nazih very minutely, and tracing the well-known features, he clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him between the eyes, exclaiming by the truth of the sacred Shrine, Thou art my son!—thou art a part of my heart! I gave this bracelet to thy mother Selma, and my name is inscribed thereon, and thy mother only sent thee to this land to gain authentic intelligence of us. O my brother, added he to Zoheir, the times have changed and turned round, and what was lost is come back to me: it was of this young man's mother that I spoke to you. All that were present, when they heard this story, were in amazement. But Antar dismounted and received Nazih with great kindness, and kissed him between the eyes, for he was a true lion warrior, and a noble knight. Nazih was much pleased: O tribe of Abs, said he, indeed you are

the mine of liberality and generosity, and he who is connected by birth to you can never care for death. I indeed rejoice in your parentage, and in my union with your lineage, and I will be as a slave among you. Yet must I interrogate my mother about my father, that the truth may be fully proved, and I realise all my expectations.

Make no such delays, O Nazih, said Aboolgharat, you have no occasion to inquire of your mother on this subject, for I am better acquainted with it than any one. I was the person who conducted your master Obad to this country; he invaded it, and took your mother captive. We returned home immediately under alarm that the tribe of Abs and Adnan might overtake us, and on our arrival we divided the spoil, and your mother fell to the lot of your master Obad; and as soon as her pregnancy became evident, he questioned her about her situation, and who was her husband. My husband was slain in the valley, said she. Thus she concealed her story, and never revealed the secret to any one, fearful of death and perdition. This man is your father, and you are his son; but this is no time for talking at length, for we are about to have our heads cut off. At hearing this the noble Nazih smiled, and his heart pitied his people when they communicated to him his real situation; but Asyed hastened and untied his handcuffs, and did the same to the others, and mounted them on horses, and they all set out for the land of the tribe of Abs,

Nazih travelling by the side of his father Asyed, who talked pleasantly with him, and gave him accounts of his mother. Now that it is certain that you are my father, said Nazih, I have no more anxiety on your account; but I must bring my mother here. I am, however, distressed when thinking how I shall remain with you among the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and my mother in the tribe of Cayan will suffer death and infamy; particularly when Obad hears I am an Absian he will not let my mother survive a day, and I shall die of sorrows for her, and regret for his daughter Dhimya. O my son, said Asyed, it appears as if I must either abandon your mother in the hands of foes, or you drive Dhimya from your heart: but let us say no more till we reach home and join our tribe. Thus they travelled on, highly gratified, till evening, when they halted at the waters, and waited whilst the horses were refreshed. They took their dinner, and again mounted their steeds, and passed on during the darkness of the night till morning shone, when they reached the valley of Tamarisks; but as soon as the sun rose they perceived the camp of the tribe of Abs, who were hasting over the desert in pursuit of King Zoheir, for every family was in movement. And as King Zoheir and his party approached, the first that espied them was Rebia; he had also set out on that expedition, hoping that King Zoheir would receive his deliverance at his hands, and thus would his past actions be erased from his

heart: but he was disappointed. The tribe advanced and saluted King Zoheir, and inquired the cause of his captivity, and how it had happened. He related the whole to them, and also the story of Nazih, at which they were in astonishment. Rebia came up to Antar, jealous that King Zoheir had been released by him, and said, O Aboolfawaris, there is no day but we see you in it, for you are indeed the daily food of friends. May no evil, no harm ever reach you! for you are our polished sword and our long spear. Antar thanked him. About evening they set off: they crossed over the desert, and reposed that night in the valley of Erak. In the morning they resolved on pursuing their way: O king, said Asyed, I will go with you to the tents, and thence I will proceed to liberate my wife Selma, and will gratify my son's designs upon Dhimya, for unless I effect this he will never feel happy in staying with us. If such is the case, said King Zoheir, we will all proceed to the cities of Yemen with our warriors and armies, and we will not return till we have accomplished our purpose. No, said Antar, by the faith of an Arab no one but myself shall proceed on this expedition, for I do not see the necessity of your taking all that trouble and anxiety. On hearing this, Rebia thanked him for the loyalty of his spirit. Admirable! my cousin, said he; and I and my brother also, we will go with you, and will expose our lives on this occasion.

Now this speech was only meant to excite Antar to the expedition, for he was vexed at him, as all his plans had failed through him ; so he wished him to expose himself among the cities of Yemen, in the full expectation that the calamities of fortune and perils would put an end to him. Antar thanked him for his speech, though well aware of his malice and insidious motives.

We cannot agree with you in this respect, said King Zoheir, we will not let you go into Yemen to endanger yourself on our private necessities with only one hundred horsemen : take with you a thousand of the most tried warriors, that our hearts may be at ease about you. O great king, said Antar, were I even going to the conquest of the cities of Syria, or to fight with the Chosroe of Persia, I would not take so many as a thousand horsemen. I do wish it may be publicly announced that your slave Antar invaded the cities of Yemen, and those countries, with only one hundred horsemen, every one indeed a hardy warrior ; and that he executed his objects, and returned with affluence and plunder. But my heart does not feel happy that I should undertake this expedition before my Lord Harith has wedded his bride Labna.

Now Harith was recovered of the wounds he had received ; he was quite well and in good health. They continued till they reached their native land, and universal joy and delight was the result of their arrival. They made entertainments and feasts, and per-

fect happiness and felicity dwelt among them. They slaughtered cattle for the banquets; the liquor and the wine went round; the damsels beat the dulcimers; and the high and low were in full glee. Labna was married to Harith; he entered unto her, and he was happy. After feasting seven days, Antares prepared for his expedition and passage over the desert, in order to finish the affair so interesting to Asyed and his son Nazih. He took with him his father Shedad, and three hundred horsemen of the race of Carad; Asyed also went with him, determined on success. King Zoheir accompanied them to take leave, and when they reached the valley of Erak they left King Zoheir behind, and quitted him there. He returned home, and Antares departed for the cities of Yemen.

But as to King Zoheir, he had not rested two days after Antares's departure when Numan's messenger arrived, and with him innumerable camels, and robes, that amazed the eye, and also a thousand Asafeer camels. When King Zoheir learnt the arrival of the messenger, he went out to meet him, and welcoming him to his dwelling, made him dismount, and treating him hospitably, inquired about King Numan's health. And when he had described to him all the goods and presents destined for him (and indeed the quantity was immense), King Numan, he added, salutes you, and desires you to send him your daughter, merely herself; but not a single article of your own property, for he

does not require of you either goods or presents. King Zoheir upon this made a long panegyric on King Numan.

Aswad's messenger also arrived about the same time at the tribe of Fazarah, who did the same towards him as King Zoheir had done with regard to King Numan's. The cymbals were struck up in the hands of the damsels, and they remained in this state seven days. On the eighth day the howdahs were raised on the backs of the camels, decorated with splendid velvet. The ladies were lifted in, accommodated on silken cushions and couches. The standards and ensigns were unfurled, and the men rode round them like lions. Hadifah accompanied his sister with one hundred horsemen, and King Zoheir sent his son Shas with his daughter; and they continued traversing the deserts, the Arabs treating them as they passed, till they reached Hirah. And when Numan heard of their approach he went out to meet them, his brother riding by his side, and surrounded by troops; the drums were beaten on all sides, and this was a day of joy and pleasure, the like of which was never known in the whole world; for Numan gave away alms, made presents, distributed gold and silver, prepared magnificent entertainments, and had tables covered with meat. This continued in the same manner for ten days, and Mootegeredeh was married to King Numan, and the hour and the time were most propitious; and Maria was also married to his brother Aswad, and

theirs was a state of happiness never experienced before by man; each realised his hopes, and all their friends and well-wishers rejoiced. In three days the Arabs separated, and every one took his own road, and every chief sought his own clan. Aswad invested Hadifah with an honorary robe, and also the chiefs of the tribe of Fazarah. So also did King Numan towards Shas; he bestowed on him rich presents, and gave him splendid robes, and treated him in the most distinguished manner.

When Shas saw this, and all the rich presents that were produced before him, O king, said he, do not bestow on me any article of your property, not even to the value of a halter. We only coveted your connexion on account of your glory, and the honour of your name. Numan thanked him; and having loaded the she camel that had conveyed his bride with aloes, and amber, and musk, and perfumes, he also wished to send with him an escort of troops to attend on him and protect him. But, said he, are you not my relation? King Zoheir my father? the tribe of Abs my countrymen? and the protector of our lands and our property, the Chief Antar, son of Shedad? and shall I go with an escort? No! by the faith of an Arab! So he bade them farewell, and departed in company with Hadifah and the tribe of Fazarah.

Now Shas had no one with him but the slave that drove his camel; and when they were at some distance from Kufah they began to converse about

the weddings and the feasts, and each of them talked about his connexion, and what had occurred during the entertainments. Hadifah was quite extravagant in his eulogium of Prince Aswad, extolling him greatly, and preferring him to Numan. Shas was now aware that they wished to irritate him by their discourse; but as he was anxious to put a stop to any enmity or ill will between them, he separated from them, feigning a desire to indulge in the hunt and chase. As soon as Hadifah saw this, he said to his cousins, Let us away over the wastes and the wilds, and let us escape from danger and destruction; perhaps some one may fall upon him who will cut off his head, and will take his horse and his armour, for he is also one of Antar's friends. Thus they passed over the deserts, and Shas followed behind, who being thus separated from Hadifah, travelled alone, amusing himself on the skirts of the waste, and rejoicing at having avoided their misconduct, till he reached the waters of the tribe of Aamir, where he arrived in the obscurity of the night, and as he was exceedingly thirsty, he was much troubled. By the side of the lake there was a huntsman chasing the wild animals as they passed to and fro; he was called Thalaba, the son of Aaridj. He was extending out his nets, and fixing them by the water-side, and as Shas came up, the wild animals being frightened away, the huntsman was much annoyed, and he cried out to Shas, Who art thou? thou hast spoiled my sport, and hast driven

away the beasts from me. Fear not, young man, said Shas, for I will reward you for what you lose. But have you a drink of water, that I may quench my thirst? Ay! you shall have water from me, said the huntsman, but not water that shall moisten your thirst or relieve your entrails. Shas, on hearing this, was very angry, for he was a prince and the son of a prince. You dog of the tribe of Aamir, said he, were you not a poor miserable fellow I would punish you in the manner that kings punish. But the huntsman immediately drew an arrow from his quiver, and fixing it on the centre of his bow, aimed it at Shas by the sound of his voice, and it struck him through the heart, and it hurled him dead off his horse. The slave, when he saw his master fall headlong, left him there, and departed home to the tribe of Abs, making all speed in his flight. Then came up the huntsman, and examined him, and looked at his horse, and lo! its trappings were of gold; and perceiving the garments of a mighty prince upon him, he was in the greatest agitation. He dug a hole for him in the sand, and buried him; but he took away the horse and the camel, and hastened home, and when he came to his wife he acquainted her with the circumstance, and directed her not to discover it to any one. He slaughtered the camel, and distributed the meat, concealing the property and perfumes, and the fine horse. And thus it was all over with Shas.

In the meantime Hadifah reached the tribe of

Fazarah, and the whole universe could not contain him, so excessive was his joy. King Zoheir heard of his arrival, and his heart was in a flame about his son Shas, till the slave also came back and informed King Zoheir of the murder of his son. Great indeed was this affliction. His tears, his lamentations were incessant; he tore off all his clothes. The news soon reached his mother, and his brothers, and his comrades, and their distress equalled his. The whole clan was absorbed in tears, and sobs, and groans. The next day arrived Rebia; and in three days more King Zoheir assembled in haste all his lion warriors, and prepared two thousand horsemen that would have infused fears even into the genii and the fiends. And they departed, traversing the burning sands, seeking the land of the tribe of Aamir; and at their head rode King Zoheir, his heart ulcered with grief, and by his side was Rebia; and they continued their successive marches till they drew nigh to the land of the tribe of Aamir; and when their dust appeared, Ghashm*, son of Malik, mounted, and went out with a party of his people to meet King Zoheir, and saluting him, O great king, said he, art thou come to our land to take your pleasure with us, and to hunt in the vicinity? O Ghashm, said King Zoheir, we are not come on a visit or as guests. We are come with no other purpose but to extirpate you with the sword. What,

* Surnamed the Brandisher of Spears.

said the Brandisher of Spears, has produced this enmity between us, that we should deserve such violent measures at your hands after such friendship? Ay, said King Zoheir, for my son Shas, on his return from his relation, King Numan, was slain at your waters. O king, said Ghashm, who told you this? The slave that accompanied him, said King Zoheir, informed me of his murder and his destruction. And would you, O great king, added Ghashm, take away a man in health for one in sickness? and have you believed a base slave to our prejudice? and had even the slave told the truth, how many thieves and robbers are there in our neighbourhood! But if, notwithstanding this, you are resolved on shedding blood, God forbid that hostility should arise between us! But if you will not assent to my proposal, and you are certainly a man of honour, at least have pity on the widows and the infirm. King Zoheir, on hearing this address, returned, alarmed at the consequences of violence and oppression. He hastened his march till he reached home. But his son Cais was extremely afflicted, and wept bitterly, saying, I will not permit the blood of my brother to pass away in vain. I myself will undertake this business. It happened that this was a year of drought and scarcity, and the people were in total want of every thing. So Cais selected two she camels, and loading them with dried dates, and wheat, and butter, sent for an old, grey-headed woman, from whom there was no sort

of deceit concealed. Take these two camels, said he to her, and go to the land of the tribe of Aamir, but take special care not to discover yourself; buy nothing in exchange but rarities and valuable articles, and when any perfumes fall in your way, inquire whence they were imported.

As soon as the old woman heard Cais's instruction, she understood the whole affair, and she departed with a heart proof against all perils. He, however, sent with her some one to conduct her to the tribe of Aamir, and when she reached the dwellings, she roamed about and offered for sale her stock of wheat, inquiring for excellent perfumes in exchange. They produced all the perfumes they had, till she came, in her rounds, to the families of Ghani and Kellab; and, moreover, she importuned the whole tribe of Aamir till she reached the house of Thalaba, son of Aaridj, the huntsman. He himself was, at that period, away from his wife, who, in his absence, being in want of provisions, and seeing this stock brought by the old woman, cried out to her to come into her tent; she conducted her in, and offered her for sale some aloe wood, and musk, and amber, and as she inhaled the fragrance of them, the barren waste was scented with their odour. The old woman was quite amazed at the extraordinary qualities of these perfumes, and their fragrance quite intoxicated her. O my mistress, said she, this is indeed a rarity not to be purchased with wheat. The God of old knows my intention, and may I

never lose my daughter ! For God's sake, do now take all my stock, and relieve me from any further trouble and delay. But tell me whence was this perfume brought you, for in no place whatever have I ever seen any thing like it ; such as this is not to be found at any merchant's or perfumer's. I will not inform you on this point, said Thalaba's wife, and I will not reveal the business to you unless you promise me, by him who fashioned the human frame, that this affair shall not proceed from you to any human being, and that you will not acknowledge it to any one, man or woman. The old woman acceded to her proposition. O aunt, said she, my husband is called Thalaba, the son of Aaridj, the huntsman, and he gained, in this pitiful business, what no one of the servants of God ever gained before, for one day he was by the side of the lake hunting. It was night, when a youth called Shas, son of King Zoheir, passing by, frightened away the wild beasts, at which my husband was very angry and abused him ; the youth spoke in terms that irritated him, so my husband struck him with an arrow and slew him, and when the business was over my husband went towards him and perceived the whole catastrophe. A slave had accompanied Shas, and there was also a black-eyed camel, laden entirely with these perfumes. The slave, on seeing what had happened, fled away, and my husband, having first buried Shas in the sand, immediately came home, and with him the horse and camel ; he is now

gone to sell the horse and the trappings in some of the Arab hordes, and will bring me back some gold and silver. Now, were you not a foreign woman I should not have informed you of this extraordinary story. But still I will not let you go after this meeting, till you have given me your promise not to tell any one. I am a foreign woman, said the other, and am very old, and I live in the land of Yemen, and I have never heard any one mention the tribe of Abs or their king's son, Shas. So she made the required promise, and took away all her perfumes, and put them on the two camels ; and, bidding her adieu, she departed much pleased at what she had done. She instantly set out for the land of Abs, and she thought she should never reach home, so eager was she to execute Cais's commission, and inform King Zoheir of his son's death, till she actually arrived and related the surprising circumstances that had occurred to her. Now, do what you please, said she, and make whatever arrangements you choose. And what man slew him ? said he. Thalaba, the huntsman, said she ; and she informed him what Cais had done in his ingenuity, and showed him the perfumes. King Zoheir wept and sobbed, the tears streamed and flowed, whilst he thus gave vent to his grief in verse :

“ The vicissitudes of fortune have thrown me
“ into misery and wretchedness, and fortune has
“ ever evinced its treacherous disposition. I am in-
“ volved in affliction by it, as if I were the friend of

“intoxication, produced by excess of wine. It has
“left me in solitude ; I have no one to assist me.
“O that I were with him ; united to him in the
“tomb. When the messenger of Shas’s death ar-
“rived, grief took possession of me, and I am
“bewildered. O Shas, thou hast cast a grief into
“my heart that will not pass away, were even my
“life to pass away. Think not, O vengeance, that
“thou shalt sleep, now that he is gone. Let not the
“goose imagine it shall escape the vulture. Soon
“shalt thou see the Absian warriors plunge into
“deaths, and seas, and horrors. The kings of the
“earth shall see that we are able to take vengeance
“on their boldest heroes.”

To arms ! to arms ! cried King Zoheir to those
that were about him, and he mounted that very day,
accompanied by all the chiefs and Rebia, who thus
exclaimed, in verses :

“I was heedless of the nocturnal depredators, and
“my heart is insensible to joy. A calamity has
“befallen me that has taught me afflictions, and the
“heaviest sorrows. O my tears, flow fast from your
“stores for the loss of our hero. O my tribe, I have
“lost one who was my sword, and my right hand,
“and left hand, in the battle. He was a crown on
“the heads of the tribe of Abs, brilliant as the full
“moon ; but that moon is on the wane and is lost,
“now that the hostile hand has aimed at him the
“fatal arrow. O tribe of Aamir, do ye not dread
“the assault, that would even endanger the summits

“ of the caverned mountains. O land, now Shas is
“ gone, what can protect thee? Will the heavens
“ shadow thee from destruction? Our steeds are
“ fearless in the contest, and our swords are death’s
“ harbingers in the battle. The barbs of our spears
“ bear witness that the heights of glory are our
“ mansions of honour. The kings of the universe
“ are our slaves. They serve us, and we are the
“ lords. Shall they venture to oppose us? and we
“ are on our thin-flanked coursers, like dragons.”

When King Zoheir looked round at his sons and saw not Shas, he wept bitterly. They hastened their march, and a burning flame was concealed in their breasts, till they reached the tribe of Aamir. Their chief and ruler was called Khalid, son of Giafir, and their knight that protected them in the days of trouble was the Brandisher of Spears, Ghashm, son of Malik. The family of Ghani had also a skilful warrior whose name was Rebia, son of Ocail, and the family of Kellab had also a horseman called Jandah, son of Beka. These three tribes resided in one land, and their waters approximated, and they were nearly related. But at that time the chief, Khalid, was absent with Prince Aswad, in the land of Irak, who had also married the daughter of his brother, Akhwas, and her name was Saad; and when Khalid heard of Aswad’s marriage with Hadi-fah’s sister, he took with him some of the chiefs of the tribe of Aamir to visit him, and when he was about to return, his niece would not let him go. O

my uncle, said she, stay with me till I see how I like my situation ; for, indeed, if I am annoyed, I will return to my own country and my family. So he staid some time with her, and it was during his absence these events occurred, and King Zoheir invaded the tribe of Aamir, where he found the dwellings without their warriors, and there was no one but the Brandisher of Swords with a few men. Now, when they saw King Zoheir return, they rode out to meet him, and made a very humble address to him, inquiring the cause of his return. He informed them of the stratagem Cais had adopted, in order to succeed in his object ; he also told them that Thalaba, the huntsman, had slain his son Shas. On hearing this, and ascertaining it to be true, they searched for Thalaba, but could not find him. Upon this they sent for his wife, and ordered her to confess ; she acknowledged what her husband had done, and produced all the perfumes she still had. King Zoheir was highly incensed, and his eyeballs started into the crown of his head. O tribe of Aamir, cried he, I demand of you one of three conditions. First, that you return me my son as he was ; but if you cannot effect that, fill then my outer cloak with the constellations of heaven ; and if you cannot effect that, I demand of you the whole tribe of Ghani, that I may sacrifice all their children and their parents. O my lord, said they, verily you insult and outrage us, and demand of us impossibilities ; for he who requests what no human being can perform, oppresses

and tyrannizes. It is impossible for any one to revive the dead or kill the living, but Him who outspread the earth and vaulted the skies ; but as to your proposal of delivering over to you all the tribe of Ghani, it is a thing you in your senses could never suppose we should do, for you are a generous king, therefore do not exact the living for the dead. But as to exciting war and dissensions among us, heaven forbid that we should ever have recourse to such a proceeding, and that we should exchange our security for alarms and fears. But we will pay you ten times * the price of blood, and we beg of you to set at liberty our women and our daughters. Thus the tribe continued till King Zoheir was duped and relented. Consulting with Rebia about the abandonment of retaliation and their return home, O king, said Rebia, what is this you say ? How can we raise our heads among the Arabs, if we permit the blood of Shas to pass unrevengeed ? And, unsheathing his sword, To arms ! to arms ! he exclaimed, and rushed with his drawn sabre among the tribe of Aamir, whilst the sons of King Zoheir, also joining in a similar shout, extended their spears and plied their scimitars among them. The shouts arose on all sides ; the tribe of Aamir put on their arms and defended themselves ; the battle became furious, and many were slain and wounded. Blood flowed and streamed, and the dust uprose and sickened the eye-

* Ten camels was the price of blood in those days.

balls of the shouters. Heads were severed from bodies ; the tribe of Aamir just kept off the contest from their children, but were reduced to great distress as the confusion and uproar increased. The tribe of Abs cut through them by the force of their steeds, and slaughtered numbers of their horsemen and troops. On that day the only one that could fight on the offensive, and repel the attack, was the Brandisher of Spears, for he was one of the renowned heroes and celebrated warriors ; but observing the tribe of Abs, how they overpowered him, and the numbers of his own party, how they were cut up, and alarmed for their total annihilation, and the destruction of his country, he took with him a party of his tribe, all noble horsemen, and repaired to King Zoheir, who was under the standards ; he dismounted and paid obeisance, and kissing his hand, O dreaded king, said he, do not the deeds of a coward, for you are a great prince. Draw back your swords from us, that we may extract this tribe for you from the midst of us, and may separate from them and deliver them over to you. Do not destroy us for the crimes of others, leave us quiet in our lands and territory. All I request of you is, to delay for the remainder of this day, and to-morrow morning come on and the tribe shall be yours. He continued to engage his compassion in this proposal, and so humiliated himself, that King Zoheir was induced to agree to his request. I grant you, said King Zoheir, the term of this day, so that no blame

or reproach may attach to us. And he immediately directed his slaves to order back the troops from the contest. The Brandisher of Spears returned to his tribe: Now then, said he, entrench your women and families on the summits of the mountains, for I have circumvented King Zoheir in my discourse. Let us occupy a strong post for some days, till the sacred moon shine upon us, when battle and contention must be stopped, and these unexpected oppressors must depart. Moreover too, our Chief Khalid may arrive from the land of Irak, and he will avert from us this insupportable calamity.

The tribe of Aamir, on hearing this, were convinced of the expediency of the measure. So they all hastened away, and struck their tents and dwellings, every one carrying away his property, and placing his family in security among the mountains. Before daylight, the whole country was abandoned, and they moved like waves towards the hills.

By the dawn of day King Zoheir mounted, and when he saw what they had done, he was aware that the Brandisher of Spears had deceived him. He was furious with passion, and marched in haste against the Aamirites, with his men, and besieged them in the mountains. All that fell into his hands he made to drink of the cup of death and extinction, for the troops were greatly exasperated. They continued in this state for five days, and then arose the sacred moon. It was the month of Redjeb, which the ignorance of the Arabs sanctified. War

ceased during that time, and had it happened that any one had killed his father or his brother, it was never spoken of to him, and he could not be brought to trial. The Arabs went every where unarmed ; and for that reason it was called the deaf and dumb month, for the ears were insensible therein, and the Arabs, laying aside their arms, repaired to the holy Shrine, and made a pilgrimage, demanding forgiveness of sins.

When King Zoheir perceived the rising of the moon, and that the month of Redjeb had commenced, his heart was in flames, and burned with rage. He abandoned the contest, not to give an evil example among the Arabs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Absians were returning home, when, said King Zoheir to his son Cais, Fetch me hither your mother, that we may visit the holy Shrine, and pass these days there: and thence I will return to these dastards, and will extirpate them with the sword. Cais accordingly departed, and went home. King Zoheir afterwards repaired to Mecca, after having waited for the arrival of his wife, and a party of female attendants; and they halted in a part of the sacred valley, which had been the quarter of the Absians for ages; for the Arabs had ever possessed there each their respective abode.

At this time also the Chief Khalid returned from his visit to his niece, and as he was passing with his followers by the sacred Shrine, he sought the fulfilment of his religious duties, previous to his proceeding home. So he made also a pilgrimage with a party of Aamirites, and amongst them was the Brandisher of Spears. They all met Khalid, and informed him what had passed, and the plans they had adopted; how King Zoheir had invaded them, to seek vengeance for his son Shas, and the numbers he had slain.

At this recital Khalid's eyes became like fire:

Woe, woe unto thee, O Zoheir, son of Jazeemah ! he cried. Alas ! that I was not present when thou didst perpetrate that villanous deed. Truly thou hast taken advantage of my absence, and hast slain some of my family and my tribe ; but if I do not requite thee for thy acts in the dusty fight, I am not of the loins of Giafer. He reposed, and at dawn of day he went round the Shrine and the portico, and met King Zoheir in the circuit. He no sooner beheld him than his very entrails were on fire. Zoheir, he exclaimed, thou hast indeed accomplished thy iniquitous projects against the tribe of Aamir ; thou hast availed thyself of the inferior numbers of their troops. Thou hast violated our wives, and our noble matrons. Truly, I have had my revenge, replied Zoheir, and I have quenched my fury : had it not been for this sacred month, I would not have left among you either an old or a young one, and I must root out every vestige as soon as these days are expired. Dost thou not fear, said Khalid, that the vicissitudes of fortune may turn against thee, and against thy family, and that thy vestiges may be rooted out as those of thy predecessors ?

Then went Khalid towards the Caaba, and prayed, O Thou, who hast raised these columns, and hast consecrated the glory of this place, and hast made it a sanctuary for the Arabs, let not this year pass away before my hand rest on the neck of Zoheir ; grant me but to reach him, and through thee I will vanquish him. But Zoheir, in the excess of his

presumption, thus said, O Lord, let not this year pass before thou grantest me the accomplishment of my designs. Let my hand rest on the neck of Khalid, and no assistance do I require against him.

Now, as he spoke, there was a crowd of Arabs around him, and as soon as they heard these words, they kissed the columns of the sacred shrine, and turning towards King Zoheir, In this very year thou wilt expiate with thy life the words thou hast spoken, cried they all. Did I not respect these days, said Zoheir to them, I would drink of the blood of Khalid, as guests drink of wine. And Khalid turned away from him, and all the Arabs separated. Khalid, after remaining at Mecca three more days, set out to his own country with his tribe, and thus exclaimed in verse—

“ Prepare, O Zoheir—come to the field—let our
“ blood flow—let the forbidden now become legal.
“ O tribe of Aamir, brandish with me the barbed
“ spear, and unsheath the sword. Incur not dis-
“ grace in the day of attack ; sell your lives, and die
“ honourably. If infamy establish itself in our
“ dwellings, haste away and quit the tents. O tribe
“ of Aamir, the time is eventful ; raise the sword
“ against your foes. Lay low Zoheir and his sons,
“ when they quit Zemzem and the shrine. Draw
“ upon them the sharp scimitar, tear off their flesh
“ and their bones, that we may destroy the sup-
“ ports of Abs, as our brother laid low Shas. Let
“ us make their wives widows, and by the death

“ of their heroes let us make their children orphans.”

When Khalid had finished his verses, he pressed forward his march, his heart boiling with a blazing flame against Zoheir, and with him was the Brandisher of Spears and ten horsemen. On reaching home, they perceived that their families had come down from the mountains, and had pitched their tents on account of the sacred month. But in many of the dwellings there were wailings and lamentation for the horsemen that had been slain. Khalid went down among them and consoled them. On that very day he assembled the three tribes, and informed them what had passed with Zoheir in the land of Mecca; and I am resolved, he said, to attack the tribe of Abs, and I will not stop till I have succeeded in my project, and when I have slain Zoheir, I will repair to their lands, and I will exterminate their families and their tribe; for Antar is absent, and they seem fearless of calamities.

The Aamirites assented, and prepared for the march, amounting to five thousand brave horsemen. And when there was only a short space of the sacred month remaining, they terminated all their preparations in seven days and departed, Khalid having first sent different parties by different routes, and appointed a leader to each. Haste then, said he, on this expedition, and let us all meet in the land of Howazin. So they separated, and set off for the spot he had pointed out to them, where they con-

ceased themselves, and remained in anxious expectation of the event. But as to King Zoheir, the pilgrimage being now over, he returned with his followers, and his heart was boiling with rage against Khalid. He continued his march till he reached the market of Ocadh, where he halted among the Arabs, who entertained him for three days; and quitting them in security, he pressed on under the influence of Fate, till he came to the land of Howazin, where he halted at the waters about the evening. He took his repast, and did not repose till night. O my father, said Prince Cais, march with us during the night; perhaps we may avoid the tribe of Aamir, for you indeed have stamped on them the foulest disgrace, and I fear for your sake their Chief Khalid. King Zoheir, on hearing these words, exclaimed, What sayest thou, O Cais? Who are these vile Aamirites, or Khalid, or all the inhabitants of the barren waste? By the faith of an Arab, I will not stir hence for three days. Cais, when he heard this, felt aware that death was at hand. But he roused his companions for the contest, obliged as he was to yield to his father's authority.

At the dawn of day, whilst King Zoheir was sitting among his tribe, behold a horseman advanced in haste from the quarter of the tribe of Aamir, and that horseman was the brother of Temadhur, King Zoheir's wife, and he was come as a spy from the tribe of Aamir. He had long since established himself among them, and married one of their

women; for he detested King Zoheir, because he had banished him from the country; and had not his sister Temadhur been present, Zoheir would have put him instantly to death. So when King Zoheir drove him away, he took refuge among the tribe of Aamir, and settling himself among them, married there, and adopted all their habits, never ceasing to abuse King Zoheir. We have mentioned that Khalid was waiting in ambush for Zoheir; O my cousins, said he to his comrades, who of ye will go to the waters of the land of Howazin, and procure intelligence for us of Zoheir, son of Jazeemah, so that our labours may not be lost, nor our projects fail? O Khalid, they replied, for such an expedition you need no one but Amroo, son of Shireed, for he is a relative of that tribe, and one of them; and he is the only person that can procure intelligence for us: he has a very good excuse when he sees them that can give no umbrage, for he can say to them, I am come to congratulate my sister on her return from Mecca. Thus he may observe where they have halted, and tell us of their march. But I fear, said Khalid, he may betray us, and impart to his tribe all we have done. Upon that score there is no fear, said they; his hatred to King Zoheir is unquestionable. On this, he ordered him to his presence, and telling him what he wanted, Amroo thanked him; and assented, saying, I will bring you the required news, provided you will make this condition with me—it shall be a covenant between

me and you, and for it I must take the firmest engagement and promise. They agreed to his proposal, saying, Explain to us your demands.—When you have slain King Zoheir, said he, and you have succeeded in your wishes, capture not my sister Temadhur, and slay not one of her sons.—Let this be a sacred covenant between you and us, said Khalid; and he promised all he required, requesting his aid in the accomplishment of their hopes.

Amroo quitted them about midnight, and in the morning he reached the waters of Howazin; and as soon as King Zoheir saw him, he recognized him. Father, this is my uncle, said Cais; he is hastening towards us; I am convinced he is a spy from the tribe of Aamir.

And before Cais had finished, Amroo arrived, and congratulated King Zoheir on his pilgrimage: he then repaired to his sister, and saluting her, seated himself. O uncle, said Cais, what has brought you here?—I am come on a visit to you, said Amroo, and to congratulate you on your pilgrimage. I have also some news for you; which is, that Khalid son of Giafer, on his return from Mecca, assembled all the Aamirite chieftains, and related to them what happened with your father at the sacred shrine: he wept torrents of tears before them: revenge and rage rose in tumults in their hearts, and they have combined against your wicked and iniquitous designs. Unanimous in their resolution to waylay you on your return from the

sacred shrine, they marched out some days ago, and are five thousand in number. They heard of your having halted at the market of Ocadh; and out of my alarms for you I am come to congratulate you, and give you this information.

Well, Amroo, said King Zoheir, what have we to fear? We are able to meet our enemies; and if they have sent you as a spy, return and tell them that I will not move hence till I meet them and destroy them, high and low.—Great King, said Amroo, you still hate me; your detestation is not yet extinct. So I have lost my pains, though I was willing to make peace, and even my kindness to you is received as an act of baseness. I have only been induced to this deed by my fears for my sister, that she should be made captive, and infamy be heaped on me, east and west: but now that I have seen her my heart is at ease, and if I again return to you pardon not my offence. He then moved towards his horse, in order to mount and return. Cais would not permit him to execute his purpose; but he sprung at him like a hissing serpent, and threw him under him, and secured his arms. Uncle, he cried, I will not let thee go from us; and I will not let thee escape out of our power, till we have passed over this country, and we approach our own land.—What is this, my son? said his mother. Why hast thou seized the person of thy uncle, and thus repaid him for his visit to us? O mother, said Cais, let me alone in this affair; do

not question me. I will not release him till he gives me the promise of God and his engagement that he will not mention us to any human being, and will not give any information of us either to man or woman.—My brother, said Temadhur, give the required promise to my son Cais. Upon this Amroo, having sworn and bound himself by oaths that for three days he would not mention any one of them, Cais untied the ropes, and granted him his liberty : but he requested of his sister Temadhur some provisions, to feed him till he reached home. She gave him some bread and milk, and he mounted his horse and departed.

As soon as Amroo was gone, and vanished among the sand-hills and the mountains, Zoheir turned towards his son, to rebuke him. What is this thou hast done with thy uncle? cried he; this is all through fear of death or the foe.—Yes, my father, said Cais; for when a wise man has an enemy, he sleeps not by night. His father's expressions convinced Cais that death was at hand; so he went out with the horsemen, and stationed himself on the look-out for the enemy.

But as to Amroo, he urged on his march incessantly till he reached the tribe of Aamir. They mounted, and met him; as also did Khalid, though he believed he should never see him again. And when he came up to him, he asked him how he was : he gave no answer; but turning aside towards some erak trees, he alighted beneath them, and

placed down on the ground before him the bottle that contained the milk. Amroo pointed to the trees with his hand, and thus addressed them: Thou form, that canst return no reply, and understandest not what is said, and canst not distinguish between right and wrong, truly I have been provided with milk from a hated tribe. I wish thou wouldst taste thereof, that no harm may come to me from drinking it. O my cousins, said Khalid, the man has fallen among the tribe: afraid of him, they have bound him by oaths that he will not speak of them, nor give any human being information of them: he has thus engaged himself by oath, and had it not been so, he could not have escaped from them. The wisest plan is for you to taste this milk, and try his food; if it be sweet, it is fresh milk, and Zoheir is near us; if it be sour, and the victuals tainted, then the party is distant in the barren wastes. Accordingly, some of the horsemen approached and drank of the milk, and it was fresh camels' milk. They informed Khalid: You have proved the fact, said he, and I am convinced Amroo only left them in the land of Howazin; and it is my advice that we march against them instantly. Let us seek them, and disperse ourselves over the desert in search of them; and if we fall upon them in this desert, we will bring down death and extinction upon them; and if we do not meet them, we will return to the high road, where we must find them halting somewhere to repose.

Thus Khalid formed his plans for the execution of his purpose, and urged on over the plains and wastes till it was night; when they returned to the high road, and continued their march till they reached the waters of Howazin by morning.

Cais was stationed as the scout; and as soon as he saw the dust of the tribe as it drew nigh, he returned to his father. Be on your guard, O father, he cried, for there approaches what you cannot overcome.—What is the matter? said Zoheir. The dust of the foe is at hand, said Cais; there is the tribe of Aamir, and Khalid son of Giafer: and his tears burst forth in torrents as he spoke. But his father mounted his horse, having first clothed himself in armour, to meet his foes and his enemies. Welcome, welcome to Khalid, the son of Giafer the Aamirite, he cried, and galloped forward on his horse Caasa, followed by his sons and his troops.

When Khalid saw this formidable array, he called out to the tribe of Aamir, and excited their energies for the stroke of the cleaving swords. Upon this, shouts were raised, swords were drawn, spears were extended; all shouted, and attacked, and exclaimed, and vociferated. Fury boiled in every bosom; patience and perseverance were evinced by all. The scene was dreadful; multitudes crowded promiscuously; discourse was at an end. The cowards fled; round them revolved the cup of perdition. The dust thickened like clouds. Zoheir roared and bellowed: he gave vent to all his feelings,

and poured forth his fury and his pride: he assailed them, and exposed himself to dangers. But before mid-day the Aamirites resolved on flight, for they saw in the Absians what amazed their senses. Not one of the Aamirites could stand firm in that terrific hour but the Chief Khalid, son of Giafer; for he preferred death to flight.

At that moment arrived another division of the tribe of Aamir, every one of them eager for the battle; and as soon as they appeared their hearts were comforted, and they attacked: for among them were Knights whose equals the age could not produce, Rebia, son of Ocail, and Jandah, son of Beka, and their companions were the champions of the tribes. Upon this, they made an assault from every direction; their shouts arose on high; numbers increased against the Absians, whose difficulties augmented; patience and perseverance were exhausted, for they did not consist of more than one hundred men, and their enemies were five thousand warriors, all armed with spears.

But King Zoheir, when he was aware that there was no reprieve from death, and evidently beheld his destruction, resolutely encountered the barbs of the spears that goaded him on all sides; and he made assaults such as after ages never witnessed. Khalid marked his exploits, and threw himself upon him, anxious for a personal contest; at the same time thinking that though he might kill him, he should also be slain himself. They shouted and

roared aloud till they distinguished death and an eternal blindness; the earth and sky vanished from them.

Heaven protect us from the unenlightened persons of that period of Arabian ignorance, particularly from such as these two warriors renowned in battle, namely, King Zoheir, and Khalid, son of Giafer!

They continued now to close, now to start asunder; and a combat and contest arose between them that would have turned infants gray. They persisted in driving at each other till their spears were shattered: they flung them on the ground, and drew their swords: they did not desist from smiting each other with their sabres till their arms were quite exhausted. Throwing these likewise away, they grasped each other on their horses till their wrists were quite numbed, and continued in this position till they both fell at once on the sand; but Khalid fell uppermost, upon King Zoheir, on account of his arrogant speech at Mecca.

Khalid attempted to draw his sword, but he could not quit the hold of his antagonist; upon which King Zoheir cried out to the Absians, Come to me, and assist me against Khalid; and if ye cannot succeed against him, then slay him and slay me too. At that moment his son Warca stood near him, and the instant he heard his father call out, being beneath Khalid, O my father! he exclaimed, and he threw himself towards him, and dispersing

the Aamirites, struck Khalid a blow on the shoulder. But the sword turned round in his hand, and slipped aside, and he could not relieve his father from the power and oppression of the foe. Then came up Jandah, son of Beka, and heaved up his arm with his sword, and struck King Zoheir on the crown of the head; and his brains dropped out from his head, for the blow fell right against his temples: he heard his sword grate and rattle against Zoheir's skull. Convinced that the blow had made its way into Zoheir, and had slain him, Arise now, my cousin, he cried to Khalid, for it is all over with him; and Khalid sprung up off his chest, and his project was completed. He seated himself again on his horse's back, as he cried out to his cousins and troops, saying, O my cousins, retire from these dastards, for my purpose has succeeded, and God has listened to my prayer.—What has this to do with us? said Rebia, son of Ocail. I swore to Amroo, said Khalid, by him who hath spread out the earth and the canopy of the skies, that I would not take his sister Temadhur captive, and that I would not slay one of her sons; and now that we have accomplished our designs against Zoheir, I wish to fulfil my promise and engagement with Amroo. Thus commanding his horsemen to withdraw their hands from the blow and the thrust, he departed, seeking his family and home, having first taken possession of King Zoheir's sword, Zinoor, and his charger, Caasa; and as they were traversing the plain and the waste, Khalid turned towards Jandah,

and said, Well then, the blow you struck Zoheir was mortal? Eh! for I have sworn by the sacred shrine, that if we met we should not part but in death.—I struck him such a blow, said Jandah, were even assistance to come from Hibel for him, never will he revive to snuff the air of heaven; for my arm is powerful, and my sword sharp; it would cleave even iron. And when I heard the rattle and grating of my sword against Zoheir's skull, something issued like the oil of jessamin. I tasted it with my tongue, and I perceived it salt, so I was convinced it was the juice of his brains, and that his career was closed. Upon that Khalid smiled, and thanked him for his deed.

But as to King Zoheir's sons and his people, when they knew of his death, they feared for their own destruction: they gave their horses their heads, and fled away, till all pursuit being cut off, they halted. And as they expressed their regrets for King Zoheir, said Cais to his uncles and brothers, Return with me to my father, that we may carry him away with us; for if there is a breath of life, we will cure him, and if he is dead, we will dig a grave for him, and bury him; for the enemy has given us up, and something has called away their attention from us.

He accordingly returned with them to his father, whom they found in agonies. He dismounted, and spoke to him: he opened his eyes. What dost thou want of me, my son? said he, in a faltering voice;

depart, for thou art my successor, and only seek to avenge me on Khalid, son of Giafer; there is no occasion for me to recommend to thee thy cousin Antar. With this last injunction he again fainted. All present burst into tears and lamentations; they let loose their turbans about their necks. Their clamorous grief recalled Zoheir to life. Shall we not carry thee home with us? said Cais. No, said he; do not move me, my son. Trouble not thyself, for the blow on my head has inflicted its death on my heart, and I must inevitably die. A corpse is but dust; only just let it be concealed from the wild beasts and the wolves. Here his speech failed, and he expired.

So they dug a grave for him, and having buried his dust therein, they returned home, their tears streaming copiously. But Warca was more grieved and afflicted than any one, and his mind was in the greatest agony on account of his blow at Khalid, when the sword turned round in his hand, for he knew the Arabs would shame him on account of such a blow. He evidently wished for death in the excess of his anguish and the calamity he endured, and he thus mourned his father:

“ I beheld my father under the breast of Khalid,
“ and all my happy prospect died in him. He cried
“ out to us—O by Abs, turn towards me, for my
“ eyes are overpowered by Khalid. I rushed upon
“ him, and the horse shook their quivering spears,
“ and death closed up every passage. But my

“ sword turned round in my hand and betrayed
“ me, and the God of heaven’s canopy palsied my
“ hand and my arm : O that before I had struck at
“ Khalid I had drunk the cup of the poison of
“ venomous beasts ! O that before I rushed on,
“ the pangs of death had seized me in the contest !
“ My mother Temadhur will not be congratulated,
“ as she was once congratulated by illustrious heroes
“ at my birth. She indeed depended on me, and
“ she prayed for my success ; but her hopes have
“ been disappointed in the hour of tribulation. I
“ am become a common tale, after this blow at
“ Khalid ; I shall be spurned by foes and enemies.
“ O that I had been laid low in the dark desert,
“ and that the birds were devouring me ! O son of
“ Giafer, may the God of the canopy make thee
“ drink of the cup of extinction, and of death, hot
“ and cold ! May the Omnipotent God, the uni-
“ versal Ruler, destroy thee, and mayest thou feel
“ the direst evils of fortune, O Khalid ! Soon ye
“ shall see horsemen brandishing death on their
“ spears and their arms. Alas ! O tribe of Abs and
“ Adnan, rush to the fight, and come to me with
“ your illustrious heroes. O Absian Antar, Cham-
“ pion of the tribe, thou sympathisest with them
“ in the hour of battle and adversities. Come on,
“ O tribe, to revenge ; haste—for the foe and our
“ rivals have triumphed over us. May the Lord
“ steep their land in blood ; may it be a den of lions,
“ and may the birds never fly over it ! The enemy

“reposes on the couch of gratulation in the murder of Zoheir, and Khalid's heart is exulting. Alas ! O my cousins, rush on to the sea of death with your spears and your arms. Let us slay every one of their chiefs ; let us take their women captives in fetters and chains ; let us destroy the Kelabians, with the tribes of Ghani and Aamir ; and let us extirpate a thousand knights for one. Alas ! alas ! how the foe laid him low ; and the hand of the antagonist and the hater has stretched him on the ground. My dependance was on him : I even thought fortune feared his might, and would demand pardon of him in adversities. Oh ! I shall weep for him as long as I live with ulcerated eyes, whose lids no rest shall visit. Since it is my doom to be cast down in misery, I will mourn in flowing tears that shall never be stayed.”

Then, as they pursued their journey homewards, Temadhur dashed her fists against her cheeks, ever casting her eyes behind her : she anxiously wished to destroy herself, yet her better reason checked her, for she was one of the most sensible of women : still she was reduced to misery and ignominy. But as to the tribe of Aamir, when they reached their own country, the Brandisher of Spears came forth with his suite to meet Khalid, saluting him, and inquiring about all that had passed. Khalid informed him of the victory and triumph, at which the Brandisher of Spears was happy and delighted, until he heard of the safety of King Zoheir's sons, at which

he was grieved and distressed. O Khalid, said he, what thou hast done is wrong; had I been with thee, by the faith of an Arab, I would not have left a head or tail of them; for when a man undertakes an affair, he should finish it, and should not leave any thing to be done.

Cousin, said Khalid, I was afraid the same misfortune would befall me as King Zoheir. But now, he added, I wish you would execute an act that will make you renowned indeed. Take with you one thousand horsemen, and proceed to the defiles between us and Yemen: conceal yourself there till Antar returns, and do with him as I have already done with Zoheir, for I have heard that Antar is in the land of Yemen, and with him a party of horse that despise the calamities of the times. If you can slay them, we shall succeed in all our attempts, and by killing them, we shall destroy the strong defence of the Absians.

When Gheshm heard Khalid's advice, his pride and vanity were shocked, and he was greatly annoyed, for he was a puissant horseman, and a stout hardy warrior. Hast thou not found for me any greater honour, said he to Khalid, than to detach me against a baseborn slave? Let me protect our property and families. I will assemble for them the troops and the heroes; go thou thyself on this expedition thou hast planned, and relieve me from the life of Antar. He then despatched horsemen in every direction, and ordered every one to as-

semble who had blood or vengeance against the Absians. In three days Khalid had equipped one thousand brave horsemen, amongst whom were Jandah and Rebia, son of Ocail, with whom he set out towards the defiles, saying to his cousins, We are engaged in an affair whose knot cannot be well tied, till we have completed it, and have executed the most difficult part of it. We have indeed cut off the serpent's head, but the tail remains.

The defiles where Khalid was going were on the road by which every traveller must pass, and the Arabs called them the defiles of Mesarih. Khalid had taken to himself King Zoheir's horse Caasa, and made it his own charger, and also his sword Zeenoor. They continued their march till they reached the defiles, where he halted with his party in the meadows and ravines. Now, as to Aboul-fawaris Antar, he set out with Asyed and his son Nazih, as we before mentioned, and entered the land of Yemen, in order to rescue Selma, Asyed's wife, and to assist his son Nazih with respect to Dhymia, the daughter of Obad. They continued traversing the wastes till they came nigh unto the land of the tribe of Cayan. But Nazih perceiving on a sudden birds flying about and scimitars flashing, shouts and battles, and armies and camps, Alas! said he to his comrades, we have fallen on what we did not expect. Compose your heart and brighten your eye, said Antar; proceed on forward with your party, and ascertain what is the matter,

that we may take measures accordingly. Nazih slackened his bridle, and galloped up to the tents of the tribe of Cayan, where were the women in the greatest affliction, and the young damsels in tears. He beheld his chief Obad, and he was one mass of wounds. Dhymia was weeping among the women, and still exciting the horsemen to the combat, and rallying the troops to face the contest. At the sight of his mother Selma, he was quite distracted, as she was crying out: O my son Nazih, from what quarter can I call thee? and in what land shall I meet thee? Congratulate yourself, exclaimed Nazih, advancing towards Obad, victory and conquest are at hand; but what's this misfortune? O my son, he replied, are we involved in this calamity, and you among the living still? Where have you been, and what has happened to you and to your comrades? O my lord, said Nazih, mine is too long a tale to relate now; but inform me what has happened to you, and congratulate yourself on the fulfilment of every hope. For with me are horsemen, were they to assault the ocean, they would disperse its waves; were they to strike the mountains, they would rend open their sides. But who are these foes? O my son, said Obad, after your departure from hence, Nacmah, son of Ashter, King of the land of Sawdah and the mountain of Ghemam, sent and demanded my daughter Dhymia in marriage, but I refused her, and rejected his suit, sending back his messenger in despair. He repeated his offer, but I still denied

him, till his rage and indignation became excessive, and he ordered against me his armies, with his son Kelboon, and a contest took place between us.

Nazih listened, and the light became dark in his eyes; he hastened back to Antar, and told him what had happened. But Antar soothed his heart, and dividing his troops into three bodies, ordered them to make a general assault. Oorwah and his men he stationed on the right, and Nazih and a hundred men to the left, and he himself stood with a hundred horsemen in the centre. Asyed also stopped on a rising ground with ten horsemen, resolved also to fight; but Antar would not permit him: This is not right, said he, think not of exposing yourself among this tribe of dogs; stand firm at your post with this standard, that our foes may know we have also a knight-chief. Antar shouted out to the Absians, and leading the attack, thus expressed himself:

“ When the dawn shines from the east, and the
“ birds sing and mourn on the entangled trees, my
“ sword flutters in my scabbard, and cries out that
“ it longs for the contest. My spear quivers when it
“ sees the experienced warriors brandish their lances.
“ My horse aids me on the day of the spear-thrust ;
“ when it moves, the winds even are dead. Behold
“ a true-hearted warrior, when the horsemen see him
“ they fling away their arms. O cup-bearer of death,
“ prepare the glass for us, for I am resolved 'on de-
“ parture. Give us to drink nought but the drops

“ of blood, when the people drink of water and
“ wine! Let the skulls be our apples, and spears
“ in the battle our fragrant flowers! Sing to my
“ distracted heart of my love for the beauteous Ibla,
“ adorned with jewels. Be patient under the dark
“ shadows of the battle and the harsh din of the
“ combat, if thou art enamoured of lovely woman.
“ I am Antar, like the lion of the tomb, I destroy
“ enemies with the blow of my scimitar !”

As soon as Antar had finished his verses, he received the whole tribe of Arcat as the parched earth receives the first of the rain, with blows that would cleave a rock, and blind the vision, and stupefy the senses. The tribe of Arcat was the most potent of all the tribes of the land of Yemen, so also was their king pre-eminent above all the kings of those regions, the most arrogant and most powerful of all their ignorant and blasphemous race; addicted to debauchery among the maidens and the matrons of Arabia, for whom beldams in his employment searched amongst the tribes, and whenever they happened to find a beautiful maiden or lovely damsel, they came to him and informed him; then would he send to her father to demand her in marriage, and if her father assented, it was all well; but if he refused, Nacmah would mount against him with his armies and his bravoës, and would subdue him with the sword-blow and the spear-thrusts, and seizing her by force, he would keep her as his slave, till he should hear of some other, when he would

make her over to his servants, and take another, with whom he would act as with the first. About this time he heard of the beauty of Dhymia, the daughter of Obad, and he sent to make his proposals, as we mentioned. But Obad sent his messenger disappointed away, saying, I will not marry my daughter to an ignorant tyrant.

As soon as Nacmah heard this reply, he was in a violent rage. He forgot it for a short time, and repeated his message, but still Obad rejected him. Now, said Nacmah, I must reduce him to disgrace, and subdue him by force, and he instantly sent for his son, whose name was Kelboon, a brave man, and a sturdy warrior; him he ordered to mount, and proceed against the tribe of Cayan, and bring with him his beloved Dhymia. His son Kelboon obeyed his orders and mounted, speeding to the tribe of Cayan; when he arrived, he attacked them without any excuse, or previous notice, or explanation: for the tribe of Arcat acknowledged no law or compact; they worshipped the moon, and prostrated themselves before it when new, and when at the full, at its renewal, and its completion; and on the fourteenth night they demanded of it all their wants and exigencies, renouncing him who spread out the earth and raised up the skies. In every month they had a festival, and they rejoiced at the rise of the new moon. Kelboon plied among the tribe of Cayan the blow of the deadly sword without any cause assigned, or previous warning. The

carnage lasted three days; but on the fourth day arrived Antar, and Nazih, and Asyed, and found the tribe of Cayan reduced to great straits and difficulties, all huddled together in their tents, and disasters were falling heavy on them.

Antar divided his troops into three corps: they rushed upon the encampment, and trampled down the foe from every quarter; for Antar's rage and fury were at their height. He shouted at the horsemen of Arcat—he dispersed them—he drowned them in their own blood—he mangled the foe as he cut through them—he gored their breasts with his spear—he crushed their ribs—he dragged forth their lives—he spoiled them of their existence—he dyed their carcasses in blood, and painted them with gore—he dashed down their skulls, and tossed them about—he vociferated at the foe, and the Ab-sians answered to his shout. The enemy were only anxious to escape by flight, for the tribe of Arcat saw death was come upon them, and they fled. Antar's yell was heard again, and the whole country was in convulsions. Then retreated the tribe of Arcat from the tents, as they still saw horsemen gathering upon them, and warriors assailing them: back they turned, but death was ever before their eyes. They dispersed like wild beasts, every one felt the certainty of his fate; to every one this truth was unquestionably manifested.

Their Chief Kelboon was stationed beyond the field of battle and carnage, and with him a body of

warriors. He was expecting the prisoners to be brought to him, for he had seen the party of Ab-sians when they attacked and plunged into the fight, but he despised them on account of their inferior numbers. He knew not they were the horsemen of fate, and of instant death. But when he perceived his comrades scattered right and left, he shuddered, crying out at them, What means this abandonment of the contest? He himself then attacked the Ab-sians, and he found in them warriors who regarded not wealth, who wished not for life, who never thought of flight, who feared not the storm of fire, but whose assault was like the assault of hungry lions, and whose spear-thrusts pierced the breasts and the ribs. Then was the calamity frightful, and awful the catastrophe. The arrows of destruction were sped, and the warriors shrunk away terrified at death, and at the circling cups of perdition, and the furious steeds of annihilation. Some rushed upon their fate, some sought safety in flight. They demanded succour of Kelboon. We advise you, cried they, to fly, before this knight comes down upon you, and tears off your head from your shoulders. He was highly indignant at such a suggestion, and sparks of fire shot from his eyes. He drew his sword, and smote his companions; five of them he slew. Eh! he cried, what is there more intolerable than this? How? what? can a thousand horsemen of Arcat fly from one hundred only, many of whom are slain too? By the truth of the rays of

the new moon and the full, and by the night when it is dark and obscure, I will show you what I will do with this horseman ; and he darted from beneath the standards, and with him five hundred men, brave warriors, in whom he could confide, and every one almost his equal in skill at arms.

When Antar had eased his fury, and routed all that came before him, he turned towards his heroic Absians, and saw them fiercely engaged with two thousand horsemen : he was alarmed for his comrades, on account of those fellows who rolled on like the salt sea. He was also much afraid for Nazih, and these circumstances creating great disquietude in his mind, he sent them out of his hundred men thirty horsemen, and then galloped forward with the remaining seventy, to seek the King's son's standard, whom he observed hastening towards him, attended by his five hundred ; and as he approached Antar, Advance, he cried to his people, towards this demon, and ask him of what Arab tribe he is. So they charged upon him ; but one anticipated the rest, and he was a spear-armed warrior. What Arab art thou ? cried he ; whence comest thou, frantic as thou seemest ? But Antar, though he heard this speech, condescended not to reply. He attacked him, and made at him ; he pierced him through the chest, and hurled him over. He also slew the one who came up next, and again sent to join them a third brother, goring the remainder with thrusts in

their sides, till they retired on their rear, and hurried towards Kelboon to demand his assistance.

When Kelboon saw this dreadful event, he rushed upon Antar. He galloped, charged, and assaulted; soon laboured amongst them the blow, and the thrust from the sword and the spear. At this moment the thousand opposed to Nazih were routed, for Antar's reinforcement reached him in good time, and strengthened his courage and resolution. We have already mentioned all he felt in his heart for his dear Dhymia. So he scattered heads like balls, and hands like leaves of trees, and by mid-day he had dispersed them over the barren waste. Next were repulsed the troops that were opposed to Oorwah; they too were dispersed over the land, death and destruction came upon them.

Now then, cried Obad to his tribe, now congratulate yourselves on victory, in the arrival of your Knight Nazih, accompanied by this Absian party. Now turn again upon the foe with firm purpose, and protect your women from every foreign invader.

All the horsemen gave an universal shout, and the freeborn and the slaves attacked, and made great havoc and slaughter. The sword ceased not to act, nor blood to flow, nor men to fight, nor the flame of battle to rage, till the tribe of Arcat was completely cut up, when Nazih and his comrades sought the tents with Oorwah, where they were all crowded together; and thus they continued their

work of death. But Antar and Kelboon were occupied in the thrust, and the assault, and the skull-cleaving blow.

Antar, being anxious speedily to conclude this difficult affair, pretended being exhausted. This increased Kelboon's fury, and he thrust at him with his spear, in the hope of annihilating him. Antar waited patiently till the spear came close to his chest, when he shivered it with his sword, and rushing upon Kelboon, struck him on the side of the neck, and his sword issued quivering through the joints. Upon this the tribe of Arcat assailed Antar from all sides, shouting, Alas ! alas ! Kelboon ! But Antar also cried out to his men, and he encountered them, piercing their chests and their eyes, and making their blood stream down with his spear. Asyed perceived him ; the pride of glory was roused in him ; his joy and delight were complete, and seeing that the business was now rendered easy, he attacked with the remaining horsemen, and plunged among the foe with his sword and spear. Now fled the tribe of Arcat, and Antar in pursuit like an overwhelming destruction, the blood trickling from his scimitar and lance.

Shiboob caught up the head of Kelboon, and stuck it on a tall spear, and ran on till he came near the tribe of Arcat. For whom would ye now remain to fight ? he exclaimed ; Behold the head of your Chief Kelboon ! With that he mounted the head on high towards them, and when they recog-

nised it they dispersed over the wastes and the wilds. And God made security succeed to fears with the tribe of Cayan. They all dismounted before Antar, and walked towards him. Nazih also dismounted, and pressed Obad to mount, but he refused, saying, O my son, who are these noble people? My Lord, said Nazih, these are of the tribe of Abs, whom the Arabs call the Knights of death and instant destruction, and the cause of my acquaintance with them is an extraordinary event; for their Prince is my father, and their parentage is mine.

Thus he related to him all that had happened to him on his expedition. Obad was exceedingly surprised: By the faith of an Arab, said he, this is indeed a story unequalled in the world; and truly I hated the Absians on account of what my father told me of them, but now, my son, it is incumbent on us that our men become their slaves, and our women their handmaidens; but which of them is your father? Nazih pointed to Asyed—he who has the standard over his head, he replied; the lord of the embroidered robe. Obad ran eagerly up to Asyed, and kissed his foot in the stirrup: Had I known this youth, who is among us, I would have made him lord over the tribe of Cayan; but He who is unseen is wonderful, and is the Author of all things. You alone deserve well of me and my companions, replied Asyed, kissing his head, and we must partake in all your disgraces and your honours; and had we done for you two-fold of what we have

effected, we could not have requited you for your acts in educating my son among the Arabs; but we request of you to marry him to your daughter Dhymia, that we may be allied and connected, for you are an eminent chieftain, and we are the princes of the Arabs; and all of us are men of high renown and degree. One like me, returned Obad, expressing his obedience, must be honoured with such good fortune. Asyed thanked him.

Now when they came nigh to the dwellings, the women and slaves met them. Nazih's mother had heard of her son's return, and observed him engaged with the enemy. She could scarcely believe he was come back. She kissed him, and inquired how he was. He acquainted her with his having discovered his father. The Almighty God has restored him to us; a tribe of Absians is come with me, and it is by them that this affliction has been removed. Then was her joy increased, and all sorrow and grief were dead within her heart. She looked upon her husband Asyed, and immediately recognising him, she walked up to him, and tendered her services; and when he saw her, he dismounted and embraced her. Every one of them was now united to his friends; they wept and talked over the horrors they had endured, and wept again.

Before evening the tribe of Abs had pitched their tents, and wine and meat were served up to them. The tribe of Cayan treated them very hospitably, and in the morning some slaves came from Obad to

Asyed with generous steeds, and horses, and spears, and scimitars; he also sent to Nazih's mother fifty party-coloured robes, and also fifty maidens, bearing valuable jewels in their hands; and before the day was passed and the night came on in obscurity, Nazih's mother had absolute command over the tribe of Cayan, after all the afflictions and ignominy she had suffered among them. Soon after Asyed prepared a magnificent entertainment, and assembled all the tribe and families. The tribes of Abs and Cayan made obeisance to Antar, and thanked him for what he had done present or absent. The feast lasted three days, and then Asyed requested Obad to marry his daughter to his son; he assented. My daughter will indeed execute her part, said he, but my heart is under severe apprehensions on account of this tyrant whose son you have slain; for I am well aware the flame will not be quenched in him, and he will not submit; and as soon as the fugitives arrive, and notify his son's death, he will march against us with incalculable numbers, for his armies are like the seas, and his country is the most savage of countries; and if he comes he will leave our habitations a desert wild. O Obad, said Antar, we will not quit this country till we have bound this tyrant by the neck for you, and I will make every one in the whole country subject to you. So enjoy your present happiness, and let it not be tainted with sorrow, whilst I go with one hundred men and annihilate Nacmah, son of Ashtar, for not one will

I leave alive of his tribe. O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed Obad, in amazement at Antar's expressions, these are not like the people you have hitherto engaged; their country is most extensive, and they are as numerous as the sands. I had better write to my confederates. Let us all march together to the mountain of the Volcano; there let us exert our endeavours to extirpate this monster; for if he demands the ransom of his son, he must prevail. What say you, Obad? said Antar: by the truth of Him who created mankind, and infused life into our bodies, I will not march but with two hundred horsemen of the tribe of Carad, and no one shall accompany me but Oorwah and my father Shedad, let them be as numerous as Themood and Aad. Heaven protect us! ejaculated Asyed and Obad. At such imprecations they were stupefied, and no one could venture a reply. At last, said Asyed, O knight of the age, verily thou hast sworn by an oath that was not required; and if indeed we are able to accomplish this, we will not acquiesce in thy proposal. But, O my cousin, if it must be so, let it be; do as thou wilt; march to-morrow, and we will join thee in two or three days, for we cannot permit thee to enter a country of which thou art ignorant with this small body. It is for thee to command, said Antar, but I had much rather execute this business without them; and I trust you will not join me till I have performed my engagement. This passed in the evening, and the people retired to their

tents. As soon as the darkness had passed away, Antar sent Shiboob for his father Shedad, and Oorwah, and selecting from the Absians two hundred horsemen, he bade adieu to Asyed and Nazih, traversing the plains and the deserts ; and when Antar was alone, he thought of Ibla. It was now a long time that he had not seen her in his sleep, at which he was nearly dead through grief ; he was exceedingly distressed, and in his passion he thus spoke :
“ My virtues are enemies to the world, and my
“ actions are faults and disgraces. My lot is eternal
“ separation from my love, but the lot of others is
“ to approach her. Every day the world renews its
“ reproaches on account of my fondness, and I have
“ no physician for my body. The world is enamoured
“ of my mistress, as if I were its rival. If my ima-
“ gination, O Ibla, has deceived me, let my heart
“ die insulted, for death is sweeter to me than life,
“ when it is my beloved that oppresses me. How
“ can I go or pass the deserts, when the west and the
“ south winds contend to check me ? O breeze of
“ Hidjaz, if thou dost not quench the fire of my
“ heart, my frame must melt with the heat. Truly
“ the dove mourns on the bough, and ’its plaints
“ and murmurs distress me ; it remains wailing its
“ separation from its mate, and laments itself as a
“ lonely stranger. But I pour forth sighs from my
“ burthened heart, that even the most wretched cries
“ at it, ‘ Heaven protect me ! ’ O dove of the bough,
“ if thou wert like me, thou wouldst not rest under

"the green branches. Leave their love and passion
 "for the real lover, whose heart is ever in torment,
 "whom fortune punishes every day, when any one
 "addresses him. O anguish interminable! O calamity
 "that will never cease! Ask the herald concerning
 "me. O Ibla, ask the brave man, grown
 "gray in battle. He will tell thee, that on the edge
 "of my sword sits the king of death, ever present
 "and never absent. My spear, on the day of thrusts,
 "knows me. Ask it then, what will joy thy heart,
 "how many warriors approached me, each crying
 "out, O by my tribe, I am a noble hero! but he
 "never returned, but he bit the ground, and his
 "garments were rent from him. My sword laughs
 "in my hand, but in another's grasp it would weep.
 "In the dark shadow of my spear is my parentage;
 "and my black complexion, when it is questioned,
 "gives the reply. It protects me in the day of spear-
 "thrusts, as one noble-born defends his fellow. They
 "forbid me from drinking cups of wine, with damsels
 "scented with musk and perfumes; they compel
 "me to hold up the skirt of glory, what even the
 "contemptible coward would renounce."

As soon as Antar had finished his verses, his father's heart pitied him, and compassionated his situation, and so also did Oorwah and his people. They urged on their march, till they reached the land of the tribe of Arcat. As to Nacmah, after he had despatched his son, Kelboon, he remained expecting news of him, and hoping that he would soon

return with Dhymia, Obad's daughter, but he was not aware that fortune had belied her former habits with him, and had, instead of her, sent Antar. Thus it continued with him, till the fugitives arrived and announced his son's death. Accursed ! ye wretches ! he roared out, ye went with seven thousand horsemen, and has this calamity befallen you at the hands of the tribe of Cayan ? And have ye left my son dead on the desert ? My lord, one named Masrook ventured to say, by your life, this did not come upon us from the tribe of Cayan. We had nearly effected their destruction, and had driven them to their tents, but three hundred horsemen of Hidjaz rushed upon us, on whose spears sat death, and with them was a black knight like a thunder-cloud ; he understood no address ; he made no reply ; but he thrust his spear through chests and ribs ; he wrenched out eyes, tore out entrails, and repelled affliction from the tribe of Cayan, and he gored us in our rear, till he drove us far away, and I should say that he was even now at our heels. Nacmah permitted him not to finish his tale, before he smote him with his sword, and off flew his head. Bring before me these fugitives, he cried to his attendants, and they accordingly seized them, and dragged them before him, and he struck off their heads till the strength of both his arms was exhausted. Now he had a brother whose name was Niamet, and when he saw his brother's outrageous conduct, he advanced towards him ; he took the sword out of his hand,

and calmed his rage and fury. This Niamet was the reverse of his brother, he was a kind-hearted man, and one to whom people referred in their troubles; hating oppression and violence. He was ever checking his brother, and requesting him to abstain from his hateful acts towards his people, and to be just to his subjects, warning him of the consequences. But Nacmah would never listen to his discourse, and would not even deign an answer; and on this day, when he prevented him from slaying his companion, and took the sword out of his hand, saying, How oft have I checked you, and you still indulge in this fury? And now fortune has struck you with affliction, with respect to your son Kel-boon"—Nacmah was confounded with horror, and his eyeballs started into the crown of his head; every one that saw him shuddered. Well, how oft wilt thou reprove me for my actions, cried he to his brother, and oppose the accomplishment of my desires? I am the king of the universe, and I will indulge the lust of my heart; if thou darest again to come into my sight, I will despoil thee of thy life, and I will strike off thy head. Upon this, Niamet mounted his horse and went home, and his heart was full of grief at what had happened with his brother. In that quarter, he had with him three thousand heroes, the best of the tribe, all obeying his orders, and detesting his brother Nacmah, on account of his insolent pride. As soon as Niamet returned to them, he told them what his brother had done to him, and

how he had struck off the heads of the fugitives. Never return to him, cried they all, highly incensed; raise not up your head to him again, consider him no longer as a human being. I must, said Niamet, destroy this monster. I will depart into the interior, and will collect all the Arabs whose daughters he has seized, and will excite the horsemen against him, and I will not desist till I have destroyed him, and I am relieved from this infamy and contempt. First of all, I will try these Absians who slew his son Kelboon; for I have heard they have a knight as good as a thousand, and that the warriors of the earth cannot stand before him, and I will ask their aid against this dæmon. It is expedient that you let us march this very night, said one, and let it not be morning before we have traversed the wastes and the wilds. He instantly ordered his slaves to move off; he struck his tents, and so did his cousins, and it was not night before they were all on horseback, and were traversing the deserts under the shades of darkness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BUT as to Nacmah, son of Ashtar, I will positively exterminate the whole tribe of Cayan, cried he to his people, I will sacrifice their women and their children; then will I march into the land of Hidjaz, and put to the sword the tribe of Abs, who have slain my son. He reposed till day dawned, when he sent to the tribes of Riyah, and Sabah, Washah, and Atbool, and Barik, and Shamrack, and ordered them to march with all expedition; for these tribes were subject to him, and feared his cruelty. Their residences were round the mountain of volcano, and all had adopted the worship of the Moon. This mountain was one of the phenomena of the All-merciful Lord, for there incessantly issued from it something like a black cloud, and whenever the new moon rose, from this mountain burst forth groans, and sparks of fire flew forth. It was a black mountain, and no one was able to ascend it, and iron could not have any effect on its stony sides. An historian has noticed it, saying, The Lord God has been angry with this mountain, ever since he created the world at first, and at the consum-

mation it will be the stone-work of hell. In one of my excursions I ascended it, and I saw within it terrific wonders; its summit is divided in two, and in the centre is a sea of fire, that never subsides, but day and night it rolls in waves of flame, and on it are angels of wrath, and stern enormous monsters, that are never weary, but are continually stationed for its punishment by the will of the omnipotent God. But let us return to our story, and to Nacmah. As soon as the tribes came to him, he was also informed that his brother had marched away with his property, in order to assemble the Arabs against him; And he will, they said, conduct against you the tribes from the surrounding regions, and will requite you for your contemptuous conduct towards him. Ah! I am foiled, cried Nacmah, for I should have cut off his head, and thus I should have been at ease; but I will pursue him, and put to the sword all his companions. He instantly ordered his slaves to proclaim the march, and early in the forenoon all the tribes had mounted, as well his allies as his attendants, and he ordered them to pursue his brother and his companions, directing them to take a vast supply of horses, and arms, and armour, and coats of mail, and before mid-day they had quitted the land, and they continued traversing the wastes and wilds in their march, till next day at sunrise, when they distinctly saw ahead of them a black dust. Behold

how fortune favours us, cried they all. Niamet was in company with his associates on the march, and when they were distant from home, and nigh unto the plains of Khidret, and the fountains of Hywan, he considered himself as secure. It was thus, when, on a sudden, arose the shouts in his rear, and the whole country was in agitation. He gazed attentively, and perceived the camp, and the troops and horsemen galloping over the desert, and various corps that cut off all communication, and every road. Niamet was certain his brother had overtaken him. O my cousins, said he, here is my brother, who has overtaken us, and our hostility has been discovered. I request of you to make some proper arrangement, and let no one call me 'Chief.' Comfort your heart, and brighten your eyes, said they, for there is not one of us that will shrink from the fight; every one of us will engage with the scimitar, and defend his wife and family. Then shaking their spears, they advanced to the battle and the contest, and at that moment approached Antar, son of Shedad. He beheld armies that filled the desert; he was exceedingly astonished. Gain some intelligence for us about these bold armies, cried he to Shiboob, for I perceive troops are preparing for battle.

Shiboob set his feet forward, and coming up with the companions of Niamet, O Arabs, he exclaimed, tell me what is your kindred, and what is your business?—What want you of us, young man?

asked Niamet himself; we are a tribe flying from a tyrant, and he is in our rear, seeking to destroy us, and capture our women. He is Nacmah, son of Ashtar; but you, who are ye? Explain to me, perhaps by your means this trouble may be removed from us.—Congratulate yourself, O Arab, replied Shiboob, on the annihilation of Nacmah, and the arrival of relief, for we are come purposely against him. We are those who slew his son Kelboon, and we are come to send him to bear his son company, and pull down his dwellings over his head; but as to your question about our parentage, we are a tribe from the land of Hidjaz.

On hearing this, joy infused itself into the heart of Niamet, and he felt assured all his troubles would be satisfactorily settled. O my brother, said he to Shiboob, were it not for these troops that have overtaken us, I would go with you to pay my respects to your companions; but the time presses upon us. Return to your party, and relate what you have heard, and assure them of wealth and success in their enterprise; and when he is slain, we will return home. Shiboob returned to Antar, and informed him of the news; much delighted, he said to his father Shedad, I am afraid there may be some plot against us; and when we are among the two parties, said he, it is possible they may turn upon us the troops on both sides.—We, said Shedad, shall not meet them, but with the firm

resolution to fight. My opinion is, you should attack their right, and we their left; probably we may thus terminate our labours, and return home.

Antar alone assaulted their right, Shiboob going ahead; and the troops of Niamet closed upon them, transfixing them with their spears. The armies were thronged together, and the flame of war blazed. Necks were cleft by the sword—armour was clotted with gore—hope itself became despair; chests were pierced with the spear, and souls fled from bodies; while skulls flew about on all sides, or were rolled along the plain. As soon as the black lion attacked, the renowned hero, the invincible warrior, the knight of the battle and contest, the serpent of the centre of the valley, the Chief Antar, son of Shedad—he alone burst through the right, though more than a thousand horsemen opposed him, and with his cleaving falchion he struck horror into their hearts. On that day Shiboob assisted him with his arrows: the troops again attempted an attack; he turned upon them, and dispersed them; and he did not desist from his assault till he scattered them over the desert, and filled the whole country with the dead. Thus also did Oorwah and his father Shedad, and the Absians; they completely destroyed the left by their terrible attacks. Niamet and his men observed their battle and their actions, and were astounded at their deeds, observing in

them what they could not comprehend. The battle continued to rage in every quarter till the armies of night came on, when the two hostile forces separated and dismounted.

Nacmah's troops retreated, for they were totally routed, and there was not one but talked of the tribe of Abs and their deeds. Eh! cried Nacmah, assembling his companions about him, with such hearts would ye wish to go with me into the land of Hidjaz, and encounter its heroes in the combat? Here one knight with three hundred men has overthrown you, and these stern fellows have annihilated you.—O Chief, said they, do not reproach us, for this day we saw, with your brother, horsemen, whom had we seen in a dream we should have been horror-struck: we know not whence they come. Perhaps you beheld the knight who attacked on the left, how he crushed it; how he roared out to the right, and dispersed it. If you blame us for this, you are no wise man. On hearing this, his rage became dreadful. I had resolved to attack them in person, he bellowed out, and with my single power to remove this evil from you; but I was afraid of shame and reproaches, for truly men of high dignity may scorn me on this account. But I must clear my honour now that this catastrophe has befallen us, and I will not endure the insults of living man. To-morrow I will disguise myself, and I will sally forth into the plain, and I will engage my-

self in fight, in the scene of the spear-thrusts; and for every one of that tribe I will slay another of you also, so that not one of you must retreat or quit the battle unless he be covered with wounds.

When his comrades heard this, they were alarmed for the fate that awaited them, and they remained expecting the daylight. But as to the Absians and Niamet's troop, the women and young damsels were in agonies of fear, alarmed for their husbands and chiefs, as soon as the tribe of Arcat approached them, and surrounded them on all sides. They continued weeping and lamenting, in dread of captivity and separation, till the moment they saw the Absians, and the deeds they performed, and how they environed the troops right and left. At this their hearts were composed, and they thanked the omniscient Creator. Niamet ordered his slaves to slaughter deer and sheep, and the women prepared the repast; and before evening the horsemen being returned to the tents, they took their food.

Antar, having mangled the right and left, went to his father Shedad, and Oorwah, and his men, and found them all safe from peril, for they only lost seven men: he congratulated the rest on their safety. Niamet advanced towards him, and saluting them all, received them with honour: he walked before them till they came to the tents, where he

made them dismount at their dwellings, among their wives and daughters. But Antar declined, and alighted with his party without their tents; so they supplied them with victuals, and Niamet stood amongst the slaves, to attend on them: but Antar perceiving him arose, and taking him by the hand, made him sit down by his side, saying, Do not so, young man; eat with us, and feel assured of success. Know that we entered this country for our own concerns only, and we did not come without reasonable grounds. And he gave him a full account of Nazih's adventure, at which Niamet was exceedingly surprised, remarking the wondrous changes of fortune. The tribe of Abs rose still higher in his estimation, and he said within himself, Doubtless these horsemen are the wonders of the Genii, for they have marched against my brother with these two hundred horsemen. Now, O Arab, said he to Antar, if you slay my brother, and complete my wishes, I will submit myself as a slave to the tribe of Cayan, and I will for ever live their servant. I consent that the country be yours, and all the wealth therein.—By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, I never in all my life took a bribe for an honourable action; and now we will only consider you as independent, and our friend, for our possessions are great, and our property abundant, But, by him who ordered us to make a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine, I must make thy brother drink

of the cup of death. By to-morrow's dawn I will assail him, and I will strike off his head from between his shoulders: I will make thee lord over all his property and possessions, and I will put to death his adherents and friends.

When they had finished their dinner, they hastened to repose; and as soon as the day arose in smiles, they hurried to the battle and the combat. Do you and your comrades, said Antar to Niamet, betake yourselves to the left, and leave us the right; and if you find yourselves unable to sustain the combat, retire from before them for a few steps only, so that the troops may pursue you, and rush with avidity among you: but when I look towards you, and you are engaged with them, I will sally out against them, and will plunder their souls. Niamet highly approved the plan: he separated towards the left, and quitted the Abisians.

When the tribe of Arcat saw this manœuvre, they were alarmed for Nacmah. O my cousins, cried Antar to his friends, know that this affair is a mere trifle; be assured of victory and conquest. Attack with me, that we may attempt the lord of the great standard, on which is the form of the moon, for King Nacmah is beneath it, and if we do not slay him we shall not succeed in our expectations.

Antar had scarcely finished when the foe attacked.

Then too the Knight of the swarthy Abs went to work, and fell among the enemy like inevitable fate. The battle commenced; the heroes stood firm against the spear-thrust and the sword-blow—the warriors turned upon each other—the men assaulted—all headed by Antar, the ravenous lion. The spear-barbs laboured on the backs of the tribe of Arcat like sparks of fire. Certain of death and destruction, they dispersed over the wastes. Nacmah sought out his brother in the battle, but the party met him like the waves of the ocean; fear and horror seized him, and he attempted to fly, when lo! Antar rushed against the standard-bearer, and piercing him through the heart, hurled him off his horse, and then made at Nacmah, to overwhelm him also in death. He fled, for he felt his death certain: still Antar drove at him, and smote him on the head with his sword; he cleft it even to the girdle of his garment. He poured destruction upon the tribe of Arcat, and let loose an overwhelming calamity upon them. In fine, every one that knew of the death of Nacmah immediately returned under allegiance to his brother Niamet, and sought his protection; and those who ran away at first fled home.

Before mid-day Niamet possessed a valiant army, and over his head waved the standards and ensigns. The whole camp came towards him, and marched before him till they reached the tribe of Abs.

Niamet was about to dismount, but Antar checked him, and kissed him between the eyes. Niamet kissed Antar's two hands, and extolling him, requested his protection; and peace was concluded between him and the Chief Obad, and terms were arranged.

And when they were about to proceed each to his country, Niamet turned towards Antar, saying, Aboolfawaris, I request you will do me a favour.—Speak your wishes, said Antar, and say what you want.—I swear, said Niamet, by the faith of an Arab, not an article of my property, great or small, that came with me, shall return with me: but do not reprove your slave for its inadequacy.—No, by the duty of an Arab, exclaimed Antar, not even a halter shall follow me of yours. But if you have any other enemy, tell me, that I may go against him, and extinguish his life, and may ease you of his iniquity.—Besides my brother, said Niamet, I have not a foe; and if I had, you ought to return home. So take some of my camels, that are unequalled in all lands; very patient they are in traversing the deserts, and they are not to be had in the land of Hidjaz. Upon this, two thousand she camels were put aside, all with large overlapping humps: they were given over to a hundred men and as many women slaves, who were ordered to drive them before Antar, son of Shedad, the Knight of the dust and the fight.

This done, Niamet and his subjects returned home, and Antar, with his comrades, set out for the land of the tribe of Cayan. That day they remained in the desert, and the next till mid-day; when lo! there arose a dust ahead of them, and they discovered the tribe of Cayan, commanded by the Chief Nazih, and his father Asyed, and the Chief Obad. They advanced, and the heroes saluted each other. Obad came forward; he kissed Antar's hand, and inquired what had passed. Antar recounted the whole; at which the Arab chieftains were in amazement, and they returned to the dwellings of the tribe of Cayan.

About this time rose the moon of Redjib, which the Arabs held sacred, hostilities were checked: men and women were secure during that season. Arrived, they married Dhymia to Nazih, and they passed that month in feasts and entertainments. Asyed also took away his wife, and soon they set out on their way to their own country. Obad bade them adieu, and returned home with his troops, whilst Antar continued his march over the desert; and as his love and passion for Ibla seized him, he thus expressed himself:

“ I march, and in my heart is a flame and a fire,
“ and I point towards home in my eager love—I
“ languish for thee; so understand that I am weak,
“ and thoughts only are alive. I march over the
“ desert adoring her, and in my heart are hell-

“flames and fiery tortures. O Ibla, I have en-
 “countered warriors, from the thrust of whose
 “spears gushes out blood; but I have dispersed
 “them with the spear-thrust, till I have left them
 “to be dried up on the earth in the deserts. I have
 “killed Kelboon before Nacmah, and I have aban-
 “doned them as dried flesh on the ground. I die,
 “and revive every day and night; for captive lovers
 “there is no rescue. Fortune and time have fa-
 “voured Nazih, a youth skilled in the spear-thrust,
 “and tried in war. O mountain of volcano, ever
 “be in hell-flames—ever be thy food the infernal
 “fire! and thou, O Mount Saadi, mayst thou ever
 “be my home, and mayst thou ever be moistened
 “with rain; there is my home; in every hour I
 “languish for it; there is my beloved, from whom
 “no captive can break loose. But I have endured
 “in patience this lengthened absence. May God
 “now unite us! He alone is omnipotent!”

At hearing Antar's verses, there was not one but
 thanked him and praised him, and they travelled
 night and day till they came nigh unto the defiles
 of the passage where Khalid was concealed, and of
 which he had taken possession, in order to succeed
 in his attempts upon Antar, having stationed scouts
 and advanced posts. Antar arrived about night-
 fall, and halted by a lake on the Yemen side; as
 soon as the outposts saw his dust, they came to
 Khalid, and informed him. He was overjoyed;

but waiting till the night was quite darkened over, he sent out a slave to obtain intelligence. He departed, and returned about midnight, saying, It is the Absians, and with them is Antar: so prepare your companions for the battle and the combat. As to Antar, as soon as the men had rested, and the horses and camels had eaten their provender, he said to Shiboob, Order the slaves to load the baggage, and let us move.

Shiboob quitted him, and made the proclamation in conformity with his brother's orders, and in an hour the men were mounted, and the slaves had loaded the camels, and they set out over the country till they reached the defile. About an hour before daylight they stopped at the head of the pass, when the slaves were ordered to drive the cattle before them: so the he and she camels, and the howdahs, and the baggage, were driven forward, and entered the defile. As soon as Khalid saw this, and perceived the baggage-camels, and behind one hundred horsemen with Shiboob to protect them, letting them pass till Antar appeared with Shedad, and Asyed, and Nazih, he shouted to his comrades, and they assaulted in every direction, brandishing their barbed spears and their scimitars, and rushing upon them in the obscurity of darkness. The first that engaged Antar was Rebia, son of Ocail: he made a murderous thrust at Antar, but he grasped his cleaving Dhami, and striking the spear, clipped

it off; then aiming at him with his sword, he cut through his helm, and smote him on the crown of his head, depriving him of his senses, and before he could recover himself, Shiboob sprang upon him and bound him fast by the shoulders, and pinioned his arms and sides.

Jandah attacked Nazih, followed by his horsemen: they were all so crowded in the defile, and so thick rose the dust, that it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Rebia being secured, Antar vigilantly looked after himself, as he continued to pierce the chests of the heroes. But Shiboob, when he had bound fast Rebia, returned to seek for Jandah: he had almost overpowered Nazih, when Shiboob met him, and struck his horse with an arrow: he threw him off, and Jandah being hurled over from his height, Nazih was about to dismount, but Shiboob anticipated him, saying, Do not trouble yourself, O Chief; do not dismount, for the game belongs to him who first struck it down, and besides I understand such business much better than you. So saying, he ran up to him and tied down his arms.

The Absians then came on, issuing from the defile. They extended their spears, and the battle and the contest grew fiercer: their bodies were covered with wounds, and blood streamed over the sands. Antar slew of the tribe of Aamir those whose death was at hand, and whose departure was ordained.

Khalid observed the defeat, and repented of what he had done; but they continued the engagement till the day dawned, when the tribe of Aamir being completely discomfited, took to flight; and Khalid, feeling aware of his death and destruction, had no resource but deceit and stratagem. So he cast away his spear out of his hand, and returning his sword to its scabbard, urged the speed of his horse Caasa, that had belonged to King Zoheir, till he came up to Antar, exclaiming, Hold, in the name of God! O Arab, I see my mistake, truly rapacity has excited our men, and the horrors of war have visited them; they attacked your property in the dark, but vengeance has overtaken them—they arose to engage you before they made inquiries of you, but their treachery has swiftly laid them low, and the great and mean have been slain: but, O Arab, I am their Chief, and on me ought to fall the blame and the reproach; but, O hero, I demand of you in the name of Him who raised the heavens, that you tell me to what Arabs you belong, and that you order your companions to withhold the sword-blow till the morning brightens, when perhaps our dissension may terminate in peace. Know too, that the daylight will demonstrate this fact, and the Cahtanian will be distinguished from the Adnanian.

Antar, on hearing this, acquiesced, and seeing that he had thrown away his spear, instantly despatched Shiboob, ordering him to withdraw the

Absians from the tribe of Aamir, and to tell the tribe what Khalid, the chief of the fugitives, had said, and to prohibit them from thrusting and striking. O Arab, exclaimed Antar to Khalid, as to your demand about our parentage, we are of the noble tribe of Abs, and I am Antar, son of Shedad; our leader is the Chief Asyed, son of Jazeemah, and wherefore have you exposed us to this disgraceful transaction? I have been absent in the land of Yemen on an affair that interested our chiefs. I went and I slew their foes, and with my sword I have overturned their power. I exerted myself, that my promise might be fulfilled. Having finished all my business, I am now on my way to my family and tribe. But what is it you mean by your questions? Woe! woe, O Aboolfawaris, said Khalid, how is it you have concealed all this from us, so that evil at your hands is come upon us? How has misfortune fallen on us from a tribe most dear to us! Truly my love for you would have increased, and in my heart would have been your glory and honour, had not this cruel affair cut asunder the connexion between us. What relationship is there between us and you? said Antar in the greatest astonishment, and what parentage? Hear, O champion of the tribe of Abs, said Khalid, for I will relate to you what has occurred during your absence, when you were in the lands of Yemen: but be not too much distressed at what you have done to my people, and that you have brought destruction

upon them, for we commenced the insult, and we were the origin of the violence, and truly I will forgive you the blood of those who have been slain out of regard to your Chief Zoheir, whom may Lat and Uzza keep in holy remembrance! for his liberality was universally acknowledged by us all, and in him we have found a strong tower and a defender. The reason of this is, that I met him at Mecca at the holy shrine, and between him and me was formed mutual faith and engagement, and when we returned from the pilgrimage, I bound myself to him, and took him with me to the tribe of Aamir (for I am their Chief Khalid, son of Giafer); I made him and his sons alight with me in the middle of the tents, and I offered them all that was in my power, in the way of hospitality, for the space of ten days, and they did not quit me till between them and us relationship was confirmed: for Zoheir, whom may Lat and Uzza ever guard in holy remembrance! demanded my daughter Bederool-Hooel for his son Shas, and gave us things incalculable, such as no human being possesses: he also did not depart till he had given me his charger Caasa, and it is this I have under me; and he girt me on this his sword, which is now slung over my shoulders, and its name is Zeenoor: he left us praising him and full of obligations, and when he departed, I took with me a thousand horsemen of my tribe, and I am now on my way to the land of Yemen, that I may procure jewels, and robes, and

articles no King of Yemen possesses. We halted in this spot but yesterday evening, and in the morning we resolved on marching, when you arrived with your baggage-camels, and your slaves were driving them. As soon as my party saw them, they considered them as some plunder of the inhabitants of Yemen. Their avidity excited them to seize on them, and thus it all happened.

When Antar heard Khalid's narrative, and saw King Zoheir's charger under him, and his sword over his shoulder, he was confounded for a reply, and hung his head to the ground in excess of shame, and he knew not what to do.

Khalid, on seeing this, felt certain that by his artifice and deceit, the stratagem and manœuvre had had its effect, so he did not cease his villany till he dismounted and did homage to Antar, saying, May God be ever with thee; grieve not, O champion of Abs; repent not, for unwittingly you have acted thus; the fault was ours, and on us has fallen the loss. And Khalid wished to kiss his feet; but Antar dismounted: My lord, said he, death would be more tolerable to me than this act; but a liberal man pardons a slave when he perceives the apology is sincere.

The Absians came up and heard all Khalid said, and they did as Antar had done; and Antar cried out to the slaves to release the prisoners they had in charge, amongst whom were Jandah, son of Beca, and Rebia, son of Ocail, and others of the

Aamir horsemen. The whole came up to Antar and made their excuses. Peace was concluded, and Khalid rescued his friends by this deceit and stratagem, and as they took leave of each other, said Khalid, Make my compliments to my brother, King Zoheir; and he went off with the Aamirites, hardly crediting their escape. As to the Absians, they continued traversing the desert on their way home. Antar went ahead, and when his love and pensiveness overcame him, he began thus :

“ O tamarisk of the mountains, is there one to
“ report of me—to tell the state of a lover—one
“ distracted and melancholy ? Mention then, in the
“ name of God, ye northern breezes, the honours
“ and glories I have attained ; tell Ibla that, for
“ her sake, I have encountered horrors of the most
“ eminent hazard ; that I have endured dreadful
“ scenes, and have returned triumphant, and the
“ foe, in terror of me, dared not to appear before
“ me. O Ibla, by thy life, couldst thou but see
“ Antar amongst the armies and contending mul-
“ titudes, and the horse tearing down towards me
“ at the head of the defile, like the tempestuous
“ rain, in the battle, destroyer of joys. They come
“ on the backs of swift high-mettled steeds, some
“ black, like the winds when they rush forth, some
“ red, some white, and some piebald. I shout at
“ them with an Absian shout, like thunder, that
“ thrills through the whole army. I charge towards
“ them, and I gallop at them, and I storm them with

“ the chest of Abjer. I make them taste of sword-
“ blows, and terrible spear-thrusts, with my cutlass
“ and the barb of my lance. I make them like the
“ harvest, as if they were the roots of date trees,
“ deeply interwoven in the rocks. I have dyed the
“ face of the land with their blood, and it has be-
“ come like the crimson cornelian. The gore, like
“ a rolling sea of Judas flowers, resembles a bursting
“ river. O Ibla, couldst thou but behold my
“ achievements against the foe on the day of battle,
“ in my force and my impetuosity, and my arms,
“ like the Judas tree, and my Abjer dyed with the
“ blood of every lion-hero. It is then I cry out from
“ beneath the forest of spears, whilst the dust and
“ black volumes of sand encompass me. O, by Abs,
“ I am the stubborn one among men, I will annihilate
“ horsemen with my cleaving scimitar. It is then
“ I dart from beneath the dust, and my coat of mail
“ is like the piony, and as if painted with saffron.
“ I have slain Japir, and Hosein, and also the
“ voracious lion Ebeleshbal. I have left Masood
“ and Amroo in the desert, on the ground, and
“ Nabih, son of Ashter ; also Kelboon and his father,
“ called Nacmah the tyrant, the oppressor ; and
“ Soheib, him have I made to drink of the cup of
“ death on the lofty towering mountains. Them
“ all I have destroyed with the hewing blows of my
“ polished, my irresistible Dharni. Their property
“ I have seized, their plunder I have taken, and the
“ deserts are filled with the incalculable booty. As
“ to the troops of horsemen in the valley, there does

“ not survive of them one to tell the tale. The
“ heroes can witness for me in the contest, that I
“ am the lion—the devouring warrior: not a knight
“ like me has arrived at the highest glory, durable
“ for ages. My mother is Zebeeba, I disavow not.
“ her name, and I am Antar ; but I am not vain-
“ glorious: her dark complexion sparkles like a
“ sabre in the shades of night, and her shape is
“ like the well-formed spear. I am the son of Shedad,
“ and my lineage is Absian, known above the bril-
“ liant canopy of heaven. I have attained honour,
“ glory, and fame, by my resolution, so that I am in
“ the vicinity of Jupiter. Were death to see me,
“ ay to see me, he would turn aside from me, in
“ fear of my tempestuous might and power. I am
“ sublime above all knights in the field of fight, by
“ my intrepidity, by my modesty and forbearance.”

When Antar had finished his verses, they all cried, May God never abandon thy mouth, may there never be one to harm thee, O hero of the age, thou champion of the tribe of Abs and Adnan ! They continued their march till they came near to the land of Shoorebah and Mount Saadi, and when they turned their eyes toward their homes, and saw the desert in tumult with the glitter of armour, and the concourse of people, and wailing lamentations, Antar was startled, and so were his companions. Doubtless some evil has befallen our families in our absence, he cried, for the whole tribe is in the utmost affliction. Now when Cais had returned home, after the death of his father, the whole land was convulsed

with weeping and clamorous sorrow. Their grief for Zoheir continued long. The tents and the dwellings of the tribe of Abs were thrown down, and re-echoed to the groans and sobs of the mourners. The people met them, and seated themselves, with Cais, on the carpet of affliction. The tribes of Fazarah, and Ghiftan, and Marah, and Dibyan, all attended, with their friends and allies; they let their turbans hang loose over their necks, and rent all the garments they had on. But when they had condoled with Cais for his father, they congratulated him on the kingdom that had fallen to him. Congratulate me not on my kingdom, said he; there is no joy till you see that I have had my revenge. Comfort your heart, and brighten your eye, said the warriors, for we will not separate from you till we have avenged you. And they despatched their slaves to bring them their horses and their arms, and they remained preparing for the contest, whilst Cais every day rode out, gaining the hearts of the people, and showing every kindness to the warriors, giving them arms, and weapons, and corslets. His father, in his lifetime, had banished many of the Absians. Cais recalled them; he conciliated them, and made them return to their native land. But as to Rebia, son of Zeead, he had great influence with King Cais, for Cais had married his daughter, and he placed great confidence in him, in all his plans, and when Cais was making his preparations for his expedition to attack the tribe of Aamir, and had assembled his forces, said Hadifah, son of Bedcr, to him, Wait for

me ten days, till I write to my allies, the tribe of Marah; for their knight Harith, son of Zalim, is my relation by birth, and he is now the knight of the Arabs. My cousin, said King Cais, I have indeed heard marvels of this knight, and they raise him above Antar, son of Shedad. Who is Antar, said Rebia, O Cais, when Harith is present? Now then will he exhibit in his actions things that shall be recorded of him to eternity. So Hadifah wrote to Harith, requesting his assistance against the tribe of Aamir, having first stated all about King Zoheir, and the disgrace and infamy they had brought down upon him, and he despatched the letter by a horseman of Fazarah. This Harith was a confirmed impostor; he regarded no hospitality, neither did he respect any engagement. He never kept his word; he was a great depredator, and iniquitous in all his actions. If he associated with a friend, he would betray him; and if he could overreach an ally, he would put him to death. All the Arabs were on their guard against him, and his villany had been felt by every man alive, and moreover he could not be quiet with Antar; he stationed spies and scouts over him, and his very favours were malice and perfidy.

Khalid had also written to Harith to require his aid in his hostile preparations against the tribe of Abs, saying, O Harith, I have slain King Zoheir and his son Shas, and I am resolved not to leave them a tent standing. You know what their slave Antar did to your father Zalim, and how he cut his

hair off. If you are really what I have heard you to be, that you are active and zealous, haste then, that I may accomplish your every wish, and marry you to my daughter Sitularab. Harith acquiesced in the requisitions of Khalid's letter, and having assembled five hundred of the tribe of Marah, he resolved on the expedition. About that time also arrived Hadifah's messenger, and gave him the letter ; to whom he said in his malignity and deceit, There was no occasion for your chief to write me a letter ; I am now marching to his assistance, and shall probably have slain Khalid ere he arrives. He sent the messenger back that very day, and he himself set out for the tribe of Aamir. When they had proceeded some distance, O Harith, said his people, we wish you would tell us what is your real intention, and whom you will assist ? My cousins, said he, march with me, and be sure of wealth, for these tribes are populous, and they must engage each other ; and whichever we see will conquer, to that we will turn. But we wish, said they, you would inform us which you will join first ? The tribe of Khalid, said he. And thus he continued his march with his comrades, and such was his resolution.

In the meantime Hadifah's messenger returned, and informed him that Harith had preceded him against the tribe of Aamir with five hundred horsemen. Away went Hadifah to King Cais : O King, said he, know that the man is wise and faithful ; he is now gone to execute what we requested of him,

and he is already on his march to fight the Aamirites before us: it is my opinion we should join him, or he will sustain their attack alone. Do, my uncle, what you please, said Cais, and tell the Arabs to make ready their warlike weapons for the expedition on this very day. The Absians accordingly came forth with their arms; they slung on their spears, and were preparing to march, and at that very moment arrived Antar and Asyed with the horsemen; they stopped near the tents. The Absian warriors mounted to go and meet them; and amongst them were Malik, King Zoheir's son, Antar's friend, and his brother Harith by his side; and as soon as they saw their uncle Asyed and Antar they scattered dust over their heads, and let down the turbans over their necks.

But Antar, marking the conduct of King Zoheir's sons, shuddered, and was stupefied, for he thought they were occupied on Shas' happiness, as Khalid had informed him. He dismounted, and in great dismay, My lord, he said to Malik, what is the matter? O Aboolfawaris, said he, a calamity never to be forgotten, a misfortune that overwhelms both men and women. And he announced the death of his father King Zoheir, and his brother Shas. The colour of the swarthy Antar became wan and livid; he was nearly fainting. My lord, said he, dead? or killed? Killed, my cousin, said Prince Malik, and their enemies have triumphed over them; and then he told Antar how his father and brother were

slain, and what Khalid had done. Upon this, Antar also related his victory over the tribe of Aamir in the defile, and that he had taken more than two hundred prisoners, among whom were Rebia, son of Ocail, and Jandah, son of Beka, and that all were set free; and how Khalid had duped him by his stratagem and deceit. On hearing this, all King Zoheir's sons set up an universal shout of grief. O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik, it was that Jandah who slew my father. At this Antar's agony and transports were most intense. Woe, woe unto thee, O Khalid! he cried; by the faith of an Arab I will not leave thee but as a proverb for every one that stands and sits. His tears flowed in streams; his sobs and lamentations augmented; and thus he gave vent to his sorrows:

“ O my eyes, shed showers of tears for the anguish and calamities that have befallen me. Dry not on my cheeks, but flow in gushing torrents like the rain-charged clouds. O my woes, quit not my frame. O my agonies, leave not my body. O mourners of the tribe, weep and lament; multiply your afflictions with sobs of sorrow and distress, for he is lost on whom I most relied for aid. Fear not the rebukes of the railers: he was my stay in every evil, and my sword when calamities flowed upon me. He was the refuge for the weak, and the asylum of the poor, who mourned in emaciating penury. He was a king to whom princes bowed down, and to whose

“ power the Arab chiefs submitted. O Zoheir,
“ verily my spirit is broken. It was thou that didst
“ repulse the foe, and every enemy from me. Alas !
“ O race of Abs, thou hast lost thy glory ; thy
“ noble, thy merciful, and bountiful prince ! Past
“ away is thy benefactor ! Thy days are darkened ;
“ now their light is gone, thy flame is extinguished
“ in the obscurity of death. He was a full moon
“ shining in its sublimity, and he was to me the
“ most eminent of virtues. How indeed has the
“ tribe of Aamir triumphed ! Khalid exults and is
“ proud of his conquest. Verily they have slain
“ Shas, and he was a knight who was my succour
“ in every adversity. Oh ! I will weep for them as
“ long as the birds shall sing, or the drops of the
“ pouring clouds shall fall. I will take vengeance
“ on the tribe of Aamir, who have revolted, and
“ have vanquished these warriors. Khalid ! Oh !
“ I will make him drink with my sword the draught
“ of the black gore in the midst of the heroes. I
“ will exterminate the tribes with penetrating spear-
“ thrusts, and tear out their hearts with sharp-
“ edged scimitars. If I do not keep my word, may
“ I never succeed in my wishes for a friend ! Soon
“ will I realize my project against them with my
“ sabre ; soon will I pull down their glories and
“ their honours. I will leave among their dwell-
“ ings nought but lamentations and shrieks of woe
“ for the loss of friends ! I am Antar, well known
“ in war and battle, when I make the heroes fly

“terrified at death. But, alas! fortune has cast
“me into affliction, and for the loss of Zoheir my
“heart is melted!”

When the horsemen heard these verses they burst out into a loud expression of grief and affliction, and the creeping thrill of sorrow crawled over their bodies. They entered the tents, their heads exposed, and their clothes all torn. Rebia, old in villany, met them, saying, Cousins, men should assuage their grief, and soon resign their sorrows. Let not one of ye prolong his discourse, for this day is fixed for departure. It was Rebia's intention thus to add new anguish to the heart of Antar. He made him no reply, but he swelled with fury; his eyeballs glared red, till they became like two liquid globes of crimson blood; he roared and bellowed; his patience was spent; he struck Rebia on the chest, and hurled him on his back, and his helmet flew off from his head, and he was unable to utter a word. Antar repaired unto King Cais. At the entrance of the tent Antar stopped and wept; he sobbed and shrieked in excess of grief, as also Asyed; but Antar thus exclaimed:

“Set is the full moon, though once it was in its
“zenith; hidden is its light, and all is dark.
“Eclipsed is the sun, and the morn no more re-
“turns in smiles. Fallen are the constellations;
“they have disappeared; the atmosphere is ob-
“scured; the dust of darkness is over it; all the
“seas are hollow, and are sunk deep; we have lost

“ its dew and its clouds. At the moment that Zo-
“ heir fell dead infamy shrouded us, and sat upon
“ us. Fortune has made him drink of the cup of
“ death, but likewise fortune will be quick in its
“ vengeance. He was my stay, my armour in ad-
“ versity; he was my breastplate, my spear, my
“ scimitar. O my eyes, when ye shed not tears,
“ may sleep be denied ye! I swear by Him who
“ slays and brings to life, by Him who rules the
“ light and the darkness, never will I raise my
“ sword in battle till I behold all my enemies in
“ dismay and in shame. O tribe of Aamir, O clan
“ of Kelab, dread the light and shade of my sword;
“ soon shall thy wives scream in terrors of captivity;
“ soon shall they weep for their orphaned little ones.
“ I am Antar, son of Shedad, and my star is high
“ raised above the sublimity of the seven heavens!”

When Antar had finished his verses, his tears gushed out in incessant streams, and he wept bitterly, till he could no more, and he fainted; but when he recovered from his swoon, he cast his eyes towards King Zoheir's seat, and thus expressed himself:

“ Weep abundantly, my eyes, in torrents of tears;
“ aid me, relieve my woes with weeping! For oh!
“ I have lost a prince that was my support—that
“ was my full moon; but it is now set below the
“ earth! I have lost the sea and the rain by my
“ enemies, and him whose benevolence resembled
“ the deluging clouds. I have lost a lion, but in no

tures in Irak and with Nushirvan, and described all the honours and dignities he had received. But when the slaves advanced to attend on Antar, he ordered them to offer their services to his illustrious Chiefs. Antar soon after rejoined Ibla, inquiring after her health, and sympathising in her sufferings. He kissed her between the eyes: she threw herself into his arms, and kissed his face and cheeks. Rejoice in these riches, said he tenderly to her; such a sight, my cousin, regales the eye, and enlivens the heart and soul. Mark, too, these female slaves, that resemble moons, and this silver litter, studded with costly jewels; and rule me as thou wilt, night and day. Truly the great King has enriched me with this crown of jewels, which no human being has as yet touched. Verily, replied Ibla, your safety is more acceptable to me than all you have described: no pleasure have I felt but in your presence. Antar smiled, and his bosom expanded with joy at the purity of her love. He quitted her, having first stationed a guard over her, fearful of any accident. And Antar's enemies reposed that night under the protection of Antar, conversing about his good fortune and exalted honours. Well! said Amroo to his father, I can no longer remain with the tribe of Abs; I shall set out for the land of Yemen. I shall migrate; for I have not an eye to look on this black slave, who even presumes to take possession of Ibla—that full moon. What can a man do, added Malik, when his projects are

thus thwarted? Could the God of heaven in his wrath be more adverse to him, when I exposed him to those oceans of perils? but he has escaped from them all, and has, moreover, brought with him all this wealth, and these precious ladings. Know, my son, when we reach home, every one will love Antar, and hate us; for you observed their behaviour to us when they heard he was dead. Am-roo, said Oorwah, if Antar reaches the tribe of Abs and Adnan, he will rule over it, and depose King Zoheir: he will exalt himself to his station; the clans, too, will obey and follow him. The greatest Kings cannot produce such wealth. When Amarah heard this, he wept in excess of envy and misery. Disgraced, dishonoured, is the family of Zeead, O my cousins, he cried; verily my gall is bursting at this vile black slave, whom fortune favours. By the truth of our idols, should he enter unto Ibla, I shall expire of anguish. Oh that the Nocturnal Evil of the Age had sacrificed me as a sheep, so that I had never beheld this vile wretch return in safety. And he wept till morning, and there was not one of the party that slept or felt at ease, so intense were their jealousy and hatred. At daylight, Antar ordered the slaves to prepare for departure and load the camels. Six hundred was the number of his blacks, all headed by Aboolmout, and he was a bold intrepid horseman. When the mules and camels were loaded, and the female slaves were mounted on them, Grecians, Persians, Cophits,

Georgians, and Franks, Antar presented to Ibla three variegated robes, studded with the precious metals and jewels: he clothed her in them, and placed on her head the diadem that the King of Persia had given him. He also ordered forth for her the magnificent silver litter, the supports of which were of burnished gold; and eight mules were required to carry it. At the sight of this mass of splendour, Ibla was stupefied and amazed. Her father Malik, as he surveyed it, was in the greatest consternation and surprise: but as to her mother, her tongue was tied up in her mouth, so vast was her astonishment. Amarah! he wept, and sighed, and groaned, and moaned. Antar cared not for any of them, so entirely was he devoted to Ibla; producing articles after articles in succession, till she was bewildered. He raised her into the litter, with her mother, and he commanded the slaves to march forward, and to attend to them on the journey. When Ibla was seated in the litter, her countenance became radiant and illumined: she smiled in the loveliest manner. Every charm was heightened; and from her eyelashes she shot arrows that penetrated the slayer of men and heroes. Again Amarah cast his eyes upon her: he was confounded. His rage became more intense: the fiercest anguish and torture seized him. Alas, O Amarah! said he to himself, from this moment thou art indeed a wretch—a lost man. Now Antar delivered Ibla over to her father, saying, Receive

your daughter and her property. Malik was profuse in his praises and expressions of admiration, exhibiting outwardly the reverse of what was in his mind. Nephew, he replied, from this day Ibla is your handmaid, and her father and her brother are numbered among your slaves. Upon this, Antar advanced, and kissed his uncle's hand, and paid him every possible respect. Thus they continued, till between them and the tribe of Abs there remained only one day's journey; when, on inquiring for Amarah, he was not to be found. I imagine, said Malik, Amarah is gone on before us, to announce our arrival. No, no, said Antar, I am not in such favour with Amarah, that he should do such an act; but if it be true, King Zoheir will come out with all his family to meet us. Well, said Malik, I will precede you, and congratulate the tribe on your arrival; and I shall thus conciliate your father and your uncles. It is your own affair, added Antar; do as you please. Malik accordingly changed his horse, and set off, mounted on one of Antar's noble steeds, with his son Amroo, and Oorwah, and Ibla's mother; and all those whose envy was consuming their bodies and souls. Travelling with great speed, they arrived early the next day in the land of the tribe of Abs. Malik immediately repaired to the habitations of Shedad, crying out, Good news, good luck to ye, O family of Carad! Antar, son of Shedad, is returned. Shedad looked up: Do you indeed speak

on the excursion, and the horrors he had endured, thus expressing himself:

“ O Ibla, I have a heart steady in its love for thee; and ever anxious in its passion. O Ibla, pity me for my love. I am thy captive-victim, and my tears are like the stormy ocean. O Ibla, thou hast vanquished my heart with a form, whose beauties even flash before the brilliant sun. O Ibla, thy face resembles in its lustre the dawn, and thy tresses the darkness of night, the complexion of thy adorer. O Ibla, not in all the songstresses together are thy charms: no, by God, thy beauty is far superior. O Ibla, I am indeed overwhelmed with love; all the world must pity—compassionate me. O Ibla, thy cheek resembles the crimson rose, and the pionies of the gardens are like it. O Ibla, in thy bosom are the pomegranates I desire, were even the swords armed with lightning to flash from it. O Ibla, among the Houris there is not a face like thine; and amongst mankind there is no lover like me. O Ibla, grant but a meeting to me, whose whole soul pants for thee. O Ibla, were even death to visit me, nought shall daunt me, for I am true and firm; for all I demand of God is a sight of thee at the dawn and mid-day, and whenever shines the sun !”

END OF VOL. III.

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A N T A R,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC,

BY

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTAR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BUT King Cais and the tribes of Abs and Fazarah and their party, amounting to twenty-five thousand men, armed, and well accoutred, continued their march, eager for battle, against the tribe of Aamir. At their head was Hadifah with a thousand horsemen, as the advance of the tribe of Fazarah.

They had marched about half-way, when a dust arose, beneath which were discovered a hundred horsemen, at whose head was the Brandisher of Spears, and at his side Harith son of Zalim. The cause of this was as follows: when Harith sent back Hadifah's messenger, engaging to assist him against the tribe of Aamir, he immediately marched to join Khalid, who joyfully received him, and conferred rich honorary robes on him and his party; he also presented him his steed Caasa, which had belonged to King Zoheir, and bestowed on

him his scimitar Zeenoor; it being his intent to pay every possible attention to Harith. And as he inspected the Arabs that were assembled at the general call to arms, he observed the Brandisher of Spears had mounted at their head with one hundred horsemen; he himself also followed with Harith. This party formed the advance of the army, and continued their march till they met Hadifah.

As soon as they met, their shouts arose: Come on, my cousins, exclaimed Hadifah, this is but an insignificant band, they do not exceed a hundred men; so plunder them with the sharp-edged scimitar. At Hadifah's call Harith came forth into the plain. Eh, son of an accursed mother, cried Hadifah, is this thy conduct towards us? Dost deny thy connection with us, and has thy soul thus acquiesced in perfidy in the plain and the desert? Ay, replied Harith laughing, for I am celebrated for my treachery, it is one of my natural habits; wise indeed were you to suppose I should assist you and a tribe that had admitted their slave among their chiefs, and made their herdsmen their champions: never will I condescend to sit with the tribe of Abs till I have slain their slave Antar, and have put numbers of them to death. But if you wish to secure yourself, away home; no more of your impertinence; engage not this army, or you and the tribe of Fazarah will be cut off, root and branch. Hadifah was confounded; perceiving that

he had fallen into a predicament out of which he could not escape but by fighting, he called out to his thousand; and men engaged men and heroes heroes. Blood flowed and streamed, whilst Harith and the Brandisher of Spears pierced through the horsemen of Fazarah, and made their advantages turn to their loss; for the hundred Aamirites withstood the thousand of Fazarah, and the spear thrust continued to clash on either side, and the dust to conglomerate, and the blood to gush from the wounds, till the armies came up and joined them. At that moment shouts were raised on all quarters; all were blinded to their dangers; every one that arrived, and saw the engagement, laboured and exerted his powers, and fought till the scene exceeded all calculation, and the carnage and terror were dreadful. King Cais and the Absian heroes arrived, and the battle raged among them with foot and leg. The sea of death waved and rolled its stormy surge. The complexions and constitutions of all were convulsed. Shame fell upon the coward, and the brave were painted with crimson gore. Lords became slaves, and the desert and rocks were agitated. Harith performed on that day exploits that confounded the sight; his chief object being to assault the tribe of Abs. Before evening, the Absians and the tribe of Fazarah being evidently worsted, the two armies separated on the advance of darkness. King Cais halted; and he now repented of having listened to the advice of

the wretch Rebia, and that he had followed his opinions, all of which were perfidious, and had rejected Antar, son of Shedad. Cousins, said Cais, in a general consultation, we have indeed taken rash counsel, and we have mangled our reputation amongst the high and low; never could I have imagined that this dog would have ventured against us in arms: I was mistaken in this tyrant. O King, said Rebia, I was indeed aware of his iniquity, and his malice, and his perfidy, and his treachery, but now it is all over; we are come hither to seek retaliation, and we have no other resource but to draw out the troops into the field of battle, and expose ourselves to the barbs of the spears, otherwise the Arabs of Hijaz will despise us. Moreover send to your relation, King Numan, that he may aid us with an army, or if you please, send for our cousin, the reliever of our sorrows and our griefs, Antar, son of Shedad; he will come and remove this difficulty from us, and will slay Harith in the battle and the contest. Who, my brother, said Amarah, is that black wittol, Antar? what achievement is there this army cannot effect, amongst which the first acknowledge, and the last assert, there is none like the terrible Amarah in the time of difficulty. Silence, O Amarah! said Asyed, no more of your nonsense, this is all your plan and your brother's plan; but by the faith of an Arab, had we known that our champion Antar was not of our party, not one of us would have followed you.

My advice is, that you send after him, and apologize to him, and make your whole dependence on him, or the Aamirites will invade your lands: should Antar acquiesce, it will be out of pure generosity and benevolence, and if he refuses to attend, he will be excusable. But as to your proposal of requesting assistance of Numan, before a messenger could reach him, or his armies come to your aid, your flesh will be in the maws of the eagles: for the proverb says, whilst the medicine is coming from Irak, the viper-bitten dies. By the faith of an Arab, there is no one but Antar. Nazih seconded Asyed in this proposition, as did all Antar's friends.

As soon as the King heard his uncle's opinion thus declared, he was convinced of its propriety, and at the instant he wrote a letter to Antar, in which he said: To him, whom we acknowledge as our cousin and the remover of our sorrows—the extinguishable hot-coal of the tribe of Abs, and its ever-burning flame: know, O my cousin, that enemies have calumniated you to me (they are those to whom iniquity is natural), and you also know, my cousin, all the kind love I bear towards you; entertain not, therefore, any malice against us. O generous knight! what I request of you is, that you hasten your journey hither, in order to take retaliation for King Zoheir: let there be no other answer, O Aboolfawaris, but the applying of your foot to the stirrup; delay not, for death and de-

struction are descending upon us. He folded the letter, and gave it to a messenger, ordering him to be very expeditious.

King Cais laid himself down, and meditated on these deeds of fate. The two armies also reposed, keeping the watch till morning dawned. Harith, son of Zalim, started forth into the scene of battle, and galloping and charging to and fro, he cried out, come forth, ye Absians, knight to knight, or a hundred to one—or a thousand against one; and if you think it scanty justice, assail me all of ye at once, that I may tear out your lives by the sword-blow and the spear-thrust. Art thou not ashamed, cried Hadifah, at what thou hast said, and at drawing thy sword in the face of thy tribe? Eh, O Hadifah, said Harith, I acknowledge no such calculation—no parentage; but if thou wouldst escape death, hie thee away, take the tribe with thee, and go home to thy family: thwart me not, or thou diest, otherwise come on to the contest of swords. Do not imagine that I will respect thee on account of the connexion that exists between us. How is it that thou art fighting with those who have clothed thee in shame, and hast rejected the aid of those who came to seek retaliation for thee? Eh, O Harith, replied Hadifah, and where is that black slave? It was on your account we repulsed him: but he will soon join us here; for when we saw you allied to our foes, King Cais sent a messenger for Antar: he will assuredly come and disperse these armies.

Harith, on hearing this, rushed at him, and they began the contest. Fatigue soon fell on the arms of Hadifah; he was exhausted, and disgrace quickly succeeded his glory. Harith, being aware of his situation, assailed him, and pierced him with his spear through the thigh into the horse's side. Hadifah fell to the ground, and Harith standing over him on horseback, exclaimed, Rise, thou son of a coward! were there not a kindred between us, I would strike off thy neck with this sword. Haml, observing his brother's condition, urged on his horse till he came up to Harith. O son of Zalim, said he, have we deserved this of thee? Not so prolix, replied Harith. I forbid him the combat, but he would not desist: dismount, and take him with thee—depart to thy tribe; but if thou hast any wish for another contest, come on to the fight. Haml dismounted, and carried away his brother on his horse's back, seeking the tribe of the generous Absians; whilst Harith continued to gallop and charge, exclaiming, O tribe of Abs, I will not permit any but myself to punish you, that I may appease my whole heart among you; for you are my relations, and I have a right to seize your horses and your armour. Upon this, the Absians went out against him, horseman after horseman; but he robbed them of their lives, and carried off their horses and their arms; till night coming on and day disappearing, the armies retired to their tents, and the heroes laid themselves down to sleep, after they

had stationed the patrols. But as soon as it was light, the armies being mounted and the troops drawn up, Harith appeared between the two ranks, galloping, and charging, and prancing over the four corners of the plain, and admiring himself in the field of battle, he thus burst forth: "Let me hear the fall of the sharp-edged scimitars, and the whizzing of the spears through the body. Let me drink of the blood of horsemen in the course, between the flash of the sword and the dark shadow of the spear. Talk no more of the dwellings of Mey, or the land of Hind, or the tents of Seaad; for there is no glory for youth in cups of wine, circling under the shade of the vine, and in the valley. Glory is only in the battle—dust in the day of contest, or the blow through the heart. Consider no one as a friend among men—look on man as thine enemy. Smite every one with the sword, and requite faith with outrage and injury. As to the action thou deemest virtuous, rush eagerly to its reverse by iniquity. O tribe of Abs, how can ye escape by flight this day on your generous steeds? My scimitar is firmly grasped in my hand, and death dwells upon the double edge of my spear. Come forth or retreat, you will find me a knight that will never flinch in the day of action."

On hearing this, pride and indignation raged in the heads of the Absians, for they were men bound on retaliation. Instantly stood forth Nazih on his

high-bred steed, famed in the day of battle : he attacked Harith, and rushing upon him without saying a word, he startled him by his impetuosity. They commenced the assault, and the combat, and the contest ; their rage and passion increased—they laboured in the blow and the thrust, in advancing and retreating, till, being exhausted by repeated charges, they both stood still, gazing each at his antagonist. But as soon as they were rested, they vaulted again on their horses with renovated spirits, and recommenced the wrestle and the struggle. At last Harith charged down upon Nazih, and wearied and exhausted him. Asyed was alarmed for his son ; when, lo ! a knight, black as a mass of rock, came forth from the hostile ranks of the tribe of Aamir : he was strong-limbed, broad-shouldered, soiled with dust, scantily armed, and ill supplied with weapons : he had an instrument of war that could repel no blow, that could ward off no disaster : his spear was spliced together with reeds ; his saddle was of wood, and his stirrup of palmyra rope : under him was a meagre, foundered horse ; but he himself was like a devouring lion. When the horsemen beheld him they thought he was Khalid's slave ; but as soon as that knight came close to Harith, Resign thy foe, he cried, thou son of a coward ; and, he added, dost thou not know that these tribes that are assembled against the tribe of Abs, are come to seek property and plunder ? and I among the rest have passed the valleys and the

mountains, and am come in quest of some booty, that I may return to my home and my family : but thou alone hast occupied the field of battle, and hast left every one besides thyself in starvation and penury. Now retire, and leave the fight, otherwise, by him who rooted firm the towering sides of the mountains, and has power over life and death, I will pierce thee with this broken spear : content thyself on the tribe of Abs with an easier prey, and begone !

Harith, on hearing these contemptuous expressions from this Bedoween, assailed him and thrust at him ; but this Bedoween stooped and avoided the blow, and struck him with his spear on his back : it startled him, but the Bedoween's spear dropped down, shivered in four. Harith escaped the Bedoween, who dismounted, and began splicing it with some pieces of cord, and picked up the fragments from the plain. The Arabs were in great astonishment at the conduct of this rustic, and thought him mad. But the danger was removed from Nazih, for Harith had nearly killed him. Now when Nazih observed the Bedoween, and that he was tying up his spear, his generous spirit was roused ; he galloped up to him, and said, Think no more, young man, of mending your spear, but take this, and return again to your antagonist ; overthrow him, or he will turn against you in his malice. Take also this horse, for he will assist you in the charge ; for had you a steed that was accustomed

to the plain of battle, you would soon destroy this demon ; and you may then accomplish every wish with respect to the tribe of Abs and Adnan. Upon this, the Bedoween received the spear from Nazih ; he mounted the offered horse, and quite pleased, O my lord, he cried, take charge of this my horse, for it is of a high breed, till this difficulty is removed from me. Thus saying, he returned to Harith, and rushed upon him, and flinging up the spear into the air with his hand, he caught it as it fell rolling round, and pierced Harith with the butt end of it on the chest : it hurled him to the ground, and his bones were bruised. Well, my lord, said he again to Nazih, take this horse on which he rode, and I will carry off his armour and spoils. Nazih took it, and charged upon it over the plain. When King Cais marked that horse beneath Harith, he was melted like lead ; but now, seeing him mounted by his cousin, his concern and grief subsided. Let one of ye go to this Bedoween, said he to his attendants, and promise him wealth on my part ; induce him to drive Harith towards us, before his comrades attack and rescue him out of our hands, or he will purchase his life from this poor fellow ; and while King Cais was thus conversing, the Bedoween pointed to the tribe of Aamir, and cried out, O Mooferridj ! O Mooferridj ! and there issued forth a horseman in the same plight as himself. Dismount for this vile wretch, he cried, and bind fast his shoulders, for I cannot trouble such a fine

Chief as this, who gave me his arms, to whom I am also obliged for this horse. I have no doubt in my mind that he must be a king's son, and I wish this day to equal him in my gains, and to divide between him and me the horse and arms. I know he does not want it; but the chase is always an object, and the heart and soul are ever interested in it. Thus saying, he turned towards the tribe of Aamir, and defied them to the combat. When Khalid saw what this vagrant Arab had done to Harith, and heard him cry out to his comrade, who quitted the Aamir ranks,—By the faith of an Arab, he exclaimed, no doubt amongst these tribes that we have assembled there must be one who is our foe, or else some Ab-sians have mingled with us. So he prohibited the troops from attacking, and sent for some one to bring him this Bedoween in disgrace and infamy. Jandah issued forth, roaring like an enraged lion, as he shouted, What art thou, foul Arab? and he rushed at him; but the Bedoween charged upon him, and they engaged till the scene of action appeared too confined; they clung to each other on their horses' backs; they grappled and struggled till their steeds were exhausted; they wrestled and grasped till all power and strength were extinct. But the vagrant Arab was the most forceful and the stoutest; he gave his adversary the grasp of a lion, and threw him on his feet by his superior might; he tore off his sword from round his neck, and endeavoured to drive him away with him; but as

Jandah resisted, he smote him with his sword, and made a gash on his shoulder, crying out with a loud voice, Hither, O Mosayid ! O Mosayid ! and there started forth a horseman from the same spot as the former. The Bedoween delivered Jandah over to him, and ordered him to take charge of him, saying, Let us see by the end of the day how many more of these filthy fellows will fall into our hands, and then we will consult about our further pleasures and wants. When the two tribes saw these deeds, they began to form various conjectures. As to King Cais, By the faith of an Arab, he cried, assistance is come to us, whence we know not : for Jandah is the very fellow that smote my father's head, and we are revenged for the iniquity of Harith, son of Zalim ; we have only now to gain over to us the heart of this vagrant, and promise him whatever he wants : this Bedoween cannot be Antar ; but like him there is no one human being, for he came forth into the plain naked, and has laid low knights such as these. O king, said Shedad, how oft you degrade the merit of my son, and raise the value of others ! Know, O king, if this Bedoween were my son, I should have recognised him from any other horseman ; from me he could not have been disguised. But I am certain of it, O Shedad, said Oorwah ; I did recognise him from every other horseman, and marked him as he attempted to outstrip the horse. This is madness, said King Cais ; as to Antar, we only sent to him last night, so how could a messen-

ger reach him? and between us there are eight days; we must suppose he followed us the very day of our departure. O king, said Shedad, had he followed us, it would not have been surprising; but as to his uniting with the tribe of Aamir, he must have heard that you boasted of Harith as being superior to him, and that you had bespoken his aid: he must have fought with your foes thinking Harith was on your side, with the wish to destroy him, and do with him just as he has done, and to show you his power: for my son is patient and forbearing—resentment has no place in him, and never will he allow an Arab to triumph at your expense. Just then advanced Nazih and Antar, and Harith and Jandah, with Shiboob and Jareer, dragging them along. The cause of Antar's arrival was this: as soon as he went to the tents, and, his meeting with Ibla being accomplished, he felt delighted at seeing her; but when the women had quitted him, he said to Shiboob, O my brother, I wish to follow the Absians, and see what Harith is doing: I will issue out against him and take him prisoner; and I will show Hadifah and Rebia the evil effects of such a plan. And in what form, said Shiboob, do you wish to go? In the disguise of a miserable slave, said he: I, you, and Jareer; and we will just sling spears over us. Upon this they mounted some broken-down horses, and rode on till they came within two days of the armies, and mixed among the tribe of Aamir, thinking Harith

was with the Absians ; but when he saw what he had done, and observed how he fought, he knew him, and went forth against him and did as he did ; but as soon as he had taken Jandah prisoner, he raised up his vizor, and Nazih recognised him : he kissed him in excess of joy, saying, O Aboolfawaris, verily thou hast done the deed of the most generous of men, and thou hast well kindled the flame of war and battle. By the faith of an Arab, had I or my father known that thou wert to have staid at home, we would not have followed Cais into this difficulty, but we would have left him, confiding in the opinions of Hadifah and Rebia. My lord, said Antar, it does not become a slave to reproach his master : this Jandah is he who murdered my lord, king Zoheir : he is the accomplice of Khalid, son of Giafer, and here his villany is rewarded. But, by the faith of an Arab, the deliverance of King Zoheir's horse and sword is dearer to me than my conquest over these horsemen, for by them Khalid deceived us, as you know, in the defile. I must requite that Khalid, and must abandon his land as a desert. But now return with me to our party : and as they went on, Antar thus recited :—" God has ennobled the
" son of Shedad, and what his sword and the thrust
" with his spear have effected against the enemy :
" our property was plundered from us in fear, and
" our friends could not repose in their alarms. But
" I grasped the chiefs of the Aamirites by mid-day,
" and I shall pass an evening in joy, like a quaffer.

“of wine. I am a warrior that glories in his She-dadian birth, whilst the fire of battle blazes on the plain.”

Cais heard Antar's verses, and recognising him, he hastened to meet him. I am now indeed convinced, O Aboolfawaris, he said, and making his apologies, he added, Think not that after the death of my father and my brother I have had sufficient presence of mind for the guidance of my conduct; indeed whoever volunteered his advice, I accepted it, and communed with his heart. Antar accepted this apology, and delivered over to him the murderer of his father. Eh, said Cais to Jandah, with this sword thou didst murder my father? Ay! said he. And with it, pursued Cais, will I strike off thy head: and as he spoke, he drew it forth from its scabbard, and as he waved it in his hand, flashes of light shot from its blade, and with it he smote Jandah, and severed his head from his body. This being done, they returned to the tents, and darkness soon coming on, the hostile tribe passed a night of despair; whilst Khalid, meditating on what had passed, out of precaution for his own person, directed his own countrymen to watch the tribe of Marah; Do not take any notice till day dawns, and then we shall see what the Absians will do with their chief, Harith.

But as to the illustrious Absians, their spirits revived at the arrival of their champion, Antar, and at the amelioration of their affairs after such agitation. King Cais assembled his chiefs and con-

sulted with them about Harith; the first who spoke about releasing him was Rebia, for he wished to reserve this calamity against Antar. My opinion is, O King, that you set him at liberty. And mine, said Shedad, that you strike off his head, and yours too, Rebia, on account of what we have suffered from his atrocities, you dotard! Every one that spoke was of this opinion. At last said Asyed, O my cousins, send for the man, and let us hear what he has to say, and if there is in him any room for favour, let him be pardoned; but if we find him resolute in his perverseness, put him to death. Every one approving of this advice, they produced Harith in chains.

Well! thou son of an accursed mother, cried Antar rising up, sword in hand, what induced thee to hostilities against thy tribe and to aid their foes? Nought induced me to such a deed but thou, replied Harith. By the faith of an Arab, truth is now the best course, O hero; my reason for this is, that I have long stationed spies and scouts over thee, till I heard of the death of King Zoheir, and that thy tribe was proceeding to avenge itself: so I imagined thou must be of the party, and accordingly I have done this deed: I said, I would also have retaliation, but thou hast vanquished me, and shame is heaped on shame. But hast thou not heard of my exploits? said Antar. Yes, said he; but my ambition glossed over my ignorance, and I could not ever suppose that fortune would be-

tray me, and that there was any one on the earth to oppose me. But now I am become more modest. I have learned that fortune can produce every miracle. I have fallen into your power. I acknowledge my crime. Annihilation is what I deserve. Thou hast now only to put me to death, or pardon me that I may be thy slave for ever. By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, if I thought that in thee there was room for grace, thou shouldst be pardoned: but I have heard of thee, that thou art a man of perfidy; an impostor, neither regarding protections, nor heeding hospitality, but one that breaks his faith and his oaths. Thou art right, O Aboolfawaris, said Harith, this was my disposition, but this day I have not the heart to harm either one on horseback, or one on foot. Well, said Antar to Cais, it will be as well to release him, and let him return home, for I am in a merry mood after my conquest. O Champion of the Absians, said Harith, do not delay, that I may on thy account put to the rout the armies of the tribe of Aamir, and white-wash my face among these tribes; then will I return home, and be thankful to thee. May God curse him who will not extirpate them with the sword, and that will not cut them off old and young! said Antar. I truly believe, my cousin, said Rebia, that you are able to do so; but if you are not satisfied with the oath of Harith, I will be his surety. So Rebia took Harith away with him to the division of the race of Zeead; and when he was alone with

him, he asked him what he really felt in his heart with respect to Antar. O Rebia, said he, I must positively contrive his death, and his destruction. Yes, said Rebia, but at another time; for now we are in want of both him and you: it is now advisable that you remain firm to your promise—there will be time enough. Thus they staid together, till, the day dawning, the men started up, and the warriors prepared: and lo! shouts burst forth from the tribe of Aamir; and their hordes waved like the sea over the desert, brandishing their swords: the dust arose on high and spread far and wide. The reason of this was, that Khalid had a spy among the tribe of Abs, whom he had sent over night to observe what was done to Harith. Early in the morning he returned, and told him it was Antar who had taken the horsemen prisoners, and that Harith had amicably settled his affairs with his tribe; and he has promised, added the spy, to destroy our armies. This is just his nature, said Khalid, for he cannot adhere long to his friends, or ever be sincere with his allies. But it would be expedient for us to begin with them, before they begin with us. Thus saying, he ordered his people to surround the tribe of Marah, and ply the sword among them: and they did so. As soon as Harith heard the shouts of his companions, he cried out, O, by the Arabs, the tribe of Marah is destroyed. Alas! we have not succeeded: and he made the attack,—he, and Rebia, and his brother, followed

by a thousand Fazarah horsemen, and some others from the tribe of Abs, headed by King Cais. The Absians assaulted the left of the Aamirites, and Antar led them on. Heroes were strewn on the plain: the multitudes were hustled together: coats of mail sparkled: swords cut in twain: the thousands rushed to the fight: Indian scimitars were shivered; and the Sembirian spears were shattered and split: calamities fell heavy on the tribe of Aamir. Noble pride and spirit animated the Absians. Antar performed deeds no Knight of Ignorance ever executed; for his thrusts anticipated the breath, and his assaults were incomprehensible—his shout was, Retaliation for King Zoheir and Shas! and he slew every hero he trampled down. Thus they continued till evening came on, when they separated. Harith had encountered the Brandisher of Spears, and passed the rest of the day in fighting and dealing spear-thrusts that would have turned children grey; and at the close of the day both were wounded and nearly dead. But when the two armies separated, Khalid, perceiving that his troops were discomfited, and that their numbers were greatly diminished, assembled the chieftains, and set out on his march home; whilst the Absians retired exulting at the victory and conquest they had gained; and there was not one but extolled Antar; and when they heard of Khalid's departure, Antar wished to follow them, but Cais refused, on account of the great fatigue and distresses they had already

endured. They laid down to rest in the tents, till God dawned with the day. Well, said Antar to King Cais, it will be but proper to give this booty to the tribes of Fazarah and Ghiftan, and that we reward them well and abundantly, and send them contented back to their homes and country. But let us surprise the land of Aamir; let none but ourselves assail them; let us do our own business ourselves. Cais approved of this plan, and he distributed the arms and the armour, saying to Hadifah, O my cousin, we have now no occasion to trouble you, for you have been wounded in our service, and he that wounded you is your nearest relation. Rebia has arranged Harith's affair with us, and the man will march home in company with you. It would be as well that you should not reproach him, for many of his men have been slain in this attack. Thus he sent them away, and there only remained with the Absians a thousand of the tribe of Ghiftan, with their chief, Jamrah, son of Sabic; for he was nearly allied to King Zoheir, and he swore he would not return home till he had taken retaliation for King Zoheir.

The next day, King Cais marched with his troops, amounting, exclusive of the Ghiftanians, to five thousand horsemen. The chief Antar headed the army; and with him was Asyed, and Oorwah, and Nazih; and thus he elegized King Zoheir:—

“ Behold! we have opposed the edges of the
“ scimitars and the barbs of the spears on the swift-

“footed coursers. To engage the foe we have
“sufficient force, were they even like the tem-
“pestuous ocean. There is no glory in numbers; but
“the glory of warriors was the dispersion of these
“armies. Ask the Absians of me, O Ibla, when
“the hordes of Kelab came against me with the
“tribes of Ghani and Aamir, rolling like the waves
“of the sea under the cloud-shadowed sky, con-
“vulsed by the furious tread of the horses’ hoofs.
“How they fled and the spears on their backs
“pierced their kidneys between their entrails and
“their hypocondres; had they stood firm, I would
“have left behind, on the desert, their bones and
“flesh for the rapacious eagles; how well my tribe
“exerted itself without the aid of Zalim’s son!
“foul was his act, his word perfidious. He said
“there was none on earth like him; but when he
“encountered me, then shone forth the glory of
“glories; he was to our foes an ally and assistant;
“but he retreated from my sword, frustrated and
“of no avail. I love the tribe of Abs, and when
“blood flows, the friendship of a slave is sincere,
“and his word is true and faithful. They ap-
“proached, when they had sent me away, and
“encountered the spears flashing with light: they
“felled Zoheir, and the lacerating spears, and
“lances, and scimitars clashed over him. He in
“his power was the death of men; but he who was
“the cause of death, has now visited the inhabitant
“of the tombs. O woe, woe! that his foes have

“ triumphed over him, the crown of the Absians
“ and all the tribes! But I will not allow Khalid,
“ now Zoheir is gone and murdered, a resting-place
“ but in the bowels of the graves. How can I
“ sleep by night, and not seek revenge? for he was
“ my resource in every difficulty.”

When Antar had finished his verses, his party thanked him for the excellence of his achievements; and they continued traversing the deserts, and in their hearts was a burning flame against Khalid. In the meantime, Khalid reached his own country, and there remained with him out of all his assembled host, only ten thousand horsemen (for every clan sought its home and departed). His own tribe advised him to send the women and families to the mountain-tops: thus having secured their wives and property, they prepared to meet their foes.

The next day arrived the Absians, and their armour glittered, as they surrounded the tribe of Aamir on all sides. But Khalid, seeing their scanty numbers, was delighted. O my cousins, he cried, rejoice, for they are only come with a small party. He attacked, and his warriors followed him, but he saw in the Absians blows that turned infants grey. The spears pierced through every mortal part of their bodies; the dust and clouds of sand increased till darkness came on and the two armies separated; but the Absians had greatly the advantage over the Aamirites; for Antar, knowing how they relied on him, did more than he had promised, and

performed deeds no one could surpass. Before evening, twelve hundred Aamirites were slain, but only seventy of the Absians. Antar retired, clothed in a scarlet robe of the blood of horsemen; eleven horses had been killed under him, for none but Abjer could serve him (now Abjer was at home, and Antar had come on a miserable hack). When King Cais saw Antar's resolution and intrepidity, he gloried in him, and from that hour he felt convinced that his kingdom would not last but by his assistance; so he went to meet him and thanked him, and he and his brothers treated him with every kindness. But the tribe of Aamir retired in the deepest consternation, and dispirited at the loss of their chiefs, and as they stated in their complaints to Khalid, what they had experienced from Antar's sword, O my cousins, said he, your excuses are indeed well-founded this time, for it was this black slave that routed us with his attacks; and if I do not take a great part of the battle on myself, we shall be completely cut up; and with this intention he reposed till the day shone and the men sprung up for the contest and battle.

The ranks were scarcely drawn up, or the swords unsheathed, when lo! out started a knight from the tribe of Aamir, and advancing towards the Absians, O tribe of Adnan! O band of heroes! he exclaimed, I have come forth this day to the field to protect the women and families, and I will try myself in the scene of slaughter, and by the faith of

an Arab, I have not completed my twentieth year ; never have I quitted the tents and dwellings of my tribe : come forth against me, any one whose kindred equals mine, for I am, by the faith of an Arab, of an illustrious tribe—renowned for their patience in the day of tumults. I am called Aamir, the son of Tofeil, and the Brandisher of Spears is my maternal uncle, and were he not wounded he would not acquiesce in this my wish. Then galloping and charging, he thus spoke :—

“ Do not, O my mother, indulge in thy sorrows
“ for me : have patience on the day of my con-
“ test and my absence. Let me singly act in the
“ quest of glory with the edge of my well-propor-
“ tioned Indian scimitar. Let me be proclaimed
“ through the exalted mansions of renown for the
“ piercing barb of my supple spear. Who, when
“ in quest of glory, feels conscious that this sport is
“ of bitter flavour ? Perhaps I may, with the edge
“ of my sword, extinguish the flame of the fiercely-
“ burning battle. I will show myself to the foe ;
“ and I will rescue my tribe from the lions on their
“ high-mettled steeds ; or I will meet my fate with
“ the mangling spear, for whose sting there is no
“ balm. I will abandon my mother to pour out her
“ sorrows in childless misery, and to shed her tears
“ of anguish.”

He had scarcely finished his verses, when an Absian horseman galloped against him, and presented himself before him. This was a knight of

exceeding courage; firm and resolute in the combat: over him was a strong corselet and a cleaving sword; round his shoulder was slung a lacerating spear; beneath him was a swift courser: but Aamir permitted him neither to gallop nor to charge, before he pierced him between the paps, and forced his spear through his shoulders. He again repeated his challenge, and a second came forth, but he slew him instantly. O Absian tribe, by the faith of an Arab, he cried in his boasts and his vaunts, ye are the horsemen of the age, and the heroes of Adnan; but I am of little experience in battle. Come out against me, brave as ye are, ye heroes! despise not my youth—let me try myself with some of your knights, and your warriors. When the Absians heard this harangue, and saw what deeds Aamir had effected, they rushed upon him from all sides, and issued forth against him like sea-monsters, brandishing their spears and their swords. But a knight, beautiful in form, and short in speech, anticipated them all. He was perfect in every point, and was called Carwash, son of Hani, and cousin to King Cais. The horsemen, seeing him advance, halted, and retired in awe of him. Carwash assailed Aamir: they began the attack: they thrust with their spears till they were shivered, and smote with their swords till they were shattered; and their horses died under them. They continued in this perilous contest till mid-day, when the dust clearing away from them, lo! Aamir came forth with

Carwash, his prisoner, and driving him away like a camel. The horsemen checked themselves from rushing into the scene of action; but Antar was greatly exasperated, and his eyes were red as blood—he resolved on darting out against him, but Nazih anticipated him, and engaged Aamir till the evening, when each quitted his antagonist and described what he had experienced that day. As Aamir retired to his party, his cousins met him and congratulated him on his safety. As to Khalid, he was in ecstasies of joy—it was impossible to be more so. But the tribe of Abs was impatient for the morrow; and as soon as the obscurity of night departed and the day shone bright, the warriors sprung forward for the fight and the contest, and Aamir, son of Tofeil, was foremost on the plain, and thus spoke:

“ The mother of Aamir exerted her influence to
“ prevent my mounting at the voice of the herald.
“ She would keep me back, fearful of death on the
“ edge of the Indian blades. Do not be obstinate or
“ perverse, O mother, death is ordained by fate, and
“ it is near as well as at a distance. Let me plunge
“ into the seas of deaths with the light and noble
“ chargers. O, tribe of Abs, there is no refuge from
“ my sword, or my spear, nor from death. There-
“ fore either retreat or stand firm. You will ever
“ find in me a knight that never flinches from the
“ scene of battle.”

Aamir, having concluded his verses, rushed to the combat and repeated the challenge. Soon came forth

Oorwah ; but Antar dismissed him, and descended upon Aamir, saying, Come on, on to the field of battle ! Eh ! thou base-born ! cried Aamir, recognizing him, I will not fight with one whose birth is so mean and vile among the Arabs. I say this not out of fear of thee, nor of death. But my mother saw me in a dream, and went to a soothsayer to whom she imparted the secret ; and he said to her, Let not your son contend with a black slave. Eh, thou bastard ! cried Antar, and shall I, on account of thy mother's visions, permit thee to destroy the horsemen of the tribes of Abs and Adnan in the field of battle ? Thus saying, he shouted at Aamir and rushed upon him, and Aamir was compelled to meet him. A dreadful combat ensued between them—it was a contest that would melt even the hardest rocks, and stupefy the eyeballs and terrify the bravest warriors. They continued in this state till the warriors were astounded ; but when Antar perceived his intrepidity he closed upon him, and hemming him in so close that stirrup grated stirrup, he grasped the rings of his coat of mail and breastplate and held him up in his hand, like a sparrow in the talons of a ferocious hawk, and threw him over to Shiboob, who bound fast his shoulders and tied down his arms and sides, and as he was going to drive him away towards the Absians, lo ! Aamir's mother rushed forth, crying out, and her slaves were leading along Carwash, son of Hani : O Aboolfawaris, she exclaimed, force not my son to taste of the meat of captivity ;

here is Carwash at your disposal, only release my son, Aamir, as his ransom. Antar hailed Shiboob, and ordered him to let Aamir go; and having thus rescued Carwash, he retired from the scene of multitudes. Now came on the night of obscurity, and let down its canopy over the two horizons. The two armies reposed till the morning dawned, when mounted the tribe of Abs and the tribe of Aamir; and the troops being drawn up in array, lo! Khalid issued forth between the hostile ranks on a white and black charger indefatigable and unflinching; he was completely enclosed in armour, and he cried out in a loud voice, Eh, O sons of King Zoheir, how long must last this contest, this destruction of warriors, this dishonour of wives and women? This is a circumstance no high-born hero can endure. I am he who slew your father Zoheir and your brother Shas. I will not suffer any one to aid me in this affair; here am I in person, come forth against me one by one, but let no one as the first come forth but your King Cais; for he has taken the seat of his father, and I am the King of the tribe of Aamir and the chief of the Hordes and the Clans; whoever shall slay his antagonist, let him succeed in his projects and complete his hopes. King Cais heard this, and the affliction fell heavy on him; and thus too were his brothers, and there was not one but welcomed death. Antar marked their situation; he roared and bellowed: What is the matter, O King? he cried; Cannot one of ye command himself to go out against him?

Well, let me bring him to you a prisoner. I will lay him down before you abject and debased. O my cousin, said King Cais, by thy life, return to thy post and let me appease my heart with Khalid, and I will not let the Arabs look on me as one incapable and inefficient; so he moved forward on the back of Caasa, and rushed against Khalid. Upon this, Antar retired, but resolved in his own mind that if he should see King Cais overpowered by Khalid, he would make an attack and assist him. Cais encountered Khalid, and between them was a contest and combat that seared the eyeballs. They continued till the honour of chivalry was rent and mangled, and they were charging and staggering till their spears were split in their hands; they threw them on the ground—they grasped their sparkling blades, as instruments more ready for the plunder of lives, and they continued this conflict till also their swords were shivered; they returned their fragments to their scabbards, and grasped each other on their horses' backs with all their might and main, and both fell to the ground, both firmly clinging to each other; there they wrestled and struggled till death and the worst of evils was at hand. It was then the two armies attacked, and the troops rushed forward. It was then horsemen shouted from every quarter. It was then they waved their spears and their scimitars. It was then rage and indignation violently seized Antar, and he advanced to see how it was with Cais; but Rebia, son of Ocail, met him, and the heart of

each was full of the day in the defile and the circumstances that befel them. The horsemen of the two tribes moved towards their respective kings, like fragments of clouds, and the combat and the battle raged fiercely among them. Arab necks were hewn off, and the dust rose up like clouds, and all around them was like the darkness of night. The brothers of King Cais made a furious assault and fought in the most desperate manner. Antar and Rebia, son of Ocail, were also engaged in a combat that transformed youth to age. Antar, indeed, alarmed lest death and extinction should fall upon Cais, burst on Rebia with the rush of a lion, and with a shout as if it were thunder when it crashes. Rebia was petrified with horror and aghast with affright, and in this state of consternation, Antar pierced him with his spear through the chest, and drove it out sparkling through his back, and instantly renewed his attack against the Aamirites like a savage lion; he felled down the horsemen; he cut through their comrades till he came up with the sons of King Zoheir and Khalid, who only considered them all as one individual. But Antar halted, and, extending wide his arm with his sword, he was about to slay Khalid, when lo! Rebia, son of Zeead, shouted out, Hold! O Aboolfawaris, for Malik, son of Zoheir, and my brother Amarah are fallen his prisoners, and if you put Khalid to death they will both be slaughtered, and ruin must be our doom. Thus was Antar most grievously distressed; he ordered Shiboob to bind him fast, and

Khalid felt assured of death. But when Cais saw this he sprung on his feet, and Antar waited for him; alarmed at his situation, he encouraged him, and sent Shiboob for a horse and mounted him. Conduct my Lord from the terrors of the fight, said Antar to Shiboob, that I may disperse these horsemen, and he assaulted the army and forced them to a disgraceful retreat, overthrowing warriors and destroying the brave, till the evening closed in. The Aamirites were completely routed. The Absians returned from the pursuit without any loss, not even to the value of a halter; and when they alighted to rest, they hastened to King Cais and congratulated him on his safety. Rebia informed him of the captivity of Malik and his brother Amarah. O Rebia, said Cais, much afflicted, my brother and thy brother can never be liberated, but by the deliverance of this cuckold. Were it not so, I would strike off his head and would drink of his blood. Guard him till we to-morrow ransom our prisoners by him, and we must wait some future event for him. My lord, said Antar, distress not yourself about the deliverance of our prisoners; if he escapes from me this day, he will not escape to-morrow; and had I not been occupied with the death of that Rebia, son of Ocail, I would soon have made him drink of the cup of annihilation before this accident had happened. This night let the tribe of Aamir repose with their wives and families on the summits of the mountains, but to-morrow we will proceed on foot against them with sword and

buckler, and we will scatter them about like leaves. Cais was much pleased, and his sorrows were relieved. They slept till dawn, when they sent for Khalid, and informed him of their intentions, and demanded of him his ransom, to which he assented with oaths, in which the Arabs have the firmest reliance. Cais accordingly set him at liberty, and he departed for his tribe. But when he was about to deliver Malik and Amarah, the tribe of Aamir would not obey him, saying, We must hang these two, and revenge ourselves on them. The Absians indeed have slain our chiefs, and they will not quit us till they have entirely destroyed us.—Cousins, replied Khalid, in dismay, I have sworn to Cais by the severest oaths and the pillars, so what means this? Were we to be slaughtered like so many sheep, I cannot possibly perjure myself, and become a liar and a traitor; particularly whilst we are thus reduced and disgraced. We must exert all our strength in meeting the foe. I will assemble all who have blood and retaliation against them, and I will not desist till I have rooted out every trace of the tribe of Abs. Upon this, the hearts of the Aamirites being reconciled, he sent for Prince Malik and Amarah, and made them swear that their tribe should return home for the remainder of the year. Having given the required oath, they were sent down the mountain, mounted on noble horses, and very grateful for their security. But as soon as they reached their tribe, and explained what had

passed, May God curse the tribe of Aamir! said Cais, this is treachery and villany.—Khalid will decidedly, said Rebia, assemble against us his clans, and will write to every one that rides or walks; however, in a second rencontre we will root out every trace of them. King Cais thought this plan the most expedient; so he departed for his family and home. But Antar's heart was not at rest in retreating from the tribe of Aamir; and as he described what had occurred to him and his tribe, he thus recited:

“ Ah, O Ibla! my youth is wasted, and the
“ period of thy absence inflicts repeated tortures.
“ My love for thee is oppressive; it increases daily,
“ as age grows on youth. For thee I have passed
“ the revolutions of my fate, till my life fleets away,
“ and my patience is become my chastisement. I
“ have encountered the foe; I have protected the
“ tribe; but they despise me, and have no regard
“ for my existence. Ask of me, O Ibla! in the
“ day of adversity, the tribes of Aamir and Kelab.
“ How many knights I have left stretched out,
“ their hands deep died with gore! They moved
“ hither in my absence, and they brandished their
“ spears, glittering like the shooting stars. How
“ many lions have rushed at me, and in disgrace
“ have cast away their spears on the ground! They
“ cry out at me, and I answer them with the spear-
“ thrust, deciding before a reply. I have slain
“ two hundred free-born of them, and a thousand

“ in the defiles and the sandhills. Ha! let Khalid
 “ rejoice in the calamities of my tribe; but the day
 “ of his extinction shall be the most tremendous of
 “ all the periods of misfortune.”

They continued traversing the deserts night and day, and Antar guarding them from the enemy, till they came near home; and when there only remained one night's march, on a sudden Antar was not to be heard of, and they could not trace him any where. King Cais was aghast and bewildered, as were also his brothers, and all Antar's friends; but his inveterate haters rejoiced in his absence, particularly Rebia and his despicable brother, and Malik, Ibla's father; and though Cais stopped the march of his people, and sent horsemen right and left till the evening, they returned disappointed and unsuccessful. By the faith of an Arab, said King Cais, I will not stir from hence till I know what has happened to our cousin.—This, said Amarah, would show but little wisdom and sagacity in you, that the Chiefs of Abs and Adnan should be kept waiting for a black slave, a worthless, mean fellow.—O Amarah! exclaimed King Cais, highly exasperated at such language, art thou not ashamed even to mention thy cousin in his absence? it was but the other day he rescued thee from captivity. By the faith of an Arab, were Antar here present, I would not screen thee from him.—O disgrace, disgrace at thy words; my cousin! cried Amarah.—Ay, he is thy cousin, said King

Cais, whether thou wilt or not; and were he not, not a head would be raised towards the tribe of Abs; of no esteem would they be among men.—It will be as well, said Rebia, that we wait for our cousin, till he comes. However, King Cais marched in the morning, yet greatly afflicted and distressed at the loss of Antar, the lion warrior; and when they reached the dwellings, they inquired about him, but no one could give any information of him. Every one entered his own abode, and joined his children and family. Malik, Ibla's father, having now heard from some of the women all that had passed between his daughter and Antar, when the tribe marched against the Aamirites, ran at her with his drawn sword, and roared to his wife, Thou foul wretch! wert thou not ashamed for thy child, that she should appear openly in the presence of Antar, and converse with him? Thou hast taught her to demand presents and goods of him, and it is thy wish to load me with infamy among men and women.—I had not done this, replied she, but that I saw you inclined towards him, and that you had bestowed her on him in marriage. But now, if your heart is estranged from him, I will never let him see her again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HADIFAH and his brothers hearing of King Cais's return, took with them a party of the Fazarah tribe, and came to compliment him on his safety, and congratulate him on his victory and triumph. Cais made a splendid feast for them, to which he invited the chiefs of the Absians and his brothers, and informed them of the loss of Antar. Hadifah appeared greatly affected, and exhibited the reverse of what he felt. They ate meat and drank wine till mid-day, when the King, hearing some loud acclamations in the tents, asked what was the matter. Shiboob and his brother Antar are returned, was the general cry; when lo! Antar arrived. He saluted the Absians, and he was on horseback. King Cais inquired the cause of his absence. O King, he replied, I was on the service of one who deserved no duty at my hands; for he is of a villainous disposition, and of a foul origin.—To what dost thou allude by that? said Cais. Hear my tale, O King, said he, and you will acknowledge I am right. On the night that you missed me, I had launched out into the desert, fearful of the night-wanderers and the robbers on your account; and whilst I was thus employed, a figure appeared before me. I went forward, and lo! it was a va-

grant Arab on his journey. I hailed him; and to my inquiries, Warrior, said he, I am a poor, ill-used fellow. I am going to the tribe of Abs, to make a demand of Rebia.—I am, said I, O Arab, one of the slaves of Rebia, so tell me what he owes you.—Warrior, he replied, I am called Basharah, son of Mabid, and I have a daughter, who was demanded in marriage of me. I consented; and taking with me one hundred she-camels, I set out for the valley of Deecar, that I might purchase with their produce some clothes, with which to set off my daughter; but some plundering horse met me and waylaid me; they carried away my camels, but I escaped on this steed. Being certain the party were of the tribe of Kenanah, I took the nearest road, saying to myself, I will go to the tribe of Abs, to my friend Rebia. On this, I said to him, Rejoice, O Arab, for I am his deputy: lead on, and conduct me to your enemies, that I may realise your wishes. He proceeded, whilst I followed till the day dawned, when lo! we came upon a troop near the water of Career, and the land of Nefeer: there were forty horsemen; five and twenty of whom I slew, and the rest ran away. I restored to the man the horses, and the she-camels and he-camels, with which being well satisfied and grateful, he repaired to the family of Zeead. I returned, and have now erected for them a strong columned building; but I find them talking infamously of me, and abusing my mother for adultery: this is all my reward, and thus you may

distinguish the legitimate-born from bastards. How long, thou son of Zeead, added he, turning sharply on Amarah, must this insolence last? for by him who has clothed the night in darkness, if thou dost not cease talking foully of me, and mend thy manners, I will hack thy limbs with this sword. What! thou bastard, cried Amarah, jumping up and unsheathing his sword, such language to me! Darest thou thus impertinently insult me among the chiefs? At my pastures I have a thousand slaves such as thee; and he made at Antar sword in hand. But the others rose up and checked him; and Rebia called out, reproaching and abusing him: he ordered him to be silent, and taking the sword out of his hand, said, Is this a recompense for our cousin, who has exposed his life for us? But Antar moved silently away, and went home greatly ashamed on account of Cais, for he had vexed him, and disturbed the entertainment. When Antar reached his mother's tent, she hung upon him and wept from excess of joy and love.

Now King Cais had been greatly distressed at this interruption; but Rebia soothed his heart, saying, It is quite impossible that my brother and Antar can ever meet in the same place again; but I have in my heart something I should wish to do. Thus they continued over their cups of wine and conversing, and made Hadifah and Haml drink, and loaded them with all manner of favours. Thus it continued whilst the day withdrew its light, and

the night shaded them in its darkness till morning, when Hadifah and his brother returned home.

But Rebia and his brothers quitted the tents, and, together with their dependants, descended into the valley of Yamooriyah, also accompanied by their horsemen and warriors, and those who hated Antar, that they might seek the means of annoying him. As soon as this circumstance was made known to King Cais, he disregarded it, and cursing them, Wherever they go, cried he, may death overtake them! And thus he cast them from his heart, saying to the Arab chiefs that surrounded him, Ye know, my cousins, that King Zoheir admitted Antar to our birth and parentage, and called him cousin, and accepting him as such, he raised him to honour and legitimacy. Now, whenever Amarah and Antar meet, they quarrel and disturb the union of the tribe; and should they remain separate, it will be better than their living together. , Antar every day associated with King Cais, and attached himself to him, and thus they continued many days and nights. But Antar, on his arrival, having heard what had passed between his uncle Malik and his wife, and how he had attempted to kill her, remained entirely with his mother. In the mean time, King Cais became very anxious for the termination of the year, on account of Khalid, son of Giafer, who he understood had thrown himself on Direed, son of Samah, chief of the tribes of Howazin, and Jeshm and Hamadan, and had induced him to pro-

mise his assistance with ten thousand horsemen against the tribe of Abs.

This Direed was four hundred and fifty years old, and by the Arabs he was called the Mill-stone of War. He was referred to on every difficult point, on account of his great age, and his orders were obeyed among the Arabs like King Numan's. So when King Cais heard this, he was in dismay: This, he cried, is indeed complete ruin! He then assembled the Absian chiefs, and consulted about what he should do. Comfort your mind and brighten your eye, exclaimed they all, for were Khalid to come against us with the armies of Chosroe, we will fight till we die in your presence. O King, said Antar, easy let it lie on thee, and on the sepulchre of King Zoheir! I will disperse the armies of our foes, and will not leave one of them alive. The words of Antar revived him, and feeling re-assured: O Aboolfawaris, said he, you indeed can speak and act!

From that day they made preparations for war, and searched for arms; but only finding a small quantity, Cais consigned the country to the care of Antar, and leaving his uncle in his place, he took a noble string of he and she camels, and resolved on selling them, in order to purchase with their produce some arms and weapons. He set out for Medina Yathreb, for that was the nearest place, and its chief was called Ajijah, son of Jellah, the Yathrabee; and he was the brother of Abdool-motallab on the mother's side; and between him

and King Cais there existed a friendship of long standing, from the time of his father King Zoheir; and when King Cais reached Medina Yathreb, Ajijah was much pleased, and received him very kindly. Cais related his adventures, and that he was come to purchase arms. Now Cais having heard that Ajijah had a coat of mail of the workmanship of David, and exquisitely riveted, whose like no one possessed; he addressed him, saying, O Chief, I have heard that you have a coat of mail made by David, which I am anxious to purchase, that in it I may go against my enemies, and I will give you its value instead. O Cais, said Ajijah, I would have given it you, but Khalid has already asked me for it, and praised me in his verses. What are the verses, said Cais, in which he praised you? Let me know them; and Ajijah thus repeated:

“ When I demanded a favour from the race of
“ Yathreb, Ebe Amroo cried out, and Ajijah con-
“ sented. Remain under the protection of a Yath-
“ rabee, for if thou stayest there, a shadow will
“ even dread thy power. I saw a man, over the
“ brilliancy of whose countenance was a vizor, by
“ which the sun was hid or shone. I have a
“ station in glory, in honour, and on high, but his
“ mansion is above the two Pisces. If he brandishes
“ his sword on the day of horrors, thou mayest see
“ the rays of his sabre flashing with death; and were
“ his hand and the cloud impregnated with rain, to
“ exhibit their bounties, his beneficence would en-
“ dure, and the cloud desist. In his house every

“ fugitive is safe, and with his donations he even
“ satisfies the unsatiable. Virtues were of old in
“ Jellah, and since him Ajijah has imitated him.”

On hearing these verses, Cais was astonished at their import and allusion : By the faith of an Arab, said he, I cannot blame or reproach you. Cais remained with Ajijah till morning, and having purchased all the arms he wanted, Ajijah questioned him, saying, O Cais, have you purchased the arms ? Yes, said he. Well then, said Ajijah, bid now for the coat of mail. Cais was pleased ; but said, By the faith of an Arab, of all my trifling articles, I have now only remaining one hundred camels : so take them, whether it be much or little, and excuse me for the deficiency. On this, he sent for the coat of mail, and it was of great length in the skirts. Take it, O Cais, said he, let it be considered as a purchase made for a hundred she-camels, though, in fact, it is a present from me to you. So he took one of the she-camels out of the hundred, and restored the remainder to Cais, who was very grateful, and in three days, having procured every thing he wanted, he took leave of Ajijah, and setting out for his own country, he reached the valley of Yamouriyeh, whence he sent home his arms with his slaves, and proceeded unattended to Rebia, who, being told of his arrival, met him, and complimented him, receiving him hospitably, and making him welcome. In the course of conversation, Cais asked his advice about his attacking Khalid and the Aamirites. My cousin, said Rebia, we are all yours, and at your

disposal. But whither have you been travelling? I have been to Medina Yathreb to purchase some arms. And where, said Rebia, are your purchases? I have sent them home, said Cais, with the slaves. Rebia stared about, and at last espied his portmanteau, which was full. O my cousin, said he, what is in your portmanteau? Cais laughed. O my cousin, said he, there is in it what would surprise you indeed, were you to see it. Let me see it then, said Rebia. Cais alighted and took out the coat of mail of Ajijah, and opened it before Rebia, who was astonished. O Cais, said he, whence came you by this? This is, said he, the coat of mail of Ajijah, son of Jellah, the Yathrabee, and he has made me a present of it. O Cais, said he, if that man made you a present of any thing, it must be invaluable; and Rebia stood up and put on the coat of mail, and though he was very tall, it came down to his heels. He walked away with it and entered the tents; then rushing out with a drawn sword in his hand, he cried out to Cais, This is my coat of mail! it was stolen from me, and there are my marks on it, this very flaw in the sleeves; and if you do not tell me all about it, I will sue you for it, and he recited these verses:

“ O Cais, my coat of mail I never sold, neither
“ did I give it away; it was stolen from me by some
“ of the Arab hordes: I am not one that speaks
“ falsehoods—no; by the truth of Him who is con-
“ cealed from sight! It happened by chance there
“ was a flaw on it, and it will serve as a proof on

“all points. By God, were you not nearly related
“to me, I would bring down death upon you, even
“in the month of Rejib.”

Cais was stupefied for a time: Son of Zeead, he said, what outrage is this? Dost wish to purloin my coat of mail by such a frivolous pretence? And thus he expressed himself:

“Wretch! thou wouldst purloin my coat of mail
“by fraud, by foul accusations and falsehoods: the
“coat of mail belonged to Ajijah, son of Jellah, the
“Yathrabee. Talk not such nonsense; thou art
“no more a child. By the truth of Him who spread
“the wings of nocturnal obscurity, I will not give
“it up, were even my father alive.”

* Upon this, they disputed violently in words, and a serious quarrel ensued, and they abused each other most virulently. The Arabs assembled round them, but Cais was unable to contend with Rebia and his Arabs, for he was alone. So he calmed them with his words, whilst the family of Zeead laughed at him. Away, O Cais, said Amarah, to your family; we will restore it to you, but should it happen that we do not return it, send to us your champion Antar, son of Shedad; let him come here and rescue it from these horsemen.

Cais, being now aware they only sought to quarrel and provoke him, mounted his camel and returned home. He hastened to his wife, Rebia's daughter, and said to her, If I abandon my coat of mail to your father, all the Arabs will accuse me of imbecility over the deserts and the wastes, and will re-

* This quarrel is an historical fact.

duce me to infamy and disgrace. O my father, cried his daughter Jemanah (and she was the most beautiful of the daughters of Arabia; she could even compose poetry, so that she was quite a proverb), I will restore to you your coat of mail, for my grandfather Rebia is very fond of me. Do so, O Jemanah, said her father, do what you please.

Upon this she mounted her camel, and taking a slave with her, she went to the valley of Yamoor, where, as she entered the tent of her grandfather, he stood up to receive her, and saluting her, treated her with the greatest kindness, saying, What has brought thee hither, O Jemanah? I am come, replied she, on account of my father's coat of mail. Here I am; send me not back disappointed, for I am thy favourite. Yes, said Rebia, in his wily manner, when I have fought Khalid with it, I will return it to him. Jemanah, perceiving that he would persist in his obstinacy, thus addressed him:

“ My father will not permit that his coat of mail
 “ should be purloined from him, and my grand-
 “ father consents to purloin the coat of mail from
 “ my father. My father's judgment is the judgment
 “ of a prudent and cautious man; but the conduct
 “ of my grandfather is the conduct of an oppressor
 “ and a tyrant. The son of Zoheir will not give up
 “ his coat of mail, neither will the son of Zeead yield
 “ to salutary counsel. O Cais, this coat of mail was
 “ left with thee, as an act of generosity, for the bat-
 “ tle that turns infants grey: so I fear that Antar,
 “ who plunges into the horse-dust, will not yield it.”

As soon as Jemanah had finished she departed, and repaired to her father. May God be with thee, O my father ! said she : if it be possible for thee to resign the coat of mail, give it up ; for now that he has denied me, he will resign it to no one. And if thou dost dispute with him, he will dispute with thee ; and if thou wilt fight with him, he will fight with thee : thus will the tranquillity of the tribe be dissolved. Very well, said Cais. But the news soon spread about the dwellings of the Absians, and it came at last to Antar, who was exceedingly indignant, and went to King Cais, to whom he said, How ! hast thou been cajoled by thy enemies ? and thou the king of the age ! and canst thou submit to such disgrace and infamy ? If thou art willing to have thy coat of mail rescued, I will soon redeem it for thee, ay, before to-morrow's dawn, were it even on the back of the driving clouds. I will slay that Rebia, and Amarah, and the whole race of Zeead. It was on this very account, said King Cais, I would not inform you of it. And he told him all that had passed with the family of Zeead, and how Amarah had said, Hie thee hence, and send us thy champion Antar, son of Shedad.

Without word or comment Antar retired home, and called out for Shiboob, who instantly appeared. O son of my mother ! he cried, I wish thee to tell me how I must manage, for King Cais has been cajoled by Rebia, and my heart is in an agony at the words of Amarah, for he even said to Cais, Hie thee away ; send us thy champion Antar, to rescue

thy coat of mail from hence. My advice is, said Shiboob, that we proceed to the valley of Yamoor, and that we hide ourselves near the tents of the Zeead family. No doubt some one of them will fall into our hands: we will take him prisoner, and we will not desist tormenting him, till we ransom him for the coat of mail of Ajijah.

That's just the thing, said Antar; and they waited till evening, when they set out for the valley of Yamoor, where, lo! they saw in front of them a fellow lying asleep, and before him stood a horse. Shiboob went up to him, and struck him with a stick over the back of his head. He instantly awoke, and much alarmed he was. Eh! said Shiboob, who art thou? My lord, said the fellow, whilst he shook as if in an ague—my lord, said he, I am no horseman. I am no great man; but I am the slave of the magnanimous Chief Amarah. And where is Amarah? said Shiboob. My lord, said he, he is just passed over to the tents of the Carad family, just to have a look at his beloved Ibla, the daughter of Malik; and this has been his practice for a long time every night, and when he reaches this spot, he puts on my clothes, and disguises himself in them, and enters their tents. Ay! said Shiboob, I did not know a word of all this. Accursed be ye both; come, arise, strip off thy clothes, before I cut off thy head.

The slave had just stripped off his clothes, when Antar came up, and smote the slave with Dharni on the neck, and severed his head from his body. In-

stantly Shiboob put on the slave's clothes, and laid himself down in his place, whilst Antar hid himself near at hand for an hour, when lo ! advanced Amarah. As soon as the horse saw him, he neighed : I am come to thee, thou neigher ! said Amarah, now that I have beheld my beloved. And he came up to Shiboob, thinking it was his slave, and struck him with his stick on the back of the head, saying, Get up, son of an accursed mother, come, strip off the clothes before morning overtakes us.

So Shiboob turned about, and began rubbing his eyes, like one roused out of his sleep, and appeared as if about to take off his clothes, whilst Amarah, having stripped off his clothes, stood naked. At the instant, Antar sprung upon him, and grasped him by the small of his belly, and raising him in his arm, he dashed him against the ground, and then turned to upon him with a whip, till he made the blood start from every part of his body. In short, the agony of this chastisement was so acute, that Amarah fainted. Shiboob came up to him and bound his shoulders, and tied down his arms and sides, and hoisting him on the back of his horse, carried him away. O Arabs, cried Amarah, cover my shame, and if ye are from a distant land, and in quest of property and gain, congratulate yourselves on your success : for I am no paltry fellow ; I am the Chief Amarah, son of Zeead, and my party is near at hand ; and if you do not sell my life for cattle, you will heartily repent ; for my friends will

rescue me without ransom or goods at all. But Antar stood before him, and turned to again with his whip on his body, till his very liver was on fire. Ay, said he, I will redeem the coat of mail with thee, which thy brother took away. Yes ! thou saidst to King Cais, Hie thee away ! send us thy champion Antar, son of Shedad ; let him come and redeem the coat of mail from us here. Then indeed Amarah recognised the dreadful Antar, and he cried out, Pardon, my cousin, pardon ! for that is true virtue ; don't, now don't punish me, O my cousin, for the flippancies of the tongue ; and be sure of every favour you can desire. No more talk ! cried Antar, till we reach the tents, where I will contrive every variety of torture for thee ; and they drove him on before them to the tents, whilst Amarah endured such a night, as he never experienced before, and when they arrived, every one being asleep, Antar confined Amarah at his mother's : and he appeared in the morning as if nothing had happened.

In the course of the day, Rebia learnt that his brother was missing. He wept, and so did his brothers, and also his mother, and his relations, and there was not one but said Antar had killed him. I rather think, said Rebia, that Cais has set spies and scouts over us on account of the coat of mail of Ajijah, and has seized an Arab in order to redeem it with him. But, by the faith of an Arab, that's what I'll never do. I will, however, plant spies over them, and every one that falls into my power

I will slay : I will carry on for ever a rooted enmity against Cais, and I will aid the Aamirites against him, that he may feel my power ; and if Antar has slain Amarah, no one will I put to death as an equivalent but Cais himself, that he may know that one like me will not sacrifice his retaliation for him.

Soon the account of the disappearance of Amarah became public ; it was also reported to King Cais, that Rebia accused him of the deed, and that he had stationed spies and scouts over them, that should he be able to seize any one, he might kill him. By the faith of an Arab, said Cais, Rebia lies in what he says ; and as to Amarah, he has no enemy but Antar ; and Antar has never been absent from the tents. Moreover, I cannot believe he would put him to death, for his mercy is ever superior to his wrath. He has overcome him a thousand times, and has never attempted to murder him ; there need be no alarm on that score, he will certainly re-appear : never let it be said, that my cousins are become my enemies, though I am of opinion, we should be on our guard against them.

Thus he recommended the business to his brothers. Go out by turns, said he to them, and protect the pastures, otherwise Rebia may suddenly surprise us. So Malik every day went out on horseback with the cattle, taking with him a body of men, and when Antar understood this, said he to Shiboob, Eh ! son of my mother, it appears King Cais then is afraid of Rebia, and he thinks he will join the tribe of Aamir

against him. But as he will not permit me to act against him, what I wish of you is, to go out every day to the pastures, and if you see Rebia, or any one of his family, advance, hasten to me with the news, that I may show you what I will do. Shiboob acquiesced, and went every day to the pastures, concealing himself where no one could see him.

After this, Antar visited Prince Malik, and imparted to him all about Amarah; that he was suffering torments with him, and was almost dead, and he wants to ransom himself for the coat of mail, but don't believe him; and I have not yet punished him enough. O Aboolfawaris, said Prince Malik, overjoyed, kill him whilst the business is a secret. O my lord, said Antar, I have never killed one of the tribe, and should the circumstance reach your brother Cais, that I have exercised my power against his cousin, as long as he lives, he will never be reconciled to me.

Thus passed three or four days, when lo! shouts arose from the pastures. Antar was sitting in his tent, when behold Shiboob entered; Arise, my brother, he cried; come to your friend Prince Malik, or Rebia will slay him; he has surprised him in the pastures, with seventy horsemen of his family. The moment Antar heard this, the light became darkness in his eyes; he roared and bellowed, and sprung off the ground on the back of Abjer, and set out for the pastures, Shiboob going on before. He stared about for his friend Malik, and seeing

him hemmed in with the horse of the family of Zeead, and almost overpowered, he shouted—the earth and the barren waste trembled, and the horsemen shrunk back from the contest. How came this dæmon here? cried Rebia, and he precipitated himself from the sand-mound, and penetrating the dust, wished to attack the dreadful Antar, when lo! his brother Anis appeared, bent double over his saddle, whimpering out, This shepherd-slave has broken my ribs, (for Antar had, indeed, with the butt end of his spear, broken his ribs, and had yelled at him, so he wheeled off in flight, fearful of death).

Rebia slackened his bridle and shouted out to his friends; when lo! some rushed, disordered in flight, from beneath the dust: alarmed at death and destruction, they fell back on their rear, and the fugitives were followed by their comrades. Rebia also retreated. But Antar cast his eyes at him, and beheld the coat of mail of Ajijah. Whither wouldst thou, O Rebia? cried he, and immediately he was up with him, and shouted at him; every limb of him quaked; he pierced his horse through a tender part, and the animal stumbled and threw him off; he endeavoured to rise up, but he tottered and fell with the weight of the Ajijah coat of mail. Antar drew forth Dhami from the scabbard, and was in the act of extending his arm. Hold! O my cousin, cried Rebia, pardon! for that is the true generosity of nature; you are our cousin, and the reliever of our sorrows. May God, said Antar, make thee die and

let thee not live, for never dost thou name me cousin, but when thou art under the scimitar's edge. In the feasts and entertainments I am still the slave, the carrion born ! Strip off that coat of mail, or I'll strike off thy head with this sword, by the life of the eyes of Ibla, to me the most binding of oaths. Rebia instantly obeyed ; he pulled off the coat of mail, and delivered it to him, and then fled in haste away, scarcely crediting his escape from death. Thus Antar accomplished his hopes and wishes, and taking the coat of mail with him, he returned to Prince Malik ; and, as they were retiring, King Cais came forward with a numerous body of Absians ; for, having heard the circumstance from some shepherds, he instantly mounted, alarmed for Malik. Seeing him safe and well, he inquired what had happened ; he told him what Antar had done to the family of Zeead ; how he had redeemed the coat of mail and the cattle. After which, Antar presented him the coat of mail, for which Cais thanked him, and they returned to the tents, rejoicing in their success. As to Rebia, he retreated, routed and discomfited on all sides, and sought his tents and habitations ; and when he considered himself secure, he collected his companions and rebuked them, saying, My cousins, you indeed failed to aid me at the very moment I needed you most. O Rebia, said they, what dost thou desire of us ? Dost wish us to fight against our cousins, and raise hostilities against our king ? Many of them are the husbands of our daughters

and our sisters. Has it not satisfied thee, that we have followed thee to this place, but thou must urge us to contend in battle against those who are the dearest of human beings to us? In this point never will we obey thee. If such is your resolution, said Rebia, return to your families, for I can do very well without you; and he called out to his brothers, and ordered them to depart for the tribe of Fazarah. As soon as Hadifah heard of his arrival, he went forth to meet him, and received him honourably, saluting him, and congratulating him, and accommodating him with a portion of ground, wide and extensive, and inquired his reason for quitting the tribe of Abs. Rebia told him what had passed, and what he had suffered at the loss of Amarah. Your settlement, said Hadifah, in the valley of Yaamoor, was not judicious; had you come to us, we would have exerted our utmost in league with you. But as to your brother Amarah, it must be all owing to Antar, son of Shedad. O chief, said Rebia, our misfortunes always proceed from that despicable slave, and we have no other enemy but him. I must indeed contrive his death, were my life to be annihilated, and all my brothers to be slain. That night came back Amarah, and he was in a most deplorable wretched plight, tiled over with filth and ordure. And when he told his brothers all the horrors he had endured, they were in utter dismay, and greatly augmented was their rage and indignation against Antar, the lion warrior. O my son, said his mother,

will you never relinquish your stubborn violence on account of Ibla and Antar? Are you not satisfied with the calamities and misfortunes that have already befallen you? O my mother, by your dear life, said he, death itself would be more tolerable to me, than what I have endured these days. I have experienced tortures from Antar, in my life, I never felt such from all the Arabs. Wait patiently for us, my fine fellow, said Rebia, that we may open a door for the destruction of Antar. Thus Rebia remained, consulting some plan, till the news of Khalid's departure on his expedition reached him, and that he had thrown himself on Direed, son of Samah, who had sent with him his brother Abdallah, with twenty thousand horsemen, and that the whole of the army of the Aamirites, when complete, would amount to forty thousand men, twenty thousand of which would march against the tribe of Abs, and twenty thousand, under the command of Abdallah, would march to attack the tribe of Fazarah. Hadifah was confounded and bewildered, and sent for Rebia, to consult with him; but they told him he was absent, and that, a short time ago, he had taken away his brothers, with forty slaves, and had proceeded to destroy Antar. Oh! what will become of us? he exclaimed; What will become of Rebia and his brothers? And he sent to request assistance of Harith, son of Zalim, and the horsemen of the tribe of Marah. The news also reached King Cais and the Absians. He was astounded and stupefied, and

assembling the chiefs, told them of Khalid, and the Aamirites, and Abdallah, Direed's brother, and asking for Antar, they told him he was absent. King Cais sent to procure intelligence of his mother, who said to the messenger, a crier cried out to him in the night, and with him he departed. On hearing this, King Cais was unable to distinguish light from darkness. Truly, Antar, he cried, has disappeared at the moment he was most required; and he consulted with the Absians about what he should do. Comfort your heart and brighten your eye, O king, said they, for by the faith of an Arab, we must fight for you, till by our acts we have settled your affairs to your satisfaction, and we will not die but in the presence of our families and our wives. My wish, cousins, said King Cais, is to send to the tribe of Fazarah, and to ask them to come to us, that we may be a united force against our foes. My opinion, said his brother Malik, is, that you be not cajoled by them any more; ask no aid of them, for Rebia is with them. So, my brother, stand staunch for your dignity, and let not your honour and reputation be sacrificed. However, they agreed to send a messenger to Hadifah; he departed for the tribe of Fazarah, where Hadifah was anxiously expecting the return of Rebia, much terrified at the treacheries of fortune. In a short time came Rebia, and his brother Amarah, and some more of his brothers; but as to his slaves, not one of them, black or white, accompanied them. He had entered the tents by

night, and the next day he went to Hadifah and saluted him. Hadifah inquired about his absence. O chief, said he, I have slain Antar, but with him were forty of my slaves killed. O Rebia, cried Hadifah, much rejoiced at Antar's death, a man, when he is engaged in the destruction of his foe, must expend his property, great as it may be. The reason of this was, that when Rebia repaired to Hadifah, and was joined by Amarah, who told him what he had suffered, he consoled his brother's heart, and remained quiet till the next day, when he took away his brothers, and forty slaves, and repaired with them to the land of the Absians, where he halted in a valley, and concealing himself, he sent a horseman to Antar to supplicate his assistance, and to conduct him to the valley. The horseman proceeded till he came nigh to the tents of Antar, when he cried out, O Chief Antar, I am a suppliant for thy assistance. Antar instantly ordered Shiboob to prepare Abjer; he brought him out bitted and bridled. Antar sprung from the ground, on his back, and took Shiboob before him, and followed the horseman, who had begged his protection; and he did not discontinue following him, till he was far from the tents. As to the noble Arabs in those days, when any one demanded their protection, no one ever inquired what was the matter; for if he asked any questions, it would be said of him that he was afraid. The poets of those days have thus described them in verse:

“ They rise, when any one in fear calls out to them, and they haste before asking any questions ; they aid him against his enemies that seek his life, and they return honoured to their families.”

Poets have also thus mentioned those who do make inquiries of him who asks their protection :

“ They dispute about the protection on frivolous pretences, and they lengthen out the conversation in questions, and when a suppliant calls out to them in the desert, they snore, or else make themselves acquainted with the business.”

When Antar was at some distance from the tents, O young Arab, he cried, console thy heart, and brighten thine eye, but tell me now what is the matter, for were thine enemy Chosroe, I would make his balcony totter ; if it be the Roman Emperor, I will slay his warriors. O Aboolfawaris, replied the man, stopping, I am of the tribe of Shiban, and with me were my wife and my daughter ; I was on a visit to one of my brothers, and when my visit was concluded, I was on my way home ; and on reaching your waters, twenty horsemen rushed out upon me ; they wounded me, and took captives my wife and daughter. I fled, as you see ; and when I heard of your name, and that you were noble and generous, I came to you, and I begged your protection. March on forwards, said Antar, pitying him from his heart ; console thy mind, dispel thy fear and alarm. The horseman continued to gallop on ahead of Antar, till he conducted him to the valley, where Rebia had

drawn ropes among the trees for Antar's horse ; and when Antar was in the middle of the valley, Rebia's slaves rushed upon him, crying out, Where art thou now ? Vile slave, how wilt thou escape hence ? The light became dark in Antar's eyes, but he galloped towards the fellow who had begged his protection, and pierced him through the chest with his spear, and drove it quivering out through his back ; he shouted at his foe ; he attacked, and bounded away on his horse. But his horse being entangled among the cords that Rebia had fastened, Antar dismounting from Abjer, and grasping Dhami in his right, and his shield in his left hand, fought on foot. As soon as Shiboob saw this dreadful disaster, and his brother's awkward situation, he felt assured some stratagem had been contrived against him, so he drew forth his dagger and killed four of the slaves, and Antar slew ten. But they multiplied upon him, shouting and throwing stones at him, and bellowing at him, till they nearly destroyed him ; his limbs were unnerved, and he felt his calamity, when lo ! another stone fell between his shoulders, and threw him at his full length on the ground. Rebia's slaves pounced upon him, and bound him with cords, and tied down his arms and sides ; they seized hold of Shiboob, and bound his arms also with ropes. Bring him to us at the division of the road, cried Rebia, that we may play with our swords through their bodies. Antar recognized Rebia, and the despicable Amarah. Verily, O Rebia, said Antar,

thou hast contrived well ; this 'is a masterly plot indeed. But whilst they were in this state, lo ! a dust arose, and there appeared five hundred horsemen in armour. Go thou to Antar, cried Rebia, to Amarah, as the dust approached, whilst I kill Shi-boob ; then let us be off, or death will come upon us. Amarah assented, and galloping up to Antar, drew his sword with his left hand. Antar was tied on the back of Abjer ; Amarah lifted up his hand to strike him ; but just as he heaved up his arm with his sword, Abjer started under Antar, and sprung forth like a flash of lightning, and made towards the horses that were advancing towards them, for he had been trained by his master, whenever he saw a troop of horse, to seek it, before they could seek him. Fly, O noble fellow, fly, roared out Rebia, or death and perdition will overtake us. Shiboob was dragged along by a slave, but as soon as he saw his brother, and how Abjer had started away beneath him, he disengaged himself from the hands of the slave who led him, and followed his brother Antar, that he might know all the evil he had suffered. As to Rebia, he fled, followed by his brothers. The troop of horse assaulted the remainder of the slaves, and tossing them upon their spears, stretched them dead upon the ground. They afterwards surrounded Antar in the barren desert. Now these horsemen were Arabs of the tribe of Khoolan, and their chief was a warrior, named Moshajaa, son of Hosan, and

he was one of the famed haughty tyrants, and celebrated knights of the age. As soon as he saw Antar, he recognized him, and cried out to his comrade warriors, O my cousins, slay not this devouring hero; for this hero is called Antar, son of Shedad. I know that our King Safwan has a retaliation against him, for he killed two of his sons; and it is my opinion that we should take him away, and go with him to our dwellings: there casting him into fetters and chains, let us proceed to our King Safwan, and receive from him an immense reward in cattle, in exchange for this lion Antar. As they assented to his advice, they took Antar and Shiboob, and set out on their way home.

Now Rebia and Amarah, as they fled, turned behind to look at the tribe of Khoolan; and perceiving that they had surrounded Antar and Shiboob, and had drawn their swords upon them, they imagined they had slain them; so they eagerly pursued their way till they reached the land of Fazarah and joined Hadifah, to whose inquiries about their absence they related what we have already stated. Hadifah was in ecstasies of joy, and thought Antar must be slain, and his limbs cut in pieces.

In the mean time, the tribe of Khoolan travelled with speed till they reached their own country, where they cast Antar and Shiboob into chains, and stationed a guard of slaves over them. But

Moshajaa, with a party of his tribe, repaired to King Safwan, to give him the good tidings of the fall of Antar, the conquering warrior.

The very day that Rebia arrived, and felicitated Hadifah on the death of Antar, came also King Cais's messenger to order Hadifah to march to the land of Shoorebah and Mount Saadi, that they might all form an united force. But when he consulted with Rebia upon this subject, No, Chief Hadifah, said he, let Cais and the tribe of Abs settle with their foes as they like; for this once we are stronger than they. Cais has now lost Antar: let the enemy kill him, and make him drink of the cup of death and misery. Hadifah accordingly sent back the messenger disappointed, saying, Tell Cais to arrange his own matters as he can, he and the champion of his country, Antar, son of Shedad; for never shall there be any hostile dispute between us and the tribe of Aamir. The messenger returned to Cais, and told him what Hadifah had said; on which Cais, feeling the truth of his brother Malik's advice, assembled the tribe of Abs, and ordered them to prepare for battle, for he had heard that Khalid was in the neighbourhood. They obeyed, and prepared that very day. King Cais then sent for the tribe of Ghitfan, who came the next day, with Hatal, son of Antar's sister, and four thousand horsemen, all spear-armed heroes.

In three days the Arsians and Ghiftanians were equipped, to the number of eight thousand horse-

men, all in coats of mail and in armour. My cousins, said King Cais, I am of opinion we should march and meet the Aamirites in the road, before they reach our lands. They assented, and set out to meet the tribe of Aamir; and when their whole army was complete, it amounted to seven thousand men, as one thousand were left to protect the cattle and families. Thus they continued their journey till evening, when King Cais alighted: Now, said he to his cousins, I think we ought not to separate beyond this distance from our wives; otherwise we may have cause to fear for them on account of the enemy. There they remained till morning, when behold! the horses' fronts burst upon them. This was a troop of the tribe of Aamir; the bickering scimitars and Semherian spears glittered. Shouts arose, and the horsemen were eager for the fight and contest. The Absians called out in their patronymics; the spears were interwoven one within the other; the crowds pressed on violently; the rush of the combatants was terrific, and the behests of fate and destiny descended upon them. Rise to arms! to arms! cried Khalid. The Brandisher of Swords exhibited his activity beneath the dust; the cleaving sabres were at work; and the cleft skulls were hewn off. It was a day of dreadful portent, and the Absians felt not secure till the light fled, and the night came on in darkness, when they retired from the army that had thus surprised them; and they saw tribes, the like of which they

had never seen in all their lives. Now, said King Cais to his people, let us return to our wives; it will be the most expedient measure, for I fear some of these tribes may invade our homes, and devastate our dwellings. We have nothing to do but to march before the darkness passes away; for this is indeed an event of fate, and our affairs are in a dreadful condition.

They arose accordingly by night, and set out for their own tents. The enemy was soon aware of it. Khalid gave a shout, and they were all in movement by dawn. The Absians reached their dwellings, and the women shrieked in excess of fear and terror; and when they saw the Absian army return, their screams of woe and distress increased, and became still louder, alarmed as they were at dishonour and infamy. In an hour the action commenced; heads were scattered about; the party was panic-struck, and their rapacious designs were frustrated. The women screamed out to the lion-warriors, and Ibla beat her sides and wept. All the maidens of the tribe assembled like full moons; they uncovered their faces, and let their hair flow dishevelled; they cried out, and exciting them to the contest, they exclaimed, O cousins, where is the valiant warrior? where is he who would protect the women on such a day as this? Then Gheshm, son of Malik, attacked and performed dreadful deeds. They continued in this state till evening came on, and the two armies were separated from each other.

The Absians were discomfited that day, for two hundred of their most renowned warriors were slain. On that night the wailings of the children, and the screams of the women and men, increased; and shrill above the rest rose the shrieks of Ibla, for the loss of Antar, the undaunted hero. Cais himself remained in the greatest affliction. As to the tribe of Fazarah, their condition was similar to that of the Absians; for Abdallah, the brother of Direed, assaulted them with twenty thousand horsemen, and rushed upon them from all sides. The Fazareans engaged them till they were near death and extinction; and had not Harith, the son of Zalim, been with them, they would have been cut up and destroyed; for one noble Knight, when he was with a weak party, could defend it, and steadied it against the enemy. Rebia, too, fought with his brothers firmly and resolutely, though he was also anxious that Cais's inability should be proved; for he knew well Antar was not present in the engagement.

But the tribe of Abs continued to fight with the Aamirites for three days; on the fourth day the foe routed them in the tents, and possessed themselves of their fountains and waters, having completely overpowered them with superior numbers. Good fortune and fear prevailed alternately; heroes exposed their lives to death, for they saw no rescue from destruction; the armies of Aamir thronged upon them like the foaming billows of the ocean,

driving them out of their dwellings. The Absians fortified themselves on the sandhills and Mount Saadi. O my cousins, said King Cais, let us lengthen out the battle with the foe; perhaps one of the heroes of Hijaz may still come to our aid: so they acted in conformity with his commands. But the one who that day was the chief victor over the Absians was the Brandisher of Spears; he had taken fifty brave horsemen prisoners, besides those he had wounded and slain. The army was protected by his intrepidity, and Khalid gloried in his exploits. The last that challenged the Brandisher of Spears was the Chief Shedad; and as he was on the mountain side he remembered his son Antar, and thus he mourned his death:

“ Was it seen what arrow of all the arrows
“ of calamity pierced thee, thou son of the noble
“ and generous? Who was the warrior whose arm
“ could strike thee, and thy arm so irresistible in
“ its blows among the horsemen? Art thou to be
“ seen dead, laid low on the ground? Shall the
“ wild beasts of the desert prowl about thee on all
“ sides? In truth, the tribe has lost in thee a
“ Knight equal to a host of foot or of horse. Thou
“ couldst repulse the troopers, and, eager as they
“ were, they were deprived of their warriors on
“ the day of trial. O my son, since thy absence
“ from us, the hostile troops have invaded us, like
“ giant sea-monsters. Oceans have encompassed
“ us, rolling in furious waves of the bitterness of

“spears and two-edged scimitars. Our heroes have
“fallen into the power of the enemy, and our wo-
“men mourn in fear of death. We are enthralled
“by horrors, and our maidens are in despair, fearful
“of captivity. O son of the noble and generous!
“Ibla calls on thee from her ulcered heart, and
“weeps in torments of tears. Here I am come
“forth this day; I will expose my life, and, aware
“of the catastrophe, I encounter the heroes; for
“perhaps thou mayst still join us, and we still sur-
“vive by thy perseverance, thou protector of the
“wives of thy friends!”

When Shedad had finished, the Absian women shouted to encourage him to the fight and combat. Shedad descended, and his back was bent double with his great age, for he was like an ancient eagle. Who art thou, O Sheikh, cried the Brandisher of Spears, thus eagerly moving towards death, and drawing along the bridle of annihilation? O Gheshm, replied he, dost thou not know me, that I am one of the illustrious warriors? I am Shedad, son of Carad. I am a knight, the soul of the day of battle and combat! I am the father of Antar, the destroyer of the stoutest tyrants! Thou art a pusillanimous wretch, continued the other; and immediately assailed him. Shedad encountered him, and there ensued so fierce a contest and combat that the noblest warriors were astonished at its fury. Their long spears were shattered in their hands; they both disappeared from the sight, and were veiled from the eyes of the spec-

tators ; again they exhibited in the contest the most skilful manœuvres, and the bravest were aghast at their deeds. They continued in this state till fatigue fell on the fingers of Shedad, for he was no match for Gheshm in feats of arms ; and when the Brandisher of Spears saw this he assaulted him like a lion, and clung to the rings of his coat of mail and corslet, and dragged him off his horse's back, dashing him on the ground : his cousins tied down his shoulders, and bound him by the arms and sides. Now rose their shouts still louder at the captivity of Shedad, and their exertions failed, feeling certain of death and perdition. The Brandisher of Spears again returned to the skirts of Mount Saadi ; Hola ! tribe of Abs, he exclaimed, come forth, if there be any more of ye remaining ; if not, surrender ; for a surrender is your only resource. At hearing this, the Absians were more furiously enraged. O my cousins, cried Cais, there is no means of escaping death in the presence of these Arabs ; and he resolved on the attack, but Nazih prevented him, and wished himself to challenge the Brandisher of Spears. Oorwah anticipated him, and as he recollected his friend Antar, his tears flowed ; he hasted on, exclaiming, O champion of Abs, may God not divide from us thy stirrup ! and may thy friends be never abandoned by thee ! And he thus mourned the death of his friend Antar in these verses :

“ The foul wretches have prevailed, O Aboolfaris, now thou art absent from the land of the

“tame fawn. The Arabs have surrounded our
“country, and they charge our heroes like fiends.
“The tribe has lost in thee a knight, who used to
“encounter our foes, smiling and unruffled. Thou
“wert our guardian, O champion of Abs! when
“every defender and protector failed us. Now thou
“art gone, we are ruined and lost; our supports
“have given way, and every one that sat down has
“risen up to oppose us. How many women bewail
“thee with eyeballs swimming in tears; and from
“eyelids that never slumber! How many of our
“warriors have been captured! and how many lie
“dead among the devastated habitations! There is
“no champion for the daughter of Malik, now
“thou art gone, thou disgracer of horsemen! Who
“now can encounter calamities, now thou art gone,
“or wear off the rust in the day of terrors? May
“God moisten the tomb where thou liest with
“the dew of the clouds, charged with never-failing
“showers!”

When Oorwah had finished, he rushed upon the Brandisher of Spears, and galloped beneath the thickening dust: there ensued a combat between them that made heroes shudder, and confounded the most resolute warriors. They continued in that state till their spears were shivered in their hands, and their souls were near expiring. Oorwah was a brave knight, and an undaunted man of arms, but in prowess he was no match for the Brandisher of Spears; so fatigue fell on the hands of Oorwah,

which his antagonist perceiving, rushed at him, and hemmed him in, and grasping him by the rings of his coat of mail, he clung to him, and took him prisoner, and dragging him along, miserable and abject, he delivered him over to his people, who pinioned and secured him. Oorwah being taken, the Absians gave up all for lost. King Cais threw his casque off his head, and cried out to his tribe and his comrades, O my cousins, after this there is no hope, no resource! their word against us is blood. They have vanquished us, and I well know they will not suffer one of us to live, not a black or a white. Let those who feel as I do, do as I do; and those that fear death retire to the rear; for our women are dishonoured, and the blood of our men is shed. Our horsemen are overcome, and our champion is lost: there is nothing left to protect us, or defend our wives, but the blades of our swords and the barbs of our spears. Thus saying, he galloped down from the sand-hills and Mount Saadi, surrounded by his brothers and warriors, and those who stood by him on all important occasions; and when they came to the spot they bent their heads over their saddle-bows, and in one universal shout exclaimed, O by Abs! O by Adnan! and they poured down on the Aamirites like a torrent of rain. Now, my cousins, come on! exclaimed Khalid, as he marked them. See these fellows! they scorn life. Tear out their souls; rejoice in the capture

of their women, and beautiful maidens, and the plunder of their abundant cattle. Then the armies and the troops assaulted, and made at the Absians in all directions, and assailed them with swords, and spears, and pointed lances. The plain was choked up; the associated heroes rushed on; horsemen were exhausted; the two forces were mixed promiscuously; the steeds danced to the sound of the lutes; blood streamed from the bodies; they persisted in these dangers and perils till midday, when the Absians were nearly destroyed, and extinguished, and extirpated; the women cried out to the Lord of Heaven; blood flowed; protectors and defenders were diminished; existence was annihilated; the Absians were lost amongst those armies and troops, and dust-clouds like an extended canopy. There was not one but exposed himself to every disaster, and courted death in the midst of the tumults; the plains appeared before them like mountains; the black dust ascended over them in columns, and they were clothed in garments of blood. Such was their perilous situation, they were nearly destroyed, and had resolved on flight, when lo! a dust arose, and closed up every passage of the country. It was not long ere the dust opened: there was seen the glitter of corslets, and the waving brilliancy of helms, and innumerable horsemen, headed by a black knight, on a black steed, who bellowed out, Ignoble dastards! I am Antar, son

of Shedad; quit these women and children: and he instantly attacked the Aamirites, like a devouring lion, accompanied by his warrior-friends. In an instant the enemy was repulsed, and the twenty thousand were routed right and left. The cause of the release of Antar from captivity, and his arrival with the horsemen, was as follows.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN Antar fell a prisoner into the hands of the tribe of Khoolan, they took him to their own country, where Moshajaa confined him between four iron stakes, and stationed over him a party of slaves, saying to his companions, My cousins, this will we continue to do until we receive from our master the reward of our pains, and then we will deliver him up to him, that he may do what he pleases with him. And he instantly set out to King Safwan to congratulate him on the fall of Antar. But the women of the tribe of Khoolan having heard Antar's story, and learnt his punishment, and having marked the immensity of his bulk, and the horror of his form, went to look at him; but the last that entered was a very old woman, a stranger in that land, and as soon as she saw Antar she recognised him. She threw herself at his feet and kissed them, saying, May this accident be the cause of joy to me, O Aboolfawaris! How is it that the nocturnal wanderers of evil have surprised you, and cast you into prison and infamy? The women, on hearing these words, and seeing her kiss Antar's feet, were much astonished. Old woman, said Moshajaa's wife, who is this black slave, that you kiss his feet? May

God be with you, noble ladies, said she, call him not a black slave. By the faith of noble Arabs, men of truth, and honour, there is not on the face of the earth a braver man than this great warrior; nor among the Arab chiefs, or the most illustrious princes, is there one whose munificence is more unbounded, or whose benevolence is more exalted. As to his courage, said the women, we have heard of it; it was clear and evident: but what hast thou seen of his generosity, that thou shouldst thus praise him? I will tell you, said she, and I will relate an instance of his liberality. You all know my son; well! once on a time he surprised some she camels belonging to this young man, and took away about a thousand of them; but as he was returning home to be married to one of his cousins (it was his intention to make these camels her marriage dower), this man, black in skin, but fair in deeds and qualities, overtook him, and rescued his camels, and took my son prisoner, and went away with him to the tribe of Abs; and just as he was going to put him to death, he asked my son about his situation in life, and his Arab descent, and on what account he had plundered his camels. So my son told him he was in love with his cousin, and that it was only on her account he had seized the cattle. Upon this, he ran towards him, and released him, and gave him the thousand camels which he had plundered, and presented him, over and above, three hundred more, saying, When the property you have now in hand

fails come hither to me. My son returned delighted and happy ; and soon after married his cousin, and all his sorrows were removed. And now we are living under the aid of God and this youth, and there is not a tribe in the desert but is sensible of his liberality. The women being much astonished at the narrative of the old woman concerning Antar's generosity and benevolence, greatly extolled and honoured him, and then quitted him. They reposed in peace that night, but the next morning the tribe was invaded by a predatory party of horse, consisting of five hundred horsemen, all in coats of mail, and clothed in armour, with a warrior of the haughty tyrants of Arabia, called Mobadir. These warriors and horsemen rushed upon the tribe of Khoolan, whilst Mobadir cried out in a loud voice, O Mavia, for such a day as this have I been anxiously waiting on thy account ; and he rushed forward at the head of his heroes, pouncing down like the rush of a torrent. He attacked the tents, and brought down captivity among the dwellings. The cause of his arrival was this : he had long demanded in marriage the daughter of the chief of the tribe, who would not consent to marry her to him ; so he watched her father, till having heard that he was gone to King Safwan, he collected these heroes and horsemen, and came to seize her as his captive from beneath the glittering sabres. When the women were aware of this event, they trembled at captivity and infamy ; screams and shrieks arose ; but the

most dreadful calamity was in the dwellings of Mo-shajaa, for they had invaded it by force, and surrounded it with misery. There stood Mavia exclaiming, Alas! alas! captivity! Alas! alas! separation from home! This day the foe has vanquished us, and we are for ever clothed in shame. O noble ladies, said the old woman who had described Antar, in this catastrophe there is nothing to be done but to go to Antar and ask his aid, and demand his protection: he is able to destroy your enemies were they as numerous as the sands of the desert. To this they assented, and screaming aloud, went to the place where was Antar, the lord of battles. Among the first was Mavia, and as they threw themselves at his feet, O Aboolfawaris, they exclaimed, we are under thy protection, and the protection of Ibla, daughter of Malik: we have indeed heard that thou art noble-hearted towards women and maidens.

O Aboolfawaris, cried Mavia, kissing his hands, a calamity has overtaken us, and we implore thy assistance. And she related to Antar all that Mobadir had done to them, from first to last; and when, added she, he understood my father was absent, he came in order to seize me by the force of the cleaving scimitar; and now, O Aboolfawaris, we are between two perilous circumstances, and two deadly calamities; for we fear if we release you, you will avail yourself of the opportunity, and plunder our property, as well as that of the foe, and

then you will seek your own home, and no doubt you will be excused in doing so; for indeed you are near your death and every evil; but if we now quit you, this tyrant will destroy us, both us and you too. O Mavia, said Antar, console thy heart and brighten thine eye, I will rout these cowardly foes for thee, and I will disperse them among the wastes and the wilds, and I will then return to my fetters and my chains; and I will not depart hence but by the mutual consent of all your men and women; for generous men are not ungrateful, and they do not abuse fortune for exciting troubles against them. Know too that my captivity was only the effect of fate and destiny, from which no creature can escape or fly.

As soon as Mavia and the women heard this, they were convinced of victory and conquest. They ran towards him, and released him from his chains and fetters, and brought him his weapons for battle and carnage; As to your horse, said they, not one of us can venture to approach him. Release my brother Shiboob, said Antar, he is accustomed to him: (Shiboob had been bound close to him), so they set him at liberty. He went up to Abjer and saddled him and brought him to his brother Antar, who sprung from the ground on his back, after he had clothed himself in iron, and a magnificent coat of mail, in which he appeared like a strong battlement. And he assailed the foe with a heart undaunted at death and extinction: he shouted with his well

known shout in his wrath, Ignoble dastards, I am Antar, son of Shedad; quit the women and the children! and he attacked and transfixing the horsemen, and drove them round the skirts of the dwellings: at his second attack he repulsed them from the walls, and slew twenty of them, overwhelming them with shame and disgrace; he charged them like a trampling lion, fearless of multitudes, and thus expressed himself:

“ Whenever I go as a guest to a tribe, and they
“ be alarmed by their enemies, may I never grasp
“ a spear-staff in my hand, may sleep never seal up
“ my eyes! My captivity by the Shrine of God is
“ no fault; for I have been proved in the day of
“ battles. I was made prisoner by stratagem and
“ the destiny of God, whose power is infinite over
“ his slaves, whom he drives, in despite of every oppo-
“ sition, into bondage, either for their advantage or
“ destruction.”

As soon as Antar had finished, he assaulted the party, and dispersed their united bands, and routed the horsemen, and destroyed their warriors. When the chief saw Antar's exploits: Eh, bastard! said he, what Arab slave art thou? tell me before I cut off thy head, and extinguish thy life for thy opposition to the depredations of the warriors of the age. Mobadir had almost gained possession of the whole clan, and was pillaging the property. Base-born, cried Antar, knowest thou me not? and what noble hero I am? I am Antar, son of Shedad, the

conqueror of hardy warriors ! Away to thy home ! for as to the booty, I have rescued it from thy power ; and if thou doubttest my word, come on—on to the plain—that I may make thee drink of the cup of infamy. Mobadir only laughed, and smiling, said, They say too, that thou art a man that deals fairly, but this day I see thou movest on the road of oppression. I am, said Antar, just what they say of me ; but what is it thou requirest that I should do thee justice ? Know then, said Mobadir, that I had nearly gained possession of the clan, and seized my beloved ; but thou hast interrupted the accomplishment of my desires. Thou bastard, said Antar, thou hast demanded a man's daughter in marriage, but he will not accept thee for a husband ; thou hast staid quiet till he was absent on some business, and now hast come in his absence to take her captive from beneath the glittering scimitars ; and this is the justice with which thou hast acted towards him. Mobadir rushed at him, and wanted to charge in front of him, and gallop about ; but Antar would not permit him even to wheel round, before he attacked him and stopped him in his charge, and checked him in his martial display, and aimed at him with Dharni between his eyes. Mobadir received the blow on his shield, but it cleft it in twain, and his casque it hewed in two, and the sabre still continued its course down to his thighs, even to the back of his horse, seven spans into the ground : thus he hurled him and his horse to the

ground in four equal divisions. Alas! alas! cried Mobadir's companions at the sight of this blow, this furious warrior must be one of the genii; so saying, they fled, throwing away all the property they had acquired, and calling out to Antar, May God curse thy flat-nosed father and thy harlot mother! how hard are thy blows! how penetrating is thy thrust, and how fierce is thy assault! Antar pursued them till he drove them out of that country, and afterwards returned to collect the scattered horses and dispersed arms. Shiboob attended him like one of the rebellious fiends till they reached the tribe of Khoolan.

Antar no sooner dismounted from Abjer than the women surrounded him, and kissed his hands and feet. Noble ladies, said Antar, return me now to my chains and fetters. But they said, By the faith of an Arab, nothing shall touch thy feet, instead of fetters, but the blessings of cheeks. By the faith of an Arab, said Antar, that must never be, were I even to drink of the cup of death and perdition. Eh! son of my mother, cried he to Shiboob, return me to my chains and fetters; let it not be said that I have falsified my word. What! said Shiboob, thou art surely mad. What! now thou art at liberty, and hast vanquished thy captors, wilt thou again cast thyself into chains and fetters, and wait till some one comes to slay thee? Yes! said Antar, let me not sin against my oath; let not a falsehood approach me. Shiboob, on hearing

this, was more and more enraged, and in a great passion came up to Antar, and fastened the weighty fetters on his feet. Well then, said he to him, lie there in base imprisonment, that thou mayest not sin against thine oath! But Antar did not remain in captivity longer than that night; for on the next day the Chief Moshajaa returned with his warriors, and as they came near to the tents, they saw the dead piled up among the dwellings and habitations. Moshajaa also beheld Mobadir's head fixed on the point of one of the tallest spears by the side of his tent. On inquiring about this, they told him what Antar had done. Moshajaa and his warriors were fixed in astonishment. By the faith of noble Arabs, said he, we shall never be able to requite this man by all we can do for him; for whilst we went to demand his death, he has done this deed for us; he has protected our wives and families, and has even returned himself to chains and fetters. Thus saying, they ran towards Antar, the lion warrior, and set him at liberty. Moshajaa fell down and kissed his feet, and bringing him into the middle of the tent, they clothed him in robes of honour, and presented him with riches, and begged his pardon for what they had done. O Chief, said one to Moshajaa, what answer will you make to King Safwan, to whom you have pledged your word? , Cousin, said Moshajaa, where can there be a more complete excuse than this? Here is one who protected our wives

in our absence, and has done a deed no human being ever did before. After this they made preparations to accompany Antar, and to depart to the land of Abs. Moshajaa mounted with five hundred horsemen of the chiefs of his tribe.

Antar also set out on his way to the land of Shooreba and Mount Saadi, greatly pleased at the union with the tribe of Khoolan ; and as he marched at their head in great spirits, he thus recited :

“ Where is my love? my sport? my song? Be-
“ gone, my failings of my early youth ! What was
“ expanded is now folded up. The matrons and the
“ large-eyed damsels shall keep me in remembrance ;
“ torture has not relaxed my powers in the battle,
“ and the lion stands in awe of me on the plain and
“ the mountain. It has not enervated me, and I
“ will not mourn in tears at home and my native
“ lands. In horses and black coursers is my de-
“ light ; love and wine are no more my occupations.
“ How can ambition raise any one to glorious emi-
“ nence, whose post is in talking of sports and
“ songs? My failing is in horses ; my boast is in their
“ hoofs ; when the lion hero moves on them, de-
“ spair moves with him. My Abjer blusters with
“ me on the day he bears me : is there a hero that
“ escapes me? or can a warrior touch me? How
“ many warriors have I put to flight in confusion,
“ meeting every form of death like a roaring tor-
“ rent ! As to the dust, I have plunged into it,
“ high and low, with sword blows, and spear

“ thrusts, among scimitars and lances. I do not
“ intend that the tribe shall get drunk with my blood:
“ am I not their superior both in word and deed?
“ Let no one drink blood but who has a forfeit due;
“ and let him not repose, whose neighbour is in
“ trouble. The enemy cannot repel him with their
“ thrusts; he is replete with virtue, joyous with
“ wine. Were not Cais my King, and did I not
“ obey him, I would have drank of blood sweeter
“ than honey from Rebia and the wretch who re-
“ sists me on account of Ibla; still I am in anxious
“ fears about her; I am of the noble and illustrious
“ ones, ever renowned over the plains and the hills.
“ I wish to exterminate them, but my tenderness
“ prevents me, and I check my impatience. He
“ who wishes to be honoured as I am honoured,
“ let him pierce the warriors, or challenge the
“ heroes.”

The chieftains were astonished at his eloquence, and expressed the gratification they felt. May God never abandon thee! may no one ever harm thee! O knight of the age, and the result of the time and the period! cried Moshajaa, for thou hast not left for any one either a word to speak or a deed to do. Thus they continued their march till they came near to the tribe of Abs. Antar led them on like a furious lion; he uncovered his head, and received the horsemen of Aamir as the parched up land receives the first of the rain, with resistless and never-failing blows, as also the warriors of Khoolan, for

they were undaunted heroes, they penetrated through the ranks of the foe, and made them drink of the cups of death and perdition, scattering them over the plain and the waste.

But when the Absians heard Antar's shout, their souls revived, and they seemed to live again. Ay! my cousins, exclaimed Cais, now take retaliation on the foe, and cast off this dishonour, for this is our champion Antar that is arrived; now destroy your enemies over the plain and the mountain; and he who will not exert himself in the battle, may he never have a legitimate child! The Absians roused all their energy and spirit for the contest. But when Khalid saw Antar approach, he felt aware that he was able to annihilate his whole force, were they even double their numbers, and that he would disperse them over the desert and the sand-hills. So he called out to the Aamirites, and drew them off; they hesitated not, but dispersed themselves over the wilds and the wastes. Now I have nothing to do, said Khalid, but to go to the tents and kill all my Absian prisoners. When lo! they appeared before him, mounted on high-blooded steeds, with Shiboob hardly touching the earth with his feet. For Shiboob, on the arrival of his brother Antar, seeing how eager the enemy was in the contest, felt assured that there must be some Absian prisoners among them; so he set out for the tents of Aamir, where meeting Shedad and Oorwah, and the other prisoners, he hastened towards them, and released

them, and brought them horses, and weapons, and corslets, and armour, and they became warriors again. As soon as Khalid saw them thus rescued from imprisonment and danger, he had no other resource but to wheel round his horse, and fly to the land of the tribe of Fazarah. After him also fled the Brandisher of Spears; the standards and ensigns were upset, and the whole army was scattered over the plain and the waste, pursued by Antar and the tribes of Abs and Khoolan, till they expelled them out of the country, when they returned to their dispersed horses and scattered arms; and having collected their property and baggage, they set out for the tents, Antar at the head of them, like a noble lion. King Cais kissed him between the eyes, and congratulated him on his escape, and inquired what had happened. Antar related how Rebia and his brother Amarah had meditated his death, and every circumstance relative to his imprisonment and liberation.

On hearing this, King Cais execrated Rebia and his brother, and all the race of Zeead, saying, O Aboolfawaris, be not distressed, for by the faith of an Arab, I must punish the race of Zeead for their conduct; but some one says:

“ We acted kindly, and we were rewarded by
“ the reverse, and such is the conduct of worthless
“ traitors: those who act kindly to persons of a
“ different nature, are requited as one who assisted
“ a hyena was requited.”

O Aboolfawaris, added Cais, it is, however, incumbent on me to repay the tribe of Khoolan, by all the favours and benefits in our power, and that we consider them among our friends and allies. But we had better go first to the tribe of Fazarah, for I fear their chief must be reduced to extremities, and that we shall have some difficulty in delivering him. Do, O king, as you please, said Antar, for I will not oppose you ; but here let us repose. Having halted at the tents, the slaves brought them their dinner, and they treated the tribe of Khoolan with every distinction. They slept that night till dawn of day, when they set out for the land of the tribe of Fazarah, Antar marching ahead, and thus reciting :

“ I am going to assist Rebia and his tribe ; never
 “ can I sit quiet when the dust of war is roused ;
 “ were it not for thee, O Cais, I would not go to
 “ them ; but thou art my glory and my protector.
 “ Fazarah every day opposes me, but they are, in
 “ the contest, ever under alarms. All the kings of
 “ the earth fear my blows, and I have an impetuous
 “ action in the battle, no other knight possesses my
 “ ambition ! Its seat is above the Pisces, and, in the
 “ combat, my strength is like that of a trampling
 “ lion. Although my complexion is black, my deeds
 “ are the dawn of day, and fear of me is in the hearts
 “ of the most valiant ; for I thicken my spear-thrust
 “ in every region, and I cry out in the heat of the
 “ carnage, where is my opponent ? I am the bold

“ lion and hero, as they call on me in the day of the
“ crash of multitudes. The kings of the earth are
“ sensible of the terror of my power. In the slaughter
“ I encounter the vagabond warriors, and my sword,
“ when the dust mounts on high, cries to me, steep
“ me in wine, the blood of horsemen ; and when my
“ spear quivers on the deadly day, its barb is like a
“ kindling flash of fire. For love of thee, O daughter
“ of Malik, I am a lion hero. O thou ornament of
“ women in the assemblies ! O Ibla, wert thou to see
“ my deeds and exploits, when the black columns
“ rise up on the desert, like the darkness of night,
“ thou wouldst see me rush into it with a violence
“ and vehemence, no one, either naked or clothed,
“ can surpass.”

The warriors and chiefs, in astonishment at such eloquence, pursued their journey till, as they approached the tribe of Fazarah, they saw that the enemy had surrounded them on all sides ; their voices were enfeebled—they were fighting among the tents, and the power of utterance had almost expired. For Harith, son of Zalim, who was with them, as we before stated, seeing the party discomfited, said to himself, Why should I thus presumingly interfere, till I die slaughtered ? Accordingly, about evening, he took his men away, and seeking the pastures of the tribe of Fazarah, he carried off five thousand he and she camels ; and saying, This is the reward of my trouble, he set out for his own country. But, in his absence, the sword played among the tribe of

Fazarah, and Abdallah, Direed's brother, fell upon them unawares, with his troops. Khalid too, in his fears, repaired to them, and told them the loss he had sustained. Abdallah's alarms were awakened at hearing this account of Antar and the Absjians, being certain they would not leave him quiet. Anxious, therefore, to avail himself of the opportunity, and pillage the property of Fazarah, and wishing to retire before the arrival of Antar, he called out to his warriors, and as he encouraged them to the contest, they exposed their lives to death and perdition; and making an assault on the tribe of Fazarah, like voracious lions, they devastated the country, and overwhelmed them with their triumphant superiority. Just as they were resolved on flight, all but Rebia, and the chieftains of Fazarah, and Zeead, and as the wretch Amarah was trembling in despair, with the women, arrived the tribes of Abs and Ghiftan, and the warriors of Khoolan, and Antar, the destroyer of horsemen. With one universal shout of, O by Abs! O by Adnan! they rushed down on the foe with hearts to which death was sweet and easy, and in less than an hour they drove them far from the tents, Antar exhibiting all his horrors, and performing deeds that would turn infants grey; and so astonished was the tribe of Khoolan, at Antar's exploits, that they wished him to return with them, that they might make him the champion of their lands and territory. Before mid-day, the army fled in disgrace, and Abdallah, giving

the reins to his horse, escaped. After this, the Arab horses were dispersed, and Khalid also fled, and sought the barren waste, alarmed at the chief Antar. The horsemen were scattered over the plains and sand-hills, and before evening, there not being one left, Antar conducted his people, and the tribe of Khoolan, back, and departed for the land of Abs and Adnan. But King Cais halted with the tribe of Fazarah, on account of Rebia, and congratulated him on his safety. Ah, O Cais, where, indeed, is our safety? said Hadifah; but that is of no consequence to thee, that does not interest thee. King Cais concealed these expressions in his heart; he remained that night with them, and departed the next day. But Antar, whilst he was marching with the tribe of Khoolan, meditated on the circumstances that had occurred to him among the tyrants of Arabia, and he thus recited :

. “ Question my scimitar about my deeds on the
“ day of battle, and my blows amongst the kidnies
“ and the joints. Ask my whizzing spear, in the
“ sand-cloud, how many throats of noblest heroes
“ I have pierced. How many columns of dust I
“ have rushed through on my steed, crying out,
“ with a loud shout, Where is my antagonist? When-
“ ever Death sees me, he flies away in terror, fright-
“ ened at my Indian blade and spear. How many
“ warriors have I laid low with my sabre? whilst
“ the black blood rolled in waves from the breasts
“ of the combatants. I have routed, in the fiery

“ field, the sons of Aamir, on the backs of their
 “ snorting chargers. They roam in flight, distracted
 “ over the desert, horror-struck at my strength, and
 “ the magnitude of my achievements. Learn, O
 “ Ibla, how many warriors I have destroyed, how
 “ many knights, on the day of carnage, I have
 “ captured, and have then set at liberty, after lacerating their joints. How many heroes have sought
 “ to slay me, but have not succeeded in their
 “ attempts, and their every machination has been
 “ frustrated. I have left Khalid, son of Moharib,
 “ mangled, stretched out on the stones, and the
 “ rocks; and as to his ill-starred tribe, I have made
 “ them drink of death with the wine of absinth.
 “ Also, in the valley of Torrents, I annihilated their
 “ crowds, and made Wirdishan drink of the cups of
 “ the grave. I seized all the wealth of Irak, and
 “ Chosroe himself arose, bewildered and aghast.
 “ Verily, I slew Badhramoot in my strength, against
 “ whom the lions of armies could not prevail. I
 “ carried off the Asafeer camels for thee, and the
 “ diadem of Chosroe, unequalled in the world. I
 “ am the Antar of horsemen—the knight of the tribe
 “ —merciful and clement—black in complexion—
 “ intrepid. I am the dauntless hero in every fight;
 “ I am the knight of the fiery contest of illustrious
 “ chieftains. Though, my cousin, my complexion
 “ is black, yet my deeds are fair offsprings of munificence. I have that ambition, whose seat is above
 “ Pisces, and my success and prosperity are the con-

“ summation of all good fortune. Mine is perfect
“ liberality and purest love, and my mansion is the
“ resort of every guest. All the kings of the earth
“ dread my power, and my renown is spread through-
“ out every tribe. My spear-thrust appears in death
“ and perdition, wherever life pervades the muscles
“ of man. Death is terrified at me, and even when
“ he wishes to escape me, I goad him on to speedier
“ flight with my iron fingers.”

The warriors and chiefs having thanked him, they continued their march till they reached home, when Antar alighted and conducted the tribe of Khoolan to the tents. The next day came King Cais, and the Absian chiefs. Antar rode out to meet them and saluted them; and, to his inquiries concerning the race of Zeead, By the faith of an Arab, my cousin, said Cais, had you yourself even fallen upon Rebia, and his brother, you would not have given them bitterer wounds. They now made feasts and entertainments for the tribe of Khoolan, and treated them with every honour and distinction. King Cais presented them with the most beautiful of his horses, the finest of his spears, and the most brilliant of his swords. Antar did the same as King Cais, and gave their chief a string of Asafeer camels, and presented him with five hundred of the she camels of the Volcano Mountain. Thus, the tribe of Khoolan, much gratified at the friendship of Antar, and the tribe of Abs and Adnan, sought their own country and lands. The Absians remained quiet at home; and the state

affairs of King Cais were well arranged under the terror of Antar, son of Shedad ; yet he always kept himself informed of Khalid's movements, that he might still have his revenge on him. But Khalid, when he fled, sought the land of Aamir, and though his party had preceded him, and had given the intelligence of their defeat, on his arrival the crisis appeared more disastrous. He assembled the chiefs that very day, and he debated about an expedition to the land of Irak, in order to complain of their situation to Prince Aswad, his near relation. They acquiesced in his wishes, and after they had secured their property and families on the mountain tops, they left the Brandisher of Spears to protect them, together with a small body of men, and departed for the land of Irak. Now Harith, when he quitted the land of Fazarah, immediately conducted his people to their own country, and then hastened with all expedition to the land of Irak, wishing to avert the calamities of the time, and to see how the business would terminate, for he had a sister in Hirah, married to a man called Sinan, son of Ebe Harithah ; she was usually employed in suckling King Numan's children, and at that time she was nursing one of his infants, called Shirjibee. Harith alighted at his sister Selma's, with the view of relating to King Numan what the tribe of Abs and Adnan had suffered from the brave Aamirites, as perhaps he would send some aid to the Absians, and appoint

him to command it. The next day, he presented himself to King Numan, and stated the case of the Absians, and what the tribe of Fazarah had also suffered from Abdallah, son of Samah. King Numan was much mortified, as was also Prince Aswad, on account of the tribe of Fazarah. Numan even wished to despatch that very day a messenger to the Arab hordes, and assemble an army to the assistance of the tribe of Abs and Adnan ; but, in the course of the day, arrived Khalid and some of the Aamirite chiefs, who repaired to Aswad with their turbans hanging loose round their neck, and howling in tears, and lamentations, and complaining of the disasters they had endured at the hands of the Absians. What ! said Aswad, O Khalid, Harith has just told us, that you had assembled an army against the Absians, and had left them, like many others, the prey of your sword, and my brother Numan has resolved on writing to the Arabs, and to send them to the tribe of Adnan, but now 'tis you yourself that complain of them. Harith was right in what he said, returned Khalid, but he knew not what happened to us afterwards. But we, O prince, were the first aggrieved by the Absians ; for King Zoheir falsely accused us of the blood of his son Shas, and outraged us—he slew our warriors ; but when I overcame him, and put him to death, I pardoned his wife and progeny. When Cais conquered us, we secured ourselves in the mountains,

but they killed twelve hundred of our heroes in one day, as Antar has described in his verses, where he says :

“ We slew of them two hundred and one thousand freeborn in the defiles and deserts.”

When we heard of Nacmah's death we threw ourselves upon Direed, and set out to engage them, and when we had reduced them to the last extremity, their slave Antar came up, and with him a party of Arab warriors: he defeated our armies, and dispersed us. We are therefore come hither that you may make peace between us and them, and for every price of blood we will give ten; only let them set at liberty our women. On hearing Khalid's discourse, Aswad pitied him in his heart; and engaging to accommodate matters, he went to his brother Numan, and related all the transactions between the Absians and Aamirites, and also Khalid's arrival, and that he was anxious to make peace with the Absians. As King Numan thought nothing was more desirable than harmony among the Arabs, he told his brother to introduce Khalid and his chiefs. Aswad introduced them, and King Numan arranged an impartial peace, neither prejudicial nor too advantageous. He also gave them a splendid entertainment; and thus that day passed till evening, when they mutually communicated the various events and circumstances that had happened to them. Soon after, the horsemen having dispersed and quitted King Numan's assembly, Harith, whose

envy of Antar was greatly increased by what he had heard from Khalid, resolved to put Khalid to death, even under the sacred hospitality of Numan. Fixed in his determination, and only waiting till every one was asleep, he sprung up, and cautiously moved towards the tent where Khalid slept. He entered, and finding him asleep, he smote him with Zoolhyat, and severed his head from his body. He was departing, but it still occurred to his mind that perhaps his blow had not had its effect, and recollecting Warca's blow at Khalid on a former occasion, he returned and placed the edge of his sword against Khalid's chest, and leaned with all his weight upon it, till he plunged it deep through his body two spans into the earth *. Now being convinced he had finished him, he hastened away for his horse; he mounted, and quitted Hirah by night, distraction in his countenance; sometimes turning to the right, sometimes to the left, till the day dawned. At that time Akhwedh arose to seek his brother, but he saw him dead. He shrieked in his horror: he ran to Aswad, and communicated the fate of his brother. Aswad ordered Harith's men to be seized, and they were instantly cast into chains and fetters. Thence he went to his brother Numan, and related

* It is an historical fact that Zoheir, son of Jazeemah, was slain by Khalid, who was murdered by Harith in the private tents of King Numan; and this was the cause of many wars. It is also stated that he in vain sought the protection of other tribes to screen him against Numan's vengeance.

what Harith had done. At this the light became dark in the eyes of Numan, and he swore he would put Harith to death.

As to Harith, after he had slain Khalid, he repented of the deed, and feeling assured he must die, he resolved to repair to the mountains and defend himself there till overtaken by death. But how can I be at ease? he said to himself; my cousins will be all murdered. He therefore set out on his return to Hirah, concealing himself among the mountains and the sand-hills till evening, when he reached Hirah, having first secreted his horse in some by-place. He then sought the spot where his companions were confined; perceiving their guards drowned in the sea of sleep, he grasped Zoolhyyat, and slaughtered them to the number of fifty. Hie to the tribe of Abs, he cried to his friends, and demand protection of King Cais, son of Zoheir, and of Antar, son of Shedad; but as for me, it is impossible for any one of the subjects of King Numan to protect me, for he is the king of the Arabs, but I am resolved on taking retaliation before I am slain: thus saying, he quitted them, and death became easy to him, till he entered his sister Selma's dwelling: and as soon as she saw him she saluted him. O my brother, said she, what has brought you back, safe as you were? I want thee, said Harith, to give me Numan's young son Shirjibeel, that I may meet his father with him to-morrow. I will request him to

forgive me this blood and this crime ; and as I was intoxicated when I murdered Khalid, perhaps he may pardon me on account of his child, and then I care not if the whole tribe of Aamir assemble against me.

His sister saw the propriety of this observation ; but she knew not the fraud and odious designs he harboured ; so she made over Numan's child to him in her fears for her brother. Harith carried him off, and hastened to the passage out of the city, where he remained near his horse till the city gates being opened, and the inhabitants coming forth, he cried out in a loud voice. The people stopped when they saw Harith, and hearing his shout, they stood staring at him as he tossed Numan's child up in the air, and as he fell he caught him on the point of his sword ; and the child fell, cut in two, on the spot ; and it was a lovely infant ! On beholding this, the people ran back to the city, and informed King Numan of the death of his child by the hand of Harith. On hearing the murder of his infant, a flame was kindled in his heart. He ordered his armies to march ; and there went forth about twelve hundred men in the pursuit of Harith. But he, as soon as he had slaughtered Shirjibeel, mounted his horse, and made towards the boundless desert ; and whilst he was travelling with all expedition, behold ! armies, like the rolling seas, appeared. He turned upon them as a lion would do, and shouted ; they were dismayed. He shouted again in the faces of

their horses; he forced them back on their haunches, and they cast their riders off their backs. We have already mentioned Harith's superior prowess and intrepidity. He was one of the thousand tyrants: and he did not desist fighting from the forenoon even till the sun turned pale, by which time he had slain about seven hundred horsemen. But by the evening he was almost dead; yet he did not so much grieve for himself as he grieved for his sword, and that the foe should possess it when he was no more; so he went up to an immense rock that grew hard by, and heaving up his arm with Zoolhyyat, he extended his elbow, and smote the rock, wishing to shiver the weapon by the blow, that it might not fall into the enemy's possession, but it split the rock in two, and he continued his flight. When King Numan's troops came to the side of the rock and beheld Harith's blow, their senses were startled; they stopped short, and not one of them dared to pursue him a spar's length, saying to one another, By the faith of an Arab, no one will pursue him but he who bids adieu to life, and hails his death! for when he saw no one before him to smite, he smote this rock; but had this blow fallen on one of us, what would have become of him? The twelve hundred being thus routed, returned to Hirah, and told Numan that Harith had escaped in safety. Numan instantly sent for Sinan. Thou vile old man, said he, thou perfidious dog! No one but thou has murdered my son; it was through thee I knew that

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Harith, son of Zalim. No one shall ever rescue thee from hanging, unless he give security for thee as responsible for Harith. Sinan gave security for himself that he would produce Harith, were it possible, and if not, he would be his substitute in captivity and disgrace; and this the whole body of King Numan's satraps guaranteed. But what happened to Harith? When he had delivered himself from the army of King Numan, he turned his face towards the wastes and the wilds, and worked hard to make himself a resting-place on the mountain top, eating the herbs of the earth, and drinking of the rain-puddles. As to his companions, whom he had released from Numan's dungeons, and ordered to repair to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, they speeded away till they came to King Cais, and told him how Harith had murdered Khalid. At hearing this from the horsemen of Marah, King Cais was in a transport of delight, and he invested them with honorary robes. The Chief Antar also heard the news, and was overjoyed, though he wished Khalid's death had been the work of his own hand. By the faith of an Arab, said he, if Harith comes to me I will protect him from King Numan, from Chosroe Nushirvan, and from every one that dwells in the wilds and the deserts. King Cais too ordered splendid feasts and entertainments; but as he looked at Antar, he perceived that he eat and drank but little, and did not partake in the pleasures and amusements: so his brothers said to Cais, Outrage

not Antar's heart, but order his uncle Malik to marry Ibla to him, that our joy may be complete. King Cais accordingly sent for Malik, and taking him aside, said, Why do you not wed Ibla to her cousin Antar? is she not his affianced wife? and have you not taken her marriage portion? Yes, O king, said Malik; Ibla, and her mother, and her father, and her brother, are his slaves at his service; and if you wish it, to-night before to-morrow's dawn I will marry her to him. In three days I desire, said King Cais, that our joys may be complete and our enemies be vexed. Malik acquiesced, and stood up to go away after having kissed his hand; and when they separated, Malik went home, and being alone with his wife, he sent Ibla to her uncle's, and as he wept before her mother, What's the matter? said she to him. One has used me ill, said he, out of whose influence I cannot withdraw myself; for his heart is now relieved from the affliction of his enemies, and Antar is even in greater favour with him than with his father. He has obliged me to marry Ibla to him; but by the faith of an Arab, were the head of this vile slave to mount to heaven itself, my heart could never submit to yield him my daughter. Now Ibla's mother felt convinced that her daughter could be matched to no one but Antar, because he had ever protected her. As to Antar, he returned home quite rejoiced at the order for his marriage, and he wanted to mount his horse, and go to his uncle's; when lo! his brother Shiboob came

up to him, distressed and melancholy. What's the news? said Antar; what has happened? Know, son of my mother, said Shiboob, that your sister Merwah is come from the dwellings of the tribe of Ghiftan, and she is in a violent passion, and probably angry with her husband; but she wishes to see you. Antar immediately went to see what was the matter. This Merwah was the daughter of Shedad, and married in the tribe of Ghiftan to a man called Jahjah; and she had a son, whose name was Hatal, who used to mount the horses, practise horsemanship, and was habituated to nocturnal expeditions. His uncle Antar was very fond of him; but when he heard of the arrival of his sister, he hastened to her: she sprung up towards him, and kissing his hand, O my brother, said she, my son Hatal! the heroes of Ghiftan have bewildered his mind: they ordered him to join them, and took him away with them to gain some cattle and plunder. But some nights ago I saw a dream, and there were my son and his companions in a forest all entangled with trees, and over their legs chains and fetters of fire; and at the mouth of the forest there was a ferocious lion that threatened to devour them night and day. I awoke; but I was terribly frightened. I rushed out of the tents, and lo! I beheld a black slave at the door in the garb of a beggar. I went in again, and I brought him out some bean husks, which I gave him, saying, Take these, O stranger! and pray for the return of my absent son. Is not thy

son Hatal? said he. Yes, I replied; and I perceive you know him. Know then, said he, your son has fallen a prisoner into the power of Locait, son of Zararah, and with him twelve warriors of his tribe, and I am come as a messenger from him to you, and he begs you will hasten to his uncle Antar. And now, my brother, I am come to you, and my object is to obtain my son's deliverance through you. Antar was confounded at this interruption of his happiness. Return home, my sister, said he, and calm your mind, for I will go and release your son. I will soon come to you with him and all his property. Thus having appeased her mind, and relieved her of her sorrows, he sent for Oorwah, and told him what had happened; he ordered him and his noble comrades to march, and recommended his father Shedad to keep the affair secret, that King Cais's heart might not be harassed. He took away his brothers Shiboob and Jareer, and his father Shedad, and the Carad horsemen, and his uncle Zakhmetuljewad.

As to Ibla's father, he was rejoiced when he heard this, for he had resolved either to inform Rebia, or to escape by flight into the desert. So the business turned out just as he wished, and his situation was improved after all his discomposure; but when he saw Antar mounted, he said in his perfidy and iniquity, O my nephew, truly Hatal's mother has spoiled all our pleasures by this untoward interruption. Uncle, said Antar, there is a prescribed time

for every thing, and all that is predestined must take place. And he quitted him; and finding his people waiting anxiously for him, he departed with one hundred of Oorwah's men, and two hundred of the race of Carad, whilst Shiboob started ahead of the horse on the road to the land of the tribe of Darem.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Now Locait, son of Zararah, was an uncontrollable knight; he was the bold one of the age and period, and the Arabs called him the Eagle of War, and the Knight of Woe. Locait had nineteen brothers by the same father and mother, and he was the eldest; and their father was conspicuous among men for his birth and parentage.

One day, their father being seated in his tent, his sons came to him, and complained of their brother Locait's excessive pride and haughtiness, and stated their resolution to emigrate. He sent for Locait, who in fact was a great coxcomb in his gait, and most ostentatious in his general deportment. My son, said he (for he was exceedingly angry and indignant at such conduct), you are indeed a most self-sufficient fellow, and behave in a most overbearing manner towards your brothers and your comrades. Had you even in your pastures a thousand of the Asafeer camels, or were you possessed of Bedret-ul-Yemen, the daughter of Moazzem, the lord of the Pavilion and the Palace, or could you even overcome in battle the Chief Antar, the Knight of Hidjaz, you would not even then strut about as at present, neither would you swagger your limbs in

this bragging, blustering style. What! father, said Locait, then these are the three accomplishments which should a man attain, he would acquire the highest glory among the brave and the heroic? What can be superior to these three acquisitions? added his father. At the instant, up started Locait and went to his uncle, and asked his assistance. This uncle was also a brave and valiant hero, and he promised to aid him.

They mounted their steeds, and taking with them two she camels to carry water and provisions, and two sturdy slaves, they quitted their tents under the cover of the night; and when they were at some distance, after consulting which they should attempt first, they were unanimous in the opinion, that they should first of all proceed to the King Moazzem.

Now this king was a mighty monarch, and a stout horseman. He was the lord of armies, and troops, and lands, and cities; his country lay on the borders of the cities of Nihas, and it was called the land of As, where he possessed a strong impregnable fortress, in which was an idol named Jebbar, which this king and his people worshipped. He had also a daughter called Bedret-ul-Yemen, of whom he was very fond; and out of his great affection, he consigned her over to the idol, and rejected every suitor and every wooer.

Locait and his uncle travelled on till they reached the country of King Moazzem, where they beheld populous cities, abundant cultivation, and tents and

dwelling, and spears and swords, at which sight Locait was much disordered ; he turned towards the fountains and the waters, and having bathed, and clothed himself in magnificent robes, he with his uncle proceeded to King Moazzem. Near his palace they met the officers and satraps, to whom Locait addressed himself : My wish, said he, is to visit your King. The satraps entered : the King deliberated, but at last exclaimed, Go out, and ask him his name ; for if it be Locait, son of Zararah, invite him in ; if any one else, turn him away : for thus has the idol ordered. Moreover, I saw a dream, in which I was standing in front of the idol, and I demanded of it a husband for my daughter. In these days, it replied, there will be sent for thy daughter a valiant husband, and a brave hero, called Locait, son of Zararah. Marry him to thy daughter, and let him share in thy favours (but this dream was the result of his fears about his daughter).

So the attendants went out, and asked Locait his name. He said, Locait ! The King Moazzem admits thee, said they : and he entered in the presence of the King, who directed him to be seated ; and having also imparted to him the dream he had seen, he prepared feasts for three days, after which he pitched the marriage canopy, and introduced Locait to his daughter, without marriage, any dower, or donations. Locait went to her, and saw she was a full moon no description can attain ; but he was ashamed to approach her without a wedding present,

lest he should become a scandal in every land. So he turned his back towards her, and slept till the damsel also fell asleep; when he started up, and awoke his uncle. Arise, my uncle, said he, let us repair to King Numan to procure a marriage dower: and they sallied forth by night.

They rapidly continued their journey till they reached the city of Numan, and by great good fortune they met Harith, roaming like one distracted among the deserts, for they had heard of his adventures.

Locait no sooner saw Harith, than he pounced down upon him like an eagle, crying out, Eh! son of Zalim, whither wouldst thou seek refuge from the great King and the lion warrior? Harith, on hearing this address, and seeing him alone, felt his courage rise against him, and shouted out, Hola! O Arab, What man art thou? tell me quick. Surrender, said Locait, ere thou diest!

Upon that, Harith poised his spear, and let out his horse on its speed, and charged at him. Each rushed upon his antagonist, and commenced the combat, that lasted till the day was darkened, when Harith being exhausted by the contest, Be generous, thou Arab, he cried, and outrage not a man, whom the sufferings of this widely-extended desert have debilitated. Take me prisoner, and perhaps it may be productive of good. And he threw away his spear, and stood still. Locait thinking he had surrendered himself, Dismount, said he, that I may

pinion thee. Promise me, said Harith, that thou wilt not concert with King Numan for my blood.

And he continued his insidious importunities (his intention being only to protract the contest a little), till he drew forth his sabre Zoolhyyat, like a flash of lightning, and fell upon Locait, like the descent of an overwhelming calamity, and smote him. He cleft his casque, and the chains, and wounded him; and had not Harith been previously exhausted, he would have slain him.

Locait repented of what he had done; the world seemed darkened in his eyes, and the blood streamed down his face: but when Locait's uncle saw him in this condition, he rushed upon Harith, and occupied him in the contest till Locait had recovered, and regained his senses; and his return was like the return of a lion. He shouted at Harith, and drove at him with the heel of his spear, and hurled him on the ground: his uncle dismounted and pinioned him.

Early next day, Locait resumed his journey till he reached the land of Irak. In the excess of Locait's good fortune, he arrived during Numan's days of festivity*, when he clothed every one in splendid

* It had happened that Numan, in a fit of intoxication, had ordered two of his companions to be killed. When he recovered, he was so struck with remorse, that he raised a tomb to their memory, and set aside two days in every year, one of which he called his day of sorrow; the other, his day of joy. On the first, whomsoever he met, he slew on the tomb; on the other, whoever came to him he would load with gifts, and grant every request.

robes; and as soon as the slaves beheld him, they crowded towards him from every direction, and continued to load him with robes of honour till his horse could move no further.

King Numan being informed of the circumstance immediately mounted, his heart bounding with joy, as he exclaimed, This is indeed a joyous day, and a real triumph over foes and enemies. He received Harith from him, and cast him into a subterraneous cave, and there left him. But Locait presented himself to Numan, who complimented him, and asked his rank, and parentage, and his tribe, and his Arab connexion. My lord, said he, I am of the tribe of Darem, lords of honours, and distinctions, and spears, and swords; and I am Locait, son of Zararah. Be so obliging, said Numan, as to demand what you want, and be sure of attaining it in these days of joy. Upon this Locait took courage, and informed Numan of his marriage, and the cause of his expedition; and I ask of you a marriage dower for my wife Bedret-ul-Yemen. By the protection of an Arab, said Numan, had you demanded my kingdom, I would have made it over to you. And he ordered him a thousand Asafeer she camels, to which he added an infinity of other things, as he said to his attendants, Do ye also give this youth all the cattle and flocks that you drove to the pastures this day. After this, he ordered them to pitch tents for him without the city, and convey him wine and meat.

Three days Locait passed very merrily, but on the fourth he departed, habited like a powerful monarch, with horses, and mules, he and she camels, and slaves, and cattle ; and with his uncle he continued his journey over the deserts ; and the world was too compressed for the excess of his joy and exultation. As to the father of his bride, his misfortune was severe ; for his countrymen irritated his heart with reproaches ; yet he expressed outwardly his resignation, and concealed his affliction and vexation till Locait's return with the cattle and the camels. The whole country was in confusion with delight : the King himself went out to meet him, with the grandees of the tribe, and saluting him, inquired whither he had been ? O my lord, answered Locait, you acted towards me on my arrival here as no one ever acted before, and heaped upon me obligations beyond my powers to bear ; you even married me to your daughter Bedret-ul-Yemen ; but I could not submit to the idea of possessing the daughter of a king without a marriage-donation, and I be called too the Knight of the Universe : so I went away to seek some gain, and the God of old has bestowed on me these favours.

Thus saying, he gave orders to his slaves, and they led away the noble steeds, decorated with housings of gold, and the Asafeer camels, which are the wonders of wonders, and exhibited all he had of garments, and cattle, and high-priced jewels. The King was astonished at the extraordinary things he

beheld, and he gloried in such an illustrious husband for his daughter. He made splendid feasts, and sent for musicians, and made his daughter a second marriage-banquet. He married her to Locait, and all his griefs and troubles were at an end. Thus they caroused and feasted till the day dawned.

After a stay of seven days, Locait prepared for his departure. The King granted his permission, and made him immense presents in cattle. Bedret-ul-Yemen having taken leave of her father and mother, they raised her on the back of the camel; but the King accompanied her one whole day, as a last farewell of her. On the second day Locait requested him to return; and he continued his course, having succeeded in all he had coveted, and as he travelled on, passing over the wilds and the wastes, he thus recited:

“ I have succeeded in my object and demands of
“ fortune, for I have possessed myself of Bedret-ul-
“ Yemen by my sword. She is indeed the full moon
“ when it rises over her tent; the rosy-coloured
“ moon, that lights up the desert for my distracted
“ love. It is as if the sword of her father flashed
“ from her eyes, that vanquish hearts without laws,
“ human or divine. Her beauty is so perfect, the
“ sun might envy it, when it rises in all its splen-
“ dour over the dwellings and the lands. It is, as
“ if beauty’s self fraternised and associated with her,
“ as the soul of life associates with the body. Were
“ she to call a ghost from the tomb it would an-

“ swer, and from its shroud would say, Here am I.
“ I have possessed myself of her by my sword, having
“ broken the hearts of all her suitors by my ven-
“ turous trials. To-morrow will the spectators be
“ amazed at my ambition, when I draw along the
“ train of my glory in my native land. When I
“ draw my sword in the battle, I make knights bow
“ to it from Senaa to Aden.”

When Locait had finished, he continued over the deserts, when lo ! Antar's nephew, Hatal, and his companions, drew nigh. Seeing Locait, and the cattle he had with him, his avidity was excited, and he ordered his men and warriors to desire him to abandon his property. But Locait, in the pride of his character, paid no attention, but rushed upon him with all his impetuosity ; and they fiercely engaged, till eight warriors being slain, and twelve more being prisoners, he assailed Hatal, and exhibited against him all his wonderful powers and terrors ; but they were not long engaged, before he took him captive, and united him to his comrades. Being much surprised at his prowess, Of what tribe art thou, said he, for I never yet beheld thy equal ? O Chief, replied Hatal, I am called Hatal, and my maternal uncle is Antar, son of Shedad, the knight of battle and war : it was he who instructed me in this horsemanship and dexterity in the spear-thrust and sword-blow. O my uncle, said Locait, turning towards him, there never was so fortunate an expedition as this ; for thou knowest the cause of my departure

from home was the scandal of my father, who, when my brothers complained of me, said to me, Were even a thousand Asafeer camels in thy pastures, and wert thou to marry Bedret-ul-Yemen, the daughter of the lord of the palace and great pavilion, and wert thou to overcome in battle Antar, the Knight of Hijaz, thy deportment would not be such as this, nor wouldest thou swagger thy limbs in all this presumption. I am now arrived at two of these distinctions, and I am now reaching the third, as I have taken this lion-youth prisoner; for he is the son of Antar's sister, and his uncle will unquestionably come to release him as soon as he hears what has happened to him; and then will I fight him in the presence of my father.

After this he set out, traversing the mountains and valleys in ecstasies of delight, till he reached his native land. The good tidings had preceded them; his father had been very anxious on his account, till being informed of his son's approach, he went out to meet him with his brothers, and the aged Sheiks of the tribe. As soon as he saw him and the quantity of cattle he had with him, he was overjoyed, and inquired what had happened. Locait related his adventures; he established himself in the dwellings, and the horsemen of the horde stood in awe of him. He made entertainments for them all, and in the excess of his self-admiration, and his anxiety to meet Antar, he despatched a slave to Hatal's mother, as if from her son.

But now let us return to our former narrative. Antar and his father Shedad continued their journey with two hundred horsemen of the family of Carad and Oorwah, and his men, seeking the land of the tribe of Darem ; and as they hastened over the sand-hills, Antar was very melancholy at this interruption of his joys, and thus he spoke :

“ My transports are silent ; but my grief, how
 “ can I conceal it ? In my heart is the flame of
 “ love, that consumes it. How can I disguise my
 “ situation ? it is evident. How can I deny it ?
 “ My tears disclose it. I say, my heart is at rest
 “ about my love of thee ; but it is a prey to anxiety,
 “ and it cannot change. Oft, as I say, my fortune
 “ is bright and pure, the nights of absence return
 “ to renew its sorrows. O Ibla, how can I endure
 “ with patience my distraction ? My fate resists
 “ me with every open outrage. I am seeking Hatal,
 “ to rescue him from captivity, and I will disgrace
 “ whoever puts him in fear. I will make Locait
 “ see the exploits of the lion Antar : he shall shrink
 “ from me, and I will expose him to peril.”

They travelled on till they came nigh unto the land of the tribe of Darem, where they repaired to a lake, and halted to consult on what they should do. My opinion, said Shiboob, is that you ride on for the rest of this day, till you know that you have passed beyond the abodes of the tribe ; and when you are in their rear, conceal yourselves whilst I depart for the tents, and on my return I will explain

to you how to surprise them, and seize their property, and rescue Hatal and his companions; thus you may succeed in all your wishes, and we return home. You are perfectly right, Shiboob, said Antar.

Shiboob accompanied them till he was certain that he had conducted them beyond the dwellings of Darem. Now, pursue your way, said he, to the valley of Ramla, which is ahead of ye; there conceal yourselves, and move not till I return. He took with him his brother Jareer, and clothed himself in a jacket of coarse cloth, with wide sleeves, and put on an immense turban, that closed over his face.

Thus they went on till they reached the tents, when the slaves sprung towards them in all directions, inquiring who they were. We are messengers from the tribe of Aamir, said Shiboob to Locait, son of Zararah; where shall we find him? Repeir to that great pavilion, said the slaves. Upon that Shiboob advanced, and Jareer followed him; and they found Locait seated at the door of his tent, and his brothers round him, and all his cattle scattered about. Shiboob penetrated through the crowd, but before Locait could question him, May God grant long life to the noble Chief, he exclaimed; the honoured Prince, the Lord of great emprise, the Chief Locait, Chieftain of the tribe of Darem. Hail to thee, too, said Locait (to whom this discourse was very gratifying, and who was greatly surprised at the fluency of his speech), O Arab born, speak thy purpose, make known thy demands. What manner of

man art thou? I am, my lord, of the tribe of Aamir, your friends and allies, said Shiboob; and I am come to you with intelligence that is exactly to your wish. My master Ahkwedh, son of Giafer, has sent me to you out of his great regard for you, saying to me, Go to my brother Locait, and tell him that Antar is proceeding with a party of warriors in order to rescue his nephew Hatal, and his companions; and I am alarmed on account of his violence; but if there should be any good opportunity, make him drink of horrors to suffocation, and should he know any thing of Harith, who slew my brother Khalid, in the sacred hospitality of King Numan, let him secure him for me; and if Hatal is still with him, let him despatch him hither, and I will send in his stead as much cattle as he desires.

By the faith of an Arab, said Locait, in admiration at the sweetness of his language, this slave is an eloquent fellow. May God bless the tribe that makes its slaves resemble princes and chiefs: as to Harith, said he to Shiboob, I took him prisoner, and I presented him to King Numan, and I have received in his stead camels and horses. As to Hatal, he is with me in bondage and confinement, and when his uncle Antar comes to release him, I will accelerate his death, and thus will I accomplish the three distinctions, on account of which my father shamed me; and I will not leave one of the Absians to tell the tale. Moreover, I am determined to depart to-morrow morning to meet this black slave.

O my lord, continued Shiboob, expressing his thanks, if you would but be so obliging as to make over to me those foul wretches, I should be so glad to have the chastisement of them whilst they are in confinement, till you return from this expedition, bringing with you the tribe of Abs and Adnan in chains and captivity, and at their head their slave Antar : then will I return to my master Ahkwedh, son of Giafer, and tell him all about it. Youth, said Locait to Shiboob, did your spies say with how many horsemen Antar was coming against us ? Yes, my lord, said Shiboob, he is coming against you with a thousand horsemen of Ghitfan, and the tribes of Abs and Adnan. Locait laughed and smiled at this ; May God disgrace the mustachios of that bastard slave, cried he. And he ordered his slaves (according to the decrees of fate) to deliver Hatal and his companions over to Shiboob.

As soon as the sun had risen over the mountains, he took away with him three thousand of his choice warriors, leaving five hundred horsemen to protect the cattle and families. He departed, roaring in his rage against Antar ; and he knew not that he whom he sought was concealed in his rear. No sooner were the dwellings deprived of their protectors, than Shiboob sent his brother Jareer to inform Antar of all we have mentioned.

Jareer traversed the deserts in quest of his brother, and told him of Shiboob's contrivances, and that Locait had set out with his warriors and horsemen.

Greatly delighted, Antar ordered his comrades to equip themselves with their arms, and to prepare for the contest. He instantly departed, and by morning reached the lands of the tribe of Darem, where he saw the cattle grazing, which his men attacked, and drove away all they could of he and she camels, whilst the slaves ran home exclaiming, Woe and death ! The horsemen mounted, and the troops hastened from every direction, intending to redeem the plunder, all clad in armour and corslets, well accoutred, and determined to resist. But Antar having already sent the cattle away with fifty lion horsemen, stopped with the remainder ; and when the enemy came up, heroes shouted out at heroes, and they stretched out their spears, and commenced a furious battle, driving with their lances, that wrenched out lives. They smote each other with scimitars till blood gushed forth, and streamed, and filled the whole desert.

Antar overpowered them with his impetuosity and intrepidity, forcing them back till the fight was continued close to the tents, and the women were nearly reduced to slavery and infamy. Screams arose ; the slaves rushed out ; maidens sought their protectors and defenders ; and existence seemed annihilated. Shiboob had made himself known to Hatal and the rest, and told him the real state of the case, and the plans he had adopted ; at which they were much delighted, rejoicing at the prospect of release from captivity and ignominy.

Now Shiboob seeing the tents vacated by the horsemen, and every one employed in the contest, released his friends from their fetters, and brought them horses, and a sufficient supply of arms, saying to them, Now, away to your cousins, and aid them. Accordingly, Hatal rushed on, followed by the others. They shouted, they assaulted, they belowed, they fought, till the people of the dwellings resolved on flight, having resisted till evening; but Antar goaded them so fiercely, that they were all huddled together with the women. Upon that he retired, and night coming on with darkness, My cousins, said he, our companions are released from captivity; and it would ill become us to enslave women in the absence of the warriors. It will be better for us to return hence, and renounce all outrage and violence. And I, said Shiboob, will conduct you over the extent of the desert, and by cutting across the mountains and the plains, by morning I will bring you out in a distant land. Do, O Shiboob, as you please, said Antar; perhaps we may soon reach our own country.

Shiboob set off with them early in the night, whilst he himself kept in their rear till sun-rise, when he conducted them down to the waters of Caiwan; here they halted, and rested their horses.

Shiboob still directed them across the deserts and wastes by unfrequented paths, till he approached the land of the tribe of Aamir, where he made them travel along by-roads, and halt till night, when he

desired them to drive on the camels and horses, and pursue their way in haste, and before morning he had left the enemy behind him, but he said not a word about it to his brother. Well, Shiboob, said Antar, what are the dangers we have left behind? Son of my mother, replied Shiboob, you know well, that between you and the tribe of Aamir there is an enmity of long standing, and particularly that Brandisher of Spears, and Ahkwedh, son of Giafer. At hearing this Antar was much disordered. Thou son of a dog, said he, and so thou art afraid of a numerous body of men! By the faith of an Arah, had I known what thou wert about, I would not have left the tribe of Aamir in peace and quietness. They halted, till the day was spent, and then departed, seeking their native land: now Shiboob cast round his eyes, and behold a dust arose, and closed up every vent in the country. It will be as well to prepare for battle, said he to Antar, and not move hence till we exactly know what all this means.

Having stationed the he and she camels in their rear, they advanced towards the dust, and waved their spears. Soon the cloud cleared away from an army like the drifting sand, and horsemen like fragments of a mountain. All were in coats of mail, and breastplates of great weight, and with them were camels, and horses, and cattle, and women, and children, and the shrieks of woe convulsed the mountains. Now then it is all evident,—The truth is apparent, cried Shiboob to Antar, our property and

our families, my brother, have been a prey to calamities; our abodes and our lands have been pillaged; and if my apprehensions are right, this army is of the tribes of Aamir, of Ghani, and Kelab. They have vanquished our country, and have rooted out every vestige of us. Thou art right, brother, said Antar, and now I hear the voice of Ibla, and the women of the Carad family. On this day shall be made known the virtue of the brave. This calculation was correct, and the cause of it was Ahkwedh, son of Giafer, in whose heart was a sparkling flame against the tribe of Abs. In his fury against them, and his alarms of their invasion, he stationed spies and scouts over them to bring him news. Thus matters continued, till he was informed that Antar was gone to the tribe of Darem, and with him some of the noblest warriors. He also learnt that Rebia and his brothers were still with the tribe of Fazarah. Well, said he to the Brandisher of Spears, what say you, O Gheshm, to an expedition against our foes, thus insuring retaliation during the absence of their slave? Very right, said Gheshm, and accordingly they assembled the Aamirite horsemen, and those of Ghani and Kelab, and there came six thousand well equipped, all brave fellows. Leaving one thousand to protect the dwellings and the country, he marched till he reached the land of the tribe of Abs; where, dividing his army into three corps, he surprised the Absians under the veil of the night, when, most of the people being asleep, he put them to the sword,

and before the morning rose in smiles, he had possessed himself of the tents and dwellings. King Cais had fled with his brothers, and those who were able to escape. The horsemen were scattered about, and sought the land of the tribe of Ghitfan; some betook themselves to Fazarah, and the tribe of Abs was completely disorganized, and ruined. In the morning the Aamirites returned home, after having taken prisoners the women, and plundered their property. They travelled in haste, triumphing in the success of their wishes, for the greatest part of the Absians had been driven away in despair; many of their horsemen were wounded, and no people were ever reduced to such a miserable state. The Brandisher of Spears being under some alarm, lest King Cais might turn upon them, and bring troops and armies against him, hastened their march, till they met Antar and the Absian horsemen. Now the whole tribe appeared through the dust, and Antar heard the screams of the women, and the lamentations of Ibla. He rushed towards the quarter of the women, and pounced down upon them like an eagle. His noble horsemen followed him, for he was chiefly anxious to release the prisoners from torments. When the tribe of Aamir recognised him, they shouted, and the Brandisher of Spears exclaimed, How lucky is this rencounter, than which none more beautiful was ever traced on the leaves of history! Attack this slave-dæmon, my cousins, he continued, that we may erase out for ever every

vestige of the tribe of Abs. Come on ! come on ! Antar made at him with his whole might ; then rushed on the whole army. Antar met them with the horsemen of his tribe, for they were horsemen that would mount even lions ; they received the spears on their chests, harder than stones and rocks. Antar was at their head, with spear-thrusts that made their very skins shrivel with horror, and in an hour, their ensigns and standards were upset, and his horsemen were like one man on that celebrated day. Spears were extended ; the stern-faced heroes assailed, and the most tenacious of existence were prodigal of their lives ; whilst they all tasted of sorrow and wounds. Antar roared at their head and shouted ; horsemen drank cups from death ; the women instantly heard his shouts, and they exclaimed, Oh glorious morning ! Antar, the grasper of lives, is come ! and they prayed for his victory and triumph to the Source of the Clouds and the Conqueror of the Winds, who opens for his servants the gates of life without a key. Praise be to him ! may he grant sinners repentance and grace ! They continued in this dreadful state, till the brilliancy of the day being converted into the darkness of night, the two armies separated from the blow and the thrust, after they had been engaged in a contest that would have turned youth to age. There were laid low of the tribes of Aamir, and Ghani, and Kelab, about seven hundred horsemen, over the face of the land, and five-and-twenty of the Absians

were slain, and as many wounded. Yet they retired from the combat, like wild beasts when they start from their dens, and behind them was the lion Antar, and his nephew Hatal. And having alighted, they began to consult and deliberate how they should engage that numerous host. As for me, said Antar, were the battle to last a whole year, and around me were to assemble all the tribes and hordes of the desert, I will not stir hence, till I release the women from the hands of the foe, and I disperse them over the wastes, and the wilds. As for me, by the faith of an Arab, I will not leave of all these five thousand, no not an old or a young one; as for me, I will offer myself alone as their antagonist, and I will make them taste deep of misery. After all their exultations, their warriors and their chieftains will I slay. Thus he remained, watching over them in the obscurity of the night.

As to the tribe of Aamir, when they quitted the combat and halted at their post, bewildered at the tribe of Abs, and at their assault, they complained of their situation to Ahkwedh. If this dæmon continues to assail us, he will not leave one of us alive, particularly since he knows Ibla is with us. O my cousins, said Ahkwedh, if we do not make a general attack upon them to-morrow, the Brandisher of Spears being with us, we can never hope to succeed. Speak not, O chief, said the elders, in this manner: we never can succeed against Antar, we cannot overcome him, whilst he has behind him men like wild

beasts, all of whom protect his rear. Were I not afraid, said the Brandisher of Spears, of Shedad, and Oorwah, and Hatal, I would go out against him to-morrow, and would engage him, and take off his attention from you, till his companions might be all destroyed. But I also fear King Cais may overtake us with the Arabs of Hijaz, and powerful armies, which we shall be unable to resist; we shall be obliged to fly, and abandon all this booty. My cousins, if the business is indeed, as it is represented, said Ahkwedh, I will send away the prisoners with one hundred valiant horsemen, and when morning dawns, we will by some means contrive the destruction of Antar; and if there comes an irresistible force against us, and we resolve on flight, we shall, at any rate, have the advantage of the property and booty. This will do, said the Brandisher of Spears; for Antar, if he knows this, will go after them, and then we will attack his companions and destroy them: but should he stop, after he receives this news, his heart will be so pre-occupied with Ibla, that his resolution will fail, and he will be in despair. We will make a sudden attack, and complete our wishes, for he never could engage this tempestuous ocean but when Ibla is present. After this harangue, they despatched the captives with one hundred horsemen, and sent with them the guide, Kimhar, who led them away under the veil of obscurity; and when daylight shone, the first that started forth to the fight was Antar, and he knew nothing of what

had happened. The armies of the tribe of Aamir arose, like the ocean when it roars. Ahkwedh shouted out towards them, and assured them of the entire ruin of the Absians, for they consisted of four thousand well known horsemen, and the Absians only amounted to one hundred and fifty ; but their hearts ever-anticipated victory and conquest, relying on the intrepidity of Antar. With such resolutions they engaged ; they pierced each other with Redeinian spears, and they smote each other with their edged scimitars. Calamities and evils were magnified, and men felt anguish as they expired. But God aided Antar and his deeds, that day. How many warriors laid he low ! How many heroes and brave men did he reduce to despair ! They continued in this state till mid-day, when Antar seeing the Brandisher of Spears plying his cleaving sword among his comrades, instantly fell upon him, like the descent of a ravenous eagle—he closed with him ; and as he exhibited all his wonderful prowess and courage, he shouted at him in a voice that terrified him ; he manœuvred with him for an hour, till having exhausted him, he thrust out his hand towards the rings of his corslet, and was about to throw him on the ground, when lo ! a dust arose, and a black cloud of sand mounted on high, and beneath was seen the glitter of armour, and the gleam of spears, and men fearless of death, and undaunted, exclaiming, O by Darem ! and at their head was Locait, son of Zararah, like a frantic eagle,

and round him were his brothers, like devouring vultures ; and when they came nigh to the field of battle, and saw the engines of war revolving, they rushed upon the Absians, like greedy lions, for they had heard the shouts and cries, and had distinguished friends from foes. When Antar marked this occurrence, and saw all the troops directing their lances towards him, he let go the Brandisher of Spears, and turned to defend himself. The horsemen encompassed him on all sides, whirling their sharp sabres about his body, and he felt assured of death. But the Absians fought like men in despair ; the thin blades laboured among them ; death and annihilation were let loose upon them ; and had not the God of heaven assisted them, not one of them had survived to taste of water.

They continued in this dreadful contest till the darkness separated them, after the Absians had lost twenty valiant fellows. Shedad and Oorwah, and a number of the Carad family, were wounded : they were surrounded by the foe on every side, and every way of access and egress was cut off. Locait having rescued his property, and rejoicing in the accomplishment of his object, hastened to Ahkwedh. The Aamirite Chiefs thanked him for what he had done, and, to their inquiries about the cause of his arrival, he told them what had passed. When Antar heard of the departure of Ibla and the women for the land of the Aamirites, he laid down ; he was sorely afflicted for his companions and the

captivity of their women: grief and melancholy, such as no heart of man or fiend ever felt, fell upon his soul, and his gall was bursting. Turning towards the noble Absians that survived; Although I feel, said he, as if my life could not last beyond this night; yet to-morrow morning I will challenge these armies that surround us on all sides—I will shame them with their numbers—I will call them forth by hundreds and more. If they do this, I shall succeed in my project, were they even as numerous as the sands of the desert: if they assault, I will destroy these armies in your presence, and I will rescue you with spears and cleaving scimitars; I will protect you with my vehemence and perseverance till you reach the land of Shureba and Mount Saadi; then will I return alone against them, and I will overwhelm them with my strength and my power, or my skin shall be flayed off with the barbs of their spears. O my son, said Shedad, there is not one of us that will abandon thee whilst thou art alive, were our lives to be reduced to collar-bones and shoulder-blades. Thus also said his nephew Hatal, and all the rest. The two armies reposed, some feeling secure, and some apprehensive, till, day dawning, the fierce Absians arose for the contest, and their souls bade adieu to their carcasses. The universe was convulsed with shouts; the foe resolved to attack them with swords and spears, when lo! Antar started forth into the field, and rushed forward, determined in his mind to do some-

thing that might be recorded of him, and perhaps remove his grief and distress; then he thus recited :

“ We are a tribe that fear not annihilation ; we
 “ regard not the results of calamities. How should
 “ we? Death draws up his skirts, and we en-
 “ counter him with our noble spirits. There is not
 “ one of us that fears death ; for death is pre-
 “ destined to every one alive. Come forth, then !
 “ behold the lion of the den, resolved on chasing
 “ the wild beasts in the midst of the deserts.
 “ He dreads not the warriors in the field of battle ;
 “ he fears not the most numerous hosts ; he comes,
 “ and this day ye shall feel his powerful thrusts,
 “ and his blows that cleave skulls. If I live, I
 “ will succeed ; if I die, I shall fall, slain by the
 “ separation from my beloved. The peace of God
 “ be with thee, daughter of Malik ; and now this
 “ day will I ply my sword-blows among them.”

Antar had not finished, when, from the quarter of the tribe of Aamir, there arose a dust that darkened the day ; and lo ! there arose another dust, and it appeared from the quarter of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and it was more extensive than the former, and the shouts more tumultuous and more terrific ; and the horsemen, who were beneath it, were eagerly pursuing their march, headed by King Cais. As to the first dust, it discovered the captives of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and all their property, and their leader was a knight, with shouts

and roars, vociferating, I am Harith, son of Zalim. Victory and conquest are thine, O Aboolfawaris! for the lion-warrior is at hand. The cause of this event was, that when Harith had slain Khalid in the private apartments of Numan, and had also murdered his son Shirjibeel, as we mentioned, Locait took him captive, and delivered him over to King Numan, who confined him till the days of festivity should expire. Mootejeredah learnt what had happened, and was not grieved at it, for he had killed the murderer of her father. So she sent to him five slaves, who had been brought up with her as her brothers, and ordered them to exert themselves in his liberation. Tell him, said she, to go to the tribe of Abs, and proceed to my brother Cais, and Antar, and demand their protection. The slaves went forth accordingly, and waiting till they found an opportunity, they entered, and slaying the guards placed over him, they gave him his liberty, and mounted him on a horse.

Harith set out, travelling over the wastes, not crediting his escape till he had passed the tribe of Aamir, when lo! he met the Absian captives, and their property under the conduct of the hundred horsemen. Harith was delighted. The Aamirites did not recognise him, but they made at him, and surrounded him. He stood firm, and cried out, Well! would ye exhibit your cowardly superiority against me, a single person? Ye are ignorant of my rank; for I am he who slew your Chief Khalid, son

of Giafer, and clothed ye with the greatest shame. Calamities were easy to him; he assaulted them, and his vehemence became still more furious, till mid-day, when he had slain seventy of their bravest horsemen, and the remainder resolved on flight. The Absian slaves released their chiefs, and the women also assisted them. The nobles being liberated from the chains and disgrace, started forth like ravenous lions, and surrounded the remainder of the Aamirites, whom they destroyed to the last, and left not one alive. With expressions of gratitude to Harith for this deed, they alighted in that place, when Harith related to them the various accidents that had happened to him, and what Mootejeredah had done for him; and I am now going, he continued, to your King, to demand his protection. Alas! said Malik, Ibla's father, such distresses as have befallen our King and people were never felt by the heart of man. And he informed him of their captivity, and that Antar was now fighting. Return with me, said Harith, this moment to Antar, that we may join him in the contest, and aid him in these adversities.

But as to the second dust, it was the dust of King Cais, who arrived with three thousand of the renowned Arabs of the tribe of Ghiftan, and they were come to rescue their property and families; but they were abandoned this time by the tribe of Fazarah. As soon as King Cais approached the troops and armies, he uncovered his head and at-

tacked, his companions doing the same, and shouting, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! whilst Harith and his followers shouted, O by Marah ! O by Dibyan ! At this cry, Antar's heart took courage, and was calmed. He roared and bellowed in his well known voice : Hail then the day, so inauspicious to the foe ! As Locait had already imparted to Ahkwedh the occurrences between him and Harith, he was greatly amazed at his release ; shouting out to the tribe of Darem, he rushed upon Antar and Harith. King Cais assailed the foe with his party, and confronted the tribe of Aamir. In less than an hour the two armies were promiscuously thronged—the dust arose—the scimitars laboured—the barbs pierced the sockets of eyes—blood gushed out from the nostrils—the noble steeds were thrown down—the swords hacked right and wrong—ribs were broken, and waists cut through. Antar and Harith performed deeds that confounded beholders. Harith's heart was full of rage against Locait, so he sought him over the plain, as he hewed off necks and throats with his sabre, till the earth was crammed with carcasses. Antar also wished to bear himself the weight and evil of the battle ; so the flame of war blazed furiously, and the blows continued among them till the light departed ; and on that day the tribe became a proverb. At last the two forces divided, and the tribes of Aamir and Darem were defeated. Locait retreated in repentance ; for six hundred of his horsemen were slain,

and three times as many of the Aamirites, who were annihilated; and when they halted, the battle was calmed, furious as it had been. Antar met Harith, and to his inquiries about him, he related his adventures from beginning to end; and now, he added, I am come to demand your protection, O Aboolfawaris, and the protection of King Cais. Antar having tranquillised his mind, and promised him security, Harith was rejoiced, and thanked him. Antar went to King Cais, accompanied by Harith, and told him what he had narrated, and how he had aided them with his exploits. Cais thanked him for his friendly exertions, and promised him assistance, and the extinction of his oppressors. At hearing this, Harith thus addressed him :

“Hola! hail to your lands and your tents; as
 “long as ye live, hail! hail to the man who seeks
 “your asylum, whom troubles and adversities have
 “oppressed! I have endured things not to be ex-
 “pressed in words, not to be described by all my
 “powers of speech. I have plunged into horrors,
 “and I am come in haste to a King who extin-
 “guishes foes and heroes. O Cais, thou art an
 “active hero, and a knight whose accomplished
 “wisdom defies all imitation. I must tell thee,
 “that I slew Khalid, and made him drink to the
 “dregs the cup of death. Truly thy sister released
 “me by force from prison, when I was watching,
 “and all around were asleep. I retaliated for thee
 “with my scimitar—I have redeemed thy due from

“ him who was thy foe—I have travelled over the
“ deserts till I reached a party of Aamirites, with
“ whom were thy captives: they were in ignominy;
“ they were mourning in anguish the cruel vehemence of the dusty fight. Ibla too was shrieking
“ in captivity, and her tears were streaming down
“ her cheeks. She was exclaiming in her disgrace,
“ Where is Antar, that he might see my dishonour,
“ and what I suffer in my debasement? I released
“ the captives from them with my furious assault,
“ and in my heart I loved and pitied them. I am
“ now come from the land of Irak, bent towards
“ thee to seek thy protection, thou noble-born!
“ Art thou not the brave in war, Antar, to whom
“ the stalking lions bow in submission? O knight
“ of Abs, to thee I make my complaint, my sorrow,
“ and griefs; to thee, who feelest no affliction. Be
“ my support then, O Absian youth, and aid me;
“ for he who seeks thee, is soon free from pain.
“ Protect me against Numan; there is none but
“ thou to defend me from myself and from dreadful
“ events; for when thou appearest, thou art feared
“ and dreaded; and thy perseverance resists every
“ attack. How many are the horses thou hast left
“ plundered of life, and their riders sleeping on the
“ earth! When they hear thy name on the day of
“ battle, fear may be seen fluttering in their hearts.
“ Every tribe knows, that where thou art the battlement, there dwells no affliction. All the kings
“ of the earth fear thee in battle, for thou standest

“ alone brave among men. Asylum and refuge
“ can never fail mankind: thou art the protection
“ against the adversities of fate—thou art raised up
“ to the brilliant shooting stars by courage—thou
“ hast raised thy station above Pisces. Mayst thou
“ never decline in glory, in eminence, and honour,
“ whilst the sun shines, and darkness disappears!
“ O Cais! O crown of Kings! one whose exaltation
“ no one can attain, protect me, for this day I am
“ come to thee to try thy protection, thy faith, and
“ thy engagement.”

King Cais was much pleased at Harith's verses. By the faith of an Arab, said he, were Chosroe or the Emperor of Rome to demand thee, they shall never set eyes on thee; and thus also Antar swore, saying, Extinguish all thy fears and apprehensions, and be afraid of no mortal man. They then reposed in joy and happiness, and their enemies in sorrow and affliction, till the day dawned, when they renewed the fight, and bodies and souls were spoiled by swords and spears. It was a dreadful calamity, and a scene that would have turned infants grey, till about mid-day, the tribes of Aamir and Daren being defeated. Antar mangled their horsemen with his irresistible thrusts, and made skulls fly off with his sword: he chopped off hands and wrists, and hewed off wrists and joints. The Brandisher of Spears encountered Harith—they engaged—the combat raged between them till their blood flowed—they saw woe and misery, and the

earth and sky disappeared from them—they continued till the day closed; still they persisted in their deadly spear-thrusts; but at last the tribes of Aamir and Darem took to flight. The Absians, seeing their confusion, pursued them, destroying them with the cleaving scimitar, till the whole country was obscured. Then the Absians retiring with the spoils of the warriors, and their arms and corslets, and dispersed horses, reposed in that spot, after they had expressed their thanks and gratitude; every one congratulating his neighbour on his safety.

In the morning they departed with the women and families, and plunder, and cattle, and set out for their own homes. Antar delivered the booty he had taken from the tribe of Darem to his uncle Malik, saying, O uncle, when I possessed myself of this plunder, I laid it aside for the celebration of the wedding-feast. My nephew, said his uncle, we will soon accomplish your wishes, and on reaching home, we will occupy ourselves only in our pleasures. Antar's heart was comforted at these words, and soothed at this promise; but the words of his uncle were all fraud and guile, and his heart was full of rage and resentment. When we arrive, said King Cais, who also heard this, we will only wait three days, and then we will marry Ibla to Antar, before any other impediment comes upon us; for our foes are many, and we have traitors amongst us: moreover, the calamities of fortune are not to be trusted,

for we are not secure from King Numan, should he demand the aid of Chosroe, King of the Persians, against us, or should he invade us on account of Harith, son of Zalim. Then they hastened over the wastes and wilds; as Antar, by the side of Harith, thus recited :

“ I have opposed the revolutions of incontro-
“ vertible destiny. I have endured absence and
“ separation. I show the sentiments of love for a
“ tribe that would renounce me, and truly their
“ hearts evince no sincerity. I ease with hope my
“ sickened mind, and with exemplary patience that
“ never ends. My foes abuse me for my swarthy
“ complexion ; but some of my deeds should wipe
“ off that blackness. Ask the tribe of my acts, O
“ Ibla, and those who witnessed my exploits and
“ warlike deeds. I repulsed the horse and the war-
“ riors round me as they brandished their long
“ spears in their hands. I plunged impetuously
“ into a sea of death, whilst the flame of war was
“ furiously blazing: I returned tinged with the
“ blood of foes, and the foam of war, that drenched
“ my steed. How many did I rescue from the
“ dreadful scene in the glorious path of firm-
“ ness, reviving hearts with my sword two-edged
“ and luminous, whose point would cleave the
“ hardest rock, and a spear, whoever was pierced
“ with it, the perfect light never revisited his eyes !
“ Were it not for my sword, and the barb of my
“ spear, I could never have raised a firm support

“for the Absians. I am Antar; well known is my reputation, that I am the knight of the noble steeds.”

At hearing Antar's verses, Harith's heart was gladdened, and he extolled him (for Harith was the vilest of men, and full of guile, and it was only his fear of Numan that made him humiliate himself: he also knew that all the united Arabs could not protect him, so he humbled himself to the tribe of Abs, and confided in Antar). They continued their journey till they reached their country. As to Malik, Ibla's father, all his projects had failed; he was melancholy and distressed, and he felt assured his daughter must escape out of his hands, and that Antar would be married to her, whether he liked it or not. So he took his son apart, and told him his secrets. My opinion, said his son to him, is, that you send to the tribe of Fazarah, and acquaint Rebia and Hadifah that Harith is with us; that he has demanded our King's assistance, and has confided himself to Antar: perhaps they will inform King Numan of this intelligence. On hearing this, Malik was aware that numerous advantages would accrue from it; and he immediately sent to Rebia to complain of his situation, and to inform him of what he did know, and what he did not know.

When they reached home, they pitched their tents, and being well established and settled, all the country and dwellings seemed secure in their inhabitants, and smiling in the return of its occupiers;

and it was all in confusion with feasts and entertainments, and convulsed with jollity and merriment. Antar conducted Harith to his habitations, and passed most of his time with him, anxiously expecting his uncle would fulfil his engagements, and on King Cais he depended for assistance and favour.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FIVE days after, came Khemisah, Ibla's hand-maiden, to Antar (he was at his mother's). O my lord, said she, be on your guard against your uncle Malik and his son Amroo; be not deceived by their words and promises, for he has broken his engagements. Now just about that time a messenger came to him from Hadifah and Rebia, desiring him to entice Antar out to the lake of Zatul-irsad, by professing great love and affection for him. There we will suddenly surprise him, and put him to death, and thus be relieved from his persecutions. We will just give you some slight wounds; so that when you return home, and King Cais questions you about the circumstance, you may say, some predatory horse surprised us; and as we were intoxicated, they treated us as you see; and thus you will remove this dishonour from your daughter! I have learnt this, continued Khemisah, from one of Rebia's slaves, called Maktoom, who loves me with the most faithful attachment. He communicated to me this plot. The maiden quitted Antar, whilst he formed his conjectures about what she had told him.

Now Rebia wrote to King Numan to inform him about Harith, and that he was with the tribe of Abs and Adnan, who had resolved to defend him against the world, and that Antar had also given him his protection. He also imparted to Malik, Ibla's father, what he had done. Antar continued in his doubts and his fears, till one day his cousin Amroo came to him, saying, O Aboolfawaris, my father invites you to a feast at the lake of Zatooolirsad. On hearing this, Antar entered his tent, and put on his most magnificent robes, under which he still kept on his coat of mail and breastplate; and as an additional precaution, in consequence of Khemisah's warning, he also girded on his famed Dhami; and Shiboob brought him Abjer. Antar mounted, and, together with his brother, proceeded to the lake of Zatooolirsad, where he found Malik expecting him, and his slaves were standing in front of him. He advanced, and received him kindly. Antar thanked him; but they had not been seated long, when they brought dinner, and afterwards the wine; and in the course of conversation, said Malik to Antar, I wish you would send to your friends, and invite all your associates, as many as you please, that we may decide on the marriage-feasts, and complete all your wishes: it is my intention not to leave out any one, high or low, but to have them all at the banquet, there to clothe the widows and orphans, that your name may be

celebrated: so do just what you please. Antar's heart was comforted at these words, and his mind felt quite at ease.

After this conversation they pushed about the wine-goblets; the damsels sung, and the time passed agreeably away, whilst Malik kept turning about to the right and left; and, as he cast his eyes towards the plains and the sand-hills, he continued coaxing Antar, and making him drink, till Antar perceived the slaves winking at each other: at this he was roused, and on his guard; and Khemisah's words were verified. Shiboob stood by him with Abjer's bridle in his hand, sometimes keeping close to them, sometimes walking round them, when lo! he saw the slaves encircling Antar, and Amroo clapping his hand on his sword, waiting the signal from his father. Shiboob set up the roar of a lion; Rise! rise, son of my mother! he exclaimed; quit these foul villains, for in their hearts are nought but intrigue and guile. Antar started up; he drew his sword, and was about to ply it among the slaves, when lo! the horsemen of Fazarah appeared, headed by Hadifah and Rebia, exclaiming, Rush on him on all sides; make at him with spears and scimitars! Antar on hearing this prepared to mount Abjer, when cried out Malik to his son, Smite him with the polished sword, and prevent him from mounting, thou poltroon! Accordingly, Amroo struck Antar about the waist, and cut through his clothes, and reached the coat of mail, which we before mentioned;

so his attempt was foiled, and his expectations were frustrated. Already was Antar on the back of Abjer; he grasped his destructive spear, and made towards the troopers, before they could attack him, cursing his uncle, and upbraiding him. He met the warriors, and Shiboob flew before him, like a fawn; his bow was in his hand, and his quiver full of arrows. Antar pierced their chests with his spear, and Shiboob hurled them over with his shafts through their eyeballs and their throats. As to Jareer, he was quite frantic. Your projects, ye sons of adultresses and whoremongers, have failed in the chase of the devouring eagle, he exclaimed.

The day was nearly spent; but the obscurity did not come on before Antar had overthrown the horsemen, and had dispersed them; and the plain and the desert seemed too confined for them; they felt the blows and thrusts that hewed their armour: had a lion heard them, he would have fallen or fled. The warriors were scattered over the wastes, and they felt assured of destruction and calamities. But Antar overtook Hadifah, and as he was about to pierce him with his spear, Shiboob anticipated him, and smote Hadifah's horse with an arrow; he stumbled, and Hadifah fell. Antar dashed at him, and struck him the blow of high indignation, and cut through the two coats of mail, which enveloped him with its closely knitted rings, and the sword penetrated to his joints. Quitting him, he rushed at Rebia, and shouted at him; but he wheeled round in flight,

and endeavoured to avoid him, for, seeing his attacks that terrified him, and his blows that made him shudder, he cried out, What mean these assaults of drunkards? these blows of intoxication? this slave can never fight but death is at hand; and every achievement becomes easy to him. And he sought the tribe of Fazarah; and those who wished to escape followed him; but those who remained Antar left stretched upon the ground. Haml returned for his brother, who was lying on the earth; he dismounted, and fastening him on the back of his own horse, carried him off, following Rebia, whilst Antar's sword still played amongst those that lagged behind. At last retiring, he thus exclaimed:

“ See what the foe has done; but I am the conqueror over every rebellious unlamented enemy.
 “ I have a sword whose brilliancy flashes like lightning, and when my hand wields it, it sparkles
 “ like the shooting stars. I have a spear whose barb
 “ exterminates the foe, and leaves him dead on the
 “ dusty earth. Whoever wishes to meet me, to him
 “ I exhibit death how easy, and life how difficult.
 “ They wished to destroy me; but my firmly-
 “ grasped sword is in my hand, and the genii of the
 “ earth dread my blows. I am the Antar of horse-
 “ men in the field of battle. I pounce down upon
 “ the heroes, and they are satiated with my thrusts.”

He then returned in quest of his uncle Malik and his son at the lake; but he could find nothing of them (the fact is, he determined first to bind up

his wounds, and then to confine Ibla, and absent himself from the tribe). They must have returned to the tents, said Shiboob, and to-morrow there will be a deal of talking and disturbance. They set out for the dwellings, and reposed till morning, when Antar, being recovered from his intoxication, sent for Shiboob, of whom he inquired what had actually occurred. He accordingly detailed every circumstance; in confirmation of which he also produced his corslet, and lo! it was dyed in blood. Just then came in Khemisa in haste; O Aboofawaris, said she, my mistress Ibla sends her compliments, and informs you that her father and brother have fled, vowing that they will never dwell with the tribe whilst you are in the country.

The cause of this, and the disgrace of Ibla's father was, that, having failed in his plan to destroy Antar, he was ashamed to return to the tents and habitations. Here we can no longer remain, said he to his son; I am resolved to repair to King Numan, and demand his assistance to soothe the sufferings I endure from this slave-demon. I will also inform him, that Harith is with the tribe of Abs, and that they have protected him; and this deed will be the cause of their total extirpation: and if Antar should be slain, against whom we have laid so many snares, then indeed all will end well; we will marry your sister to some one, under whose benignity we may live, and under whose awful influence we may be secure. Away! continued he to his slaves, seek the pastures;

tell Ibla, that I am become a wretched wanderer in the desert through fear of her infamy, and if she wishes to preserve her honour inviolate from the talk of the slanderers, let her seek refuge with my brother Shedad, for there Antar will never presume to wound her modesty. Upon this, he set out with his son early in the night, and travelled with all speed, on horseback ; but the slaves returned, and informed Ibla and her mother of what had passed. I will not go, said Ibla, to the dwelling of my uncle : I will not stir from my mother's side. I have no suspicion of my cousin ; for he will protect me from both strangers and relations ; and never shall I be a captive whilst he resides among the tents. Having reposed till morning, she desired Khemisa to go to her cousin Antar's, as we have already observed.

Antar's heart burst ; he felt as if his soul had quitted his body ; and whilst he was in a state of profound melancholy, Oorwah and Harith visited him, and as they bantered him for his being so retired, he related what had occurred with the tribe of Fazarah, and that Rebia had sent to inform Numan of all that had passed ; and, added he, between him and us enmity and war must unavoidably arise. As to King Numan, said Harith, trouble not yourself about him ; for if I hear that he is marching against us, I will only take ten horsemen, with whom I will set out, and destroy his armies and camps. As to your uncle, O Aboolfawaris, it would be better to seek him : take with you one of

King Cais's brothers; follow him, conciliate him, and bring him back to the tribe on account of his daughter; for some one thus says, "the sorrow is relieved, and the pain diminished that inflames a love-sick youth, particularly when he complains of his misfortunes to a compassionate heart."

As Antar listened to Harith the tears gushed from his eyes, and his phrenzy became more violent. Just then entered a messenger from King Cais, saying, O Aboolfawaris, my lord King Cais summons you to his presence, for a messenger from Hadifah is arrived, stating, that he has a grievous complaint against you. Upon this Antar mounted, and repaired to King Cais, before whom he dismounted, and saluted him. O Aboolfawaris, said Cais, what is the meaning of this affair? how could you drink to such excess as to commit so outrageous an act? O King, said Antar, what have I done to deserve such a reproof? Hadifah's messenger has just arrived, said Cais, and he states that in consequence of your blows he has been nearly reduced to an untimely death; and he has couched his message thus—O Cais, I rode out one day with a hundred of my noble horsemen, and my cousin Rebia was also of the party. We passed your way, that we might congratulate you on your safety, and make our apologies for not joining your expedition, or assisting you against the enemies that had rebelled against you (the truth is, we had then a large body of horse in Yemen, which is but just now returned

in safety). We went to make our compliments, but Antar started up against us, when he was at the lake of Zatooolirsad; he was intoxicated; he slew my men, and overthrew my heroes, neither did he desist till he met me. But I imagine that when he saw me he was ashamed, for he instantly lifted up his arm with his sword and struck me, intending to murder me; and had not his uncle kept him off from me he would have followed us even into our country.—Great King, said Antar, by the truth of him who rooted firm the lofty mountains, and has the power of life and death, and makes the rain to fall in his bounty and munificence, verily all this is false; they only came to assist my uncle to destroy me, and to shed my blood. And Antar related every circumstance to the King, from beginning to end, adding, My uncle has quitted the country, and fled; there is no occasion for me to appeal against them, for their enmity towards me has been evinced a thousand times, and whenever my uncle appears a little inclined towards me, Rebia communicates with him, and estranges his heart from me: but as to what they say about the party of horse in the cities of Yemen, they tell the truth; for Hadifah and Rebia, when they knew that I was gone to release my nephew Hatal, sent after me one hundred horsemen, promising them cattle in recompense for my death. But Locait fell upon them, and slew most of them. All this has befallen me, and I concealed it from you, for fear they should say, Antar

commits violences and outrages; but I will soon show them the consequences of tyranny and oppression when the enemy returns and disgraces them.

King Cais easily distinguished the truth from the falsehood; for he was now put into the direct, straight-forward road. Return to Hadifah, said Cais to the messenger, and tell him, Cais says, by the faith of an Arab, there is no truth in thy words; Antar is right, and his evidence unquestionable. Moreover, every one that advises me to banish Antar from the tribe only wishes my destruction, and annihilation, for I am a man with many foes, and few allies. How often has Antar rescued your wives and families from infamy and disgrace; and moreover, I will not interfere between Antar and the tribe of Fazarah, for they have provoked him a thousand times. Thus he sent back Hadifah's messenger, and took Antar to the tents, where he learnt all his sorrows and the outrages he had endured.

Antar had remained in this way five days, without relishing his meals, or sleep, when Ibla and her mother sent for him. Know, my cousin, said Ibla, that your uncle and his son have turned their faces to the desert and the wilds; it would be advisable for you to go after them, and pursue their track, for this has happened to them by the advice of Rebia; so be kind to my father on my account. Antar's heart was instantly calmed. Returning home, he sent for Oorwah, and his father Shedad, and summoned Harith, and his uncle Zakhmet-al-

jewad, to whom he related the conversation that had passed with Ibla and her mother. I am resolved, added he, to follow my uncle, when it is dark. I will punish him for his conduct towards me in thus listening to the advice of those accursed enemies. I have only sent for you to ask your advice on this point, and to recommend Ibla to your kindness, for I fear my expedition will be long. As to Ibla, said Shedad, she shall not stir from my dwellings, and she shall be kept for you till your return. See how it has turned out, just as I before mentioned, said Harith ; let us two go together. By the faith of an Arab, said Oorwah, I will not remain apart from you. I must be of your party, for when you are away from the tribe, all the country is black as night, in my eyes. Antar expressed his thanks, they made every preparation, till the gloom of night coming on, they mounted, having first drowned themselves in armour, and mailed themselves in corslets, and girded themselves with scimitars, and slung their spears over their shoulders. Shiboob went ahead, like a male ostrich, and when they were at some distance, said Antar to Shiboob, Conduct us by a road where we may meet neither friend nor foe. Come then with me, said Shiboob, and see the miracles I will perform ; and when I have brought you out of this land, I will arrange every thing to your satisfaction. Thus they hastened over the wilds and the sandhills, under the night, till they came nigh to the land of the tribe of Aamir, where

Shiboob having concealed them, said to Antar, It will be well for me to go forward, and bring you some news. Away then, said Antar. Shiboob put on the clothes of a pauper of Yemen, and set out traversing the countries and plains, whilst they remained in anxious expectation of his return all that day and night, till the morning, when Shiboob appeared like an ostrich, and with him a slave, as black as a thunder-cloud, whom he was dragging along with a rope round his neck, and when he stopped, he shouted at him, and pulled him with all his force. Antar was amazed; Who is this slave, Ebereah? said he. This is the slave of Ramih, son of Sabah, said Shiboob, and from him I have had some news of your uncle and his son; he has informed me, that they are with his master in torments, and disgrace, and his master is the chief Ramih, the lord of the tribe of Jibhan, and he is threatening them with death, morning and evening; for when I quitted you yesterday evening, I penetrated into the land of the Aamirites, and there this slave met me, advancing from the quarter of the valley of Zorood. Who art thou, wandering in the obscurity of the dark night? said he to me. Of the tribe of Aamir, said I, and what dost thou want? Son of my aunt, I am of the tribe of Jibhan, replied he, and my master has sent me to Akhwedh, son of Giafer, and the Brandisher of Spears, to congratulate them on the fall of Malik, son of Carad, and his son, into troubles and difficulties with my master Ramih; so that

they may come to him, and witness their death, for they are their enemies. At hearing this my reason fled, and my distress increased. Come along with me, said I to him, that I may conduct you to the tents of Akhwedh, son of Giafer, for he is my master. So he went along with me, my hand locked in his, whilst I continued to question him about the circumstances of Malik and his son's accident, and kept occupying his attention, till the wings of darkness were spread out, when I gave him a cut over the shoulder with my dagger, and having mastered him, I bound him fast, and here he is. At this, Antar's wrath was kindled into a burning flame. He went up to the slave, Whence art thou coming? said he. From the land of Aniziteen, my lord, replied he. And how was it your master obtained possession of that Absian and his son? asked Antar. Know, my lord, added the slave, that my master, Ramih, was returning from a feast, to which he had been invited, and with him was his wife, Daad-ool-aamiriya, and also a horseman called Abd Minah, who is the champion of our country, and the knight of our tribe, and as they came nigh home, they met this Absian and his son, travelling over the sands; so he took them prisoners, and returned to his own country, where he chastised them in the severest manner, chaining them up with the dogs. On this, Harith ran up to the slave, and, raising his sword in his hand, smote him, and severed his head from his body, saying, O Aboolfawaris, it is my opinion, we should

traverse the land, and perhaps we may overtake your uncle, and rescue him from torture ; and I am convinced that, after this affair, he will be like a slave to thee. O Harith, said Antar, were I to perform every act the tenderest friendship could imagine, it would only increase his hatred and obstinacy ; but with me he has a powerful intercessor, and that is his daughter Ibla, for whom my heart is cauterized, and “ she is the life that animates me, and for one eye let a thousand eyes be protected.”

They continued on the road towards the land of Aniziteen, and Shiboob conducted them across the wastes, followed by Antar and his comrades. As Antar thought of what his enemies had made him suffer, and how he had submitted to be subdued, he thus recited :

“ The revolutions of the world are easy to me ;
“ its inhabitants are of no account to me, and they
“ are of little value. In every scene of war there
“ is a report of me ; whenever they hear that
“ warriors were disgraced in it, I raise the dusty
“ storm, and the steeds charge, weighed down with
“ the indefatigable horsemen. I do deeds no one
“ else can do ; were other horsemen to do so, they
“ would be exhausted. I consent to be degraded
“ among men. I respect them, but my death they
“ esteem lawful. I am patient, on account of my
“ beloved, though they outrage me. I cannot re-
“ linquish my passion, but no pity do I find. Per-
“ haps fortune will favour me with possession ; for

“ after the bitterness of absence, how sweet will be
 “ enjoyment ! I am the Antar of the Absians, and
 “ my name fills the atmosphere, hill, and dale. I
 “ thirst for the blows of the flaming sword, and the
 “ brave are rendered infamous through me. I send
 “ them back, and they fly light and swift, and com-
 “ plain of the spear-thrusts of which they are
 “ wearied.”

Harith was much pleased at his expressions, and his eloquence, and being much surprised at his generosity, O Aboolfawaris, said he, had any part of what has happened to you happened to me, I should have slain my uncle, and every one that depended on him. I should have plundered his property, and have taken away his daughter, and made his wife a captive. That, O Harith, is what I will never do, said Antar, were I to drink of the cup of death, for could they even make me quaff of perdition, I can never do but what they please. I well know that what is fated must come to pass. Thus they travelled on over the wilds, till they reached the haunt of lions, near which was the abode of the tribe of Jibhan. Here they arrived about evening, and, halting in a by-place, they began to consult. Say not a word, said Shiboob, till I enter among the tents, and see how many horsemen are gone away from the tribe. O Shiboob, said Antar, we are four of us, and we disregard numbers, great or small, for victory is from God, and by the faith of an Arab, no one shall enter the tents, but you and

I, for I am very desirous this time to see my uncle, whilst he is suffering these tortures; perhaps it may appease the fury in my heart. How can that be? said Shiboob, you have such a particular way with you, and I fear they may discover us, and then we shall be killed, and we shall spoil all our good luck. What say you, you base-born fellow? said Antar; were the tribe as numerous as the sands of the desert, I will not permit any one to touch you, not an old one or a young one; and if the alarm should be given, I will show you what you may remember in your heart for ever. If it must be so, said Shiboob, and you are resolved upon it, off then with these arms; and Shiboob put him on a disguise, and took him away to the haunt of lions, where they cut two bundles of wood, which might be of use to them in the adventure. Each took up a bundle and proceeded. It was almost dark when they entered the tents, through which they continued to pass, attentively observing every thing, till they came to the tents of Ramih, where they saw Malik, and his son in extreme misery, tied up with the dogs. Behold your uncle, said Shiboob, let your grief be now assuaged. Antar threw his bundle of wood off his head, and Shiboob did the same; but they did not stop till Ramih, who was the chief of the Jibhanians, came out, attended by a troop of slaves, who laid out a sofa for him to sit on. He then began to talk to his shepherds, who were parading before him his horses and his cattle: and he in-

quired of them about the pastures and the grain. O my lord, said one of the slaves, I beheld a most extraordinary sight this day ; for whilst I was in the valley of meadows, tending the flocks, I came upon the high road, where, behold ! was a knight hunting the fawns. He was mounted on a black steed, and in front of the knight was a man on foot girded with an Arabian bow, and round his waist was a quiver, full of arrows, and both were in pursuit of a fawn, endeavouring to catch it. I stopped to look at them, when lo ! the man on foot outstripped the knight. He seized the fawn by the left horn, and the knight, catching it by its right horn, and gazing in its face, thus in poetry exclaimed :

“ Depart, and, ever in the protection of God,
“ may no evil e’er overtake thee ! for thou resemblest
“ my love in her eyes, and her beauty, so depart in
“ security. Although thy form resembles the dam-
“ sel, no imagination can comprehend the virtues
“ of her mind.”

As soon as the knight had finished his verses, my lord, he let the fawn go out of his hand, and it went off skipping over the barren waste, when soon two more knights joined them. And what is there so wonderful in all this ? said Ramih ; I suppose they are of the tribe of Cahtan, and that the evening has surprised them, and consequently they must repose in my land, and will quit it in the morning. Antar was much astonished at the fellow’s having remembered his verses (for it was he and Shiboob who

had chased the fawn). But Ibla's father, Malik, having also overheard this account, was convinced the man on foot must be the dusky Shiboob, and the knight Antar, so he said to his son, Should this be my nephew, on his way to release us from these dreadful tortures, never will I again harbour evil against him, never will I again listen to his foes. It is long, that I am without news of my slave, that I sent to Locait, said Ramih, addressing his slaves and troops, that surrounded him, and I am very anxious to put these two Absians to death; I am quite tired of keeping them night and day. It will be as well to wait, said one of his cousins, till they come to enjoy the spectacle, so that they may not blame you. Now Malik and his son heard this discourse, and they felt sure of death and perdition; but Antar and Shiboob were standing without, each leaning against his bundle of wood, the night covering them with its obscurity. Ramih having terminated his discourse, arose to go to the tents, and as he went by Malik and his son, he stood over their heads, and beat them over their noses with a whip, saying, May God curse the family to which you belong, for you are full of perverseness and iniquity, fellows of little generosity and justice, ever celebrated for perfidy amongst men, and falsehood is your clothing. Then addressing Malik, he said, So thou art one of the Absian sheiks, and a black slave has a thousand times done thee kindness, and has rescued thy daughter from

captivity and disgrace, and he is Antar, son of Shedad ; thou hast also taken from him a splendid dower in cattle, and hast affianced to him thy daughter ; but thou hast ever lied : may God curse that hideous face of thine, and all thy infamous transactions ! I will indeed cast thy flesh to the dogs, for thou art a lying sheikh : and Ramih went off to bed. Antar raised up the bundle of wood, and flung it on the fire ; he drew his sharp scimitar, making towards the dwelling where was his uncle, Malik. Shiboob followed his example. The slaves, who had charge of Malik and his son, were three ; they were stretched out in sleep. Antar put them to the sword, and not one of them stirred. Shiboob entered the habitation ; he was like a great camel ; he broke off the fetters from Malik and his son, saying, Take each of ye one of the swords of these slaves, and trot on before me, that my brother may defend ye with his sword, Dhami ; be grateful for his deed, and don't be niggardly of his bride, Ibla. Accordingly, they did as he desired them, and hastened away. But Antar, the illustrious warrior ; he stood near Ramih's tent, when lo ! Ramih issued forth, alarmed by the noise. Antar smote him, and made his head fly from off his shoulders ; then followed his brother, terrified on his account. The wood blazed, and the flames were furious, and the fire was extending among the tents. The dogs barked, and the warriors started forth, and they were all horror-struck ; every one drew his sword,

eager to discover what was the matter. The night became bright as day, from the blaze of the fire, whilst Shiboob continued to urge on Malik and his son, and quickly passed through the tents. Antar followed them, wielding his sword. They proceeded into the desert, till terror fell on the inhabitants; when Antar, his uncle Malik, and Amroo, having mounted some of the scattered horses, Shiboob wished them to seek the haunt of lions, and escape from this terrible scene. But Oorwah and Harith joined them; for having heard the alarm, they determined to assist Antar, and accordingly brought his horse and his arms. He put on his breastplate and his girdle, he mounted his steed, and grasped his spear. Let us begone, said he, whilst they are occupied about the death of their chief.

And as they urged on their journey, Harith turned towards Malik to abuse him, saying, Who is like this noble lion, to whom every lion humbles himself or flies? How then could you hate and avoid him by flight? O Harith, cried Malik, I am a man whose eyes have been in a swoon, and those ever err whose errors are predestined by the God of old.

Malik dismounted, and, advancing towards Antar, humbled himself before him, saying, By the faith of a noble Arab, if I betray thee again, let me not be a man, and let me not be akin to the tribe of Abs and Adnan; for thou hast in this instance done a deed we never can forget, and thou hast resuscitated our lives after their extinction: comfort thy heart,

and let thy mind be at rest, for Ibla can suit no one but thee.

At hearing this, Antar's sorrows were relieved, and his afflictions were removed; he dismounted, and having embraced his uncle, they traversed the desert and the hills, till the obscurity was illumined, when lo! some Jibhanian horsemen overtook them. The cause of their arrival was, that when they heard the alarm, every one rushed out of his tent, inquiring what was the matter. The women told them what had happened to Ramih; so they re-entered their tents, and put on their arms, and galloped over the wilds; and amongst them was the knight of Jibhan, Abd Minah. He mounted with the other heroes, and sought the lands of Abs and Adnan, hastening over the wilds till they overtook Antar. O Ebe'ool Ebyez, said Antar, perceiving that the horse had overtaken them, take my uncle, and his son, and Harith with you, and march over the desert whilst I keep off the foe. No, by thy life, Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah; we will not return but altogether; so also said Harith: but his uncle Malik, when he saw the troops making towards them with spears, and swords, was dreadfully alarmed; O Aboolfawaris, cried he, thou art our stay; 'tis thou must ward off from us peril after peril; on such a day as this I must remember thee.

Whilst they were thus talking, lo! another dust arose from the quarter of the tribe of Darem, and there appeared beneath it a troop of one hundred

horsemen, spear-armed, and headed by Locait, who was coming to assuage his heart in the murder of Malik and his son; and when they saw the Jibhanians, they raised their shouts till they came up with them, who acquainted Locait with what had happened to their Chief Ramih, and told them how Malik and his son had been released. This, said Locait, must be the act of that cunning Shiboob; for in the same manner he rescued Hatal, and then they plundered my property, and slew our slaves; but now they shall not escape me: attack them boldly, but do not despise them on account of their small number. Assault them with spears and swords, and particularly if Harith be with them. Thus he attacked with his men, and the desert was in commotion with the glitter of spear-barbs: they slackened their horses' bridles, whilst shouts and clamours arose. It was a frightful scene for Malik and his son; they both cried out in the name of Antar, and they were in a dreadful plight.

Antar was quite overjoyed, for he felt assured his uncle's perfidy was converted into sincerity; Which wouldst thou prefer, said he to Oorwah, their right or their left? or wouldst thou attack Locait? But Harith urged on his steed, and made against Locait, without noticing Antar, or speaking to him. Antar marked his actions, and followed him much delighted at his uncle's promises; and as he attacked, he thus burst out—

“ Rancour has quitted my uncle's heart; it has

“ vanished. When he saw what was just, he re-
 “ nounced his malice: my heart rejoices in his words ;
 “ how should it not, when I see his actions? But
 “ if he falsifies his promise, I will deliver him over
 “ to Him who sees us, and who firmly rooted the
 “ mountains. Away with the man, who, whenever
 “ I humiliated myself to him, failed me, and grieved
 “ me. On the day of the thrust of the spear, I am
 “ to him the noblest of knights by my maternal and
 “ paternal uncle ; but when he is safe with his fa-
 “ mily, I am the son of Zebabah, the tender of
 “ camels. O sword, be thou the judge between us ;
 “ when we are present in the battle, and when they
 “ fly, and when the spear-thrust exhausts the foe,
 “ tell them the messengers of death are here to mul-
 “ tiply the afflictions. What is passed, fate has de-
 “ termined ; and he who fights obtains glory. I am
 “ the Antar of War in the day of contests ; these are
 “ my acts in pure truth.”

As Oorwah assaulted and heard his verses, he was amazed at his eloquence, as also were Malik, and his son, who thought it necessary to engage in company with him. Thus they attacked as the horsemen came upon them in every direction. The shouts mounted on high, and were loud ; the brave became proverbial ; the spear-barb drank of the blood of kidnies. Harith and Locait fought as no former tyrants ever fought ; whilst Antar dispersed the horsemen over hill and dale, filling all hearts with fear and dismay.

At the close of the day Antar had diminished their numbers; and having left the Jibhanians stretched out on the rocks and stones, he turned to Harith, and saw him still with Locait, and the tribe of Darem, engaged in a furious contest of fierce spear-thrusts. They had slain his horse; he had fallen to the ground. Locait shouted, and rushed at him; but Antar, who saw this calamity, roared and assailed like a shower of rain, when it deluges; he sought Locait and Harith in the most determined manner, dispersing the horsemen with his well-tempered blade. Oorwah also rushed towards Locait, and pierced him with his spear, penetrating his thigh even to the horse's back, and halted near Harith, till he had mounted him on one of the scattered horses, and then attacked the remaining Daremites. Remove this disgrace from me, my cousins, and fly not, cried Locait; soon will I bind up my wound, and return to the contest, and I will not have it said we fled from only four men.

Upon that his horsemen resisted, and extended their long spears: it was an hour to them that would turn warriors grey. They continued in this state till the day fled, and the night came on with its veil of obscurity; then fled the horsemen of Darem, Antar setting them on fire with unremitted thrusts. None escaped but those whose deaths were postponed, or whose bodies bore marks of Antar's spear.

Locait wished to persist in the combat, but he was incapacitated by the anguish of his wounds: he was

safe personally, but in his heart was a raging flame at having suffered this disgrace from five horsemen.

Antar retired, the blood trickling from his sleeves; and his uncle could not cease praising him whilst he traversed the desert. But Antar was not tranquil or at ease till they came near to the land of Shoorebah and Mount Saadi, bearing with them immense property; for they had plundered every horde through which they had passed; and just as they were going to send on Shiboob before them to inform the tribe of their approach, lo! one of King Cais's slaves met them; O by the Arabs, he cried, how lucky to meet you on the road! Antar was startled: What more have you to say? he exclaimed. What has brought you here? O Aboolfawaris, said the slave, I am now in pursuit of you, for my lord Cais has been much agitated since your departure; the loss of you has distressed him. Your father told him you were gone to seek your uncle, but did not know whither you had directed your course. The King was greatly afflicted, and despatched slaves one after another, who returned all disappointed; but I set out last night—No more of this talk, said Antar; what news have you of my father Shedad, and of the family of Carad? O Aboolfawaris, replied the slave, the tribe of Abs is in the greatest trouble and tribulation, on account of the rise of dissensions, and the devastation of the country; for you, my lord, know that Hadifah is a most perfidious fellow; his head is full of absurdities, and he can-

not bear to see any one possessed of a he or a she camel, particularly whilst that Rebia is with him, instigating him with all his art and deceit: and now too there is between Hadifah and my Lord Cais a controversy and a wager about the speed of their horses, and the people are alarmed at death and misery.

Now it happened that when King Cais sent his slaves after Antar, one of them returned and said, My lord, as to Antar, I can hear nothing of him; but on my way home, I passed by the land of the tribe of Temeem, and I slept in the dwellings of a clan called the tribe of Riyah, where I saw a colt amongst the colts most remarkable for their beauty. It belonged to a man called Jabir, son of Awef: my eye never beheld the like of this colt, and never did I mark one of equal velocity in the race-course. Cais's heart was captivated at the account of this colt, and his anxiety was very great. Now this colt was one of the miracles of the age, and the most beautiful animal the noble Arabs had ever brought up. It was the most illustrious of all the Arab steeds in birth and pedigree, for its sire was called Ocab by the Arabs, and its dam Helwee, whose rapidity the lightning even envied. Nations were enraptured at her form, and the tribe of Riyah had long exulted among the Arabs on account of this mare and stallion. Now the sire of this colt was returning home with Jabir's daughter by the side of a lake (it was just then the time of meridian heat): it was there he

beheld the mare Helwee standing by her master's tent : he neighed, and burst his halter. The damsel was abashed, and let him go, and hastily took refuge in one of the tents out of her extreme modesty and bashfulness. There the stallion remained till the damsel again came forth, and caught him by the halter, and led him to the stable ; but her father seeing her disorder, that could not be concealed, questioned her : so she told him what had passed. At this, the sparks flashed from his eyes, for he was an ill-conditioned fellow ; and he immediately ran to the middle of the dwellings, and raising up his turban, cried out, O by Riyah, O by Riyah ! and instantly the Arabs collected round him, to whom he related the whole affair, saying, My cousins, I will not leave the seed of my horse in the womb of Helwee, neither will I sell it for cattle or camels ; and if they will not let me extract the fœtus out of her, I will commission some one to kill her. Come, on, do what you please, they all cried ; for we will not oppose you (now it was the custom of the Arabs to act after this manner in those days). So they brought him the mare, and tied her down before him ; he sprung up, and turning up his sleeves to his shoulders, he brought a bowl of water, and wetting his hand in the water, he mixed up some clay, and thrust it up the mare's belly, with a view to destroy what was originally ordained by God to exist. But the mare became with foal without any harm, and the fellow returned, his passion being now cooled.

And there was only wanting a few days of the year when the mare brought forth a perfect colt ; and as the owner of the mare beheld it, he was greatly pleased, and 'all his apprehensions were at an end. He called it Dahis (thruster), in allusion to what Jabir had done.

The colt turned out more beautiful than its sire, Ocab ; broad-chested, long-necked, hard-hoofed, open-nostriled, its tail sweeping the ground, sweet-tempered, and, in short, the most extraordinary animal that ever was. They brought it up, and it increased in size for a long space of time, and it became like an arch of a palace, till one day its dam going out to the lake, followed by its colt, Jabir, the owner of Ocab, chanced to see it ; he rushed towards it, and carried it off, leaving its dam to bewail its loss ; and saying, at the same time, This is my colt, and I have a greater right to it than any one else.

The news soon reached its master, who immediately assembled the chiefs of his tribe, and after he had told them what had happened, they repaired to Jabir, and reproached him, saying, O Jabir, you had your will of your cousin's mare at first, and had your due, and we decided that point for you. But now you wish to seize his property and outrage him. No more talk, said Jabir, none of your abuse ; for, by the faith of an Arab, I will not surrender it to him till you put me to death, or take it from me by force ; and I will stir up a war against you. Now

the tribe was unwilling to excite dissensions. We like you too much for that, said they, on account of the kindred between us. We will not fight you for it, were it even an idol of gold. Now the owner of the mare and colt was called Kereem, son of Wahab, a man peculiarly famed for his liberality and generosity among the Arabs; and when he perceived Jabir's obstinacy, O my cousin, said he, as to the colt it is yours, and it belongs to you; and as to the mare, here she is before you, and let her be a present from me to you, in order that the colt and its dam may not be separated; and let me not appear a person capable of defrauding his cousin of his property. He then turned away, and made over the colt and its dam to Jabir. The tribe highly applauded his action; but Jabir was so abashed at his kindness to himself, that he returned the dam and colt back to him, and with them a handsome string of he and she camels. Dahis turned out a most perfect animal in every respect; and when his master wished to race him against another he rode him himself, and would say to his antagonist, Precede me an arrow's shot, that I may overtake you and pass you; and he not only came up with him, but outstripped him far; and to any one that saw him he appeared like an arrow in its most rapid flight, or a star sped with calamities. When Cais heard of this he was quite beside himself, and he could not sleep. He sent to its master, Kereem, saying, Sell me this colt for whatever you choose of gold and silver, that I may

send it you without delay, and there be no room for reproach. Kereem was highly incensed and indignant at this message. Cais must be a dolt or an ill-bred fellow, said he. What ! does he suppose that I am a merchant to sell my horses, or that I am unable to ride this horse myself ? By the faith of an Arab, had he sent to request Dahis, as a present, I would have sent it to him immediately, and with him a string of he and she camels ; but in the way of traffic this can never be, were I even to be made to drink of death.

The messenger returned to Cais, and told him Kereem's answer, at which Cais was exceedingly enraged. Am I the King of the tribes of Abs and Adnan and Fazarah and Dibyan, said he, and shall a foul Arab presume to contradict me ? And he called out to his men and warriors ; instantly armour and coats of mail sparkled, swords and helmets glittered, the bold heroes mounted their hard-hoofed steeds, they slung on their spears, and set out for the land of the tribe of Riyah ; and as soon as they came nigh they rushed upon the pastures in the morning, and carried off an immense quantity of cattle, which Cais surrendered to his noble cousins. After this he invaded the tents and dwellings, for the inhabitants were perfectly unprepared for any such catastrophe. Kereem also being absent on some military excursion with his men and chiefs, the Absians attacked the habitations, and captured the wives and daughters. Now Dahis was tied

amongst the tent ropes, for Kereem never rode him in battle, fearful of death, or some accident; and one of the slaves, who was in the dwellings, happening to perceive the invading host, went up to Dahis, intending to burst the heel-ropes by which he was tied; but he was totally unequal to that difficult task. However he mounted him, tied as he was, and struck his sides with his heels, and he flew away with the slave in the excess of his high spirit, and continued springing and skipping like a fawn till he reached the desert; and though the Absian horsemen galloped after him, they could not even overtake his dust. As soon as Cais saw Dahis, he recognized him, and his anxiety to possess him increased; he advanced towards his rider, whilst his regret was exceedingly violent, because he was aware that if he pursued him he should never succeed in his hopes, however eagerly he might follow him. The slave, being now at some distance from the Absians, dismounted from the horse, and having untied the heel-ropes from his feet, again mounted, King Cais still pursuing him; and when he came nigh, Stop, O Arab, he cried, you have my protection and security, by the faith of a noble Arab! At this the slave halted. Have you a mind to sell that horse? asked King Cais, for you have fallen on a purchaser the most wistful of all the Arab warriors. I will not sell him, my lord, said the Arab, but for the restitution of all this plunder; and it will reflect some honour on me that I shall have made him of so much value and con-

sequence. I will buy him, Arab, of you, added Cais, and here is my hand in confirmation of my engagement and bargain. The slave instantly agreed, and dismounting from the colt, delivered it over to King Cais, who mounted in the fulfilment of his hopes, ordering the Absians to restore the cattle they had taken; and they did so, not detaining even the value of a halter. Thus King Cais possessed himself of the horse, and being overjoyed at his success, returned home. As soon as they were established, Cais, out of his great fondness for Dahis, used to feed and rub him down with his own hands. And soon the account of Dahis reached the tribe of Fazarah; and in the heart of Rebia the flame of envy was kindled. Hadifah also was in a similar state, and they wished to contrive his death. My opinion, said Rebia, is that you have patience for some time, till Cais cool in his passion for him, for he is now completely devoted to the horse*.

* The race between Dahis, King Cais's horse, and Ghabra, Hadifah's mare, is historically true; in consequence of which a war was kindled between the two tribes, that lasted forty years: and it became a proverb amongst them; so that whenever a dispute was with difficulty allayed, they would say, the battle of Dahis and Ghabra is arisen.

It is also stated that Cais was the owner of both Dahis and Ghabra, and that Hadifah was possessed of two mares, which he ran against the former two. That Hadifah injured Dahis is also mentioned, and that Ghabra won the race; but that Hadifah, being unsatisfied, raised troubles and dissensions, which lasted for forty years.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ABOUT that time Hadifah gave a grand feast, at which Carwash, King Cais's cousin, was present; and when they had eaten their dinner, and the cups of wine were circling round, the conversation turned upon the most famed chieftains of that period, till having exhausted that topic, they began talking of their celebrated steeds, and their races in the desert. O my cousin, said Carwash, there never has appeared such a horse as my cousin Cais's, Dahis: there can be no competitor for superiority, for he startles every one that looks at him; he is the antidote of grief to every one that beholds him, and he is a strong tower to any one that mounts him. Thus he continued to describe him in such glowing terms, that the hearts of the tribe of Fazarah, and the minds of the family of Zeead, were in agonies. Hear him, my brother, said Haml to Hadifah: this is quite enough, continued he, turning to Carwash, all that you have said about Dahis is stuff, all nonsense, for at this day there are not finer horses than mine or my brother's. Upon this, he ordered the slaves to parade the horses before Carwash, and they accordingly exhibited before him the horses of the family of Beder. Here, Carwash, said Haml,

look at this horse. It is not worth his dried fodder, said Carwash. They then paraded Hadifah's horses, amongst which was a mare called Ghabra, and a stallion called Marik. Look, Carwash, at these horses then, said Hadifah. They are not worth his dried fodder, repeated Carwash. Hadifah, very indignant at these expressions, exclaimed, What ! not even Ghabra ? Carwash. No, said Carwash, not Ghabra, nor all the horses on the face of the earth. Will you make a match for King Cais ? said Hadifah. Yes, said Carwash, that Dahis will beat all the horses of the tribe of Fazarah, had he even on his back whole kintals of stones. They disputed, asserting, and contradicting each other, till said Hadifah, Well then, let the winner take as many he and she camels as he pleases. You will play me false, Hadifah, said Carwash, and I do not wish to take you in. I will not bet you more than twenty she camels, to be paid by the owner of the beaten horse; and thus the business was settled. Having finished the day in eating, they reposed that night; but early next day Carwash rode off, and sought the tribe of Abs, till coming to King Cais, he told him all about the bet. You have done wrong, O Carwash, said Cais. You might have betted with all the world, but Hadifah, for he is a very obstinate fellow, and full of shifts and pretexts. But if you have settled the bet, I must cancel it. Cais only waited till his company had quitted him, when he mounted his horse and repaired to the tribe of Fazarah, whom

he found seated in the midst of the dwellings, with their dinner before them. Cais dismounted; he bared his arms, and seated himself amongst them, and began eating their dinner, like a generous Arab. Cousin, said Hadifah, wishing to quiz him, what large mouthfuls you take; Heaven defend us from your voraciousness! I am indeed hungry, cousin, said Cais, but by Him of hereafter and heretofore, I am not here merely to eat your dinner, but I am come to dissolve the wager, which was made between you and my cousin Carwash. I request you will break the bargain, for every thing that happens over the bottle should be annulled and forgotten. Know then, Cais, said Hadifah, I will not be off the bet, except that I receive the he and she camels, and when you have produced them, it will be perfectly indifferent to me. However, if you wish, I will seize them by force, or if you like, I will renounce them by way of grace. Whatever Cais could say, over and over again, Hadifah still kept to one side of the question; and as Hadifah's brother only laughed at him, Cais was in a violent passion, as he said to Hadifah, (his face all flushed with rage) How much was the bet between you and my cousin? For twenty she camels, said Hadifah. As to the first bet, Hadifah, said Cais, I dissolve it, and I will lay you another, and let the wager be thirty. Forty, said Hadifah. Fifty, said Cais. Sixty, said Hadifah; and they continued rising till they made the bet a hundred she camels, and consigned the contract

into the hands of a man called Sabic, son of Wahab, whilst a crowd of old and young collected about them. What distance shall we run? said Hadifah to Cais. Forty arrow shots, said Cais, and we have an archer called Ayas, son of Mansoor, (for there was no Arab at that day could shoot like him, and the Arabs had made him quite a proverb). King Cais was anxious indeed for a longer race, on account of the strength of his horse's muscles, for the greater distance he went, the more his spirit and animation increased in his movements. Determine then, said Cais to Hadifah, when the match shall take place. Forty days, I think, said Hadifah, will be required to train the horses. Very well, said Cais; and the affair was mutually settled, that the horses should be trained forty days, and the race-ground should be near the lake of Zatulirsad; and the horse that should arrive first should be the winner. Cais having given his consent, he returned to the tents. Cousins, said one of the Fazarah horsemen to his neighbours, be assured dissensions will arise between the tribes of Abs and Fazarah, in consequence of this race between Dahis and Ghabra: the two tribes will be disunited, for King Cais is come in person, and he is a prince and the son of a prince. He has endeavoured to annul the bet with Hadifah, who would not consent, and this will be a business that will occasion a contention that will last nearly fifty years, and many will be destroyed in wars and battles. As to that, said Hadifah, I care not about

it, neither will I follow such advice. I will soon describe to you, O Hadifah, the end of this, your obstinacy with King Cais, said Ayas, and thus he addressed him :

“ In thee, O Hadifah, there is no beauty, but in
“ the purity of Cais there is no stain ; how pure is
“ his advice, and how becoming ; but propriety is im-
“ planted in him. Bet then with some one who has
“ not in his possession even an ass, and whose father
“ owns not a horse. Give up Cais, for Cais has
“ wealth, and possessions, and horses, and a fiery
“ spirit, and moreover, that Dahis, who in the day
“ of the race is pre-eminent, when he moves or stands
“ still. He is a horse, when a night of dust sheds
“ its obscurity, you may see his hoofs like a fire-
“ brand.”

O Ayas, said Hadifah, thinkst thou I will shrink from my word ? I will have the camels from Cais, and I will not permit my name to be banded about as one incapable and beaten ; let things have their course.

When King Cais reached the tents, he first ordered his slaves to train his horses, but to be most particular in their attention to Dahis ; and then he related to his brother and his uncle Asyed what had passed between him and Hadifah. It was on that day Shiboob arrived, and gave the news of Antar's return, to the great joy of King Cais. All the tribe of Abs went out to meet him, and saluted him. King Cais took him by his side, and received him most honour-

ably, and conversing with him, asked him what had occurred during his excursion. Antar related every circumstance concerning his uncle Malik; how he had rescued him from punishment, and released him from the dogs; and, in reply to Antar's inquiry about the horse-race, Cais repeated what had occurred between him and Hadifah. O king, said Antar, calm your heart and brighten your eye, run the race and fear not; for, by the faith of an Arab, if Hadifah moves or excites any disturbance, I will kill him, and I will kill the whole tribe of Fazarah. Thus they continued, till they reached the tents, but before Antar would enter the tent of his cousin, Ibla, he went to look at Dahis, and walked all round him, and saw that he was the wonder of the world in qualities that astonished every one; and Antar having comforted Cais's heart, went home. By the faith of an Arab, said Harith, it would be better to renounce this business than to persist in it, (Harith was related to the tribe of Fazarah, and he was afraid that Antar would bring down upon them a violent death.) Antar reposed that night in his tents, but the next day came Sinan, son of Ebe Harithah, to King Cais, from King Numan, and the cause of Sinan's coming was Hadifah's messenger, who reached Numan, and told him that Harith was with King Cais and Antar, Who are resolved, said he, to protect him against you and Chosroe Nushirvan, and all the inhabitants of the wilds and wastes. I cannot imagine, said Numan, that my brother-in-law

of the tribe of Abs will protect the murderer of my son ; and he immediately ordered Sinan to repair to King Cais and Antar, and to demand Harith of them. Sinan accordingly departed for the land of Abs and Adnan, and arriving on that day he proceeded to King Cais, and told him he was come to demand Harith ; For it is reported, said he, that you have given him an asylum. King Numan has sent me to you, saying to me, If Harith is with King Cais, tell him to surrender him to you, and do you bring him to me. Now I am his surety, and you know the consequences. Cais was much troubled. I know, O Sinan, said he, you are an old sheikh, and many persons submit to your opinions. You have learnt that Harith has slain my father's murderer, Khalid, son of Giafer, and for our sakes he has exposed his life, and when he fell into King Numan's power, my sister rescued him from death. She sent him to us, knowing well that we should protect him. We will not surrender him to any Arab of the wilderness : had he come to us, when we were sufficiently secure in our tents, perhaps we had driven him away from our tribe ; but as a consummation of good fortune, he met our prisoners with the tribe of Aamir, and rescued them with his sharp sword, and he has behaved generously towards us, first and last ; we cannot therefore dismiss him from our protection, were even our heads to fly off before him. The man is under our protection, and neither King Numan, nor Chosroe Nushirvan, shall have any

authority over him ; not a hair of his head will we deliver up, till after the blows of the thin-edged scimitar, or the thrust of the well-proportioned spear; let Numan be pleased or angry, just as he likes. They were thus conversing, when lo ! Antar came in, brandishing his sword Dhami, for he had heard of Sinan's arrival. As he entered, he did not salute or speak, but turning upon Sinan, Thou despicable sheikh ! he cried, thou artful dog ! art thou he that is come from King Numan ? Were I not in the presence of this king, I would make thee drink of thy death. Avaunt ! begone ! away to him who sent thee ! tell him from me that I have protected Harith, neither will I deliver him to an Arab or a Persian ; and if Numan sends us another messenger, he shall not return from me but degraded and repentant. Sinan arose, and was struck with horror ; he was confounded and bewildered ; he immediately departed, and in his heart was an unquenchable flame, and an unappeasable fire against Antar. In the meantime, Hadifah had heard of Antar's return, and that he had encouraged Cais to the race. O my brother, said Haml, I fear, should Antar fall on me, or one of the family of Beder, he will kill him, and we shall be dishonoured. Annul the race, or we shall be annihilated. Let me go to King Cais, and I will not quit him, till I persuade him to come to you to request the bargain may be broken, and his perverseness be satisfied. Do as you please, said Hadifah. Accordingly, Haml mounted his horse, and

immediately went to King Cais, without asking any permission, and there he found his uncle Asyed, who was a wise and sensible man. Haml saluted him and kissed his hand, and exhibiting great interest about Cais, O my cousin, said he, know that my brother Hadifah is but an ill-conditioned fellow, and full of intrigue. I have been these three days abusing him, in order to induce him to abandon the wager. Well, said he, at last, if Cais again returns to me, and wishes to be off the bargain, I will annul it; but let not the Arabs hear that I abandoned the bet in fear of Antar. Now you know, my cousin, that to forbear with cousins is the greatest of kindnesses, so I am come to request that you will go with me to my brother Hadifah and ask him to give up the race, before any disturbances arise, and the tribe be driven away from its native land. At hearing Haml's discourse, Cais was abashed; for he was easily persuaded, and was of a noble birth and origin; he immediately started up, and leaving his uncle Asyed in his place, he accompanied Haml to the country of Fazarah, and when they were half-way between the two hordes, Haml went ahead of Cais, whom he thus praised; at the same time blaming his brother Hadifah, in these lines :

“ O Cais, be not incensed against Hadifah, for
 “ he is a vile obstinate fellow, and iniquitous in his
 “ deeds. O Cais, if you pertinaciously persist in
 “ this wager, destruction will be its result, and its
 “ consequences will be fatal. I fear that my brother,

“for his foul deeds, will suffer what the youth
“Kelthoom suffered, who raised his brother to high
“honours; but he swerved from propriety, and
“became a rebel, and his power was annihilated.
“O Cais, both you and Hadifah are high-spirited,
“and on that account I am in great affliction for
“you. Renounce all private interest, be kind and
“generous, before the oppressor becomes the op-
“pressed.”

Haml continued abusing his brother, and admiring Cais, till they reached the tribe of Fazarah by evening, where they saw Hadifah and the chieftains assembled together. Cais saluted them, and throwing his eyes round, saw Sinan seated by Hadifah's side. He disguised his feelings, and exclaimed, O Sinan, return, if thou wouldst exert thyself in the cause of peace and friendship, and the preservation of the blood of noble horsemen. O King, said Sinan, I am paralysed on that point; by the faith of an Arab, I cannot possibly redeem my life from death, for you know that I am Harith's surety with Numan, and as I cannot return, I have sent my comrades to acquaint him with my situation, and in the mean time I am come hither to seek an asylum till you and your brother-in-law Numan decide on your future movements.

Now this speech of Sinan's was all dissimulation and deceit; and he only came to the tribe of Fazarah to embroil the two tribes, and to work their mutual destruction; for when the scene between him

and Antar was over, Sinan rushed out quite stupefied. Away, said he to his companions, away to King Numan, and tell him all you have heard from the black Antar, that contemptible fellow; and desire him to send intrepid armies against the Absians, to root out every vestige of them. As to me, I will repair to the tribe of Fazarah, to plot the death of Antar, and the Absians, that I may extirpate them, and knock down their boundary marks.

His companions hastened to King Numan, but Sinan reached the tribe of Fazarah, and Hadifah received him with great distinction, asking the cause of his arrival. I am come, said he, to carry away Harith from King Cais; but Antar has said to me so and so: I have therefore sent to Numan to tell him what Antar has said, and what Cais has done. In the mean time I am come to you, and I cannot possibly think of returning home till I have contrived the destruction of Antar and Cais, and not left a man of them alive. Hadifah told Sinan all about the horse-race; and I have just sent Haml, he added, to King Cais, and it was my intention to make peace; but now that you have imparted this to me, I will never give my consent to any accommodation: and just at that moment arrived Cais and Haml.

Hadifah, as soon as he saw Cais, resolved to overwhelm him with shame, as Sinan had recommended. As to thee, said he to his brother, pray who ordered thee to go to this man? By the faith of a noble

Arab, were every human being on the face of the earth to importune me, and should say to me—O Hadifah, do but relinquish one hair of these camels, I would not relinquish it till after the sword-blow that cleaves, and the spear-thrust that penetrates. Cais blushed, and remounted his horse, reproaching Haml for his conduct. The night was now advancing, when Cais, convinced that this affair was entirely owing to Sinan, thus spoke his rebuke:

“ In truth I abhorred the horse-race, fearful of
“ outrage; but my adversary is stanch to his bar-
“ gain: I said gently, Hadifah, abandon it, and
“ hear what I in my clemency say. But he was
“ violent; and as he saw me become milder, he be-
“ came still more outrageous. Such intemperate
“ acts are iniquitous: they insulted me when they
“ saw me gentle, and I am called a great coward.
“ As to me, by Him to whom belong the pillar, and
“ the shrine, and Zemzem, and the wall, I have
“ that resolution in me, that will put to flight the
“ calamities of fortune, when they are even destined
“ by fate; and I have heroes that will meet the rush
“ of death with hearts incorporated in their whole
“ frames. O family of Bedr, although power con-
“ sists in command and prohibition, by my life, it
“ cannot last long: but he who has advised you this
“ day has erred, and over him will hover the birds
“ of death.”

King Cais applied the latter lines to Sinan; he then proceeded till he reached home, where he found

his uncles and brothers sitting in anxious expectation of him, and in a state of the greatest inquietude. O my son, said his uncle Asyed as soon as he saw him, thou hast done a foolish deed, for thou hast degraded thyself. Had it not been for Sinan, said Cais, I should have accommodated the business; but now there is nothing for it but the race and the wager. He then communicated to them that Sinan had taken refuge with the tribe of Fazarah, and had engaged to aid them with his advice and contrivances. They were amazed, and repented of having let him escape out of their hands.

King Cais reposed that night, and as he was fixed in the determination about the race, he trained his horse for forty entire days. The Arabs of that country had engaged to each other to come to the pastures to see the race; and when the forty days had expired, the horsemen of the two tribes assembled, and flocked to the lake of Zat-ul-irsad; and also Ayas the archer was there, who, turning his back upon the lake, to which the horses were to run, and moving himself towards the north, shot his hundred shots with his arrows, till he finished at a well-known spot. Soon arrived the horsemen of Ghiftan and Dibyan, for they were of one country, and between them were kindred and relationship, and all were called the tribe of Adnan. Cais had recommended Antar not to be present, he was so afraid of the occurrence of dissensions. Antar listened, but he could not stay quiet; and being

alarmed for King Cais on account of those dastardly Fazareans, who might betray him, he mounted Abjer. He girded on his sword Dhami, and taking Shiboob by his side, he joined the multitude in his fears for King Zoheir's sons; and when they approached, they saw him like a mailed lion; his sword was drawn in his hand, and his eyes were throwing out red burning coals.

As they all halted, they continued to look at him, till he being in the midst of them, cried out in a tremendous voice, Eh! noble Arab Chiefs, and illustrious men here present—ye know, that I am the favoured man of King Zoheir, father of King Cais, and that I am the slave of his munificence; it was he who admitted me to rank and kindred, and caused me to be numbered amongst the Arab chiefs; but though he did not survive, that I might repay him for his kindnesses, and make the kings of the earth subservient to him, he has left his Absian son as his heir, whom his other brothers have acknowledged, and have placed in the seat of his father, on account of his good sense and uprightness, correct judgment, and high rank; I am his slave, his property, the succour of him who loves him, the enemy of him who opposes him: never shall it be said whilst I am alive, that I ever saw him debased by a foe. As to this match, to which he has graciously given his consent, it is incumbent on us to aid him in all his wishes; so there is nothing more to be done but to let the horses go. Victory is from

the Creator of day and night ; and I swear by the sacred Shrine, by Zemzem, and the temple, and the eternal God, who never neglects his servants, and who never sleeps, that if Hadifah commits any act of violence or oppression, I will make him drink of death and vengeance ; I will make the whole tribe of Fazarah a fable amongst mankind : and, O Arab Chiefs, if you really desire the race, be impartial ; otherwise, by the eyes of Ibla, I will make the horses plunge through blood. Antar is right, cried out the horsemen in every direction.

Upon this, Hadifah selected for his mare Ghabra a jockey from the tribe of Dibyan, one who had spent all his life in bringing up horses, and had even passed the obscurity of night in that occupation. But Cais chose for his horse, Dahis, from the tribe of Abs, a jockey more expert and scientific than the Dibyanian ; and when each was mounted on his respective horse, Cais gave this recommendation to the Absian jockey :

“ Give him not the rein entirely ; if the sweat
“ and moisture burst out on him, wipe him with
“ your legs, and gently press against his loins ; but
“ if you push him too hard you will distress him.”

Hadifah heard what Cais had said, and he also wished to imitate him, so he gave his recommendation to his jockey, as follows :

“ Give her not the rein entirely ; if the sweat
“ and moisture burst out on her, wipe her with

“ your legs, and gently press against her loins ; but
“ if you push her too hard you will distress her.”

Antar laughed. By the faith of an Arab, said he, you are beaten. O Ebe Hidjar, expressions in poetry are not so deficient, and the application of verses is not so obliterated, that you should speak just as Cais spoke. Cais, however, is a king, and the son of a king, and he must always be imitated ; and your following him in your speech is a proof that your horse will follow his over the desert.

On hearing this, Hadifah's wrath and indignation were roused, and he swore an oath that he would not run his horse that day ; and would not race till the morrow by sunrise. Hadifah only desired that delay, in order that he might in his perfidy contrive some vile scheme ; for when he saw Dahis, he was amazed at his form, and the beauty of his points.

The judges dismounted, and the Arab horsemen were about to return home, when lo ! Shiboob cried out in a loud voice, O tribes of Abs, and Adnan, and Fazarah, and Dibyan, and ye all that are here present, wait for me a little, and hear words that shall be recorded from generation to generation. All the warriors halted : Speak, O Ebe Reah, said they, what is it ? Perhaps there may be some good in thy words. O illustrious Arabs, said Shiboob, ye have heard what has passed about the match between Dahis and Ghabra ; and I will stake my existence that I will beat both the horses, were each

of them to fly with wings, but upon this condition, if I beat I will take the hundred camels that are agreed upon; but if I am beaten I will give fifty camels. On this, one of the Sheikhs of Fazarah exclaimed, What's this, thou vile slave, that thou sayest? Why, if thou winnest, shouldst thou take a hundred camels, and if thou art beaten, shouldst thou only give fifty? Eh! you he-goat of a fellow, you dung-born, said Shiboob, I only run on two legs, and a horse runs on four, and he has a tail to boot. So all the Arabs laughed, much amazed at the conditions he made, and as they wished very much to see him run, they assented to the perilous undertaking.

But when they had returned to their tents, said Antar to Shiboob, Eh! thou son of an accursed mother, how canst thou beat these two horses, for whom the horsemen of the tribes have assembled, and say that in this age there are not their equals in the race, not a bird that can overtake them? By the truth of Him who produced springs from the rock, and who knows what is to be before it is, replied Shiboob, I will outstrip the two horses were each of them to fly with wings. Ay, thou black born, and much benefit will come of it, for when the Arabs hear of this circumstance, they will never again attempt to follow me when I run away over the deserts. Antar smiled, for he knew what was in his mind. Shiboob then returned to King Cais, and his brothers, and all the spectators, and engaged

on his existence that he would outstrip the two horses. All present were witnesses to his sayings; and they then separated in the greatest astonishment at his determination.

But as to the treacherous, perfidious Hadifah, when evening came on he sent for one of his slaves, called Damis, who was a great bully. O Damis, said Hadifah, you are ever talking of your dexterity, but hitherto I have never had occasion for you. My lord, said Damis, say what you want, that I may exert myself in the execution of your business. What I want of you is to go to the great defile, said Hadifah: remain there, and conceal yourself till morning. Mark well the horses, and see if Dahis comes by first; if so, bolt at him, strike him over the face, and make him start back. Let Ghabra run ahead of him that we may not incur the disgrace of being beaten; for when I saw Dahis, his appearance created doubts, and I fear he will beat my mare Ghabra, and outstrip her in the desert, and I become a derision among the Arabs. But how, my lord, shall I distinguish Dahis from Ghabra, when they both advance beneath the dust? I will assist you in some measure on their respective standards, he replied. Hadifah collected a number of stones, as many as were necessary to make him comprehend the standards. Take these pebbles, said he, and as soon as the sun shines begin to count them, and throw them on the ground in fours; when you have cast away two-thirds or three-

fourths of them it will be Ghabra, for this is her standard to that spot. If you see her advancing, let her pass, and do not oppose her; but if you have only thrown away one-fourth, or one-third, or less than that, then Dahis will be the first—rush out, strike him with a stone across the face, and drive him back on the desert, and let my mare Ghabra run ahead of him. The slave assented, and taking the pebbles went to the defile, where he concealed himself, and Hadifah felt assured of being the winner.

When the day dawned, the Arabs being collected from every quarter, were huddled together in one mass; the judges let go the horses, and their jockeys gave a loud shout; they started forth like lightning, when it blasts the sight with its flash, or a gust of wind, when it becomes a hurricane in its course. Ghabra shot ahead of Dahis, and left him behind her over the desert. Thou art thrown out; my brother of the tribe of Abs, cried the Fazarean, to the Absian, so comfort thyself in thy grief and distress. Thou liest, retorted the Absian; in a short time thou wilt see on whom the disappointment will fall: wait till we have passed these shingles; mares work better in such troublesome places than on plains and level grounds. When they came to the mead, Dahis launched forward like a giant when he stretches himself out, and he left his dust behind. He appeared as if without legs or feet, and in a twinkling of an eye he was ahead of Ghabra. Then,

cried the Absian to the Fazarean, send a messenger by me to the family of Bedr, and do you taste of the bitterness of patience in my rear. Shiboob all the while kept ahead of Dahis, like the northern blast, and he skipped along like a fawn, and rushed with the violence of a male ostrich, till he came nigh to the defile, where Damis was concealed. Damis had cast away of the pebbles less than a quarter. He stretched out his eyes, and saw Dahis advancing. Damis waited till the horse came up to him, when he shouted at him, and springing at him, struck him a severe blow with a stone over the eyes. The horse started back, and staggered; the rider nearly fell off; but as soon as Shiboob saw this, and spied out the subtle slave, he knew that he belonged to the base-born Hadifah. In the excess of his fury he rushed at him, and in haste drew his dagger, and striking the slave Damis, ripped out his entrails, and exterminated his existence. He then wanted to return to Dahis and coax him, when lo! up came Ghabra, like a gust of wind, tearing over the wide desert. Shiboob was afraid of being beaten, and that the camels would be taken from him, so he returned, and playing away with his feet made towards the lake, where he arrived first by two arrow-shot. Ghabra came on his heels, and Dahis came in last, bearing the marks of the blow between his eyes, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. The spectators were amazed at Shiboob's activity, and the power of his muscles; but as soon as

Ghabra advanced, arose the shouts of the Fazareans, and when Dahis came up in that state, the jockey informed the tribe of Abs what the slave had done. Cais saw the effects of the blow on the face of Dahis, and heard all the circumstances. Antar bellowed ; he dashed his hand on his resistless Dhami ; he roared out in a tremendous voice ; he longed to put the tribe of Fazarah to death ; but the Sheikhs prevented him—so he had patience—they went to Hadifah, abusing him and reviling him, for his infamous transaction. He denied it, and perjured himself with false oaths, swearing, he knew nothing about the blow Dahis received, and said, I demand my due ; I will not relinquish my bet ; I will not admit of this paltry excuse. This blow cannot but be of bad omen to the tribe of Fazarah, said Cais ; God will truly grant us victory and triumph, and we must positively root out every vestige of them ; for Hadifah only desired the race in order to produce troubles and dissensions, and that war and commotion might fall upon the tribes, that men might be killed, and children be orphaned. The conversation grew more violent, shouts arose in all directions, and the polished swords were drawn ; the cries of the warriors were loud, and there only remained the rush to arms. Upon this, the Sheikhs and the wise men dismounted, and uncovering their heads, they penetrated the crowds, and humiliating themselves, they settled the business in the best possible manner, That Shiboo should take the hundred camels from

the tribe of Fazarah, the amount of the wager, and that Hadifah should abandon all further controversy and dispute; thus endeavouring to extinguish animosity, and to stop the rising tumults, and to calm the differences among the tribes. Then the families retired home, and in their hearts was as much of rancour as filled their bosoms; but it was Hadifah whose resentment was the most vehement, and whose hatred and perfidy were the most virulent, particularly when he heard of the death of his slave Damis. As to King Cais, also, his heart was replete with passion, and rooted grudge, whilst Antar comforted him, saying, O king, distress not your heart, for, by the tomb of King Zoheir, I will bring down infamy and disgrace on Hadifah; it has been on your account I have hitherto respected him. And thus they dispersed to their tents. In the meantime, Shiboob, as soon as day dawned, slaughtered twenty of the camels he had taken, and distributed them to the widows and the maimed. Another twenty also he slew, and made with them a magnificent feast, and entertained the slaves and handmaidens of the tribe of Abs. The next day he slaughtered the remainder, and made a grand dinner at the lake of Zat-ul-irsad, to which he invited the sons of King Zoheir, and the noble chieftains. When they finished eating, the cups of wine went round, and they all approved Shiboob's conduct. Now what Shiboob had done soon reached the tribe of Fazarah; how he had slaughtered the camels, and feasted the

illustrious Absians. So the fools of the tribe assembled round Hadifah. O Ebe Hijar, said they, we came in first, and the slave of those impostors has eaten our camels; send to Cais and demand your due, and if he sends the camels to you, 'tis well; if not, let us raise a roaring war against the Absians. Hadifah raised his head to his son Ebe Firacah: O my son, said he, instantly ride to Cais, and say to him, My father says, you must instantly pay him his bet, and then you will be generous, otherwise he will take it from you by force, and then you will be overwhelmed with affliction. At that time, one of the chief Sheikhs was present, and when he saw Hadifah resolved on sending his son to Cais, Eh! O Ebe Hijar, said he, art thou not ashamed to send such a message to the tribe of Abs? They are thy cousins: is this in conformity to reason, or the extinction of dissensions? Never mention such people, but to pardon and to do good. My opinion is, thou shouldst abstain from this obstinacy, for it will be repaid by extirpation, and the dust of war. Cais has been impartial, and has done no outrage; and as to the horsemen of Abs, make peace with them; it is more consistent with thy dignity. Mark thy slave Damis; he struck Dahis, the horse of King Cais, but how speedily God punished him, and left him dyed in his black blood. I have advised thee to listen to wholesome counsel; act worthily, and renounce such foul proceedings. After this, thou art aware of thy situation, and now look after thine own affairs. Hadifah was furious

at these words: Thou despicable Sheikh, thou false dog, he cried, shall I be afraid of Cais, and all the whole tribe of Abs? By the faith of an Arab, men of trust and honour, if Cais send not the camels, I will not leave him a tent standing. The Sheikh was greatly vexed, and to alarm him, thus said:

“ Outrage is base, O Ebe Hijar, for it springs
“ unawares, like the watchful night wanderers; be-
“ ware of its blows when swords are drawn: be just,
“ and clothe thyself not in infamy. Ask the well-
“ informed of Themood, and his tribe, when they
“ rebelled and committed acts of tyranny, he would
“ tell thee, how an order from the God on high
“ destroyed them in one night; he destroyed them
“ in one night, and in the morning they were laid
“ low, with their eyes fixed upwards.”

Hadifah, totally disregarding the Sheikh, and his verses, not only cursed him, but ordering his son, Away to Cais, said he; and thus departed Ebe Firacah for the land of Abs; and when he arrived, he entered the dwellings of King Cais, where, not finding him at home, he asked his wife Modelilah, Rebia's daughter, about him. What dost thou want of him? said she. I demand of him our due and our wager, replied he. Alas! for thee and thy due! son of Bedr, replied she, dost thou not fear such perfidy? Were Cais at home, he would despatch thee to the tombs. Ebe Firacah returned, and told his father what his wife had said. Hey! thou foul coward, said Hadifah, hast thou returned, thy

business unfinished, and frightened by the daughter of Rebia? Go back. It is now evening, said his son, let this be to-morrow's deed; and he slept that night in his tents, to take leave of his father and uncles. As to King Cais, when he came home, his wife informed him of the arrival of Ebe Firacah to demand the camels. By the faith of an Arab, said Cais, had I been present, I would have killed him; but it is over—let it pass. That night Cais passed in grief and sorrow, till the day dawned, when being seated in his pavilion, Antar came to him: he sprang up, and placing him by his side, told him all about Hadifah. And he has had the impudence to demand of us the he and she camels! continued Cais; but had I been at home, I would have slain him. Cais had not finished his speech, when Ebe Firacah stood before him. He neither made any salutation nor previous address; but said, O Cais, my father desires you to send him his due, and then you are generous; otherwise, he will mount against you, and take them by force from you, and then you will be overwhelmed with affliction. On hearing such words, the light became darkness in the eyes of King Cais: he snatched up a winged javelin; Thou son of a base cuckold, said he, how is it thou art not more civil in thy speech, when in the presence of one like me? and he smote him with the javelin through the chest, and it issued through his back, and as he was falling off the horse, Antar caught him, and lashing him on, he turned the horse's head towards the quarter

of Fazarah, and struck him with his whip over the flanks. The horse returned to his pastures till he reached his stable ; and he was floating in blood. The shepherds carried him away to the tents, crying out, O misery ! O woe !

A flame was kindled in the heart of Hadifah ; he smote his bosom, and was in the greatest consternation, exclaiming, O tribe of Fazarah, to arms ! to arms ! So the foolish ones assembled round Hadifah, and said, Arise with us against the tribe of Abs ; let us retaliate on them. O my cousins, said he, lay not down this night but under arms. It was Sinan who urged on the absurd party of the Fazarah tribe ; for it was his purpose to excite dissensions among the tribes ; he also smote his bosom, and cut himself over the chin, as he cried out to the tribe of Fazarah, Vengeance ! Vengeance on the tribe of Abs ! leave them not a tent to live in.

The tribe of Fazarah reposed that night, having prepared all their implements of war and battle. By break of day Hadifah was mounted ; the warriors were ready, and they left no one in the tents but the children, and those who had not the force to fight. Rebia was amongst those left behind, he and his brothers, saying, I will not war against my family. I will not be for them or against them. As to King Cais, after he had put Ebe Firacah to death, he was aware the Fazarah tribe would seek him with their warriors ; so he also made preparations for battle : and as it was Antar who arranged

all King Cais's affairs, and put every thing in proper train; he mounted with the Carad heroes, and the Absians were immersed in armour and brilliant coats of mail. They made ready for the contest, leaving no one in the tents but the women, and those who were unable to stand. And amongst those left behind was Harith, who said, I will not engage the tribe of Fazarah, for they are my relations. This was a dreadful event for the two parties. They marched out against each other, and the sun had not risen when the dust flew on high, and the lighting of the scimitars flashed, and the whole region was convulsed; the light of day was obscured.

Antar was resolved to start forth and appease his heart, when lo! Hadifah came forward arrayed in sable robes, his heart and soul ulcerated with grief on account of his son. Son of Zoheir, he cried, it was not well to slay an infant; but it is well to issue forth into the scene of battle, that it may be decided by the contest of spears who deserves dominion, you or I. At this King Cais was vexed; he rushed from beneath the standards, resentment overpowering every feeling; he sprang at Hadifah. Urged on by the rancour they entertained against each other, they charged on their noble steeds till the day became black in their eyes. Cais was mounted on Dahis, and Hadifah on Ghabra. In the contest between them there past things unseen before; each tribe despaired of its master, and they resolved on the attack to assist them, that the vehe-

mence of the combat might be diminished. Just then intense were the shouts; the cries arose on high; scimitars were drawn; the spears were extended between the ears of the Arab chargers. Antar advanced towards Oorwah and his father Shedad; Attack with me these dastards, said he, and make to their right with the unsheathed swords, that we may send it rolling against their left. At that moment the elders of the two tribes came forward, and stood in the centre of the plain, their heads uncovered, their feet bare, and over their shoulders hung the idols. They presented themselves before the two armies (the horsemen were alarmed for the results), and thus they addressed them; O my cousins, by all the union of kindred between us, make us not a proverb against the ordinances of God's slaves: let not our enemies and our enviers have cause to reproach us; relinquish this controversy and dissension; widow not the women; orphan not the children; be satisfied with the blood that is against you among the Arabs; humble yourselves to the Absians, your cousins. We ask of you, how many nations before you has outrage annihilated! how many tribes have plunged into evils and calamities, but have soon repented of their impious deeds! how many men have swerved from propriety, and have stumbled into the pits of anguish and regret! Wait then for the destined hour of death; expect the day of dissolution; for it is at hand. Ye will be lacerated by the hovering eagles

of destruction, and you will be consigned to the gloomy recesses of the grave; then let there be no record but of your virtues when your carcasses become extinct. The Sheikhs did not desist from their harangue till that burning flame was quenched, and the passions of these resolute heroes were tranquilized. Hadifah retired from the contest; and it was decided that Cais should pay Ebe Firacah's price of blood with a great quantity of cattle, and a string of he and she camels. Neither did the Sheikhs quit the field of battle till Hadifah embraced Cais, and acquiesced in this arrangement. Antar roared and bellowed, O king, said he to Cais, what is this deed? What! shall the tribe of Fazarah take from us the price of blood for one slain, and the sword of our resolution thus brilliant? Shall our prisoners be ransomed but by the barbs of the spears? Shall the blood of our dead be shed unrevenged? Hadifah's rage increased: Eh, thou bastard! said he; thou son of a foul mother! What is it that honours thee or disgraces us? Were I not ashamed of these noble Sheikhs, I should have annihilated thy numbers by this time: I should have left thy women widows and thy children orphans. Hadifah's resentment then being inflamed, By the faith of an Arab, said he to the Sheikhs, who had exerted themselves in restoring harmony, I will hear no more of peace, were the foe even to plunder me with the points of their spears. Do not so, son of my mother, said Haml to his brother; ride not over the road of

folly; abandon such loathsome ways; be at peace with our cousins, for they are the firebrands of the zealous Arabs; their brilliant stars, and their dazzling suns. It was but the other day you outraged them, and ordered your slave to strike their horse, that it might fail and swerve from the direct road. As to your son, he was justly slain, for you sent to demand what was not your due. After this there is nothing so recommendable as peace; and he who seeks war is a tyrant and an oppressor. Accept the compensation and be tranquil, or else you will open upon us a flame that will burn us in the fire of hell, and thus he recited :

“ By the truth of Him who firmly rooted the
“ mountains without a foundation, if you do not
“ accept the compensation of the Absians you are
“ deceived. They call Hadifah chief; be thou a
“ chief, and be satisfied with cattle and wealth.
“ Quit the horse of outrage; ride it not; it will
“ conduct you to a sea of sorrow and affliction.
“ Hadifah, renounce violence like a liberal man,
“ and particularly the battle against the horsemen
“ of Abs. Make them a strong tower for us when
“ the foe charges us, in the Absian superiority.
“ Make them to be of the number of our friends,
“ for they are of the noblest resolution, and Absians.
“ And if Cais has acted oppressively, it was you
“ who taught him treachery a few days ago.”

When Haml had concluded, the chiefs of the tribes thanked him, and Hadifah having agreed to

take the compensation, they restrained him from acts of violence and hostilities. The warriors returned home, and every thing was calmed between them. Cais sent to Hadifah two hundred she camels, ten slaves, and ten female slaves, ten head of horse; and after this all was restored to peace, and the people remained quiet in their country.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME days after, Antar rode out in company with Harith and Prince Malik to the chase ; and as they wandered far over the desert in search of game, they drove the wild beasts over the wastes, till the heat overpowering them, they returned to the valley of Ghadha, where was a party of Arabs established, called the tribe of Ghorab. Antar and his comrades drank at their wells, and whilst watering their horses, they observed a Sheikh, who was very infirm from the number of years he had lived ; with him also was a young girl, like the thirsty fawn, in shape resembling the branch of the tamarisk. As soon as Prince Malik beheld her, he was bewildered, and a violent flame was roused in his bosom. He instantly turned towards her father, and saluting him, inquired after his health, saying, O Sheikh, what is this damsel to thee ? My daughter, he replied, and of all my family and tribe she alone remains to me. She assists me in milking in the desert, and helps me as thou seest. Wilt thou consent, said the prince, that I become her husband, that I may make thee lord of all I possess in cattle and sheep, and I will remove thy poverty and thy

distresses from thee? The Sheikh smiled, and said, How can that be? My lord, I am but a poor man, and thou art a great prince. Speak not so, added Malik; think not, O Sheikh, it is wealth that adorns the man; lineage and birth are far better than property and worldly acquisitions. Whilst they were thus conversing, up came Antar and Harith, and asked Malik what was the matter? So he related his adventure, and complained to Antar of the agonies of love, saying, O Aboolfawaris, I used to accuse thee of folly when thou didst complain of thy passion, and I used to say love was only a phrensy till I tasted it myself, and beheld those eyes; but as soon as I felt it, I knew that in forbearance you must be the most patient of men, and the firmest against grief and affliction. Antar laughed, and perceiving that love had worked a change in his mind, O my lord, said he, if in less than an hour all this has been effected in you, in what a state must he be who for years has been seeking consolation, and has found none? Rejoice, said Antar, to the old man, at the departure of sorrow and poverty, and in thy future happiness. Marry thy daughter to this prince, that thou mayest become lord of the tribe of Ghorab, and ruler over its elders and youths. It all appears to me like a dream, said the man; there is nothing to be done but to accept her as a gift from me, without any fixed settlement, or calculated dower—that indeed is quite beyond my powers. When I am married to thy daughter, said

Malik, the Arabs shall see how I will requite thee. So he took his hand for the nuptials, and he succeeded in all his wishes.

Malik returned quite bird-hearted, and Antar congratulated him, and wished him joy. But when he came home he told his brother what had passed: By thy life, O my brother, what is this? said Cais: couldst thou not consent to connect thyself with the daughters of our uncles, the swoln-bosomed damsels of the earth? but must thou have recourse to the daughters of the tribe of Ghorab? Reproach me not, O brother, said Malik, for what could not be resisted; it is the only God that has power over love. Hearts communicate and meet of themselves, and the only messenger is the glance of the eyes. They were thus talking when Antar approached, who overhearing Cais reproaching his brother, God forbid, O king, said he, that you should rail at lovers, and increase the flames of passion. Your brother has not acted violently or oppressively, and has done nothing but what all the world has done before: you ought to partake in his sorrows, and not blame him or reproach him. Let him have his way in his passion, for he has not distressed you in any point for which you should rebuke him. On this the countenance of Cais brightened; he wished him joy: As the business is as you describe it, said he, and you yourself encourage it, let us also complete your nuptials and his on the same day. That affair, said Antar, entirely depends on my uncle

Malik ; permit me to expect my happiness from the king of all slaves.

On the next day Prince Malik sent to the Sheikh he and she camels, and variegated robes, and cattle, and precious jewels, and howdahs, brilliant with magnificent velvet, and servants and slaves, and with them horses and sheep, ordering them to be expeditious, on account of the passion that was in his heart : and he appointed a certain hour on the seventh day. When all these presents reached the tribe of Ghorab, the old and young rejoiced ; they passed those days in the greatest delight, and slaughtered the sheep and the camels, and filled the goblets with wine, and they were perfectly happy to the exclusion of every sorrow. Soon after, Prince Malik clad himself in the robes of noble-born kings, and his beauty was more dazzling than the new moon. On this expedition Antar accompanied him, fearful lest some enemy should waylay him ; and he took ten horsemen and five of his brothers. They wandered through the Arab dwellings till they reached the tribe of Ghorab, and Prince Malik dismounted at the marriage canopy, his brothers also alighting round the tent. The feast immediately commenced ; the damsels waved the cymbals, and the horsemen flourished their swords ; exclamations of joy arose, and the cups went round ; and thus they continued till the laughing day was spent, when the nymph was married to Malik. All the chiefs and lords of the tribe soon fell asleep, on account of the watchings and

fatigue; but by morning their joys were converted into sorrows, and shots were precipitated at them from arrows, for which there is no surgeon; for fortune never gives, but it pillages; is never stationary, but it revolves; is never merry, but it sorrows; never bestows, but it takes back; never joys, but it grieves; never sweetens, but it embitters. Now the cause of the interruption of their happiness was, that Hadifah, having accepted the composition for the blood of his son from Cais, returned home. What hast thou done, son of Beder? exclaimed his wife; hast thou sold the blood of thy son for things that have no value? hast thou received, as the price of his blood, grazing flocks, and forgotten thy infamy and disgrace amongst every passing Arab? By God, no more shalt thou be my husband or my friend; I will never acknowledge a coward for my husband. Upon this she forbade him her presence for three days. On the fourth day he entered, and found her in great grief, the tears rushing down in torrents, whilst she thus expressed her sorrows:

“ Hadifah! thou wilt never be secure from the foe; thou wilt never be protected from the malignity of misfortunes. What! has Cais slain my only one, and hast thou accepted camels and grazing flocks? Thou hast put on, O Hadifah, garments of shame and indelible disgrace, even to thy dying day. Dost thou not dread that thy foes will say, Hadifah's heart is the heart of a girl? Away with what Haml, son of Beder, said,

“ every fated event must take place. Retaliate with
 “ the barbs of the spears, and with the blades of the
 “ thin scimitars; otherwise leave me, that I may
 “ weep day and night in streaming tears. Haply
 “ my death will speedily come, and the penetrating
 “ arrows will overtake me. Shall I ever take to my
 “ love a coward husband, whose life is the baseness of
 “ life? Alas! alas! for my murdered boy—cruelly
 “ murdered. Alas! he was stretched dead on the
 “ desert! Behold the birds of the Erak, how they
 “ mourn, like me, on the tops of the waving
 “ branches! but does the turtle-dove feel an anguish
 “ like my anguish, even when it is dashed down
 “ with the arrows of dispersion? O day of the race!
 “ I shall mourn thee for one who excelled in every
 “ mental virtue. O that thy dawn had never seen
 “ the night, and the face of the full moon had never
 “ been shaded in obscurity! O horses of the race!
 “ that ye had drank of poison, diluted in the purling
 “ streams! that your backs had been weighed down
 “ with the burthens of the firmly-rooted mountains!
 “ for your race has cast a sorrow at me that can
 “ never subside but in death.”

At hearing these verses the tears gushed from the
 eyes of Hadifah; his regrets increased. (The women
 heard these verses, and the shepherds and the horse-
 men used to repeat them, and they were called the
 excitors of woe). Daughter of my uncle, said he,
 I only accepted the compensation by Sinan's advice;
 for when he saw the ancient Sheikhs issue forth

against us, and endeavour to make peace between us, Thy son cannot be recalled, said he to me, and it will be as well to listen to my advice: thus it is; take from Cais the compensation, renounce violence and hostility; then station over Cais and his brothers some spies and emissaries, till you catch one of them; kill him, and thus accomplish your designs: fight them at your pleasure, but just now you cannot possibly succeed. This conversation took place between him and me, and ever since we made the peace, I have had spies stationed over the Absians, and I will afflict them in one who is the dearest of the tribe. Thus he continued to soothe her, till the account of Prince Malik's marriage in the tribe of Ghorab reached him; and immediately he assembled his brothers Awef and Handhala, to whom he communicated Malik's situation; but not a word would he say to his brother Haml, because he was aware he would not obey him in such a project. His brothers assented, and they set out with seventy horsemen of the tribe as soon as it was dark (but in his great exultation Hadifah forgot to ask his informant whether Antar had accompanied Malik). They travelled over the wilds till they reached the tribe of Ghorab by morning, and they found them all asleep. Hadifah observed the nuptial canopy apart from the tents; he made towards it, and the horsemen encompassed him, preceded by his brothers. As the horses galloped forward the slaves started up, and the earth far and wide was in com-

motion. Shouts arose among the horsemen. Antar sprang upon his stallion, and the tribe of Ghorab mounted in all fifty horsemen, old and young. Antar was the foremost in the contest; and when he saw the men, he knew, beyond a doubt, they were of the tribe of Fazarah: he soon recognized Hadifah and his brothers; Hola! O Ebe Hjar, he cried, this day will I bring down destruction upon thee; it was for such a day as this that I have waited. I must indeed appease the anguish of my bosom on ye all, ye wretches! He shouted at the horsemen and assailed them, playing away his spear through their sides; Abjer, under him, hastened down, like a torrent, rushing against the horses. But Hadifah, beholding his exploits, was afraid lest he should fail in his attempt; he determined, however, to avail himself of the opportunity; he burst into the nuptial canopy, there to slay Malik, and make his friends mourn for him. Whilst he was forming this resolve, lo! Malik rushed out upon him. He was scarcely awaked from sleep, immersed as he had been in the sweetest of enjoyments. He was also intoxicated, and his garments were scented with musk and saffron. As he beheld Hadifah, and the horsemen prepared to attack him, he was inflamed with ardour, and a foolish pride worked through him. Moreover, being anxious to exhibit to his bride a proof of his courage, he mounted his horse, he snatched up his spear, and he assaulted in his arrogance, making at Hadifah and his brothers, and crying out, I am

Malik, son of Zoheir ! He shouted on his steed ; he was intoxicated, and his hand being unable to direct the bridle, his horse precipitated him to the ground. He attempted to arise in the excess of his spirit, but Hadifah overtook him on his mare, and smote him with his sword on his skull, and the instrument descended half way down his body. Convinced that he had killed him, he returned to his comrades, crying out, O retaliation of grief ! But being afraid of Antar, and well aware were he to find him he would make him drink of a violent death, he fled in haste home, and his fury subsided.

He left Antar occupied with the remainder of the Fazareans, and no one followed him, but those who were more immediately about him. The party opposed to Antar were soon diminished, and most of them being slain, he returned to Malik, just to see him in the agonies of death, where he was lying bathed in blood in front of his horse. At this sight he screamed and threw himself upon him : he smote himself with his hands like a woman deprived of her children. O full moon of perfection ! he exclaimed, never, never did I imagine such would be thy end. And he let his head fall upon his knees ; he kissed his face till he nearly swooned upon his body ; and his tears streamed over Malik's cheeks, who at last just opened his eyes. He attempted to speak and move his lips, but he could not, so violent was the fate that had fallen upon him ; he could only point with his fingers towards him ; he bade him farewell,

and his spirit groaned in the excess of agony. Antar's afflictions became more vehement; and whilst they were in this state, behold! Malik's bride rushed forth, her face uncovered, her hair dishevelled, and surrounded by a number of women and high-bosomed damsels beating their breasts and throwing dust upon their heads. Malik's bride smote her cheeks with her hands: and when she reached the death-place of her husband, she thus spoke:

“ I will weep for thee, not in festivities or nuptials, but in spears, and swords, and shields. I will weep for him who is gone, and has abandoned me after having become my husband. I will weep for him who is gone and made me heir to interminable grief, even to the end of time. I will weep for the full moon, whose light is fled, whose glory is eclipsed and destroyed. Alas! my lord has vanished from me; he has left me a solitary being; he is concealed from me in the darkness of the grave. I am left forlorn in the morning to mourn my beloved, whom I knew but yesterday. I will weep for him: I will mourn for him as long as the moon of heaven and the sun shall shine. No joy shall ever again please me; never again shall my soul be at ease. I will weep for my lord; I will grieve for him who has widowed me on my marriage morn. O that before his dissolution I had drank of the cup of death in my soul. I will make fortune and the

“ world weep in concert with me for my beloved,
“ or my senses must be annihilated. Never will I
“ cease to mourn him in sorrowing strains, as long
“ as the bird of the Erak shall pour its piteous
“ notes.”

Malik's bride did not cease till Malik, with a sigh, expired, and he was united to his God. Antar wrapped him up in his clothes, and tying him on the back of his horse, took him away; and as he sought the land of Abs, he thus exclaimed:

“ Alas! O raven hastening in thy flight, send me
“ thy wings, for I have lost my support. Is it true
“ that I have seen the day of Malik's death and
“ murder, or has it befallen me in a dream? The
“ light of day is darkened in grief for the youth,
“ the hero of Abs and of Ghiftan. O that Ghabra
“ had never been! that Dahis had never been!—
“ that the day had never been, when that wager
“ was made! O it was a day black in look, harsh
“ and stern, the night wanderers of evil might dread
“ its calamity. O by God! my eyes will ever be
“ ulcered on his account in ever streaming tears,
“ till the moment I see the bones of Hadifah dis-
“ persed, and death close upon him. Alas! my
“ force is weakened; I am weighed down by mis-
“ fortune, and my heart is in continued palpitation
“ for him who was my strength whenever the foes
“ unsheathed their swords against me to cut off my
“ fingers. Now he is gone, who will be our de-
“ fence when the nocturnal invaders shall surprise

“us? O woe is me! how fell he from his horse,
“and my sword and my spear were not near him?
“The fated arrow of the all-bounteous Archer cast
“him down. O that when it cast him down, it
“had cast me down too! O that my soul had bade
“farewell, and that his hands had not beckoned to
“me a double adieu! Alas! his kindnesses, were I
“to comment on them, my tongue would fail ere I
“could repeat them. I swear I will not sleep from
“taking vengeance! I will not repose, but on the
“back of my stallion. Never shall my sword cease
“to cleave those Fazareans, till the desert be con-
“verted into a sea of crimson blood. Sons of
“Beder! your power will not be the strongest
“when we join the plain in the day of spear-thrusts!
“if I do not make blood flow on account of Malik,
“and leave his foes in the mansions of disgrace,
“may my heart never cease, night and day, to
“repeat to me what has oppressed it, and cast me
“down. Soon will I extirpate the sons of Beder
“and all Fazarah; for I shall never have succeeded
“in my hopes, unless I accomplish my project
“in retaliating with the thrust of my spear and the
“blow of my sword.”

Antar returned to the tents, and there were only fifty of his horsemen and Malik's two brothers that had escaped, and they endured what no one ever endured before, so that they were nearly dead with grief. And as they approached the dwellings, Cais met them with the whole tribe in tears and mourn-

ing; his mother Temadhur smote her bosom, till she came close to her son, who was tied on the horse's back; and the land of the tribe of Abs was in universal convulsion. Cais wished to bury Malik, but his mother would not permit him. I will not bury my son till to-morrow, said she; I will go to our foe, and I will demand the blood of my son of the family of Beder, or never will the flame of my heart be quenched. We will never allow thee to do such an act, my mother, said Cais; we will not let thee go to our enemies, but we will go with our sharp-edged swords, and our tall spears, and our sturdy warriors. We will have vengeance for our brother, perfidiously murdered, and all the family of Beder will I put to death. Thus they entered the dwellings, and continued their grief and lamentation, insensible to all consolation for Malik.

As to Hadifah, when he returned to the tribe of Fazarah, he had but few of his companions remaining. Sinan met him, for it was he who contrived these projects, till this eventful disaster befel the tribe of Abs. His brother Haml and Rebia also met him. Well, said Sinan, hast thou effected the deed that we planned? We have sought the bird, and have chased it, said Hadifah, and when we had chased it, we sacrificed it. Oh! Hadifah, said Rebia, tell me the meaning of these words, for my anxiety is extreme, and I know you have nothing concealed from me. O Rebia, said

he, we must inform you; thus it is, we have slain Malik, son of King Zoheir. On hearing this, the light became darkened in the eyes of Rebia. Verily, cried he, you have passed all bounds in your perfidy. O son of Beder; of evil omen will be this murder; frightful indeed will be the consummation of this deed. Son of Zecad, said Hadifah, as his spirit was roused against him, there is no evil but near thee and the tribe of Abs. By the faith of a noble Arab, were there not engagements and sacred rights between us, I would make thy head fly off with this sword; thou son of ordure, what means this talk? Begone from us, whence thou camest in an unlucky hour, and be again of the filth of thy tribe; and turning his bridle, he sought his own dwelling. As to Rebia, he went back to his brothers, and his mind felt relieved. He told them of the murder of Malik, and of Hadifah's actions, adding, This is the reward of him who abandons his relations, and takes refuge with strangers. He then made his preparations for departure, he and his brothers, and all that belonged to his family, and only waited till the sunset, when they set out for the land of the Absians. Approaching the tents, they perceived the whole population in confusion, with cries, and the Absians wandering over the desert. They had deposited Malik in the tomb, and the women were screaming in their tears. Rebia dismounted, and threw away his turban off his head, and tore all the garments he had on (his brothers

doing the same), and there was not one but whose grief was excessive, and sobs incessant. Rebia came up to the grave; he threw himself upon it, and embraced it; and as his sorrow, and tears, and sighs, and lamentations augmented, he thus spoke:

“ O unexpected misery ! O mind-distracting calamity ! O misfortune ! when I think of it, the light and darkness are one to me. O my eyelids ! perhaps ye will aid me in my grief, for to me all joy would be sacrilege. Aid me then, for I have lost a youth, the age could not boast of such another. O, I marvel how Malik could be encompassed in a tomb, and thus be hid, for he was a full moon ! the crown of Abs ! its glory ! its defence ! its honour ! its spear ! and its sword ! Aid me then with eagerness, O my friends, sleep not in vengeance for Malik. I swear by the sacred wall, and the shrine of truth, and also by Zemzem, and the Lord of the Temple, that I will not permit the retaliation of Malik to pass away, were I even, in its results, to drink of the cup of death.”

* When Rebia had finished, torrents of tears gushed from his eyes ; he and his brothers hastened

* Abulfeda mentions that Rebia had sided with Hadifah on account of the quarrel that had arisen between him and Cais, when he forced him to resign the celebrated armour ; that Cais slew Hadifah's son, and that Hadifah waylaid Malik, upon which Rebia returned to his allegiance.

to King Cais and embraced him, excusing themselves to him, and complaining of what they had experienced in their absence. After condoling with Cais, they repaired to Antar. Antar was seated by Malik's tomb, his head hanging over his knees. As Rebia drew near, he met him, and stood up, kissing his hand, and clearing their hearts of sorrow, and they all vowed to take retaliation for Malik. Rebia gave orders to his slaves, and they brought him twenty camels, which he distributed amongst the poor and the orphans, having first slaughtered them on the tomb of Malik. But King Cais's heart revolted at Rebia, for he was full of deceit and cunning, and he wished to put his friendship to the test. Waiting till night came on, he summoned one of his maidens, called Bedrah, and said to her, Hie thee to the dwellings of Rebia, and conceal thyself among the tents; quit him not till he is alone with his wife and asleep; listen to their conversation, for I fear again we shall be annoyed by Rebia's stratagems, and all our tranquillity vanish and be lost. The maiden set out, and stopping among the tents, she concealed herself among the baggage-camels; and when it was bed-time, Rebia came and laid himself down to repose. And as he was lying on his bed, his wife came unto him, and was about to take off her clothes and sleep by his side; but he cried out to her, Begone from me! the sorrows and anguish I endure, suffice me; after the murder of

Malik, what has a man to do with woman? Then as his regrets increased, he thus spoke :

“ Sleep is forbidden ; for how bitter is the past
“ through fear of some evil tidings at hand. O, it is
“ an event to delight the hearts of our foes ; it is the
“ road of mortals that turns the hair grey. For him in
“ the evening, women are in tears, and in agonies of
“ grief they remain with those that watch. What !
“ after the murder of Malik, son of our Zoheir,
“ does woman desire the results of marriage ? He
“ who joys in the assassination of Malik, let him
“ come to our tribe by the light of day ; he will find
“ the women full of sorrow, grieving for him in the
“ morning, before the dawn is illumined. They would
“ conceal their faces, and cover themselves, but in
“ the day they return to be seen by spectators.
“ They scratch their faces for the youth—pure as
“ the fountain stream—our intrepid Knight—the
“ emblem of joy—the high-minded hero—the pro-
“ tector of our women, and the remover of all
“ shame. When we adhered to him, we adhered
“ to a horseman, firm and resolute in the scene of
“ battles. I see nought for his murder among the
“ tribes, but the camels loaded with pack-saddles.
“ Knights, the rust of the sword is on them, as if
“ the steel were smeared with pitch ; let every horse
“ of our steeds be led out, tractable, well-trained,
“ undaunted ; that we may raise at Moreicab a dusty
“ war, and make them drink of cups of perdition.

“ He who joys in the murder of Malik, let him drink
“ of it at the edge of the deadly scimitar. Soon ye
“ shall know, if we once meet with the sword and
“ the spear, fraught with peril, who can caper his
“ high-blooded steed over the heads, and who will
“ gnaw his nails in shame. Do ye think we will
“ abandon Malik? No! by the God of the Shrine,
“ and secrecy! till we have exterminated your chiefs
“ to revenge him. O Haml, and your knights! O
“ Ebe Hidjar! O Absian Antar, charge over their
“ lands—God forbid thou shouldst forget retaliation
“ for Malik. O Aboolfawaris! never let the inva-
“ sion cease with the sabre, till they haste away in
“ flight. Show them the spear-thrust and the sword-
“ blow: Oh, slay for Malik the whole tribe of those
“ wretches! O Aboolfawaris, let there not be one
“ in their land to stand forth, or establish himself in
“ a tent! Sons of Bedr—ye shall not drink of the
“ cup of shame, but of the burning water of liquid
“ fire. O Cais, destroy them all for Malik, and re-
“ move the dishonour with the murder of Hadifah!
“ Kill Haml for him and Awef; let the flints of war
“ strike fire in retaliation, and I too will to-morrow
“ extirpate them, and will pierce them with the
“ mortal spear. I will abandon the carcasses as
“ carrion on the desert, as if they had drank of the
“ wine of calamity. If I do not execute my word,
“ then am I the offspring of illegitimacy, and a mine
“ of infamy.”

The damsel instantly quitted the dwellings in the

obscurity, and joined King Cais, to inform him of the beautiful rhymes she had heard; and he was delighted at the purity of Rebia's intentions.

When it was day, King Cais went out to the tomb of his brother; thither also came the chiefs of the tribe, and Rebia, and his brothers, and all his dependants. Cais welcomed him, and showed him great honour. Here they remained three days, but on the fourth day they assembled to consult, and they resolved on marching; they sought for Antar, but he was not to be found; no tidings of him whatever. This was a grievous blow, and his anguish was renewed; for he thought, he was enraged at the arrival of Rebia. He remained in deep melancholy till the forenoon, when behold, a dust from the quarter of the tribe of Fazarah arose. The Absians were confounded, till the dust clearing away, there appeared from beneath it he and she camels marching along, and howdahs, and an immense quantity of cattle. Cais was amazed, and galloped towards it to learn what it meant, followed by the horsemen; and as they came near to it, lo! it was Antar.

Cais advanced, and inquired what was the matter: O my lord, said Antar, as he wept for Malik, and sobbed, truly, I have pursued the track of the villains, and I have in some measure had retaliation for thy brother. Soon will the tribe of Fazarah come against thee; be prepared for the contest; brace up thy resolution, and summon thy men. This is thy brother's property, which he had sent as

the dower of his bride to the tribe of Ghorab; and it is come into my possession by the will of God. I have slain ten horsemen of Fazarah, and amongst them Awef, Hadifah's brother. Last night, my lord, I watched till midnight, when I fell asleep, and lo ! my lord, Malik stood before me; and, beckoning with his fingers, said to me, O Aboolfawaris, dost thou sleep, and I unrevenged? Hast thou forgotten our former friendship? Before thee many have been faithful to their friends; be thou faithful also to him, who was slain but yesterday: and then he vanished, whilst the tears trickled down his cheeks. I instantly awoke from my sleep, and I felt like one misfortune-struck. I mounted, and took Shiboob before me, and sought the land of Fazarah, in the darkness of the night. I heard the noise of camels ahead of me; I approached them, and saw a hundred warriors, surrounding them right and left. I resolved to engage them, but ten of them turned upon me, the foremost of whom was Awef, Hadifah's brother, who cried out, I am Awef, son of Bedr. Overjoyed, I met him with a spear-thrust through the chest, and it passed through his back. I pursued the horse to destroy their riders; and I well know, I slew ten of their heroes, besides the men I wounded.

The cause of this was, that Hadifah, after his dispute with Rebia, consulted with his party, and sent his brother Awef to the tribe of Ghorab, with one hundred horsemen, saying, Drive hither the

property which Malik sent them, whilst the Absians are engaged with their sorrows: endeavour to bring me his bride, that I may rip open her belly, for I am resolved to destroy them root and branch. AweF did as he was directed, and effected his purpose. As to the women, he did not succeed with them, for they fled to the mountain-tops; but on his return he encountered Antar, and every vestige of him was erased; for speedily were ten of his heroes killed. The fugitives repaired to Hadifah, and as they communicated his brother's death, his life nearly quitted his body. He determined instantly to march against the Absians, but Sinan advised him to collect the troops of the tribes and the lakes, till Numan's armies should arrive. In this manner they continued making preparations for war and battle; and such was the treachery and stratagem they harboured in their minds.

As to Antar, he passed his time in his tent, like a spirit of the night, when lo! Khemisah, Ibla's handmaiden, came to him and said, O Aboolfawaris, my mistress sends her compliments to you, and tells you, that as this is the time of total abandonment to grief and sorrow, she wishes this night to go with a party of her cousins to the lake, and she desires you will go there also, to protect her from the night-wanderers of the time.

At hearing this, Antar was much delighted and overjoyed at the fidelity of his mistress's mind under all circumstances. So he took up his weapons im-

mediately, whilst Khemisa returned to Ibla, and informed her of his acquiescence and obedience. Now it is very remarkable, that Amarah at that period had stationed his spies over Ibla till that very night on which she went out to the lake, requesting her cousin to protect her. Informed by some of the women of this, Amarah could almost have flown with joy ; but he waited till the darkness obscured the land, when he quitted the tents, and put on women's clothes that the hearts of the girls might not revolt at him. He continued till he came to the lake : staring about he saw the damsels, and Ibla among them, like a brilliant moon. At this sight his senses were in agitation ; phrensy and distraction seized him, and he pounced down upon Ibla like a voracious eagle. She thought him a woman, but when she experienced the force of his muscles, she was aware that he who held her was a man. Fully sensible of the dishonour and infamy, she cried out in his face, Who art thou, thou black greasy pot ! thou foulest of hogs ? The damsels were aghast and amazed. I am Amarah, said he, whom you have repulsed and discarded. Ibla's heart fluttered, in hopes her cousin might be near her. She roared at Amarah like a lioness ; Thou son of the ordure of cowards, dost thou not fear Antar ?

Antar was a witness of all that passed, for as soon as Ibla had sent to him, he went out and concealed himself behind the sand-hills, where he waited till Ibla came with the girls ; and they were amusing themselves among the hillocks when Amarah started

out. The universe turned black, in the eyes of Antar: he burst forth like a furious leopard, till he closed on the cuckold Amarah. He roared and bellowed at him, and seized him by the small of the belly, and raising him, he dashed him on the ground, and almost pounded his bones. In the excess of his terror Amarah was in a most unseemly plight; he was dying in fear of Antar, who on seeing his ridiculous situation, laughed in the violence of his rage. Arise, thou greasy black pot, he cried; mayest thou never drink of rain, or a drop of moisture, thou bastard! Were it not out of respect for the women and thy kindred, I would behead thee with this sword.

But as to Ibla, when she saw Amarah in such a filthy state, she spit at him, whilst the women surrounded him, and laughed at him. Antar, indeed, would have put him to death, had not this happened to him, and Ibla also interceded for him. The girls ran away, roaring with laughter, and he had nothing for it but to retreat to the lake and take off his clothes, and wash his legs and his thighs: and thus he returned home without his clothes, well aware, too, that this event could not be kept secret from the tribe, but that the girls would tell it all over the place; he went to his mother and his brothers, blubbing most piteously, and told them what had happened to him. Thou unlucky wight! said Rebia, what need hadst thou to do this? Verily, thou hast made us a tale of tales: never can we raise up our heads to any one again. Never, never, said

Amarah, will I quit the tents again; never will I let a creature see me—not a walker or a rider, if you do not retaliate for me, and remove from me this shame. Oh! that I had thought better of it, and had left myself dead by the side of the lake! Oh, that I had not seen myself in so foul a condition! and Ibla too, she laughed at me, and cursed me, and stopped her nose at me. Thou accursed fellow, thou son of an accursed woman, cried Rebia—what retaliation wouldst thou? The man has not struck thee, or wounded thee, that we can retaliate for thee: thou wouldst indeed play the bravo to thy mistress, and thy plight proves thy courage. But by the past and future, thank the glorious God that he did not leave thee dead on the lake side. By God, he has treated thee nobly; it will be well for thee to abandon such practices, and talk no more to us of Antar. The girls will soon lampoon thee in their songs, and thou wilt be disgraced amongst slaves and chiefs. Ah, woe! woe! grief of griefs! said Amarah, Antar will enjoy those charms, those beauties; and I—this disgraceful situation must ever bespeak my fears. Rebia still abused him; Thy ill stars will not cease, he cried, till thou hast worked our total ruin. Avaunt from before me this instant; let the iniquity of thy acts suffice us. May God curse the father of thy mustachioes! Thus Amarah remained, emancipated by the consequences of his terror, and quitted his brother's presence.

This circumstance with Ibla soon spread abroad, and all the women, and men, and girls, and boys,

and slaves, and slave-girls, joined in the laugh against Amarah, singing these verses, whilst Amarah heard them. The women and shepherdesses sang them at their spindles; for there was a girl among the Absians who could compose verses: she was very eloquent, so she repeated these verses on Amarah the cuckold, and they were recollected by all the women and girls, and they were as follows:

“ Amarah, leave alone the beautiful, full-hipped
“ damsels; let alone all disputes about the lovely
“ girls, for thou canst not plunge into the sea of
“ deaths, and thou art no horseman in the day of
“ battle. Aspire no more to Ibla; if thou dost but
“ look at her, thou wilt see horrors from the lion of
“ the forests. As to the thin quivering spear, touch
“ not its strength, nor the cleaving scimitar. Ibla
“ is a fawn chased by a lion, with eyes that afflict
“ with disorder the stoutest in health. Let alone
“ all contest about her, or the unflinching Antar
“ will make thee drink of death. Thou didst not
“ cease thy obstinacy, till thy foul condition gave
“ evidence against thee. All the girls laughed at
“ thee; thou wert the carrion of the plains and de-
“ serts; thou wert the common talk of the merry,
“ and the laughing-stock for every passenger. Thou
“ camest to us in the robes of dyed silk, thou black
“ greasy kettle! As thou didst meet us, a lion
“ met thee, whom all the lion-heroes acknowledge
“ in the carnage: then fear trembled in thy heart;
“ intoxication quitted thee, and thou wert restored
“ to thy senses. Nothing but contempt remained

“ for thee, when thou didst retire like a dunghill.
“ Ibla beheld thee laid low, stretched out ; and all
“ the beautiful high-hipped damsels with her. We
“ held our noses at thee, as we laughed at thee,
“ and quizzed thee. The Antar of Knights, the
“ lion of the cave came—he, who in generosity is a
“ sea of liberality ; and thou art the vilest of all
“ those that ever crossed a horse—the noblest of
“ those who are tenacious of their lives. We are
“ like the sweetest flowerets ; scented like the violets
“ and the camomile ; and Ibla amongst us is like
“ the branch of the tamarisk : her beauty is the full
“ moon, and the sun of the desert. Thou wouldst
“ possess her by violence and outrage—thou, the
“ vilest of all the dogs that bark. Die in grief,
“ otherwise live in contempt ; for never, never, will
“ there be an end of our lampoons upon thee.”

These verses were soon made public amongst the women and young girls, who used to sing them at their spindles. Amarah and his brothers heard them, and they melted from rage and shame.

About this time arrived a slave from Mootegeredah to Cais, announcing fresh troubles and disasters, and saying, Numan has sent against you his brother Aswad, and with him an innumerable army, among which are the tribe of Aamir, with the Brandisher of Spears, and the tribe of Darem with Locait. Be on your guard also against the tribe of Fazarah, for they are assembling bodily against you, and are preparing to fight you. The cause of this new misfortune was the contemptible Sinan ; for he despatched

the men he had with him to King Numan, directing them to inform him of what had passed, and the disgrace and indignities he had suffered from the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and that Antar had said, Were Chosroe Nushirvan, or the Emperor of the Worshippers of the Cross to demand Harith, I would not deliver up to any of them even a single hair of his head, till after the contest of swords that blinds the sight, and mangles bodies.

Numan's fury increased, and his two eyes were like fire-balls. As long as this tribe exists in the desert, he cried, I shall have no authority. I shall enjoy no esteem, no consideration with any one. He at the instant summoned Prince Aswad, and told him what had happened, and was preparing, adding, The tribe of Abs is harbouring against me acts of iniquity and perverseness. Harith is now with Antar, and he presumes to protect him against me, and he fears me not, knowing as he does, that Harith slew my child, and has set my heart on fire, and that he also murdered Khalid in my private apartments; it is incumbent on me to tear out every vestige of him, and of the tribe of Abs, were they even to fly from me to the rising of the sun. Know, my brother, said Aswad, much troubled, that as this tribe has committed acts of rapacity against your government, your influence is diminished; and there is no other expedient, but that you unburthen your heart of your enemies, and despatch an army with me to be employed in the establishment of your sacred dignity. Draw forth

all the Arabs from every quarter against them, and let us devastate their whole country.

Numan felt his pains relieved ; he ordered out, under his command, an army of twenty thousand horse, and he sent messengers to every Arab tribe to enforce their obedience, ordering them to march in his service. Mootegeredah was much distressed, and was alarmed for the tribe of Abs and her brother ; and as Numan had already cast her off, and had renounced all affection for her from the time he had heard of her delivering Harith from his grasp, she sent one of her slaves to her brother to inform him of what was preparing. Aswad is proceeding against you, said she, with twenty thousand warriors, armed with sharp swords and spears, besides the hordes to which messengers are despatched. Aswad exhibited all his active zeal ; he felt strong-hearted as to the tribe of Fazarah, and he depended upon them above all. As to King Cais, as soon as the messenger arrived, as we mentioned, and related the march of Prince Aswad, he was greatly alarmed ; he summoned the noble Absian Chiefs, and the dreadful Antar, and consulted with them about engaging Prince Aswad. May it be easy on thee, O King, said the Chiefs ; we will march with thee, and before thee, and we will not be sparing of our lives for thee : we will meet Aswad, were all that dwell on the waste and the wilds with him. O King, said Harith, it is for those condemned to die that I should weep and lament. I am the object of this wrath. I am he who is the cause of these wars.

But I will instantly write to my tribe of Marah, and I will show thee what I will do with this Aswad and his armies. No, by the faith of an Arab, said Antar, we require not thy aid in this affair. We are sufficient for the whole universe, were I not alarmed for our families at the treachery of the tribe of Fazarah, that they would, during our absence, invade our lands, and capture our families, and plunder our property. But let us instantly proceed against them, and let us scatter them over every wild and plain, or else let us make Hadifah swear he will not be either for us or against us. In such circumstances and calamities, this is the wisest plan; for if the sons of Beder are not fettered down by us, they will occupy our hearts in the hour of battle. When Antar had finished, he cried out, To arms, my cousins! come on to the tribe of Fazarah! retaliate on them! Thus saying, he sprang on the back of Abjer. And when the Abjians heard what he said, and saw what he did, they followed him, and amongst the foremost was King Cais. They set out, resolved on fighting the tribe of Fazarah, amounting to four thousand horsemen, mailed and clothed in armour, undaunted at death, and fearless of defeat.

Hadifah was confounded; he called out to his tribe and his assembled host; they put on their armour and their brilliant corslets, seeking the battle and the combat, life and death being indifferent to them; in number about ten thousand horsemen, headed by Hadifah, an adept in perfidy

and treachery. He was mounted on Ghabra, and in his hand he bore his tall spear; but his heart and mind were on fire, as he thus encouraged his troops:

“ Sons of Beder, if ye do not exert your whole
“ souls in the field of battle with the cleaving sci-
“ mitars, the arrows of infamy will hurl ye down
“ on every side, and ye will become a common tale
“ to the ear. What! can our eyes know rest now
“ my brother Awef is gone? Shall our eyelids
“ swoon in sleep on the couch of ease? We were
“ content with the murder of Malik from the Ab-
“ sians, and copious tears ulcerated their eyes: they
“ have grieved, but they have tortured my heart by
“ the murder of the warrior; and the death of Awef
“ is the severest of pains. O, may I lose the spi-
“ rited horsemen, and may my fingers be unable to
“ move the spear in the hot contest, if I do not
“ leave the land of Abs a desert, and their women
“ captives, deprived of their garments. I will wreak
“ my vengeance on all the tribe of Abs, and no in-
“ tercessor shall avail them.”

The tribes soon came in sight of each other, and they met on a sand-hill called Moreicab. When their eyes encountered, the shouts arose, so that both armies were startled. The Absians cried out, Vengeance! retaliation for Malik! The Fazareans cried out, Retaliation for the slaughtering knight! In the excess of their rage and rancour, there was not one but rushed on and shouted; the horses crushed against each other and neighed—the men

launched forward, and then burst asunder—long lasted the sword-blow—the combat was fierce—misfortune and calamity were at their height—the troops were mingled together—ambition was roused—swords clashed—every drinker was glutted with the wine of agitation—clouds of dust mounted east and west—horrors and wonders were exhibited by the Chief Antar. He succeeded in his wishes against the foe—he overpowered them with the force of a tyrant, never seen in later days—the dead fell singly and in couples—blood gushed from the jugular veins—reproach and pretences were in vain—the universal bray and din grew more terrific among the warriors—what a frightful day! The horses tossed about the skulls of the dead, and the warriors were disgusted with their corslets and mail—the mace and battle-axe laboured among them—every fierce hero roared, and the day was dreadful, as one, who has described it, thus says:

“ The millstones of war revolved in death, and
“ warriors were pounded by them. Heroes were
“ hurled dead on the field, where many knights lay
“ stretched out. Swords cleaved every joint, and
“ spears rent open the bowels. The blow of the
“ battle-axe dashed off the eyebrows, as the arrows
“ tore out the eyeballs. In the scene of car-
“ nage were heard echoes from the blows of the
“ sword edge against the skulls of the combatants.
“ Breast-plates were shattered by the spears, and
“ the pierce of the lance rent through all opposition.
“ In every direction heroes lay dead, felled low in

“ every plain. Hands and legs were cut off on op-
 “ posite sides, and heads flew off from the branch-
 “ tops. The steeds galloped over the plain, whose
 “ brave riders were disgraced, hacked to pieces.
 “ The eagles of the air hovered over them, pouncing
 “ upon them to pluck out their eyes. The coward
 “ fled openly, and ran away alarmed at his very
 “ imagination. The courageous in war bellowed
 “ like wild beasts, and resembled contending lions.
 “ The messengers of death prowled about for lives,
 “ and separated families from their children. The
 “ cup-bearer of death circled every glass to the
 “ chieftains that intoxicated them for ever. The
 “ swords rang a tune, at which every warrior re-
 “ joiced in his glory. Men were dotted about, and
 “ rushed promiscuously to the fight. The chargers
 “ of the combatants pranced in sport, and charged
 “ incessantly over the back of the earth. The
 “ dancers started up, and every tribe had recourse
 “ to all its manœuvres. Antar, the knight of
 “ knights, kindled the hell-fire on the day of the
 “ combat of the armed warriors. He rushed upon
 “ the foe, and extirpated the chieftains that re-
 “ mained as pledges of his victory—he dispersed—
 “ he drove them stupefied away, great and noble
 “ as they were. He captured the first of their
 “ tribes and princes clothed in iron. He protected
 “ the chieftains of the race of Abs, who exhibited
 “ their martial feats in the field. Every instant he
 “ left a foe dead—he every moment defended those
 “ he loved. The Chiefs of Adnan were encon-

“raged; they persevered in their exertions and their achievements.”

The battle continued to rage, and the eagles of death to hover over their heads; every spot and place was darkened—man and beast were exhausted by the fall of the spear and the sabre. They persisted in this horrid contest till evening came on, when the two armies separated, the whole country being crammed with the dead. The greatest number were of the tribe of Fazarah, for Antar cut through them, and he relieved his heart amongst them on account of the murder of Prince Malik. He retired towards evening, and the blood was coagulated on his shoulders, like camel's livers. The Absians descended to a retired spot, exulting in the intrepidity of Antar, and what he had done that dusty day, among the Fazareans; and as they counted the dead, they amounted to thirty, all stern-faced warriors. O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, said he to Oorwah, in one day then, thirty of us have been slain by the tribe of Fazarah. By the faith of an Arab, to-morrow I will not permit any one to anticipate me in the field, and the theatre of sword-blows and spear-thrusts: I will myself challenge them. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, mayst thou be ever protected from harm; if the Fazareans have slain thirty of us, we have filled the tombs with their dead, who cannot be less than a thousand horsemen and warriors; and to-morrow, by the grace of the Almighty Forgiver, we will entirely crush them. Thus they went to rest, establishing guards round the plain,

till morning dawned, when the troops being drawn up, Antar wished to start into the field of battle. But an Absian, called the Sheikh Makzoom, advanced. O Aboolfawaris, said he, I ask thee, in the name of the two eyes of Ibla, daughter of Malik, to permit me to open the door of the battle, and to relieve my heart amongst the tribe of Fazarah, by the force of my thrust and my blow. Antar was ashamed at his adjuring him, so he said, On then, do what you please, O Sheikh, and should your antagonist refuse to fight, point him out to me, that I may show you wonders: and the Sheikh stood forth between the two lines; he galloped and charged. Come on, O tribe of Fazarah, he cried. On to the contest! ye shepherds, ye who are the slaves and herdsmen of the tribe of Abs. The Sheikh Makzoom had not finished his speech, when Malik, Hadifah's brother, stood before him. Eh! thou son of a cuckold, said he, when were the Fazareans thy shepherds? and instantly he attacked him. The Sheikh Makzoom met him, and charged with him for an hour; but fatigue soon falling on his limbs, Malik, son of Beder, shouted at him, and smote him with his sword on the side of the neck, and gave him a dreadful wound. So he wheeled round and fled, his neck bathed in blood, and pursued with hisses from the tribe of Fazarah. Eh! thou contemptible Sheikh, cried Antar, thou foul dog! what did such a coward as thyself mean by adjuring me in the name of the eyes of Ibla, daughter of Malik? By the faith of an Arab, were there not between

thee and me some kindred, I would make thee drink of perdition. He quitted him for the battle, and when he came nigh to the Fazarean ranks, Eh ! sons of Beder, he exclaimed, what honour is there in sallying forth against an old Sheikh, whom age has bent double ? But there is honour in attacking one like Antar, and in subduing him under the dust ; let me wreak my vengeance for my lord ; I will show you a scene of battle like sparks of fire, and he thus recited :

“ O sons of Beder, come on to the contest ; unsheath before us the sharp scimitar. Ye have acted foully, and treachery shall root out every vestige of ye, and shall orphan your children. Ye have followed Hadifah, and ye think that he knows how to guide ye on the desert course. He has contradicted what his brother asserted, for he thought peace and perfidy were alike. Ye have slain Malik, and he was noble. Ye struck Dahis, and he was of generous blood. Ye have outraged us, and ye claimed the bet. Was that pretension not an act of violence ? Ye have acted foully in every deed. All of ye have acted perfidiously—deep are ye in depravity. Behold the sword that destroyed the foul dealer Pharaoh, and before him Themood, and Aad. Now, meet the reward of your deeds, and taste of speedy death.”

Not one of the tribe of Fazarah dared to answer ; so he assaulted the right like an eagle : he charged them like an all-powerful lion. Again he challenged, but no one would sally forth against him. He

assaulted the left ; he rolled round them, as a revolving millstone, and slew multitudes. He again returned into the open plain. Eh ! O sons of Beder, he shouted out, cannot ye ride ? Cannot ye fight ? Cannot ye speak ? And will ye not fly ? What ! think ye after your treachery to the tribe of Abs, that ye shall escape ? Come on—on to the fight ; if ye are as ye pretend to be, warriors. It is I who slew your brother Awef ; I filled your hearts with terror and dismay. At these words, Hadifah's heart was still more infuriated, and he wished to stand forth ; when lo ! a knight called Akhtal, son of Sohab, anticipated him ; and he was one of the grandees of Fazarah. Eh ! thou ordure-born, cried he at Antar, we are come to enjoy the battle ; but is there no reason for our declining to contend with thee ? Thou canst not know who we are—we cannot combat with a slave, and then presume to seat ourselves among the noble horsemen. As Antar halted to listen to his antagonist, he burst into a loud laugh, and going up to Akhtal, Eh ! thou son of a harlot, said he, why art thou ashamed at a black outside, which the Omniscient has created ? And thus saying, he rushed at him, and began the contest of thrusts and blows, till, perceiving his adversary give way, he roared at him, in a voice like the thunder in a cloud—it terrified him, and paralysed all his efforts ; he smote him under the jaw, and severed his head from his shoulders. The Absians gave a shout of exultation ; but the tribe of Fazarah was confounded and stupefied. As Antar continued to gallop and charge, the brother

of the dead started forth, whilst the tears streamed down his cheeks. Antar would not permit him even to wheel once, but he thrust at him with the head of his spear, and hurled him off his horse. It was then Hadifah gave a shout, and throwing his helmet off his head, he roared aloud and attacked, followed by the tribe of Fazarah. Antar met them as the parched land the first of the rain. Whatever he smote he dissected—at whomever he thrust, he hurled dead; and when the horse hemmed him in, his roar drove them back on their haunches, and made them hurl their riders off their backs. Seeing what the Fazareans had done, and how foully they had acted by Antar, King Cais shouted to the Absians, and they attacked as he attacked, and they did as he did. Men met men, and heroes heroes—blood flowed, and streamed—limbs were hewn off. How many brave men were precipitated from their horses! the day was imperceptible—the heroes roared—the warriors still advanced—the cowards fled—spears were shivered—hearts were rent open—heads were cut in twain—blood gushed out—warriors were slain in troops—and it was a scene of calamities, that staggered the imagination. How many necks were severed! how many old and young were slaughtered! The action continued, till night advancing with obscurity, the two armies desisted from the blow of the sword; and Hadifah alighted. Bewildered as to what he should do, he sent for Sinan to consult. My son, said he, I feared this event; I told you not to fight the Absians till the armies of King

Numan should come. Their arrival is at hand. The Absians will never be subdued as long as this black slave of a cuckold is with them. The best plan for us is, to fortify ourselves in the mountains. If not, to-morrow you must start forth between the two ranks, and challenge Cais and his brothers to the combat, that I may show you what I can effect by art and stratagem. Hadifah acquiesced in this project, and early next day he mounted Ghabra, the cause of all these troubles, and hastened over the plain, galloping and charging, and challenging to the contest, and shouting, O tribe of Abs, know, a tribe should not forsake truth, and he is the best of men who distinguishes justice and follows it. This is an affair that has resulted from the race of Dahis and Ghabra ; and now, O Cais, here are you and I ; between us was the wager. We are the persons who have excited this disturbance among the warriors. Belonging to me and you have been slain persons most dear to us. Let us not permit, O Cais, the women to complain of us ; but let us extinguish the war with our lives ; let us appease our hearts with our swords and the barbs of our spears. King Cais being alarmed, lest he should be blamed and upbraided, left one of his brothers at his post, and with the rest issued forth to the plain. But no sooner saw Antar what the sons of Zoheir were doing, than he advanced towards Cais. O my lord, said he, why do you thus stand forth to the contest whilst your slave Antar is able to answer your foes in your presence ? The man, replied Cais, has com-

plained to me in the name of justice ; and were I not to reply to his demand, the Arabs, far and near, would be scandalized at me. Antar, at these words, retired abashed ; but the sons of Zoheir rushed upon the sons of Beder. Men met men, and heroes heroes ; but the spear-thrust had not commenced against them, when Sinan, accompanied with the Sheiks of the tribe of Fazarah, all bare-headed, came forth. Disgrace to the tribes of Fazarah and Dibyan, they cried, woe to the tribes of Abs and Adnan ! May God be on ye ! O people, may the descent of our grandfathers and progenitors not be cut off ! renounce this outrage—this malice ; ride not over the paths of perverseness and dissension ; haste not to destroy your lives with the sharp swords ; let not your names live amongst posterity for iniquity and sedition ! Sheath then the swords of violence and oppression, for they are still sharper than the sharpest scimitar ; and consider how many warriors heretofore have been destroyed by perfidy. Upon this, they each seized the bridle of a horseman ; they forced him to retire from the spear-thrust and the sword-blow, and compelled them to peace and abandonment of obstinacy. Cais was abashed at their conduct, and acquiesced in their demands, saying, As to your project, I will not thwart it—as to your engagement, I assent to it ; but on a condition, that shall be stipulated on your part, namely : Hadifah shall give us hostages from the children of the grandees of the Fazarah tribe, to remain with us till our dispute with Numan is

decided, and moreover, he must swear to us, that he will be neither for us nor against us ; for, as our enemies are numerous, and as we have no allies or confederates, we cannot leave in our vicinity persons who may act against us. When Sinan heard this, he felt aware that Cais was an experienced man ; but being sensible too, that if he did not agree to this proposal, his life would be exposed to imminent hazards, he repaired to Hadifah, and explained Cais's proposal. My opinion, he continued, is, that you accept the proposition, otherwise, what havoc will they make among us ! Wait till we find a proper object for the sword, and till we see the means and road to victory ; for King Numan will assuredly root out every vestige of this tribe, and will leave you lords of the highest honours. Thus he brought about a meeting between him and King Cais, and they bound themselves by reciprocal oaths. King Cais then returned home with his horsemen ; as did Sinan and Hadifah also, to the tribe of Fazarah. But at early dawn, they collected the children of the horsemen, about two hundred and fifty of the sons of the chiefs, from the age of five to ten, and sent them to King Cais, who, on their arrival, accommodated them with a separate dwelling on one side of the horde, and whatever they wanted was supplied in abundance, and not sparingly, and the whole tribe was greatly delighted at this arrangement.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN the course of a few days, after this was settled, they received news of Prince Aswad's approach, swearing he would not leave one of the whole tribe of Abs alive. Confound his iniquity! cried King Cais, in great dismay. Alas! Aswad will not leave in our dwellings ten men to grind the wheat and barley, or milk the sheep. He summoned Antar and the chief warriors to his presence, and relating to them what he had heard, he requested their advice. O king, said Harith, may you be protected from every peril! Know that this expedition is on my account: I am the object, and these armies are only advancing in quest of me. On me devolves the duty of encountering them. It is I must patiently endure their chastisements: but to-morrow I will go and meet them; and by the faith of noble Arabs, men of integrity, word, and honour, I will not go against them but with ten men alone. I will encounter this Aswad and his warriors, and I will scatter them right and left. No, said Antar, we will not go but in a body to engage Aswad, and we will fight in thy presence with our well-tried swords till not a breath remains. O great king, added Antar, addressing Cais, what means this waiting for further news? the foe is at hand. March

with us against him, that we may extirpate him, root and branch, before the hoofs of their horses trample down our lands. Upon this, Harith wrote a letter to his brother Cosoorah, telling him to join him with the warriors of the tribe of Marah; and he despatched the letter with one of his own horsemen. As to King Cais, he sent forward a thousand men as the advance of his army, and also commissioned some one to go to the tribe of Ghiftan to demand their assistance in this crisis; and they came with a thousand lion warriors, and Antar's nephew Hatal, whom the king left to protect the women and property.

As to Prince Aswad, he was marching with armies over the desert, when a ferocious lion, of the size of a bull and bigger, crouched among the rocks, appeared before them, roaring and bellowing at the troops: the men retreated from its presence, and the warriors stood still. The troops continued at a halt till Prince Aswad arrived with the rear of the army, and inquired what was the matter? they told him a lion was in front of them. Ye filth, he cried in a violent passion, has all this consternation seized you on account of a lion, the veriest dog of the waste and wilds? How will you encounter men, or contend with heroes in the field of battle? He had not finished his harangue, when a youth, in whom shone the tokens and evidences of intrepidity, started forth against the lion. He was one of the sons of Bekir, son of Wayil: he made towards the lion, having first thrown away his armour and coralet,

till he remained in his plain clothes with short sleeves; he tucked them up to his shoulder, and twisting his skirts round his girdle, he unsheathed his broad sword, and brandished it in his hand, and stalked away towards the lion, his heart harder than a rock of flint; and when he came nigh, he gave a terrific shout, which the lion hearing, he opened his mouth like a grappling iron, and clenched his fangs like a vice, and then collecting himself, as if it were into a third of his real size, he sprang at him like a flash of lightning. As soon as the youth was aware of his intent, he nerved his arm, he strengthened his wrist, and smote the lion with his sword between the eyes; the sword continued to work through till it issued forth between his thighs, and the lion fell cut in twain. The youth returned to his arms, and put on his corslet, when lo! the satraps of Prince Aswad encompassed him, and ordered him to appear in his presence. Amazed at his courage, he inquired his descent and parentage, and who were his Arab connexions? O prince, said the youth, I am called Jerrah, the Wayilite; and I came to offer my services to you, hearing of your munificence, and that you required the attendance of all the warriors from every tribe: I am at your commands, that I may show you what may gratify your sight. Aswad smiled, and ordered him an honorary robe: he also presented him some generous steeds, but Jerrah refused the robe and horses, at which Aswad being exceedingly moved, Eh! young man, said he, I perceive you refuse my favours and my robe; if

you think the donation small, we will greatly enlarge it. O noble prince, cried Jerrah, kissing the ground, and praying for him, I shall have done nothing in your presence to merit this bounty unless I can hurl at your feet the head of Antar, son of Shedad, in quest of whom these troops are marching. But who is this camel-tender, that you should on his account assemble these armies and warriors? O youth, exclaimed Aswad, vastly gratified, and smiling in joy, if you perform your engagement I will make you a prince to rule over all your Arabs. The youth kissed Aswad's hand and retired. O prince, exclaimed Locait, son of Zararah, this youth has engaged for himself to slay Antar; I engage to kill King Cais and all his brothers. After him came forward the Brandisher of Spears, the knight of the tribe of Aamir, and promised to slay all the families of Zeead and Carad. The joy and the smiles of Prince Aswad were greatly heightened at these words. O noble Arabs, said he, and I too engage myself to you to give fifty dinars to every one who shall bring me a head of those vile Absians.

Thus marched the warriors, promising and expressing their obligations; and they continued travelling over the country and mountains in their way to the land of Abs, till they reached a place called the land of Mesalik, an extensive waste, and fraught with dangers; and when they came nigh to the spot they beheld tents and dwellings, and spears and swords, and horses and chargers. And these were the heroes lying in wait for Prince Aswad;

for King Cais, when he quitted home, having sent on forward the thousand horsemen, marched after them, and he chanced to meet Cosoorah, Harith's brother, on the road, who saluting him and kissing his hand, thanked him for the protection he had granted to his brother Harith. They continued their march till they reached this place, where they had remained three days, and on the fourth came up Prince Aswad and his armies, and beheld the Absians, who had anticipated him. He ordered his troops to halt, saying, Let us send to the Absians a messenger, that we may hear what King Cais has to say for himself: if he delivers up Harith, it is well; otherwise we will attack him with these armies, which are like the tempestuous seas. Accordingly he sent a letter to the Absians by a court messenger, who repaired with it to the Absians, and the first person he met was the Chief Antar, who conducting him to King Cais, snatched the letter from him, and gave it to the King, who opened it, and read it, and it began thus: Know, O Cais, that my brother, whose command is to be obeyed in every quarter, and under whose subjection you have been exalted, thus says, if you wish to accommodate this business, and to be thanked for all your actions, deliver up to him Harith, son of Zalim, and make the excuses of a repentant sinner before your horsemen are obliged to fly. Know also, that this army, with which I am, is only the advance of the grand army, which is following us like the gushing springs. So agree to this proposal, and be not obstinate and re-

fractory, or perils will light upon you. Health to him who obeys and is peaceable, but curses on him who rebels and makes disturbances ! Were this proposal such as we could accept, said Cais to the messenger, it would be well ; but know, O Arab, we are a tribe that having once given their words, follow it up with their actions ; and when we have granted our protection to any one, we secure him against the events of day and night. Now we have engaged ourselves to this man, who retaliated for us on Khalid, son of Giafer, and never can we withhold our protection from him till our heads fly off before him. But say to your prince, whose armies are following him, that this is a point we fear not and dread not. Return to him, and tell him to renounce his rapacity, and not to expose himself to destruction and death ; and let him repent of what he has done. When Antar heard the letter and the answer, he repented of having let the messenger escape in safety ; but the man slunk away, his senses in a state of bewilderment. He knew not what to say till he stood before Aswad, where he shook in terror, and kept looking behind, repeating to him the words he had heard. What's behind thee ? said the prince, thou foul-mustachioed fellow ! wherefore dost thou turn about, right and left ? O prince, said he, behind me is violent death and every figured evil, all comprised in that accursed slave Antar. By the faith of an Arab, O prince, had not King Cais kept him off, he would have destroyed me in the most dreadful of deaths ; and now indeed I

should say that he was close behind me listening to my discourse. Upon this, Aswad smiled from his heart of rage and passion. Verily, folly and rapacity have entered these fellows' brains, he cried; remonstrance has no effect on them, and never will they feel the value of their lives till the chargers play over their heads.

It was now evening; so they reposed that night till day dawned, when the prince mounted at the door of his pavilion; they elevated above his head the banners and ensigns, and the armies and nations rolled on like waves. Prince Aswad had resolved on drawing up his troops in right and left wings, but the rapacious Absians gave him not time, for they had mounted before the rising of the sun, eager for the battle and combat. Amongst the foremost was the Chief Antar, and Harith, who was a blazing flame, with the horsemen of Marah, and his brother Cosoorah. March with me, said Harith to his brother, that we may attack the left; and I, said Antar, will assail the right. They attacked, and their comrades cast their lives into perils and horrors. Upon this, shouted the armies of Irak; and the wilds and the wastes were agitated at their clamour. The Absian army appeared contemptible in their eyes, and their minds assured them of conquest; so they flowed down like the tempestuous seas, and at their head was Locait, like a hovering eagle, with his shouts and his roars; also the Brandisher of Spears attacked with the Aamirites. The convulsion became more furious; the mountains

tottered; the scimitars laboured against backs and kidneys; the doors of the sepulchres were opened, and the decrees of the all-powerful Monarch descended upon them; the clouds of dust mounted on high from the trampling of hoofs; the winners were distinguished from the losers; the portion of the brave was the most abundant. Horsemen rushed upon horsemen; the sword and spear were at work amongst heads and bodies; hands were exhausted; equals contended; heroes and warriors mangled each other; the field was too confined; the intoxicated were sobered; perseverance exerted itself; artifice and fraud availed not. Fierce were the blows of the crossing instruments; the brave were hurled from their saddles. God prospered that memorable day, defending those whose bodies were cased in iron: God prospered Antar and the generous Abians in their slaughter of hundreds and of thousands! As to Harith, he cut through the people and the nations, for he was a man of sorely-wounded spirit; so he fought with the fiercest resolution; he hacked through the armies in his highly roused ardour. But though we have already mentioned his intrepidity, and force, and superiority, nothing could have carried him through those dreadful scenes but his sword Zoolhyyat; and his brother almost equalled him in courage and steadiness; and had it not been for the numbers of the foe not one could have stood firm against him, for how great the difference between the wolf and the sheep, and between foxes and the lions of the forests! Before

midday blood flowed and streamed; heroes complained of calamities and sorrows, and what was before in order was now all in confusion; the form of death was conspicuous, and prowled about; cups were poured out of the wine of death; the sword continued to labour, and blood to gush forth, and men to slay, and the fire of battle to blaze, till evening came on; then had Antar massacred the right with his assaults; he never flagged; and as he retired with his uncles, his sword was drenched in the blood of horsemen, and he had appeased his heart among them in blows and thrusts. Thus also Oorwah, with his firmness and superiority in arms, and the other horsemen. Harith too, with his brother Cosoorah, retired, making their way through the left till they reached the tents. Darkness having thrown its veil over the land, Prince Aswad too retired, but he would not even look at any one, for he had that day seen terrifying horrors; he had beheld warriors who feared not death, and who scorned to yield. When he alighted at his tent, he assembled his people, and reproached them for their combat, exclaiming, This is not the battle by which we shall succeed in our objects; our disorders will not thus be cured. The Absians are less than six thousand men, and we amount to forty thousand strong-limbed warriors; but they have routed our heroes, and particularly that overpowering slave, whom fire cannot effect; he alone discomfited the right, and slew the standard-bearer, and had it not been for the approach of night he would have assaulted me

beneath the banners ; and also that Harith, whom we are come to seek, he alone cut through the left ; and these are circumstances I did not expect. There is that tribe of Fazarah too, on which I depended ; I have no news of them ; I should say, they had forfeited my relationship, as the Absians have forfeited the relationship of my brother. Moreover, if they thus resist us, they will mangle our reputation, and will overthrow our glory ; our heroes will be slaughtered ; our horsemen be scattered over the wilds, and no one will have any respect for us ; and behold, they have not fulfilled their engagements ; those horsemen I mean, who made such fine promises. O dread King, said Locait, be not distressed ; harass not your mind ; to-morrow's night the Absians shall not pass but as your captives. Our projects against Antar and the dastardly Absians must succeed, for the warriors who promised the destruction of the tribe of Abs did not take part in the engagement ; they smote not, neither did they thrust. Conceal your feelings till to-morrow, and you shall see what will gratify your heart ; and when they display their courage in your presence, they will merit your honorary robes and your favours.

At hearing this, the heart of Aswad was consoled, and his passion and fury relented : he dissolved the assembly, and comforted himself. As to the tribe of Abs and Adnan, when they returned to the tents, they searched for the killed and wounded ; the former amounted to fifty-one, and

the latter to a hundred and seventy; but they heard from some one, that of the armies of Irak were slain three thousand and odd: they were delighted, and King Cais feeling sure that he had gained a victory: O my cousins, said he, my heart prompts me, we shall defeat the foe were they even as numerous as the sands of the desert, notwithstanding the slaughter of our horsemen, whose equals the age cannot produce. We form but a small tribe, yet to me one of our horsemen is more valuable than a whole tribe. O King, said Antar, calm your mind and brighten your eye, to-morrow I will exhibit death to them. I am aware they will to-morrow challenge me to the fight. O Abool-fawaris, said Harith, I will not permit you to do any thing of the sort, till I and my brother have drunk of the cup of death. This is a point, said Antar, that can only be decided to-morrow, and every one that is called out by name must start forth to the contest. In this guise they reposed till day dawned, when the armies being in battle array, the first that sought the plain was Jerrah, the Wayilite, for Prince Aswad had ordered his officers to prevent the tribes from attacking in a body. Jerrah charged and galloped over the field of battle, manœuvring upon the back of his swift horse, till the wits of the wisest were confounded; and as he advanced towards the Absians; Tribe of Abs, he cried out in a loud voice, by the faith of an Arab, ye are the horsemen of destruction and instant death; were it not so, ye would not oppose

the kings of the age, ye being so few in numbers. Do ye intend to encounter these armies and warriors? Foul play would proceed from a deficiency in liberality and evil dispositions; but to attack you is the triumph of every noble exertion for one who aims at eminence and honour by the blow of the sword and the thrust of the spear. Let your black knight come forth against me, he, your illustrious warrior, who has raised for you a strong tower of glory. None will reproach his dark complexion, but those who cannot cope with him, those who hate or envy him. I think meanly of every one, notwithstanding his forefathers and progenitors. I acknowledge no honour, but in him who thrusts with the long spear in the scene of action and battle. So send forth against me Antar, that I may exhibit through him a memorable contest; for I have promised to slay him in the presence of Prince Aswad, and to bring down sorrow and misery upon him; and Jerrah thus recited:

“ The parentage of the brave is his words and
“ his acts, his resolution in the day of encounter,
“ and his style of combat. Cowardice renders the
“ youth contemptible, although his maternal and
“ paternal uncles may be of the race of Hashem.
“ Patience in the day of spear-thrusts is the glory
“ that will endure, however circumstances may have
“ reduced him: not every one that wields a sword
“ in his hand, and labours for high honours, attains
“ them; but he who plunges into the sea of dust,
“ and braves the flame of the raging contest that

“destroys his limbs. So soothe my heart with
“the contest, and approach me, hero, whose
“death is at hand; for ever will I destroy men in
“the fight, and this day shall his limbs be mangled.
“They have a slave indeed, whose deeds are famed,
“whose acts are celebrated in every land. This
“day I will erase his name with my sword, whose
“terror scatters wide the crowded enemies.”

Jerrah had not finished, when Antar stood before him; he roared in his voice like thunder in a cloud, and attacked him. Antar was about to reply to him in some extempore lines, but his thoughts were confused, so he rushed at him. The youth received him as the parched earth the first of the rain. These two fierce heroes turned upon each other like voracious wild beasts, and a combat took place between them that sickened the eyeballs and amazed the stoutest hearts; whilst thick dust arose above them, till it concealed them from the sight. When the Brandisher of Spears saw Antar stand forth against the youth, and occupied in the engagement, he challenged another to the plain, and he was followed by the other ten heroes, who had made high promises in the presence of Aswad, thus taking advantage of Antar's absence. When Harith saw the Brandisher of Spears come forth, with the ten horsemen, imagining they intended to outrage Antar, and being afraid that some peril or accident might befall him, he advanced also, followed by his brother Cosoorah, like a blazing flame. He wielded Zoolhyat in his hand, and cried out to the Brandisher of

Spears, That is a deed of thine, son of Malik, which will be repaid with death !. How darest thou to outrage a man engaged with his antagonist, after he had called him out by his name ? May God curse the entrails that bore thee, and the cuckolds of thy kindred, said the Brandisher of Spears, there is no treachery but what proceeds from thy nature and disposition, and wert thou not in need of the tribe of Abs, thou wouldst have betrayed them even yesterday, but they are not yet secure from thy atrocities. And when thou art slain, thou wilt ever be known to every one that moves and halts by thy infamous deeds : for thou didst kill the Chief of the tribe of Aamir when he was asleep ; thou didst murder Shirjibee, King Numan's son, quite an infant, and thy evil omen is over the high and low ; but we are come forward to execute our promise, for which we have pledged ourselves.

And he repeated the names of the horsemen. Harith only laughed ; O Gheshm, said he, this engagement proves thy little wit ; for I do not see that thou hast promised to slay me, knowing as thou dost, that I am his greatest enemy ; and it was in the private apartments of his brother that I slew Khalid, son of Giafer ; and I slew also his son Shirjibee ; but I do not know whether thou hast omitted to engage to kill me through fear of me, or out of contempt for me. Know, O Harith, said the Brandisher of Spears, thou didst not occur to the mind of any one, for we did not suppose that thou wert with the Absians ; but we thought that thou wert

returned to thy desolation amongst the mountain-tops. Thou art right, replied Harith, and thou hast not advanced but what is perfectly true. But I intend this day to dye my sword in your blood, and to destroy ye all, high and low, and to avert your vexations from the tribe of Abs.

And he rushed upon the Brandisher of Spears, and Cosoorah assailed the Aamirite horsemen. The Semherian spears were extended; the dust sprang up from the hoofs of the Arab steeds, and calamities fell upon them. Antar bellowed at the horses to drive them far from the contest; he made an assault at the Brandisher of Spears, with the rush of an illustrious warrior. He grasped the rings of his corset and breast-plate, and taking him prisoner, threw him down to Shiboob, who bound down his arms, and tied fast his shoulders.

The battle continued to rage, and blood to flow, and the flame of war to burn, till evening came on, when the armies quitted the contest. Antar had made about two hundred prisoners that day, whom Shiboob pinioned one after another, but those that resisted him he slew.

When Prince Aswad alighted at his tent, behold, a black, tall, lanky slave presented himself. He had every appearance of having performed a long journey, and travelled in haste; he kissed the earth, and did obeisance. Who art thou, Arab born? asked Aswad. My lord, said he, I am one of the slaves of Hadifah, Chief of the tribe of Fazarah: he has sent me to you to congratulate you on what he has done

to your enemy the tribe of Abs, and the miseries and woes he has brought down upon them; for after their expedition against you, he surprised the dwellings, with the warriors of Fazarah. He plundered their property, and slew their men, and captured their women; and by to-morrow's dawn he will join you. He has sent me to you with this message: disperse in separate divisions your army now surrounding the Absians, that they may not fly elsewhere; for he is afraid of the escape of Antar and Harith, who hereafter may still occasion us fresh trouble. Thus may success attend us!

The Prince jumped up, and stood erect in the fulness of the joy he felt; but never was this incident forgotten by him. He ordered his men to draw off the horsemen from the tribe of Abs and Adnan on all four sides, into the wilds and wastes, and in less than an hour they were scattered over the desert, and he himself mounted with those that remained about him, and marched on till he came nigh unto the tents of the Absians, where he concealed himself. Return, O Arab born, to thy master, said he to the slave-messenger, and tell him we have obeyed his directions.

Now the slave who concerted that plan, and dispersed the armies of Aswad over the barren waste, was the lion Shiboob. For when the troops alighted in the tents, O my cousins, said King Cais, my opinion is we should surprise Aswad's army under the night; perhaps we may disperse his army over the desert and waste. Shiboob was present in at-

tendance on his brother Antar : O my brother, said he, if you will hear what I have to say, I will most certainly disperse the armies, mighty and extensive as they are, and you shall catch Aswad himself in his own pit, and defeat his troops and armies. May God bless thee, O Shiboob ! cried the Absian chiefs, if thou canst effect such an enterprise.

At the moment, Shiboob sprang forth to his portmanteau, and putting on some clothes suitable to stratagem, he ran away, and in an hour returned and told his brother and King Cais what he had done. Now surprise Aswad, said he ; he is now in such a particular spot, and has only a small party with him.

King Cais ordered them to prepare the warlike instruments, and before midnight they were on horseback. King Cais sent for Harith, and attached to him one thousand men, and sent him to the left. As to Oorwah, he stationed him with one thousand men to the right : Do you, said he to Antar, assault the centre, my cousin. The King himself mounted with the remainder of the warriors, accompanied by Antar's nephew, with whom he brought up the rear. As to Aswad, he had concealed himself with his men, and dispersed his troops, and every one dismounted and slept near him. Suddenly screams came upon them, and the blow of the murderous scimitars, and the thrust of the calamitous spears surprised them. The armies were aghast, and their senses were disordered. Every one started from his sleep and drew his sword ; every one fell upon him

who was before him. Bewildered by sleep, and terrified at the dreadful Antar and the noble Absians, they attacked each other with the edge of the sword, but they knew not whom to address, or whom to strike. Base cowards! cried out Antar at the head of the Absians, I am Antar, son of Shedad. No sooner did they hear the voice of Antar, the dauntless hero, than despair, and misery, and woe fell upon them; brave warriors were slain in the very spots where they fought, till every horseman thought wherever he turned, there was the voice of the lion Antar.

Aswad withdrew his troops; they not only withdrew, but dispersed in confusion over the waste. His only resource was to wheel about and fly, but he had not proceeded far, when Oorwah and his men encountered him, and surrounding him, were about to kill him, but he cried out for quarter, discovering himself to them, and demanding protection; on which they made him dismount from the back of his horse, and took him prisoner, dragging him along abject and miserable.

The contest continued to rage, and blood to be spilt, and the flame of war to blaze, till Shiboob, seeing how easy the business had become, mounted to the top of a sand-hill, and making himself as one of Aswad's followers, cried out with a loud voice, O Absians, grant us quarter and protection; withdraw from us the blow of the sword: no one but Aswad forced us against ye, and him ye have taken prisoner. Let us retire; relieve us from this fear

and tribulation. On hearing these words, Aswad's troops dispersed among the wastes; and there was not one who looked at another whilst Antar and Harith pursued them, till they had cleared the whole country of them, when they returned to the scattered horses and dispersed arms: and having collected the tents and property, they halted, exulting in their victory and conquest.

The next day they assembled the prisoners, amongst whom were Locait, and the Brandisher of Spears—in all, about fifty of the most celebrated Arab leaders, and their most renowned knights, with whom they set out on their return home, rejoicing in the defeat of the enemy, and their dispersion over the wilderness.

They travelled on till the following morning, and about mid-day there appeared some of their own friends, advancing from the direction of their country, and hastening over the plain in the most miserable plight, their ears cut off, their bodies besmeared with blood, and shrieking out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! haste to us, and retaliate! till they came into the presence of King Cais. Know, O King, said they, that Hadifah, after your departure, surprised us one day with five thousand horse; he not only slew our men, plundered our property, and rescued the hostages that were with us, but he massacred four hundred youths of our children, from the age of five to ten, whom he dragged forward one after the other, as he cried out to them, Now call out for some one to rescue you from death! and

then made each in turn a mark for his arrow. He captured our women and our families, and is now gone to his own country. The cause of this was Hadifah's wife, who, observing her husband slack in the cause of retaliation, one day appeared before him, when he was seated with the chiefs of Fazarah. She was bare-headed, and her hair dishevelled. Son of Bedr, she cried, restore me to my family and my native land, for I want no coward husband; and she thus recited:

“ May the curse of God light on the coward !
“ May he never give thee to drink of the moisture
“ of rain ; may the rain-clouds never extend their
“ bounty to the lands of his tribe ! may they never
“ robe his deserts in verdure ! Thou hast clothed
“ thyself, son of Bedr, in garments of infamy, that
“ can never change their ignominious effect ; and
“ were it not for this disgrace, my eyelids would
“ be ulcered with tears. Cais has involved us in
“ woe for a youth ; were they to weigh all Abs
“ against him, he would equal them. He has
“ moreover slain the Chieftains of Bedr, and has
“ made the Semherian spears drink of their blood.
“ Never, never, will my tears cease ; my sorrows,
“ my afflictions, are endless. How many miserable
“ women like me, in the tribe, are mourning in woe !
“ Rise then, seek the land of thy enemy ; fear not—
“ their defender is absent—leave not one alive among
“ them, and let not their screams keep thee away from
“ them. The Absians have indeed spilt your blood ;
“ so drive away their camels, and capture their

“wives; for your blood is noble, and generous,
“and high-priced to those that purchase it. But
“ye, sons of Bedr, my cousins, ye are brave, the
“most illustrious of men; be therefore like the
“progenitors that are gone, the forefathers that
“are passed away, and let their glory live for
“ever.”

These verses were called the “Exciters of Sorrow.” When Hadifah heard his wife’s address, To arms! to arms! my cousins, he cried, and before midday, he was surrounded by five thousand well-armed horsemen. Hadifah mounted Ghabra, and the horsemen followed him. The Sheikhs endeavoured to prevent this treachery and perjury; but said Sinan, What is this? How? The Absians are absent, the women have no protector—no one to defend them, and this tribe are in duty bound to wreak their vengeance. What greater advantage can accrue from such oaths? Thus Hadifah, and the tribe of Fazarah, travelled on till they reached the tribe of Abs and Adnan, whom they attacked on all sides, and when the Ghiftanians saw what the Fazareans were doing, they plunged themselves into corslets and breastplates, consisting, as we mentioned, of two thousand men, all harsh-featured lions: they fought that day, and the next, even till the fourth day, when the tribe of Ghiftan being routed, Hadifah, with his Fazareans, gained possession of the Absian tents, and their property, and their daughters, and their children, and having rescued their hostages, they massacred four hundred children of

the tribe of Abs, all boys, from five to ten years old, making them marks for their arrows. As he returned home, his wife met him, and she beat the Absian women with a whip, and abused them, thus relieving her own heart. Hadifah put all the property apart, saying to his surrounding warriors, We must not divide this property yet, till we see what Aswad will do to the tribe of Abs. But Hadifah had scarcely finished this sentence, when lo ! a dust obscured the land, and when it cleared, there came forth the warriors of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and Antar at their head, like a furious lion. The cause of their coming was the men whom they met, as we mentioned, who told them what Hadifah had done. The Absians screamed, in agony of woe and distress, for the men and children that had been massacred. King Cais assembled the prisoners, and delivered them over to Harith, saying, These are thy enemies: take them, and precede us to our country, whilst we march against the tribe of Fazarah, for thou canst not fight Hadifah, on account of your relationship. So he sent with him a party of Absians, and took the remainder with him, and departed, a flame burning in his heart, and he thus addressed them :

“ Prepare, ye heroes, implements of war; this
 “ point can only be settled with arms; your little
 “ ones have been massacred—it is a disgrace upon ye;
 “ but it is unavoidable. Hadifah ! mayst thou never
 “ drink a drop of liquid ! may the rains of the desert
 “ never moisten thee ! thou hast indeed made a war

“ against us that would choke a Sheikh, as if with
“ poisoned water. But I am now mounted on a
“ steed, that surpasses the lightning and the winds
“ in speed, one hindfoot white, black-haired, broad-
“ faced, whose forehead resembles the first burst of
“ dawn. O my cousins, all my joys are crushed on
“ your account, whilst you groan in pain of wounds.
“ As to my life, I regard it not, when the thick tears
“ of grief stream down my cheeks. Behind me are
“ chiefs of the race of Abs, waving long spears in
“ their hands—warriors irresistible—generous—in
“ the exposure of their lives they flinch not. Come
“ on then ! shed the blood of the sons of Beder, with
“ the cleaving scimitar.”

As soon as Cais had finished, pride rushed like a blast into their heads ; they hastened on, till they came nigh to the tribe of Fazarah, who no sooner ascertained they were Absians, than they were confounded and bewildered. Now then, my cousins, cried Hadifah, come on, here is your hated foe. Spring upon them in the contest, otherwise they will exterminate ye—they will ravage your property, and capture your wives. Men soon met men, and warriors warriors—blood flowed and streamed—limbs were hewn off—horrible were the scenes of peril ; the convulsions were tremendous—men were precipitated on the plain of battle. King Cais attacked in person, and made the carnage rage against his kindred. Hands were extended to grasp the objects of their wishes, but did not all succeed. Calamities smote the tribes of Abs and Fazarah, whilst King

Cais exclaimed, Cousins, whomsoever the hand touches, slay not; let us deliver them all to the mothers of the children, whom Hadifah killed with his arrows. At that time, above four hundred of the Fazareans had been already slain on the field of battle; but when they heard this harangue, the Absians only exerted themselves to take prisoners. Antar on that day performed achievements to be recorded, on account of the murder of his friend Malik. At last, the Absians forced the Fazareans into their tents; there they slaughtered about a thousand horsemen, and took five hundred more, rescuing their own wives, and all their property, and they returned, exulting in having retaliated. But when they were settled, King Cais delivered to the mothers of the children four hundred prisoners, taking for himself one hundred to murder, in retaliation for his own son; and he directed all the women, each to repair to her prisoner, and to torture him the whole night; and, in the morning, to drag him forth between the hostile ranks, and murder him, in retaliation for her child. Each took charge of her respective prisoner, and she passed the night inflicting the severest torments, till the crow cawed. As to the tribe of Fazarah, they retired to their tents, repenting of what they had done. Hadifah alighted, gnawing his hands in contrition, as he said to his brothers, I have no other anguish in my heart, but in not having succeeded against the Absians. Tomorrow will I start forth to the contest, and I will appease my whole heart among them. I will suc-

ceed in my hopes, or I will drink of the cup of death and perdition. Then he wept, and his brothers too wept; and as he wept, What mean these tears and alarms? said Sinan; soon will come the armies of King Numan, who will extirpate the tribe of Abs. And know, O Hadifah, the Absians have only fought with such fury, on account of your massacre of their children, and your plunder of their property, and the capture of their wives and families. Fortune consists of two days. As to the prisoners, redeem them with cattle, or by war and battle. O Sinan, said Hadifah, as to the prisoners, not one will be released, but after a contest that will turn infants gray, and frighten the stoutest warriors; if indeed they escape beheading to-morrow. But I should now like to know what has happened between the Absians and Prince Aswad. He immediately sent for one of the prisoners he had that day taken, and to his inquiries, the Absian told him how Aswad and fifty chiefs had been captured, and that they were sent home with Harith. Hadifah shuddered, and was stupefied. Disgraced are the Arab chiefs, by the violence of this black slave, whose obstinacy and fury are incontrollable, exclaimed Hadifah, and by the outrages of that treacherous tribe of Abs. Now then, the destruction of the tribe of Fazarah is at hand. And they remained in this state till, as the day dawned, the two armies mounted, and the armour and brilliant mail glittered. King Cais mounted beneath the banners and standards, and ordered the women to appear, who came,

each dragging her prisoner by the chin. He commanded them to slay them, and thus to wreak their vengeance. Immediately every woman led out her captive in front of the two armies; she made him lie down between the two ranks, and slaughtered him, cutting him across the jugular vein, like the slaughter of a sheep, whilst her husband assisted her in the deed; and when all the four hundred warriors were massacred, King Cais ordered his slaves to murder the hundred warriors, in retaliation for his own son. Hadifah and the chieftains of Fazarah were on horseback, viewing the fate of their cousins. Their affliction was intense, and there was not one but dismounted from his horse, and taking off his rustic clog from his feet, dashed it down on his head, till he shook out all his double teeth. The news reached the wives of the murdered, and they rushed out, overwhelmed with anguish. Upon that, the tribe of Fazarah brandished their spears and their swords. The Absians received them on the barbs of their long lances, and cut through them with their polished scimitars. It was a day to frighten the senses—lives were dearly sold—evening and morning appeared the same—shouts were raised on high—the morrow and the dawn were annihilated. Lives were plundered from bodies, and the resolute warrior cried out, Flinch not from the battle and the contest! All was exertion—no jest. The Absians made one universal shout, What a glorious morn! The Fazareans stood firm with their bold countenances. How many heroes fled from the fight and

sought the wilds and the waste ! blood streamed and flowed—the whole army was covered with wounds, and between them lasted an action whose like had never occurred at that period, and amongst the many descriptions of it are the following lines :

“ I have braved fortune, experienced and wise.
“ I have endured calamities all my life long, but
“ never saw I so hostile a day. I never felt from
“ any one a severer misfortune than that Absian
“ contest, when they assaulted the sons of Beder.
“ The tribes were exterminated on that terrific day,
“ that might be considered as a thousand months of
“ time. I saw the cloud of their dust, and the
“ gleaming flash of their swords and spears. How
“ many heroes I beheld prostrate, struggling with
“ their feet as the horses passed over them ! How
“ many youths I heard beneath the black columns
“ of sand, uttering groans that bewildered my faculties ! But had it not been for the Absian slave, who
“ encountered the Fazarean troops in every direction, who destroyed the heroes with the Redeinian
“ spear, as the horses of the sons of Beder rushed
“ upon him, and slaughtered the enemy with the
“ sabres, with a heart cut out of the solid rock !—
“ God prospered the noble slave, who overthrew a
“ thousand freeborn in the combat, and when he
“ wielded his sword in the day of battle, the heroes
“ might be seen tumbling down before him.”

At the close of the day, the two parties alighted at their respective tents. King Cais then consulted with Antar, about sending the property and families

to the land of Shurebah and Mount Saadi. Do as you please, O king, said Antar. Accordingly, he gave them an escort of one hundred horsemen, under his brother Harith. Conduct your mother, said he, and the rest of the women home, and remain with Harith, son of Zalim, for I will not quit the tribe of Fazarah till I extirpate every vestige of them, and leave no record of them. Antar, indeed, had resolved to take charge of them, but King Cais would not permit him; so he remained behind, that he might incur no blame or reproach; and Harith departed with the property and families. As to the Fazareans, they halted at their tents, and more than a third of them had been slain. What say you? said Sinan to Hadifah, shall I go to your brother-in-law, Harith, son of Zalim, and throw myself on his mercy? Perhaps he will now fight for us, or, at any rate, make peace for us. No, that will not do, said Hadifah. They continued in conversation till, the darkness having disappeared, Hadifah descended into the plain, and as he came nigh to the standards of King Cais, O son of Zoheir, he cried, the wager was between thee and me. The affair indeed is gone too far, and we have put on the garments of treachery and outrage, for thou hast slain my son, and thy slave slew my brother; I slew thy brother, and it was I who ordered the blow against thy horse. The other day I slew the infants, and you, in their stead, have slain as many men. It is not liberal, that we should permit the women to complain of us; but let us terminate this affair with our

lives, till one of us be dead : thus will all anxiety and doubt be at an end ; one of us will succeed, and let the survivor reign over the whole land. Come on then, I will attack thee, and never will I desist till thou hast destroyed me, or I have destroyed thee ; and Hadifah thus recited :

“ Fortune disregards all respect and engagement ;
“ oft-times she cajoles us and favours the coward.
“ In our fathers we are glorified, and from our fore-
“ fathers we are made heirs to glory and supremacy.
“ I have built a mansion of glory, sublime on high,
“ with spears that make no distinction between
“ sacred and profane ; with swords with which we
“ encounter horrors and the calamities of the age.
“ At all times the cleaving sword is my protection ;
“ the sword whose edge fractures bones. I have
“ granted wealth to the poor, and never withheld
“ it, and never have I heard reproach. I have par-
“ doned where I have been able ; in my decisions
“ I have been impartial ; I have never broken my
“ engagements. But I know fortune is a niggard ;
“ its disposition is perfidious, and it owns no no-
“ bility. If joy has its day, and should it even last
“ awhile, the hand of misfortune will turn it into
“ sorrow for a year. So be impartial to me in the
“ combat ; charge ; behold my resolution when the
“ battle rages, for we have left the women wild with
“ grief, dashing their hands against their cheeks and
“ sleepless.”

When King Cais and his brothers heard these verses, they were afraid the Arabs would regard

them with the eye of inferiority; so King Cais started forth, mounted on the back of his horse, and thus spoke:

“ If thou art in want of compassion, I will confess on some occasions I travel in the paths of weakness. I have a steed for mercy bitted with mercy, and I have a horse for folly saddled with folly. With him who challenges my resolution I am straight; and for him who would make me swerve aside I am crooked. Thou hast outraged us, son of Beder; and the deed by which thou hadst conquered is more odious than all that is most vile; taste, then, the chastisement of violence before thou drinkest of the cup of death that is impregnated with poison. I have taken captive him whose aid ye required. I have returned with him, and the flame of war increases, and is kindled anew. We are all lion horsemen, all brave heroes crowned with glory.”

King Cais rushed upon Hadifah, who met him as the parched earth the first of the rain, both expressing the deep resentment rankling in their hearts. In less than an hour they both vanished from the sight, and the dust thickened over them. There was not one in the two armies but prepared for the combat, fearful lest death should overtake their leaders. Hadifah, before he attacked King Cais, had already enjoined his brothers, saying, When you see me drawing King Cais towards you, rush at him and slay him, and let the Arabs abuse us to eternity. He thus purposely kept retiring till

he came close to his brothers, who immediately attacked, and attempted to put Cais to death. But when Antar saw this treason on the part of the Fazareans, he assailed them, shouting at them in a voice like thunder in a cloud, and they instantly retreated from the scene of action. Antar advanced, and thus exclaimed:

“ I am the son of Shedad, truly the knight of the
“ Arabs, and the reliever of grievances with the
“ sharp edge of my sword. The atmosphere is
“ dust-darkened; the whole region is obscured in
“ sand-clouds; the light of the sun is veiled; the
“ dust-wave is on high; warriors charge and ap-
“ proach the scene where death will be quaffed; the
“ horses neigh, and the horsemen charge, and the
“ earth is convulsed at the excess of horrors; it is
“ a day to turn every hero old, and no one braves
“ it but the valiant. I have stood firm in it with a
“ heart that knows no tardiness; conscious of no
“ fear or alarm. I have plunged into it, and the
“ dust of death pours over my noble steed, ambling
“ as he goes. Every eye beholds me and is bewil-
“ dered; they approach me, and they are repaid with
“ death. There is no virtue in the act where death
“ is not at hand, nor is there any exaltation of soul
“ to be recorded in history. My parentage is
“ known amongst the noblest of the creation, for
“ my resolution, my vigilance, my virtues, and my
“ superiority.”

Having finished, he rushed upon the tribe of Fazarah; he put them to confusion; he cleft down

their horsemen, singly and in pairs, till he came up to King Cais and Hadifah, whom he saw clinging to each other like one individual; he rushed at them, and dispersing those that surrounded them, he thrust at Hadifah with his spear, and hurled him from the back of his horse on the ground, and brought forth King Cais from the battle, whilst the Absians turned upon the Fazareans, and let down infamy and ruin upon them. They took four hundred prisoners, and two of Hadifah's brothers; and they continued this cruel work till evening came on, when they retired to their tents. As soon as darkness had veiled the earth, behold, three horsemen arrived out of the hundred whom King Cais had sent with Harith, son of Zalim, to guard the prisoners.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EH! what has befallen you? said Cais; who among men has cast you down? Know, O king, they replied, we accompanied Harith till we reached our own country. Harith guarded the prisoners, and remained watching them three days, ever menacing them till night-fall; but one morning we looked for him and his prisoners, but we could not find either him or them; so out of our alarms for you, knowing well his perfidy, we are come to apprise you. Cais shuddered at this intelligence; And did this event, asked he, take place before the families arrived, or afterwards? No women, no families, no camels, no cattle, have we seen, replied they. Then the light became dark in the eyes of King Cais. Alas! then our advantages have turned out to our prejudice, he exclaimed, and these ordures of Fazareans will still exult over us. O king, said Antar, when he saw the anguish of Cais at this corroboration of the news, this fact proves indeed the difference between appearances and reality, as widely distinct are they as existence from annihilation; an experienced man can see the whole proceeding from beginning to end. I am persuaded that Aswad and his companions have ultimately engaged to procure King Numan's protection for him, and that he has agreed to their plans,

and has consequently released them from bondage ; and as he was coming with them against us, he must have met our women travelling along the road (no better opportunity to open a door to the heart of King Numan could they find), they must have seized them, and they are now on their way to Hirah. King Cais was convinced of the probability of Antar's conjectures ; O my cousin, said he, if it is so, truly we are fallen between two perilous catastrophes, and two deadly afflictions, and I do not comprehend which we should undertake first ; for if we pursue Harith in a body the Fazareans will turn upon us, and if we remain here every vestige of us will be extirpated. O king, said Antar, it is my opinion that I go alone after Harith and his prisoners ; I will rescue the property and families ; I will replace Aswad himself and his comrades into chains and fetters ; and I will show you what I will do with that Prince Aswad and all his people. Do you in the meanwhile stand firmly opposed to the tribe of Fazarah. Ah, my cousin, said Cais, much relieved, do as you please ; but if it is so, and you really must go, take with you some one to aid you in the contest. O king, said Antar, if my heart were easy about you, I would attack every human being on the earth single-handed. But he took his nephew Hatal, and altogether ten men, on whose firmness he could rely in battle. Shiboob by his side, he sought the barren waste, followed by his warriors.

As to the tribe of Fazarah, after Hadifah and his

brothers were taken prisoners, they took to a precipitate flight, and repaired to Sinan, who exhorted them to resist till the morrow, as something would probably happen to occupy the Absians' attention. The next day there started forth from the Fazareans a sturdy warrior and an intrepid hero; he was a horseman of the dimensions of an elephant, or a towering palm-tree; he galloped, and charged, and challenging to the fight, thus exclaimed, O tribe of Abs, come forth to the spear-thrust and the sword-blow. By the faith of an Arab ye are the knights of the age, the lions of Adnan, the conquerors of the brave, and truly ye are just; on this account the God of the holy shrine has aided you, and has humbled your foes to you. We, moreover, have outraged you, and we have oppressed you, and we had no propriety in our transactions. Such indeed have been our proceedings: but you have slain our horsemen; you have hurled dead our brave heroes; and all this has fallen upon us in consequence of our massacre of your children, and our perfidious conduct towards you; and, moreover, our warriors were taken captives by you, and their outrage has been visited upon them in the result of their infamous conduct and disgraceful actions. We were last night resolved on flight, though we are more numerous than you, and our means more abundant, but ye are more steady than us in the field of combats and contests. Now, then, all we demand of you is justice, and the abandonment of all violence and outrage, so that when you accomplish your de-

signs upon us, and possess yourselves of our property and women, our families and our wives may not have a word or a syllable to say against you, and no blame or reproach be attached to you. Come forth, then, against me, ye that desire the combat, for ye are the chiefs of Adnan, and the warriors of Hijaz. Beware of treachery, ye heroes, or the calamities nocturnal and diurnal will overwhelm ye. After this harangue the knight thus continued :

“ Whoso has tried fortune, him its marvels have
“ terrified ; into him its misfortunes have fixed their
“ fangs. I truly know that the results of violence
“ are repentance, and that its consequences will re-
“ quite us. There is nothing remaining for us but
“ to drink of the cup of death under the dust-cloud
“ when the whole country is blackened. Cool then
“ my sickness with the spear-thrust ; rush then
“ upon a brave man, to whom every thing is easy.
“ Shame has pitched her abode on him from every
“ direction, though once the revolutions of fortune
“ were his friends. Ye judges, be impartial towards
“ us, for we have a land whose female mourners
“ shriek in terror. Perhaps too the revolutions of
“ fortune will befriend us with its justice, and will
“ send down its evils upon you. Confide not in
“ fortune, for the age is fraught with evil ; and
“ sorrow, as you see, may inflict its wondrous works
“ on you.”

King Cais listened, and was exceedingly astonished at the mild tone of the warrior : his heart pitied the tribe of Fazarah, as he recollected the re-

lationship and kindred that existed between them. By the faith of an Arab, said he to those around him, were this knight anxious to make peace with us I would be reconciled to them, and forgive the blood of the children on account of the tenderness of his expressions. But it is too late: so now come on. And as to this knight who demands fair play, let him have it; and if any one of ye is able to take him prisoner, let him capture him. Upon that, the Absian warriors rushed upon him from all quarters, and although King Cais called out to them, they would not return; for their ambitious feelings were excited against that knight, who, when he saw the Absian forces making towards him, smiled conceitedly; and as he joyfully urged on his horse, Eh! Absians, he exclaimed, ye have not failed in this instance of impartiality; but this is what the strong ever do against the weak, and as he spoke he bent his head over the saddle-bow; he assaulted the Absians, and met them with dreadful sword-blows and powerful spear-thrusts. Wreaking his vengeance upon them, he cut through them with his sword, and in less than an hour he hurled down twenty of their most puissant knights. The horsemen still assailed him in every direction, and shouted at him; but he was silent and returned no answer, neither did he make any address, but he dealt his blows right and left, cleaving down the horsemen on the field of battle. The tribes stared at him and at the plain, in order to distinguish the vanquished from the vanquisher, but of that lion-hero they could only

discern the sword-blade as it glittered, and where it fell it cleft in twain, till all the warriors fled from him, and sought safety in the presence of King Cais, who eagerly asked them what that knight had done to them. On our lives, O king, they exclaimed, we never saw a more valiant fellow than this hero; he has cut down our horsemen with his scimitar, and has brought death upon us. Well, said Cais, and what is this hero's name? who is this lion? O king, we know him not, they replied; there is not one of us that can give any account of him, for never did we behold his like amongst all the warriors, or one that could equal him in the field of battle: he has already slain twenty horsemen, all lion heroes. The heart of Cais was sorely grieved; and as he listened to the acclamations of the tribe of Fazarah, his rage and anguish were more intolerable; for he felt assured those shouts were the shouts of victory. His grief and sorrow pressed heavier upon him, and he ordered his brothers and the horsemen of his tribe to make a united attack, saying, Come on to the knight who softened us to pity by his speech, and who destroys our horsemen with the edge of his scimitar. Upon this, the Absian heroes rushed upon him; they slackened their reins, and poised their spears; but they had not approached the field of contest before the enemy appeared, and the youth started forth in their rear, roaring and bellowing like thunder in a cloud, and blood was trickling from his sword edge, and death was glaring in his eyes.

The horsemen shuddered and shrunk back, whilst the Knight continued to cleave skulls, and to crush bones, till coming near the banners and standards of the King, he roared O by Marah ! O by Marah ! Hail, O Cais, to thy death and destruction ! I am Harith, son of Zalim, the slayer of lion-warriors. And he rushed at the standard-bearer, and smote him on the head with his sword, and divided him down to the girdle of his back, and felled him cut in twain. He assaulted King Cais, and dragging him off his horse's back, took him prisoner, and delivering him over to one of his attendants, he renewed his attack.

The Fazareans rushed on to his assistance, their hearts encouraged by his intrepidity; men met men, and heroes met heroes : blood flowed and streamed ; limbs were hewn asunder ; warriors were stretched low upon the field of contention ; the well-proportioned spears, and the cleaving blades, laboured amongst them. Heads flew off ; wrists were severed ; the eagles of death hovered over them. The warriors crowded round King Cais and Harith, and the market of war continued its traffic. This one died, that one escaped ; the scimitars flashed ; the spears stung ; mails were split ; lives were in agony ; the ground was drenched in blood ; the glories of the heroes were exalted ; the flame of war increased, and numberless were the sword-blows and the spear-thrusts ; the easy became arduous, and the whole scene boiled like the bubbling of a caldron. Eagles and vultures hovered over them ; the coward was overthrown, and the brave vanquished. Men en-

gaged, and the horrors became still more terrific, till the day departed, and night came on in obscurity, when the two armies separating, alighted in a neighbouring spot.

The Fazareans carried off King Cais, intending to ransom Hadifah with him, and to obtain through him security after all their terrors. The cause of this was, that after King Cais had delivered over the prisoners to Harith, with an escort of one hundred men, he conducted them to the land of the Absians, where he beheld the carcasses of the dead, and the streaming of blood. The Absians cannot stand out long, said he to himself: so he pitched his tents on the sand-hills and mounds, and remained guarding the prisoners till the third day, when he went unto them, and found them consulting about the deliverance of their persons. O Harith, said Aswad, how trifling is your compliance with the times; how strange is your conduct among the horsemen! just as if thou wert only created a rock, cast down on the plain for every one to stumble against thee. What can I do? he replied: I am the horseman of horsemen and heroes. O Harith, said Locait, the cause of these disasters was your murder of Numan's son, and though you contrived to escape after all your dangers, you have persisted in your obstinacy and rebellion, and have reconciled yourself to a life with an insignificant, worthless slave; but if you have a mind to rescue Numan's brother and his companions, and to make your apologies, and demand their protection, haste then before it is too late, and

repent not of what is past, only when misfortunes befall you—so that we may engage Numan's protection for you, and your former deeds be cancelled by your subsequent conduct, and every man alive will thank you. But the Absians, said Harith, it does not become me to afflict them—but then Antar! Ah! indeed, against him my heart is sick with envy: no man's frame is more disordered than mine; for he is superior in feats of arms and horsemanship; were it not so, the Arabs would be under my control; and had I not been in want of him, I would have murdered him, and would have captured his cousin Ibla.

Prince Aswad now began to indulge hopes of success. What is it you wish? said he, that we may grant it, and engage for its fulfilment? I wish you would go with me, said Harith, to the tribe of Fazarah, and assist me in the destruction of Antar, and insure me Numan's protection. O Harith, exclaimed Aswad, who only required his liberty and return to Irak, I engage for Antar's death, were he encompassed by multitudes.

Upon this, Harith released them from bondage, and brought them arms and horses, and only waiting for the darkness of night, they set out for the land of Fazarah; and as they met the wives, and property, and families of the Absians on the road, My opinion, said Aswad, is, you should drive away these baggage-camels, and depart for King Numan before the dread Antar pursue us, and return us to captivity and infamy.

So they surrounded the baggage-camels on all

sides, and ordered the people to turn them towards the land of Irak. Who is it, said Harith, son of Zoheir, who has sent you against us? Surrender! exclaimed the Brandisher of Spears, or I will make thee dwell in thy tomb. We are the horsemen of Aamir, and with us is Harith, son of Zalim, and Prince Aswad, brother of King Numan. Thus saying, he attacked Harith, son of King Zoheir, and took him prisoner: and as the remaining horsemen saw death was in him, they wheeled round, and sought flight; but lo! in front of them were sturdy knights; so they surrendered themselves to captivity and chains; and when morning dawned, the hundred horsemen were pinioned.

Harith looked at Ibla, who was in tears, and casting her eyes round right and left, and he would have spoken to her. O Harith, said Aswad, knowing his situation, we cannot let you do such an act as that; it is impossible, till you see Antar dead. And Harith soon repented of having rescued them, as he communed with himself,—If I go to Numan, and Mootegeredah should ever hear that I have released her brother's foes, and have captured the Abasian women, never will she permit her husband to give me any favourable answer: the best thing I can do, will be to go with these ordures, that I may watch my opportunity with them, and make them all drink of the cup of death; and then seize Ibla, and fly with her to some corner of the earth.

The Brandisher of Spears knew what he was about. O Prince, said he, turning to Aswad, Harith

repents of having rescued us ; it will be as well to remove him from us before evening. You know, O Chief of the tribe of Marah, said Aswad to Harith, that we are now marching to the tribe of Fazarah. But I am aware, that Cais and Antar must have annihilated them. My advice is, that you join them till I send you aid from my brother Numan ; for I cannot permit you to enter Irak, till Cais be led before you in fetters and chains, and the head of Antar be on the tallest of spears.

Harith knew they were afraid of him ; however, he had nothing for it but to turn away his horse's head, and seek his tribe and his people. He continued his road till he reached the tribe of Fazarah, whom he informed of the release of the prisoners, and that he had sent the Absian baggage-camels to Irak ; and I, he added, will consent to assist you. Sinan burst into tears in a fit of joy, and felt convinced that all was now right. Harith asked about Antar ; We know nothing of him, said they.

Harith concealed himself, till ascertaining that Antar was absent, he discovered himself, and attacked the troops, and dispersed the camp, and took King Cais prisoner. But in compliance with Sinan's advice, that he should release Cais, and ransom Hadifah and his brothers, he summoned Cais, and made a covenant with him, to which Cais gave his consent, and swore he would release Hadifah and his brothers from bondage.

They accordingly set him at liberty, and he returned to the Absians, who were delighted at his

arrival, and inquired what had happened to him with the Fazareans. He ordered Hadifah and his brothers into his presence, and he gave them honorary robes, and released them: returning them their horses and their arms, he sent them home, having first asked them to make peace; but Hadifah refused. When they reached the tribe of Fazarah, their troubles diminished, and their joys increased. Sinan and Harith advanced, and saluting them, conducted them to the tents; and on that day there was no fighting.

As to the Absians, when King Cais had liberated Hadifah and his brothers, he assembled his brothers, and Rebia, and his tribe, and began to consult with them how he should conduct the war against the Fazareans. My advice, O King, said Rebia, is, that we should protract the combat; perhaps our cousin may come to us, he, the reliever of our sorrows—Antar, son of Shedad, and repay them for their outrages. We must, said Cais, make one united attack, and perhaps we may punish the iniquity of that Harith, son of Zalim. That's the thing, said the Absians.

The next day the Fazareans mounted, and sought the contest; the Absians also made an universal assault; limbs were soon cut off; the polished blades and lengthened spears laboured; heroes were laid low on the scene of horrors. The affair continued in this state till mid-day, the Fazareans being well backed against the Absians by the presence of Harith.

But lo! a dust arose, and covered the land; and

in an hour there appeared five hundred horsemen in armour, and at their head was a knight like a mass of a mountain, or the declivity of a vast rock ; and he shouted out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! Retaliation for Malik, son of Zoheir ! I am Zayidah, son of Museeb : then repeating his shout, he attacked the Fazareans. His men followed him to the assault, and in less than an hour they drove back the Fazareans to the tents.

When Harith saw this, he uncovered his head, and attacked till he retrieved the day by his vigorous resistance. Thus the combat continued till evening, when the two armies separated. The Fazareans alighted at their tents, and thanked Harith for his exploits : and thus also the Absians alighted at their tents, and thanked Zayidah for his achievements.

King Cais having asked Zayidah about the cause of his coming, O King, said he, I heard what had happened to you with the filthy tribe of Fazarah, and how they had massacred the children. I could not endure such deeds : I thought indeed you would have sent to require my assistance ; but as no one came to me from you, I mounted with these warriors, and am here to aid you ; and were it not for Harith, I would easily defeat the Fazareans. Tomorrow, however, I will challenge him ; perhaps I may kill him, and relieve the Arabs from his atrocities, and his treacheries, and malice. On hearing this, King Cais reposed quite happy. As to the tribe of Fazarah, By the protection of an Arab, said Harith,

verily that Zayidah is a noble horseman, but to-morrow I must kill him.

They reposed that night, revolving under the will of the most merciful God, whom nothing human can change, till the day dawned, when the two parties having mounted to the scene of action, lo! Harith started forth, eager for the contest; and as he galloped and charged, he thus recited:

“ I regard no man as a friend, and I make absence an exchange for enjoyment. Whenever a friend asks a favour of you, betray him, and requite a good action with an evil one, as a foe, and hurl down every one with the long spear. Ply the sword amongst all your relations, and slay every one with the polished sabre. Betray your companions and family, till you see the dearest in infamy. When you want a comrade, associate with a spear, and be not separated from your bright scimitar. Abandon your family, forsake friends; laid low on the back of the earth, let them lie dead. O Absians, I will singly attack you this day with deeds that ages shall record. My sword shall not rest in the darkness of its sheath, and it will not be reconciled to any one instead of me. My scimitar, and my arms, and my spear, shall tear ye out, root and branch. Think not I regard a friend that he can please me. I love no friend; come forth then, and behold the combat of a youth, a vanquisher, who considers numbers as nought; see how he will act among ye on the back of his colt that will

“ trample down heroes in the day of battle. My
“ heart this day is sick, ease therefore my sickening
“ heart with the contest. I am Harith, son of
“ Zalim ; my name is famed for perfidy throughout
“ the tribes.”

The Absians replied to Harith's verses with curses and abuse. Zayidah longed to attack him, but one of his cousins anticipated him ; he was a stout horseman, and a noble warrior ; he rushed on Harith ; he stood up on his saddle ; then stretched himself out on his stirrups, and drove at Harith a fierce thrust. But as Harith watched the spear aimed at his chest, he unsheathed his sword, and at one blow clipped off its point. Then he closed on him, and pierced him with his lance through the chest, and forced the barb out quivering through his back ; he hurled him down dead, weltering in his blood. Again he rushed at the standards of King Cais, shouting, O Absians, this is not your custom, thus to let others fight for you ; why stand ye still on the backs of your horses ? Sally forth, if ye are desirous of glory. If you wish to withdraw, I will let you, on condition that ye abandon for ever the land of Shurebah and Mount Saadi. I will accommodate you among my tribe of Marah, and I will intercede for you with King Numan, provided you first send me your slave Antar bound in chains, that I may kill him, and retaliate on him, and deliver him to King Numan. On hearing this harangue, King Cais was anxious to order his army to attack, but Zayidah would not permit him, for rushing upon

Harith, he thus exclaimed, Eh ! how foul are thy qualities ! Art thou not ashamed barely to mention such odious propositions ? and thus he continued :

“ If thine eye regards iniquity as virtue, by my
“ life, thy blindness has lasted too long. If per-
“ fidy were to smite thee with the cleaving sword,
“ it would see its favourite disgraced. Thou hast
“ gained a name by the murder of Khalid, till thou
“ hast filled the unwatered deserts with the talk of
“ thy deeds. Thou didst go to him as he slept,
“ and thou didst force the polished sword against
“ him in the obscurity of night. But now hail to
“ thee ! verily thou shalt taste of prolonged tor-
“ tures from the edge of my scimitar and the barb
“ of my spear.”

These two intrepid heroes met like two ferocious leopards, and a contest ensued that startled the boldest, and amazed the stoutest. They continued in this state till mid-day, when they were enveloped under the dust. Harith despised his antagonist ; but perceiving his uncommon powers, he exerted himself in the combat of blows and thrusts, fearful that the tribe of Fazarah should regard him with an eye of inferiority. So he assaulted Zayidah like an enraged lion, and smote him on the head, splitting his casque and his chains ; the sword continued to work through him till it issued between his thighs, and he fell dead, cut in two. The Fazeareans sent forth shouts of exultation, when lo ! a knight advanced towards King Cais : he was close

vized: Dost thou not know who I am? said he. No, young man, said Cais. I am Cosoorah, Harith's brother, said he, who has outraged you after all your kindness. I am resolved to go out against him myself, and, perhaps, I may relieve the Arabs from his iniquities; for greatly has he dishonoured our kindred by his acts. I wish therefore to try myself in the combat with him, and whether I am victorious over him, or he kill me, I shall be eased of his perfidy. King Cais was exceedingly astonished. These two are brothers by the same father and mother, said he to his chiefs; but what a difference is there between them in courtesy and generosity! Thus started forth Cosoorah against his brother. Eh! thou faithless villain! he exclaimed, what means this depravity? this outrage against the warriors? hast lost thy senses? or is it thy folly that goads thee on? Thou bastard! cried Harith, recognising him, and he was immediately inflamed with intense wrath and indignation, I sent after thee to come and assist me, but thou wert gone to the Absians, and fearest not my power: now thou art come even to fight me. And as he spoke, he assailed his brother with the utmost fury; but Cosoorah met him like a sparkling fire. (The Arabs, in those days of ignorance, used to call Harith the Violator, and Cosoorah the Intrepid). And they continued the spear-thrust and sword-blow till every eyeball was sickened. They continued in this state till evening came on, when Harith desisted from the engagement, saying, Return to thy comrades

for this night; had I wished thy death, I would have slain thee at the very first. By the faith of a noble Arab, said Cosoorah, thou hast no escape but by flight; if thou retirest from before me, I will pursue thee to the tribe of Fazarah, and will bring defeat down upon thee; for I only came to fight thee, because thou hast glutted the universe with the scandal thou hast brought on the Arabs. On hearing this, the light became dark in the eyes of Harith. He rushed at him, and smote him with Zoolhyyat on the head, and divided him down to the belt of his back, and he hurled him over cut in twain. Confounded at Harith's deed, the two armies shuddered at the hardness of his heart against his brother, the son of his father and mother. As to King Cais, he vanished from existence at the horror of this catastrophe. He remained that night in the greatest distress at being thus abandoned by Harith, for he could not imagine what would happen, or how it would all end. As to Harith, when he had slain his brother Cosoorah, he retired to the tribe of Fazarah, where Hadifah and Sinan met him, and thanked him for his achievements, and for the murder of his brother.

At the dawn of day the two armies prepared to engage, when lo! Harith started forth galloping and charging, and challenging to the contest. Come forth, ye Absians, he cried, against the grasper of lives! him who converts joy into sorrow—him who regards no engagement—him who acknowledges no brother—no

cousin. King Cais would have ordered the troops to a general assault, but the Chief Shedad started out against Harith, who encountered him, and commenced the blow, and the draughts of instant death : he had even wounded him ; but just as he was about to close upon him, lo ! a dust arose, and as it cleared away, there appeared the bridegroom of war and battle—the destroyer of sturdy warriors—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the instructor of heroes in battle—he, in whom the world glories—the Chief Antar, son of the Chief Shedad, and his companions were like devouring lions ; and as the Absians beheld Antar advance, they set up the shout of joy, Oh what a glorious morn ! King Cais kissed him between the eyes, and told him what Harith had done, how he had slain his brother, and wounded Shedad. And to his inquiries of Antar about what had happened with Aswad and their wives and property, O King, said Antar, I have rescued our prisoners and our heroes, and I have returned Aswad to bondage and captivity, and we have not lost a single article, not even the value of a halter. The cause of this was, that Antar with ten warriors and Shiboob followed Aswad's track ; and when their eyes met, Antar roared in a voice that made the mountains and the whole country resound, Ignoble dastards ! I am Antar, son of Shedad : let go those women and children. No sooner did Aswad and his companions hear the voice of Antar, the lion-knight, than they were stupefied and confounded ; their bodies were struck

with horror; their complexions changed. Come on, cried Aswad to Locait and the Brandisher of Spears; on to the sturdy slave, for he has only a small party of cowards with him. Comfort your heart and brighten your eye, cried they all; soon will we show you a day of horrors. But our opinion is, you should station a party of us over the prisoners, that our hearts may not be occupied in the hour of battle. This being done, the Brandisher of Spears and Locait with their warriors returned to engage Antar, who received them as the parched earth the first of the rain: he yelled in their horses' faces, and thus drove them on their haunches, and made them hurl their riders off their backs. As soon as the women heard the voice of Antar, their pain and sorrow vanished; joy and gladness visited them. Shiboob sought the post of the prisoners; he met the heroes that were stationed over them sitting still, and contemplating the battle. He rushed towards Harith, son of Zoheir, in the rear of the guards, who were leisurely enjoying the spectacle of the combat: he released him from bondage, and, in less than an hour, they had released one another: then mounting the horses to which they had before been bound, they made an assault to assist Antar, exclaiming as in one voice, O by Abs! O by Adnan! At this shout his powers expanded; but Aswad seeing the prisoners rescued, was alarmed. He would have fled, but Shiboob perceived him. Follow me, O Prince, he cried out to Harith, son of Zoheir. But the warriors of Aamir and Darem,

when they saw Aswad fly, gave their bridles to their steeds. Antar pursued them with the Absians, till they drove them out of that country, having first taken ten prisoners, and slain twenty heroes; the remainder bent their fugitive course towards the wastes and the wilds.

Antar and his comrades were returning, when lo! Shiboob and Harith, son of Zoheir, advanced with Prince Aswad their prisoner, whom they dragged along as they would a camel. Eh! O Eberiah, said Antar, how didst capture Adwad? Know, my brother, replied Shiboob, when he beheld you, and how you slaughtered his men, he fled; but I pursued him till I overtook him; I smote his horse, and wounded him in the pasterns. Aswad fell off; I jumped on his breast; he resisted; I drew forth my dagger, and he cried, Quarter, O Shiboob! and surrendered himself to me. I pinioned him well, arms and shoulders. Antar congratulated them on their safety, and wishing the women joy on their security, he stationed a guard over Aswad and his comrades. O Antar, said Aswad, what advantage is there in keeping me in captivity? Let me go this once, and accept me as your friend and companion in every strait and difficulty. Eh! and why should I let thee go? said Antar; just to assemble against me all thy host and tribes, and come and engage me a second time? Who, said Aswad, can ever dare to fight thee again, or ever come near thee in the combat? Never will I approach the spot where thou art. Know too, O Aboolfawaris,

that Harith is gone to fight on the side of the Fazareans. Upon this the heart of Antar was alarmed for the Absians, till day dawning, he mounted with his brave companions, and they travelled over the wastes and the sandhills till they reached home, where they reposed in the tents one night, and having placed Iblā and the other women in security, Antar again mounted; and as he passed over the deserts and the wastes, he recollected all the wars he had been engaged in, and thus recited:

“ I bade adieu to her whose absence has deposited
 “ in me a flame whose smallest work is its blazing.
 “ I have quitted her, but my heart is with her, and
 “ I have preserved my covenants and stipulations
 “ with her. O Iblā, were absence a substance, thou
 “ wouldst see what burthens I have borne. As to
 “ the calamities of fortune, were they scimitars, their
 “ flash should not terrify me. O Iblā, how oft the
 “ raven of the desert croaks in love, and truly its
 “ croaking gives me ease. I was born for the tumultuous war of vengeance, when the bright foreheads
 “ of the high mettled steeds rush impetuously to
 “ the contest, and the brilliancy of the atmosphere
 “ is blackened with their dust, and the lustre of the
 “ sun’s rays vanish, and the thrusts clash with the
 “ barbs of the spears, whose lacerating gores wrench
 “ out the folds of the entrails. Never have I been
 “ present in the battle, on the day of horrors, but
 “ that I have made the whole country flow in blood.
 “ The horsemen look at me, in the day of the battle,
 “ with eyes, whose balls are fixed on high. They

“ avoid me, and their fears tell them that the sheath
“ of my sword is their necks. They abuse my
“ complexion for its swarthy, day and night;
“ their hypocrisy is the least evil they speak. I have
“ a sword, were it brandished in Hajir, even Irak
“ would sparkle with its lightning.”

As Antar repeated his verses, his companions were much delighted at his expressions, and his compliance with the times. They hastened forward till they came up to the Absians. King Cais had not finished speaking of Harith, son of Zalim, when Shedad, Antar's father, returned from his engagement with Harith; he was wounded, and his shoulder was raw with blood. Antar, as he viewed his father, wounded, and in that plight, had not the command of his senses. He rushed against Harith, who, observing the confusion, was still wavering between truth and doubt, uncertain what to think, till Antar himself stood before him, in the plain of battle; and as he looked at him, his limbs shook as with an ague: he was stupefied—he was aghast. Eh! thou ordure-born, cried Antar, how speedily thou hast forgotten favours! how quickly hast thou betrayed thy friends! verily, thou hast no honour, no word to be believed. By the faith of an Arab, I must slay thee, and thus Antar recited:

“ Congratulate thyself, O Harith, that thou hast
“ fallen on a hero, accustomed to plunge into dark-
“ ness, ever amongst warrior princes. Thou shalt
“ see in me this day a lion-hero, that deals the blow

“ of tombs ; the battle is veiled—the contest is
“ darkened, but retreat not, that my soul’s anguish
“ may be extinguished. How many lion-heroes
“ have I slain with my sword, and how many gores
“ have I driven with my spear ! Never has the
“ flourish of the spear-barb glittered in the morn,
“ but I was the first among the troops. I launch
“ into the hottest of the fight, and the dust is its
“ pavilion far extended over the plains. Death, in
“ the day of contention, serves my arm, and my
“ sword hews away the joints. Fiends dread my
“ power and my assault. Man, too, has felt my
“ virtue. I am fate amongst the foe—I am the
“ calamity—I am the establisher of woe amongst
“ the tribes. My star is above the minutest stars in
“ the constellation of the Great Bear ; and as to my
“ ambition, kings talk of it in their assemblies. My
“ chest is broad, and my spear is a tearer, and my
“ vehemence is acknowledged in every army.”

Now Harith hung down his head towards the ground in fear of Antar. He meditated a while, and was confounded ; again he had recourse to his artifices and stratagems. Welcome, welcome, O Aboolfawaris, he cried, thou ornament of assemblies ! thou lion of the land ! thou sublime in glory ! thou pardoner of sinners ! thou defender of children and women ! O Aboolfawaris, verily I have sinned against thee, and what thou hast said of me was justifiable, for thou hast reduced me to that state, that I can no more raise up my head among the warriors. Indeed, I repent of my conduct towards

thee, in the deepest manner; but thou art acquainted with my story, and what has happened to me. I perceived my chance of success with Numan was weakened, and my apprehensions were realized. So I set at liberty Aswad and his horsemen, thinking that thy matters would be easily arranged with Numan. But the reverse is the event; for they still demand me, and had I not fled, they would have put me to death. But now that is all over; and I have no apology thou canst accept; I must exert myself in the contest with thee; but afterwards I will dismount from my horse, and cast myself under the hoofs of thy horse, Abjer, and will humbly ask thy forgiveness. Canst thou then pardon me this once? And if I ever again betray thee, may the mother of Harith be no more a free-born woman. May God curse thee, Harith, said Antar, above all mankind, and all that put their trust in thee or believe thee! But if I could suppose that forgiveness could purify thee, I would pardon thee. O champion of the Absians, cried Harith, thou knowest my sword Zoolhyyat is my greatest joy, and dearer to me than the life that animates my body—take it and forgive me, and he actually sheathed his sword and delivered it to Antar. Antar was amazed at his words, and astonished at his actions; for the surrender of arms prohibited all contest, and he dared not raise his hand against him. O Harith, said he, restoring his sword, I cannot from my heart confide in thee, and from me towards thee there can be no security or protection, but through King

Cais. And I know there is too much resentment in his heart against thee, for mē to be responsible for him, and to engage his protection for thee. Yet march on before me, that I may intercede with him. So Harith went on before him, and whilst the two parties were amazed at seeing him (for they knew not what had happened), Hadifah began to quiz Harith. Eh ! Harith, he cried, hast thou then returned to fight for this bastard slave ? Woe ! woe ! O Aboolfawaris, cried Harith, turning round (for his back was towards Antar), scandal to the Arabs that they should thus speak of thee, and call thee bastard, and the least of thy acts towards me is this thy act, and this thy beneficence. Never will I return to the presence of King Cais till I have white-washed my face with him, either by the death of Hadifah or his captivity. And he drew forth his sword, quicker than the lightning's flash, and struck Antar a full blow on the head, and he attempted to kill him in the presence of the assembled nations. On Antar's head was one of the Chosrowean helmets, on which he always depended ; but Harith's sword split it, cut the lining and wadding, and fell upon his head, making a gash on his forehead, and causing the blood to flow over his beard. Afraid, lest he should repeat the blow and destroy him, Antar exhibited the utmost steadiness. He shouted out to Harith with the roar of a lion, and directing his spear against him, resolved to pierce him ; but Harith fled from before him, and sought the tribe of Fazarah. The day now disappearing, Antar

retired. The Absians met him on horseback, and stanching the blood, bound up his wound. King Cais and his brother also hastened up and inquired how he was. Antar told them the whole circumstance, and repaired to his father's tents, bellowing in the excess of his fury and rancour. He reposed that night, but was all anxiety for the dawn of day, that he might sally forth to the battle, and relieve his heart in the blows of the scimitar. As to the tribe of Fazarah, they reposed in a state of most perfect happiness. Hadifah went to meet Harith, and thanked him for what he had done, saying, Truly thou hast eased my sorrows, and hast done a deed shall be recorded from generation to generation; and hadst thou but slain that dæmon, thou wouldst have been the paragon of the age! O Ebe Hjar, said Harith, this hero cannot be numbered amongst the warriors thou hast ever known. Speak not much to me on this subject, for I am well aware of Antar's style of fighting, and I only dealt him the blow of one already terrified. I had deceived him, but my heart did not feel secure in him, so I resolved to exert my power over him, before he should exert his power over me, and I have wounded him. He has courted the combat, and in every respect he is a true hero. They continued thus till the laughing morn approached, when the warriors drew their swords, and extended their spears. The first who started forth to the field was the knight of the precipitate attack—the serpent of the bowels of the desert—the raiser of the lofty column—the noble

Prince Antar, son of Shedad. He sought the contest, calling out for Harith, his heart full of resentment ; and when the Fazareans saw him, and heard his harangue, they were bewildered and amazed, Hadifah inquired for Harith, but they could not find him, and it was said that he had fled, taking with him ten of the most intrepid horsemen. Now Harith, in fact, was aware that Antar would not care for his wound, but would come forth in the morning to challenge him, when he would be under the necessity of fighting him ; therefore, only waiting till the darkness thickened, and the eyes of mortals were asleep, he took with him ten horsemen, and carried off a good string of camels, belonging to the tribe of Fazarah, and sought the land of Mecca. Hadifah was greatly troubled. May God curse Harith, son of Zalim, and afford him no security on the road, said he ; for he has not regarded the rights of his friend. Antar's rancour was at its height. He assailed the Fazareans, and rushed upon them—he laid low the horsemen—he destroyed the brave—and he cut his way through the heroes ; and when the Absians saw his attack, they prepared to assist him ; but Cais prevented them, saying, Let us abstain from the combat, that we may ascertain what is become of Harith ; perhaps he may be concealed. So he sent word to Antar, and told him of the state of things. Antar bore the battle alone till evening, when he retired. The tribe of Fazarah was in the greatest consternation ; all their fortitude was staggered—their heads hung down, and they passed

that night in fears, forming various conjectures. The next day, they again mounted for the combat, and long lasted the thrust with the tall spears, and the blow with the polished scimitars. Antar and the horsemen set fire to the hearts of the tribe of Fazarah—they drove them to their tents. The parties continued in this state for three days ; on the fourth, the horsemen allied to Hadifah separated, and sought their own country, frightened at Antar and his assaults. Thus the tribe of Fazarah being disgraced, depended on the heights of the mountains. The Absians seized their dwellings, and took up their abode there, surrounding the Fazareans on all quarters, and cutting off every communication ; for Antar vowed, that he would not leave of the tribe of Fazarah one to speak or one to hear. This state of things continued ten days ; they were in the greatest difficulties, and every friend and comrade had abandoned them. They lighted fires by night on the mountain tops, and fortified themselves amongst the sandhills. By day, Hadifah descended on foot with his brothers, possessing themselves of the ways and defiles, and defending their families with their scimitars and glittering swords, but feeling certain of overwhelming calamities. On the eleventh day, Hadifah assembled them. O my cousins, said he, know that Antar will not quit us, and will not leave a remnant of us alive ; so fight the foe—expose your lives—pierce them with the spears, and dearly sell your existence. Thus he continued to encourage them with harangues, till they disregarded life.

Armour felt light; they mounted their generous steeds, and snatching up their tall spears, they precipitated themselves from the mountain-tops. But the women began to weep and lament, and a crowd of noble slaves followed them. The Absians were eager for the contest, and Antar hastened to the scene of spear-thrusts and sword-blows; but Cais, observing the desperate fury of the Fazareans, said to Antar and the Absians, O my cousins, by the God of heaven, attend to me, retire to some distance from them; thus urged on by their own virulence, they will soon be mixed with us in the desert, then let us turn upon them and plunder their lives. And he wheeled away his horse, and Antar followed him. The others, seeing the banners move away, also turned their horses heads and retired. The Fazareans were greatly delighted; their eagerness was excited—they raised their shouts, and galloped forward to capture the Absians. The dust arose—the sun was veiled; and Hadifah cried out, O my cousins, ply the sword on the foe; let not one survive! King Cais and Antar exulted, and wheeled all at once, followed by the noble horsemen; and the spear-thrust commenced after this short suspension. The heroes clashed against each other—exertion was universal—artifice availed not—conversation was at an end—horses trampled over the plain—hands, right and left, were palsied—vallies were not distinguished from mountains. The dust arose like night, and war was in all its terrors. The brave exulted on their saddles, and persisted—the coward

felt assured of death and despair—blood flowed and streamed—the hearts of the bravest failed—the battle continued to rage till the Almighty permitted the day to depart; the warriors were laid low upon the sands, and gray were the locks of infants on that day. But God prospered the Absians, and nothing appeared sweeter to them than death, and the approach of fate. This was their condition, when lo! a dust drew nigh, and it moved along like a cloud that equalized the hills and the vallies. The arms of both parties instantly relinquished the blow and thrust, for they thought it was the dust of Harith returning, and with him a party of villains. In an hour, the dust cleared away, and there appeared a tribe of Hijaz, and some horsemen of Mecca, in Yemen cloaks, and turbans of Kufian silk, all girded with straight spears, and scimitars of India; and their countenances were like the sparkling constellations: round them were slaves with Yemen javelins, all like lions, and clothed in panther skins; and when they advanced out of the dust, they moved gently between the two ranks and exclaimed, O by the Arabs! sheathe your swords, from striking bodies and skulls. Ye have agitated the chiefs of the sacred shrine: this is the Lord of the Holy Wall and Zemzem, the obeyed monarch, Abdulmotalleb, of the tribe of Hashem. Withdraw from the contest; hear what he says, and presume not to oppose his word. At hearing this, the two parties separated.

King Cais came forward, and saluting him, kissed

his hand. He attended him, and followed him till they reached the land of Shurebah, where the horsemen alighted at their tents, and the people were united to their wives. King Cais ordered sheep to be slaughtered, and a feast to be prepared, whilst Abdulmotaleb began to describe to them the peculiarities of Mecca, and the holy shrine, the virtue of Zenzem and the temple, and the appearance of our Lord Mohammed, the lamp of darkness. (May the peace of God be on him and his noble associates as long as the ringdove moans and the pigeon sings!) He informed him of his existence and appearance, and excited their wishes to live long, that they might perhaps comprehend him, and be guided by his light; and there was not one but anxiously longed to survive till his time that he might behold him, and might fight for him.

When the feasts of the tribes of Fazarah and Abs were over, Hadifah requested Aswad's liberty of King Cais, who assenting, asked the opinion of Abdulmotaleb on that point. It would be right, said he, to loosen his bonds. Summon him here, that I may make peace between you, and I will invite him to repair to King Numan, for he is the king of the age over every prince, and he commands all the Arabs; and by the truth of the God of old, no one is made a monarch or sultan but that there is imparted to him some secret knowledge to which a common man is not admitted; and were it not a favour from the God of heaven and earth, the post of honour of one would not be raised above another,

for we are all of the race of Adam and Eve. King Cais conformed with the orders of Abdulmotaleb, and sent some of his chief attendants to Aswad to release him from bondage. He invested him with a magnificent robe, and paid him every honour and respect, and begged his pardon for all that had passed. Abdulmotaleb took him by his side, and presented him some victuals. He ate till he was satisfied, and conversed; and in Abdulmotaleb's last words to Aswad he concluded by saying, Know, O prince, that God did not create men useless and helpless, and it is incumbent on his slaves to defend themselves against violence and oppression. Your brother is now King of the Arabs and Irak. Every thing is easy to him, because he has the language and the sword of a king; but it is his duty to settle the disputes of his people, and the Arabs, and the tribes, and not to act like a foolish man, for God will make him responsible for his tyranny. Thou hast seen how he has sent thee with armies and troops, but they have all been dispersed. All this is by the command of God, far and near. It is now deemed meet that thou shouldst return to thy brother Numan, and prohibit him from acts of outrage and hostility; advise him not to cut asunder the connexion between him and the tribe of Abs, and let him not act in a manner to incur the reproaches of kings and of the Arabs. It is ever particularly praiseworthy to respect kindred and relationship. O chief, said Prince Aswad, all these events were owing to Harith; but now that business is ter-

minated; and Harith has departed out of this land, I will request my brother to withdraw his aggressions from this tribe, and I will fill his ears with reproof and reproach.

Thus ended the day in feasts and merriment. The next day Abdulmotaleb took his departure, saying to King Cais, Every one must be aware that the horses of death are pursuing him, and that he is a captive in the grasp of fate and destiny; let him therefore content himself with a little in this world. Thus saying, he departed, accompanied with the chiefs of Abs and Fazarah, in order to bid him farewell. Aswad rode out also till mid-day, when he departed on his return to Irak. Abdulmotaleb halted in that country, and having made peace between the Absians and Fazareans, taking their bonds and covenants for the preservation of tranquillity, to which the Sheikhs of the two tribes were witnesses, he travelled over the wilds and the wastes. King Cais and Hadifah, with their companions, returned to their respective lands; but heart burnings and deep recollections still remained.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

As to Harith, when he fled from the tribe of Fazarah, he could find no asylum but at Mecca, for there every wanderer was secure. There he remained, and connected himself with his grandfather, who was called Marah, son of Luvee. Now one day when Antar was sitting alone in his tent, there came to him a man from Mecca, one of the hermits of the tribe of Abs that seldom quitted the sacred shrine. Antar inquired of Harith. I saw him, said he, in the sacred place established, eating and drinking, enjoying the property he had plundered; but in his heart there is a flame blazing against you. I beheld in him what I never beheld in any human being. What hast thou seen in him? said Antar. My cousin, said he, Harith was one day walking round the sacred shrine, his sword slung over his shoulders, when a man called Amroo, son of Atnabah, the Yathrabite, stared at him. He inquired who he was? they told him it was Harith, son of Zalim. How! this must be the man, said the Yathrabite, who slew Khalid, son of Giafer, when he was asleep; and is his murderer now alive? O Arab, cried Harith, overhearing him, how art thou called among horsemen? I am called Amroo, son of Atnabah. Yathrab is my place of abode and birth, said he.

What mean you by your question? You have abused me, said Harith, for murdering Khalid in his sleep; perhaps I may meet you when you are awake. Again the Yathrabite began to satirize Harith in the following manner:

“ O my friends, soothe me with pleasures, and
“ make me drink of the wine of enjoyment. Let
“ me hear the damsels strike the cymbals at the
“ time of joy and relaxation, when every new moon
“ sparkles before me, and every true lover passes
“ the evening with his mistress. I belong to a noble
“ tribe, but that is not my boast; their parentage
“ is known by the purity of their faith. My kindred
“ is a branch of the race of Adnan, brilliant and
“ resplendent with virtues. I am a knight, whom
“ the sword and lance obey when the spears are in-
“ terwoven. My companion and my aid in cala-
“ mities is my sword, whose edge I adore. Tell
“ Harith, son of Zalim, that I have spoken of him
“ the words of a true reporter, and that no one but
“ a coward kills a man asleep, and no one but a
“ hero can kill a man when awake.”

When Amroo, son of Atnabah, had finished his verses, he set out on his return to Medina Yathrab, his heart boiling against Harith, for he dared not lay his hand upon him in the sacred shrine. Harith, learning from his spies and emissaries that Amroo had quitted Mecca on his way to Medina, followed him till Amroo entered his own dwelling. Waiting till night, he repaired to his house, and knocked at his door. Who art thou? said Amroo.

A suppliant for protection, said Harith. I will protect thee, said Amroo, by the faith of an Arab, were even Harith, son of Zalim, thy foe. If thou wilt aid me, added Harith, come not forth but merged in armour. Upon that, Amroo put on his arms, and plunged himself into his coat of mail; but his wife hung about him, saying, I smell blood in the voice of this caller; but he tore himself away from her, and paid no attention to her words. He went forth to the suppliant, and followed him; and when they had passed the palm-trees of Yathrab, O Amroo, cried Harith, turning round upon him, I am Harith, of whom you said he could only murder the sleeping. Thou art prepared, awake, clad in thy armour, and mounted on thy horse; now be on thy guard. Amroo was astonished, but resolved to fight him; he brandished his spear, and roared and bellowed. Son of Zalim, verily thou hast acted fairly, he cried, as he rushed at him. Harith met him, and the two engaged under the veil of obscurity, and continued to combat till the greatest part of the night was passed. Being now tired and exhausted, each stood apart from his antagonist; but Harith had again recourse to his artifices and perfidy: What say you, said he to Amroo, to cancelling the contract and abandoning the contest? Sheath thy sword, that I may also sheath mine. I heard your verses concerning me at Mecca, where you abused me for my conduct; they surprised me. I am desirous therefore to reply to them. Amroo sheathed his sword, and leaned against his spear, saying,

Well then, O Harith, let me hear what you have on your mind. And Harith thus recited :

“ Supply me, dearest friends, with pleasures, before my situation becomes too severe. Let not the railers glut themselves upon me, or see me a prey to sorrow. I care not when I wake on Tuesday whether they call me upright or a profligate. Ever let me replenish the ewers with excellent wine morning and evening. Moreover, never have I betrayed my engagement to God in my life ; but a story from my enemies has reached me that would make the heart forget the cruellest disease, that no one but a coward slays a man asleep, and no one slays one awake but a hero. So I have traversed the deserts on my black steed, resembling the obscurity of night, anxious to engage in combat with the youth of Yathrab, that virtue may not appear like vice. I visited him when darkness had spread out its foot : he was like a full moon in the cup of the Pleiades. I challenged, and swift as a lion he welcomed me as soon as he saw me. I challenged him, and I beheld a hero mighty in the contest ; a knight, at whom knights might quake with horror when he shakes swords or Semherian spears.”

Amroo dismounted from his horse, and hastened in the fullest security of mind to embrace him, and to adjure him to enter Medina Yathrab with him. But Harith, as he saw Amroo approaching him, extended his arm, and opened wide his elbow, and stretching forth his spear more rapid than lightning,

he pierced Amroo through the chest, and drove it sparkling through his back, and hurled him down dead. He ran at him; he carried away his horse, and spoiling him of his arms, abandoned him cast down on the desert.

When Antar heard this account of Harith, the fire was kindled in his heart, and he placed spies and scouts over him. But Harith, after he had slain Amroo, and left him on the waste, returned to Mecca, and sold Amroo's arms and horse in his fears, saying to himself, There is nothing now to be done but to go to Aswad, and request of him to make peace between me and his brother King Numan, and to secure his protection for me. He set out in the night, and travelled on till he reached Hirah, where he saw multitudes and armies like the rolling ocean.

Now Prince Aswad, on being released by Abdulmotaleb, repaired to his brother, to whom he related what had happened to him with the Absians and Antar, and the arrival of Abdulmotaleb, who had adjusted the disputes between the tribes of Abs and Fazarah. O my brother, he added, he is a wise man, between whom and the Absians there is no altercation, as long as Antar the violent death is among them, for he fears not whole hosts, and no power alarms him. As soon as he encountered us, he only made one dash at us; he defeated us; he made his way right through us; and there was not one of us left in his senses. If matters are as you, my brother, represent them, said Numan, consider

what must be done. By the faith of an Arab, added he, I am aware of, and I have proved Antar's superior intrepidity, and so has every army you have sent against him and the Absians; for there was no warrior that engaged him, the lord of battles, but he discomfited him were he even attacked ten times over. Verily, I have beheld in Antar what I never saw in any mortal man before. If matters stand thus, continued Numan, where shall we meet a warrior that can cope with Antar in the field, and make him drink of the cup of death? O my brother, replied Aswad, if you are desirous of Antar's death, there is no one but Harith, son of Zalim; for he nears him in courage and resolution, and general excellence, and in fraud and deceit he is the most subtle of men. As to Harith, said Numan, who knows where he is that we may send for him, and offer him wealth and property? I will bring him to you, said Aswad. Equip an army for him against the Absians, and see what he will do; and every one he may slay of them it will be so much gained for you. Do whatever you please, my brother, said Numan.

Aswad returned home, and found Harith in his house, who sprang up towards him, and kissed his hands. The prince, much pleased, and feeling assured that Antar would at any rate be slain this time, received him with every attention and kindness, and told him what had passed with his brother. Early next day Numan's messenger entered to order Prince Aswad into his presence. Return, said

he, to my brother, and tell him I have a guest, and he is afraid of him.

The messenger returned and told him, and Numan gave him a mantle of security, with which the messenger went back to the prince, saying, Your brother sends his compliments, and says, Bring me your guest; and if it be even Harith, son of Zalim, this is a mantle of security. Upon this, Harith started up together with the prince, and proceeded to the presence of Numan, where they saw a numerous assemblage of chiefs, and horsemen, and warriors; and when Harith's eyes fell on Numan, he kissed the ground in fear and terror: he kissed his hand, piteously stating his apprehensions and dread, and the grievances and evils he had endured; and whilst they were eating, and the cups of wine were circling among them, the conversation fell upon the horsemen and warriors of the age; they also mentioned Harith, and how he had by stratagem contrived to wound Antar. O cousins, said Numan, a man's subtlety and stratagem for conquest are the perfection of the art of war; and were not a knight to be subtle as well as expert in arms, he would not be called brave, and he would not be talked of by the heroes for his battles and his contests. And as the turn came to Harith, Numan continued, saying, Tell us something of your treacheries and artifices. On condition, said he, that you will permit me to relate what happened to me the other day. Well, let us hear it, said Numan.

O king of the age, began Harith, know that the

knights of the age, men of faith, are seven, viz. Di-reed, son of Samah ; Amroo, son of Wad, the Aami-rite ; Amroo, son of Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian ; Zoolkhimar, the Himyarite ; Aamir, son of Tofeil ; the Brandisher of Spears ; and the Chief Antar, son of Shedad. The impostors are also seven, viz. Cad-moos, son of Majid ; Marah, son of Abdulazee ; Jarcer, son of Mubadir ; the Knight Awis ; Amroo, the Kelbian ; Saleek, son of Selikah ; and he was silent. And you are the seventh ? said Numan. Yes, said he.

And now, continued Numan, tell us some of your perfidious acts, and what stratagem you lately practised. O King, said Harith, my story is extraordinary, and it ought to be recorded after my death. It is thus : after my adventure with Antar, I left the Fazareans, taking with me ten of the noble Arab horsemen ; and when we had travelled half way, we stopped in a country called Mancabit ool Mesalik ; we became very hungry, so much so, that we were reduced to infinite distress and perplexity, when lo ! we saw a hovel built of straw, and a small tent pitched, at the entrance of which was a well-proportioned spear, and a sword suspended, and a horse saddled, and a youth of the dimensions of a lion, cooking his victuals on the desert. We galloped up to him ; Young man, said we, is there any Arab horde near you ? The youth raised up his head, and smiling at us, said, Why ask ye for villages and hordes ? These victuals are enough. Know, O Arabs, victuals were only formed to be

eaten, and property was only created to be spent. Liberal men are only esteemed by the wise ; and the niggard is only fit to be killed : and ye are now entitled to honour and every attention.

When, O King, we heard this, we were surprised at the elegance of his mind : he immediately entered the tent, and returned bringing with him a large dish full of camel's milk, and mixed with the honey of bees cooled in the wind ; and we drank of something sweeter than the purest water. We then let our horses loose to graze, and sat down.

As we were examining the young man's tent, and his arms, and his armour, and were wondering at his solitary life in the barren waste, I happened to turn round ; my eyes fell on a damsel more lovely than the refulgent sun. Look, said I to my comrades, at that damsel, who is linked to the seat of my reason and my heart. She must be mine, were even this youth to give me to eat all the bread and salt in the universe. We therefore laid our plans to violate his faith, and to destroy his life ; and whilst he was cooking victuals for us till all was ready, we were meditating villany and perfidy.

At last the youth entered the tent, and brought out a great quantity of Indian corn, which he put into a dish, and mixing it up with some meat and wine, he took up the dish by the handles, and placed it before us, saying, Advance, noble Arabs, come on ; here are some victuals. So we ate till we were satisfied, and the youth stood waiting on us. And when he was about to take away the dish, I said,

What is this damsel to you? What mean you by that question? replied he. Know, O youth, I added, that your property is sacred to us, but we are a gang of Arab depredators, who admit of no faith; we acknowledge no sect; and every one that receives us kindly, we outrage. But as to you, we will spare you on account of your hospitality, as we have eaten your victuals. Take whatever horse you please of ours, escape, and leave the damsel, and your horse, and your tent, and say no more about it.

At hearing this, the light became dark in the eyes of the youth. This damsel, said he, who is in the tent, is my sister; and out of my great anxiety about her, I have secluded myself in this barren waste; but between you and me, there is a sacred respect and engagement, as you have eaten and drunk with me; and I wish you would leave us in peace. Know then, youth, said I, I must carry away this damsel and horse, were they even surrounded by a thousand of the noblest heroes: make no more noise about it, or I shall leave some food for the beasts and birds of prey. If it be so, said the youth, and you will not quit this desert, wait a little for me, that I may bid my sister farewell, and give her my last exhortation. That you may do, said I. And he repaired to his sister, and found her in tears, as she thus spoke:

“Never be the day that the troops mounted on
“roan steeds should see us prisoners. They desire thy
“death, my brother, maliciously; before this never
“knew I of sorrow or guilt. Fight then for thy

“ sister, who depends on thee ; thou art her brother,
“ thou art her father. Let not these wretches pos-
“ sess themselves of my person, or seize me by force,
“ whilst I am with thee ; for shame would fall on
“ thee, son of my father, and the horsemen east and
“ west would reproach thee. Fear not death, sped
“ by the hand of man : no one dreads it but a heart-
“ less coward.”

When the youth heard his sister speak thus, O King, he repeated these verses :

“ Take thy farewell of me, O maiden, before I die ;
“ aid me with thy prayers against the foe. Per-
“ haps the Creator of heaven and earth may pre-
“ serve thy brother from death. A perfidious party
“ has fallen upon us ; in them there is no warmth
“ of heart to pity thy sorrows. They have broken
“ the sacred rights of hospitality ; they have be-
“ trayed us, and they consider as lawful my blood,
“ and the dishonour of thy protector. Follow me,
“ and behold my exploits, when the steeds charge,
“ assaulting thy dwelling ; weep for me with the
“ sorrowing matrons, should I, after my combat, be
“ left dead. And when the dove mourns on the
“ Erak, O dove of the Erak, then aid me with thy
“ complaints. O daughter of Aamir, if they give me
“ fair play in the contest, I will destroy them for
“ love of thee ; but if the party outrage me,
“ and play me foul in the fight, my life will be
“ thy ransom. Alas ! alas ! should I die in my
“ transport, and the foe, when thy protector is no
“ more, take thee captive, O send my adieu to my

“father, and tell him I died by treachery in the meshes of a net.”

As soon as the youth, O King, had finished his verses, he came towards me with a resolute heart. Thou motherless coward, he cried, come on to the fight, that I may show thee horrors. Seeing that he was determined to fight, and that he would slay the first that should go out against him, Go thou forth, said I to one of my comrades; and at the word, my companion rushed at him. The youth cried out, What is thy name? for I have sworn by an oath, that I will not fight with one whose name is like the name of my father. My name, said the other, is Nabish*. Ay, said he, and the gnawers shall gnaw thy flesh; and thus he addressed him:

“Whoever covets a girl, or a horse and spoil, for him there is a sword that deals death, and a knight like a lion, of Arab race, who, were he to see death distinctly, would not fly.”

Thus saying, he rushed down upon my comrade like a driving cloud, and shouted at him like a roaring lion, and pierced him between the paps, thrusting his spear out between his shoulders. When I saw my companion fall dead, I said to his brother, Away now with thee, and retaliate for thy brother; and he sallied forth, but he slew him. Thus I sent one after the other, but the youth slew them, till my nine comrades were all killed, and I remained alone. The youth must be fatigued and exhausted in the

* i. e. Gnawer, or dog.

field, said I to myself; now I will stand forth against him, and will slay him, and enjoy the spoil and the damsel. I sprang at him like a lion of the forest. What ! said he to me, dost thou wish that I should sin against my oath ? and he attacked me. I met him, and there ensued between us a contest in blows and thrusts, that would have stupefied the eyeballs, and amazed the stoutest warriors.

We continued the engagement till it was dark, when crying out at me, Thou son of accursed parents ! he assaulted like a lion, darting at his prey. He drew his scimitar from its scabbard, and I saw death sparkling from the lustre of his sword. But I dismounted quicker than respiration. I threw myself under the belly of his horse ; Save me, O brother of the tribe of Aamir, I cried. Come forth, said he, thou art under my protection. And he immediately dismounted, and taking me by the hand, led me into the tent.

The youth stood up, and took off his armour and his other garments, as he said to his sister, Lay out thy knees for me that I may sleep. And he slept on his sister's knees, whilst she kept her eyes fixed on him. At last a drowsiness came over her also. I gazed at them till a third of the night was passed. On a sudden I jumped up, and unsheathed my Zoolhyyat in my right hand ; I smote him on the chest, and divided him down to his girdle. The damsel, when she felt the blood of her brother, and heard the blow, opened her eyes, and seeing her brother dead, she rolled herself in his blood, and

drew a dagger from his waist, and placing it against her bosom, she leant upon it, and it issued out through her back. Then, O King, I grieved for her, and repented of what I had done. So I seized the youth's spoils, his sword, and his horse, his arms, and the clothes of the damsel, and all the property of my comrades, their horses, and their arms; leaving their carcasses stretched out on the waste, not even covering one of them with earth: and this is the end of my tale, and its consummation.

No sooner had Harith finished, when lo! an old man started up; Art thou not ashamed, O Harith, he cried, to lie in the presence of this King? I know those people. If thou hast spoken the truth, show me some proof of it. Here is this ring, said Harith. Alas! my children, he cried. O King, this youth and damsel were my children, and Harith has murdered them; I must slay him: this is the ring of my son—read it. Numan took the ring, and read it, and lo! there was written thereon—Amroo, son of Harith. My vengeance is even more urgent than thy vengeance, said Numan to the old man; my fury is fiercer than thy fury: and he commanded his attendants to seize Harith. They accordingly seized him, and cast him into the dungeon of wrath. And the old man, the father of the youth, thus recited in the hearing of Numan:

“ It is thus fortune acts with the great, and per-
“ forms the deeds of revolving calamities; it gives
“ all mankind sweets to drink at first, but its end
“ is bitter as the meal of gall; it permits them to

“ enjoy themselves, and become intoxicated with
“ pleasure, but afterwards precipitates them into the
“ grave. I have seen how the world betrays its
“ inhabitants, for it has outraged me inwardly and
“ outwardly. O King of the Universe, listen to my
“ tale. I had a son, a knight among the tribes, and
“ he had a sister like the full moon when it rises, of
“ beautiful aspect, and of elegantly-shaped hands.
“ During my whole life I never possessed but them ;
“ but the revolutions of the age quickened its trea-
“ cheries against me ; a violent death has destroyed
“ them in the middle of the desert, and annihilated
“ them with the cleaving scimitars. If I live with
“ man, I will seek retaliation. The son of Zalim I
“ have met in the presence of Numan :. he related
“ the story true and authentic, and confirmed by
“ the assertions of the actor. O King, this day wreak
“ vengeance on him, and slay him, who has made
“ my tears to flow in waves. Truly, my son was
“ asleep, and thou hast betrayed him : this is a fact,
“ for Harith was awake. Had it not been so, and
“ had he been mounted on the back of his colt,
“ that outstrips the blustering tempest, he had been
“ his match, fearless of the assaults of the Arab or
“ the Persian. Hadst thou not betrayed him, thou
“ coward born, he would have shown thee a blow
“ in the midday heat. But 'tis the decree of the
“ All-Merciful, who acts thus with all mankind ;
“ 'tis predestined fate. How many monarchs have
“ been annihilated ! How many warriors destroyed !
“ But the God of the celestial vault still endures, to

“ whom all secrets are known. My peace be with
“ the world, since my only one lies dead, felled by
“ the vilest of the tribes.”

When the old man had finished, and Numan had heard his tale, astonished at his eloquence, he thus replied :

“ Let the heart, O old man, give way to its sor-
“ rows ; for in the murder of Shirjibeel, I have been
“ heir to woe. The great God has decreed against
“ me the severest pains in grief and affliction, and
“ the loss of his society : O fortune, aid me with
“ tears and lamentations for the loss of a chief that
“ would have been the champion of the tribe ; had
“ he lived, he would have relieved the poor every
“ hour, and would have struck his antagonist with
“ the Yemen sword. But this cursed wretch hastened
“ him away with his perfidy, and made him, guilt-
“ less as he was, drink of the cup of death. O that
“ the whole tribe in a body had ransomed him with
“ my life and my property, and then my friends
“ and my family ! But the decree of the All-Mer-
“ ciful has separated us with the cup of division.
“ His will has decided : be patient, submit to fate,
“ in the dispersion of friendship, and the absence of
“ my beloved. Though Harith has overwhelmed
“ us with his perfidy, soon shall the people see him
“ an object of vengeance. We will hang him by his
“ hair, after torturing him, and we will abandon
“ him on the gate of the city. O that Shirjibeel
“ were present on such a day, and could ease the
“ pangs of his bosom from all fear ; O that on this

“ day he could understand what is said of him, and
“ hear the words of my prayer ! but, O son of
“ Zalim, we will open his tomb and uncover the
“ recesses of his grave.”

When Numan had finished, he ordered the herald to proclaim in Hirah, that every one who wished to see the spectacle of Harith's execution, should be present the next day early at the centre gate. At hearing this, the people were delighted, and reposed. Early next day King Numan ordered a huge camel to be brought; they then produced Harith, and stripping him of his clothes, they nailed his hands to a long pole, and lighted candles of napht on his shoulders, his chest, and his back, and having mounted him on the camel, they paraded him round Hirah, that every one might behold him: this was a great day, the like of which never occurred in any other realm. When Harith perceived his fate, he repented of having come to Numan, and thus he spoke :

“ Am I then Harith the lion of the valley, the
“ man renowned for iniquity ? The murder of warriors by treachery was my glory, but I never fled
“ from the fiercest combat. How many women
“ have I captured from the tribes who never found
“ ransom from torture ! My boast was to slay
“ sleepers in the night, and to capture women and
“ children. Atrocity is my nature ; deceit my position ; and I slay those that are present, and
“ those that are advancing. I knew not for what
“ I was coming, and that death without a guide was

“ driving me along ; they have mounted me on a
“ huge camel, and have lighted candles over my
“ hands. Alas ! how foul is this death in which
“ my foes and my haters triumph. There is no
“ means to escape after all this ; no ransom can
“ release me out of their power. I could wish for
“ one day of life, and to be possessed of my sword
“ and horse : I would cut down the skulls with the
“ decisive blow, till my wrist and hand were ex-
“ hausted. I would scatter far and wide every
“ combination with my shout, that should make
“ every heart quake with horror. I would take
“ vengeance on them with my arm. I would charge
“ them like the lion of the valley. I would slay
“ Numan and the old man who said, I am Harith,
“ the father of the children. I would destroy all
“ the horsemen in the battle with a sword of fire
“ without a firestick. I would capture their women,
“ and then violate them, and would relieve my
“ heart of every sorrow. I am Harith, son of
“ Zalim, the destroyer, one who never acknowledged
“ the sacred rights of hospitality.”

Harith having finished these atrocious expressions, all the mob cursed him and reviled him ; they dragged him off the camel, and nailed him against the city-gate, and shot at him with arrows till he was like a hedgehog, and pelted him with stones. After that they dug a pit for him and kindled a fire, and burnt him. And may God never have mercy on the mound of his tomb, or the tomb of his father ! King Numan retired to his palace and held a coun-

cil, when lo! the messenger of Mocri-ul-wahsh * presented himself to give him joy on his arrival. And who is Mocri-ul-wahsh? said Numan. O King of the age, said one of his attendants, this knight is from the land of Syria; he has vanquished horsemen and warriors, and wishes to exhibit his prowess in your presence: he states that he demands no property, no favours of you, till he has proved his superiority over armies and heroes. At hearing this, Numan was rejoiced, and smiled: By the faith of an Arab, said he, if this knight fulfils his promise, I will give him whatever he demands, and I will send him to fight Antar, son of Shedad; for a wary knight takes advantage of every thing. He then directed Mocri-ul-wahsh into his presence, and received him in the most honourable manner. Now this Mocri-ul-wahsh was a horseman and a valiant hero; he had overcome all the armies of Syria; neither high nor low were able to cope with him. The reason of his coming to Hirah was, that he was enamoured of a damsel called Maseeka, the daughter of the King of Hooran. He had demanded her of her father, whose name was Majeer, son of Sahl, and he betrothed her to him, but required an immense quantity of cattle, and amongst other things, a thousand Asafeer camels. Mocri-ul-wahsh assenting to his request, made preparations that very day, and taking with him fifty horsemen of his tribe, he

* Feeder of wild beasts.

sought the land of Irak, when presenting himself to Numan, he told him what we have stated, and King Numan was amazed at his conversation and the immensity of his stature, and the thickness of his arms, and the agitation of his eyes. He took him by his side, and saluting him, called for dinner, and when it was brought, O knight of Syria, said he, know that I have a foe in the land of Hijaz, against whom all the armies and warriors have failed: all I demand of you is to vanquish him in the combat. O King, said Mocri-ul-wahsh, this is exactly what I wished and desired. Show me this knight who vanquishes armies and disgraces heroes; I will let you see what I will do with him in the field of battle, and with all his tribe and his warriors. By the faith of an Arab of Medher, said Numan, if you will but vanquish this Antar, and bring him a prisoner before me, I will not let you return home, but as a great king, with all the Asafeer camels. Mocri-ul-wahsh reposed for three days in the plenitude of enjoyment and noble hospitality; but on the fourth day Numan directed his men to order the armies to mount, that he might behold the prowess of Mocri-ul-wahsh. King Numan's troops being mounted to the number of twenty thousand, he himself also mounted, and the standards and banners were fixed over his head. Then mounted Mocri-ul-wahsh, the knight of Syria. They beat the drums, and the cymbals, and the trumpets sounded. Upon this the horsemen started forth and charged. Soon after, Mocri-ul-wahsh,

the horseman of the tribe of Ghasan, came forth flourishing his spear on the plain, to the amazement of all the horsemen; and as he thought of his beloved Meseeka, he thus spoke:

“ I am the Feeder of wild beasts in every desert,
“ and their provisioner in the flesh of every hero.
“ I am the Feeder of wild beasts in every battle; I
“ destroy the foes with the sharp-edged scimitar.
“ I am the Feeder of wild beasts; that is my name
“ and title. I destroy enemies and noble lion-
“ heroes. I am the Feeder of wild beasts in every
“ city, and I am the assaulting lion with warriors.
“ The inhabitants of Coori and Syria well know
“ that I destroy the Arab and the Persian. This
“ day, O King, thou shalt see that I am the knight
“ of knights with the spear-staff. If I do not
“ destroy Antar and his tribe, may my hand never
“ bear a lance or a sword. I will leave the country
“ of his tribe a waste, and I will drag its inhabitants
“ along in fetters like wild beasts. Alas! O Ma-
“ seeka, keep thy engagement with me, and listen
“ not to the words of my bantering foes. I will
“ soon cast down the kings of the earth, east and
“ west, and I will sheathe my sword in the necks of
“ the Persians; otherwise I shall never succeed in
“ my wishes, and I shall never accomplish what my
“ heart so ardently desires.”

When Mocri-ul-wahsh had finished, he galloped and charged and played with his spear over the plain, challenging his antagonists. (There were twenty thousand that day on the plain.) A knight

of the tribe of Wayil started forth, in whom shone every proof of courage, but Mocri-ul-wahsh stopped him short, as he was closing on him, and taking his foot out of his stirrup, he kicked him; and he fell headlong on the ground, he and his horse. A second, of the tribe of Lakhan, sallied out. He rushed at Mocri-ul-wahsh, and drawing his sword, he was about to smite him; but as he raised his hand with his sword, Mocri-ul-wahsh pierced him with a pike under the armpit, and threw him off his horse on the ground. A third, of the tribe of Shibān, then came out and assailed, but Mocri-ul-wahsh permitted him not to charge over the plain before he cast his pike out of his hand, and grasping him by his rings and his corslet, he dragged him off his saddle, and hurled him to the distance of twelve yards. They now came forward in tens, and twenties, and thirties. The business pleased him; and as he tossed up his head he attacked and assaulted the horsemen, and scattered them about, far superior to all the heroes. He continued thus till the day departed, and he had overcome five hundred lion-horsemen; but when Numan saw the intrepidity of Mocri-ul-wahsh, he was amazed at his force and skill: convinced he would vanquish Antar, he sent for him into his presence, and treating him with distinction, he gave him an honorary robe; he took him by his side, and returned with him to Hirah.

On the next day King Numan again mounted; the horsemen were drawn up in ranks, and Mocri-ul-wahsh, the horseman of the tribe of Ghasan,

advanced: he sent for a basin full of saffron, and fastened at the head of his spear a wadding steeped in the mixture; instead of a barb, in order to mark the horsemen with it, saying, That any one who could vanquish him in the charge might kill him, and should not be responsible for his blood; but that every one, whom he should mark, should retire from the field. Upon this, one thousand horsemen assaulted him—he met them and shouted in their faces—the horses reared up their heads, and calamities fell upon the riders—he rushed upon them—the dust encompassed them up to their bridles—till the sun was about to set, when Mocri-ul-wahsh had marked the thousand horsemen. King Numan ordered them to introduce Mocri-ul-wahsh to him; so the horsemen surrounded him, and conducted him to Numan, who gave him an honorary robe, and set aside some generous steeds, and treated him with all respect and attention, fixing over his head the standards and ensigns; he thus preferred him above the thousand brave knights, and also gave him tents, and pavilions, and banners; and Mocri-ul-wahsh became one of the princes of the age. I shall not deserve these honours and attentions, said he to Numan, unless I throw down before you the head of Antar, son of Shedad. Numan's heart was gladdened, and he wrote to all the Arab tribes.

About that time, the death of Harith, son of Zalim, was made known in every place, till the account reached the tribe of Abs and Adnan; and they were highly pleased at it, for they now knew that the

prop of the tribe of Fazarah was cast down. The heart of Hadifah was reconciled to Antar and King Cais, and they passed much of their time together, as also the other horsemen of the two tribes, till at last the Absians began to consult about Antar's nuptials: for King Cais had persuaded Malik, Ibla's father, to consent. About that time came a letter to Hadifah from his brother-in-law Aswad, telling him of Mocri-ul-wahsh, and saying, Rejoice, O Hadifah, in what will please you with respect to the Absians, for their total ruin is at hand; a horseman of the tribe of Ghasan is come to my brother, and he is now advancing towards you with armies like the swoln sea, and with them the Knight of the tribe of Ghasan. Rejoice in the completion of your wishes, and in the death of Antar, son of Shedad! On reading this letter, Hadifah was highly delighted, and he anticipated every good; but this news he kept secret. At the feast there was to be no one present but Rebia, of the family of Zeead, for he was the cleverest of them all; he was assiduous in his attendance on King Cais, and rejoiced in his joys, and in the security of his brothers, who were dispersed among the pastures, amusing themselves in the wilds and wastes with the slaves and shepherds, that they might not be eye-witnesses of Antar's marriage-feast, and not join in the general satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Now it happened soon after, that Talib, Rebia's brother, went out to the pastures with the camels, and was sitting under an Erak-tree, drinking and singing; and whilst he was thus occupied, lo! a horseman of the tribe of Fazarah passed by, called Hasein, son of Dhemdhem-ul-Meree (this warrior was the son of Hadifah's sister). Observing Talib sitting down in a state of intoxication, he went up to him; Son of Zeead, said he, you are singing here very jolly and merry, under no apprehension of the Arab warriors. Eh! O Hasein, said Talib, is there any security but in our land? Victory is on our banners, every good is in our merriment, and evil dwells in the country of our foes; for our swords are sharp, our spears long, and our arms strong and vigorous. Talib had not finished his reply, when Hasein rushed upon him, and shaking his spear in his face pierced him through the chest, driving the barb out through his back, and threw him down dead, weltering in his blood. He fled instantly to the tribe of Fazarah, and presenting himself to his maternal uncle, Hadifah, he told him what had happened. At which being much pleased, he, with a smile, told the warriors of Fazarah to repose under arms that night. But Talib's slaves and shepherds, when they

saw the fate of their master, placed him on his horse, and returned to the dwellings of the tribe of Abs, where they proclaimed the murder of Talib, and that Hasein was his murderer. At this, the family of Zeead knocked down their tents, and cut off the tails of their horses. May God destroy the tribe of Fazarah! cried Cais, much distressed; how infamous are their frauds! And they all began to weep and wail in grief, men and women.

King Cais summoned the family of Zeead and the noble Absians, and sent to order Hadifah to give up Hasein; but when the messenger arrived, and communicated his orders, Hadifah ordered him away: Tell Cais, said he, my nephew was intoxicated; and, besides, I am not a man to give up my sister's son to any king of the earth: but if you wish for the compensation, I will give you ten times the price of blood, so that the engagements between us may not be broken. The messenger returned, and reported Hadifah's answer. Rage and resentment took possession of King Cais; he shouted to the Absians, and ordered them to mount, and instantly the warriors and the heroes were ready; and no one remained behind but Antar and the family of Carad, it being only an affair of retaliation for the family of Zeead.

King Cais had just cleared the tents, and the eagle banners were just fixed over his head, and all were eager to march to the fight against the Fazareans, when lo! a special messenger appeared, advancing over the desert. King Cais halted, and the

Chieftains stared ; the messenger dismounted from his camel, and hastening towards King Cais, he kissed his feet in the stirrup : and behold it was one of Mootegeredah's slaves. What's the matter, worthy slave ? said Cais. O my lord, replied he, there are advancing in my rear armies like the swoln ocean, and with them a giant-knight and an intrepid lion, called Mocri-ul-wahsh, the knight of the tribe of Ghasan, the destroyer of the brave ; be on your guard against death and destruction, for the armies in less than three days will be in this country : prepare, therefore, your implements of war against slaughter and ruin. At hearing this, the light became dark in the eyes of Cais. And why did not your mistress, said he, inform us before the enemy marched against us, that we might have written to our allies, and those in whom we trust in our troubles and our relaxations ? My mistress, added the slave, could not do so till the armies had departed ; no one was permitted to stir out, for Numan had stationed guards over all the horse-roads till the moment the troops marched ; then my mistress ordered me to set out with the news ; so make your preparations, ere death overtake you. Cais's heart was greatly perplexed at these occurrences. He instantly sent for Antar, and told him what was planning, and that Numan was on his way with armies and Mocri-ul-wahsh, the knight of Syria. This is all owing to your temporizing conduct, said Antar ; had you permitted me to strike off Aswad's head, and slay his companions, many of these

troubles would have been avoided. My opinion is, we should march first against the tribe of Fazarah, and put them all to the sword, and leave them not a tent standing; then we will meet the armies of King Numan, were there even with him man and genii, and the fiends that rebelled against our Lord Soliman. O Aboolfawaris, said Cais, the foe is nigh at hand; and if we go against the Fazareans, we cannot reach them till evening; we must there repose till the morning; and certainly in two or three days we shall not be relieved of them; and I fear these foreign Arabs may reach our country whilst our property is unprotected, and thus succeed in their projects against us, and our troubles be prolonged. It will be more expedient for us to remain here and prepare to encounter the foe. My lord, said the slave who brought the news, the carnage amongst you will be trifling, but the prisoners numerous; for Numan has prohibited them from slaying, and has recommended them only to make prisoners, and for that purpose he has sent a number of his satraps, with Mocri-ul-wahsh, who, however, has engaged to slay Antar, the subtle hero, and has demanded as a reward a thousand Asafeer camels. Evil be his fate! false are all his hopes, said Antar, for by the faith of an Arab, I will have no knight of camels in our country, but hung to a gibbet. Do not consider us, cousin, said Cais to Rebia, as he retired, as neglectful of your retaliation; but when we have defeated Numan's armies, we will return upon the tribe of Fazarah, and will destroy their land, otherwise we

shall never be quiet. Thus the heart of Rebia was consoled; and the Absians alighted at their tents, preparing for the slaughter and the battle.

As to Hadifah, he was expecting the attack of the Absians, in retaliation for the son of Zeead, that he might raise a war against them, and appease his heart. The news reached him that Cais had mounted, and that his march was only interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, bringing news of Numan's approach with his armies. Hadifah was overjoyed, for he now anticipated the total destruction of the Absians, and he ordered the tribe to prepare for battle. As soon as day dawned Hadifah mounted Ghabra, and the horsemen followed him. As to Cais and Antar, they reposed that night, when lo! the next day the desert was filled with armies, and horsemen, and troops, like the swollen ocean, till the whole region was crowded, and the waste and wild appeared too confined for the multitude of banners and standards. Antar shouted to the warriors, and they mounted their chargers, whilst the weeping was loud among the women, alarmed at captivity and dispersion. Well, my cousin, said Ibla to Antar, this day the foe will take us captive. At this word the light became dark in Antar's eyes. Daughter of my uncle, he exclaimed, at thy captivity there will be the violent death, and the blow that is irresistible and unfailing. Antar uncovered his head and attacked, and his assault made the valleys and the mountains tremble. Now Antar had a shout of wrath, that made the mountains shake and the

hollows resound ; it drove back the horses in affright, and they hurled off their riders in the excess of their agitation, and trampled down each other. Antar shouted to the attack in the presence of Ibla, and assaulted the armies with a heart resolute in dangers. The Absian warriors attacked in his rear, all light-hearted in the intrepidity of Antar and his nephew Hatal : they met the armies of Numan with cleaving sword-blows that even Davidian corslets could not repel. Antar poured forth roars like crashes of thunder, whilst the Absian women encouraged the men to the carnage, crying out, Where is he who protects the women and the maidens? Thus the Absians were engaged in the war of life and death, till they drove back the enemy from their tents by main force.

As to the Fazareans, Hadifah ordered them to the fight ; they assailed the Absians on all sides. Calamities thickened upon them, and misfortunes and catastrophes multiplied upon them ; and had not Antar been a dreadnought hero, the Absian tribe could not have survived that day, for the armies that attacked them consisted of fifty thousand bold horsemen ; and the tribes of Abs and Ghiftan amounted even to less than six thousand, and this proportion is wide of any proportion by which any calculation can be made. But in less than three hours horror of Antar pervaded the hearts of Numan's army, and the foremost shrunk back upon the rear, shouting at Antar from a distance, but not daring to approach the spot, where stood Antar, the

violent death. Mocri-ul-wahsh was highly incensed at the armies having commenced the attack without his permission, and at the assault of the Fazareans. Had I wished to destroy them, said he to his comrades, I would not have left them a spot to stand on: but Prince Aswad sent with me these foreign Arabs, that they might settle in their country, and be neighbours to the tribe of Fazarah. At last he resolved to attack Antar, the object of his amazement, saying, By the truth of the Messiah, this slave is a brave knight and a sturdy warrior. Should I vanquish him in the combat, I may boast over all the dwellers on earth. In the meantime Antar was in the fiercest of the fight, and the hottest of the thrusts and blows, raving like a camel; when lo! Hasein, son of Dhemdhem, treacherously came behind, and raising his spear in his hand aimed a dreadful thrust at him, crying out, Take this, thou ordure-born, at the hand of Hasein, son of Dhemdhem-ul-meree, the vanquisher of heroes. Antar turned round to see what was the matter, and the barb of the spear fell on the circle of the eye, and wounded him. Born of filth, thy blow has failed, he cried; a warrior is proof against the blows of such a poltroon. And he aimed his spear at him; but when Hasein saw this, he gave the reins to his horse and fled, and sought the tribe of Fazarah, where he related to his uncle Hadifah how he had deceived Antar and wounded him. Hadifah rejoiced: God prosper thee, O Hasein, said he, for what thou hast done to this son of a coward; hadst

thou slain him, thou wouldst have been exalted above all mankind. After this wound Antar kept a wary eye on the tribe of Fazarah, slaying an innumerable, incalculable number of them, till evening.

Numan's army retired and halted, in the greatest astonishment at the prowess of Antar, and the generous Absians. As to Antar, he retired at the head of his comrades, like a Judas tree, so great was the quantity of blood that streamed over him. King Cais met him, and saluting him kissed him between the eyes, and inquired about his wound. My wound, O King, said Antar, is quite well. To-morrow I will challenge Mocri-ul-wahsh to the combat; if he accepts it, all further trouble will be prevented. We will not permit you, O uncle, said Hatal, to engage in the contest whilst you are in this condition: depute me on this affair. O Hatal, said Antar, thou art indeed a noble fellow in the battle, but thy name is not Antar, son of Shedad. I know also, O Hatal, that the Absians besides Antar have no strong support, and to-morrow were I not to be present in the field, their women would be made captives, and their children orphans. O cousin, said Cais, may God never deprive me of thy exalted courage! Thus they separated, having first stationed the night-patroles; and when the men had quitted Antar, his uncle's women and Ibla came to him, and congratulated him on his safety. Ibla advanced, and bound up his wound and wept. Check thy tears, said Antar to her; he lives not who can harm thee.

Early next day they mounted, with Antar at their head like a devouring lion and a ferocious tiger. He had tied bandages round his head in order to excite Hasein against him, that perhaps he might challenge him. Numan's troops also mounted with Mocri-ul-wahsh, the knight of Syria, as did also the tribe of Fazarah; but the satraps of Numan ordered them back. Hasein ran up to Hadifah; Uncle, said he, what means this? no one can comply with such orders. Can I too, I, who wounded Antar, son of Shedad, and left him nearly dead? Shall I leave to-day another to enjoy his death in the battle and contest? That shall never be, were I to drink of the cup of perdition. And he rushed into the field, and galloped and charged, challenging to the contest; and as he directed himself against the family of Carad, he thus addressed them:

“ O my mother, sleep, be satisfied, and rejoice;
“ this day will I relieve my thirst with Antar.
“ When thou seest the birds mangle his carcass
“ under the dust, then extol me and thank me.
“ The slave—I left him with a spear-thrust over
“ the face, the mark of which will ever endure as a
“ frightful eye-sore. The top of my spear-barb
“ tore out his eye, and I left him like a blind
“ camel. This day I will leave him on the face of
“ the earth, where he shall lie dead on the barren
“ waste. I will make him taste thrusts from my spear-
“ head, and I will smite him with my never-failing
“ highly-polished scimitar. I will leave the beasts
“ of the desert to run at him, and prowl round him

“ on the wings of the turbid night. I will wipe out
 “ my shame with my sword and spear, and I will
 “ wreak my vengeance on the swarthy slave. I will
 “ destroy the Antar of Abs in the day of battle with
 “ my sabre, my lance, and my spear. When he is
 “ no more, the land of the Absians will soon remain
 “ an abandoned waste, like the barren desert; and
 “ all the slender maidens, like the sun whose glory
 “ is opposed to Jupiter, shall tremble.”

When Hasein had finished, Hatal longed to engage him, but his uncle would not permit him: he returned his feet into the stirrups, and snatching up his spear off the ground, he rushed upon Hasein like a lion darting from the forest, and as he assaulted him in a tremendous manner, he thus answered:

“ O Ibla, grieve not for my wound. Rejoice in
 “ the victory of the scimitar of the swarthy youth.
 “ O Ibla, fear not for me the foe, but fill thy eyes with
 “ sleep, and watch not. O Ibla, round thy dwelling
 “ in the blackness of the night I am a man
 “ fiercer than the ravenous lion. Check thy plaints,
 “ for thy tears pierce sharper through my entrails
 “ than the barb of the Semberian spear. Wouldst
 “ thou ask the horse of me? O daughter of Malik
 “ (if thou art watching, why dost thou not see me?)
 “ he would tell thee of him who plunges into the
 “ dust, and that I have dispersed the whole army
 “ on my Abjer. I have scattered afar the tribe of
 “ Fazarah over the wastes, trembling through fear
 “ of Antar. As to the heroes of the age, I will an-

“nihilate them with the sword, and the lance, and
“the spear. Pride not thyself, thou coward-born,
“on my wound; thou wouldst say, thou hadst
“riven a rock-bound veil. Verily the wound of a
“hero is in the face, but thy wound in the day of
“battle is in thy back. I am the son of Shedad,
“whose fame is on high, mounting till it approaches
“the sphere of Jupiter.”

Antar shouted at Hasein, and rushed onward. Hasein was filled with exultation when he saw the bandages on Antar's head; so he thought that he would soon fall within his grasp. But as Antar made that assault he was aghast and stupefied, and repented of having ventured against him; yet no longer able to fly, he began to engage Antar, and charged him. Mocri-ul-wahsh could not view this event with indifference. This tribe of Fazarah is a treacherous tribe, said he, as he resolved to attack Antar; but he saw him a mountain, mountains could not overpower, and a sea visited by no calm, and a measure for which there was no standard. Antar continued to engage Hasein till he had fatigued and tired him; he closed on him, and hemmed him in, and stopping every means of escape, he stood up on his stirrups, and stretching out on his saddle, he struck at Hasein with Dharni between the eyes. Hasein received the blow on his shield, but Antar's sword split it in two, even dividing his helmet in twain, and continuing its course down between the thighs even through the belly of the horse down into the ground, and Hasein and his horse

fell cleft in four parts, and Antar cried out, O by Abs! I will not be controlled. I am the lover of Ibla, I will not be restrained! Numan's armies were startled; the Fazareans were eager to assault him, but Numan's satraps ordering them back, out started Mocri-ul-wahsh between the ranks, and he appeared in front of the two armies, till standing in the presence of Antar: Eh! O Antar, he cried, by the truth of the Messiah, my compassion for thee and thy tribe induces me to save you from death and total extirpation, for ye are indeed the horse-men of death; but ye have destroyed yourselves by incurring the hostility of King Numan, which you cannot possibly resist. It is my opinion you should surrender yourself to me immediately, and I will swear to you by the cross to engage Numan's protection: I will receive you as my friend and companion for ever and ever. Trouble not yourself to fight with me now you are in such a condition. Return in order to bring about an amicable arrangement, so that you may not be talked of, and your glory defaced amongst men, and let not your foes and enemies exult over you. Eh! thou son of a cuckold, cried Antar, away with thy nonsense. What! shall I surrender myself to thee without fighting? I, whom the lions of the forest dread? Come on; on to the plain, that I may tear out such absurdities from thy brain. As he spoke, he shouted at Mocri-ul-wahsh, and rushed upon him; but he also received him as the parched earth the first of the rain. Now these two

giants met like two ferocious lions, and sent forth hideous yells that seared their horses' ears; the limbs of their warriors quaked with horror, and those present imagined the very heavens were rent asunder, and that the day of judgment was at hand; the mountains were convulsed, and the earth trembled. After these shouts, they dashed against each other like butting rams; and as they rebounded they wielded their spears, and kept up a fierce contest till the eyeballs of the spectators sickened, and the whole country shook. They exhibited a combat replete with terrors, and every horror was redoubled: they retired; they advanced, ready with the draught of instant death. The two armies were amazed, and widened the scene of battle for their efforts, whilst the heroes charged. They continued in this state, calamitous and terrifying, till the evening came on, when they both separated in security, neither having been able to vanquish his antagonist either in blows or manœuvres. Mocri-ul-wahsh sought his own horsemen, almost at his last gasp at what he had endured in the combat with Antar. Antar also retired, and the bandages of his wound were loosened; the blood trickled down his face, and he returned in a condition not to give pleasure to his friends. The tribe of Abs and Adnan met him with King Cais; they saluted him, and inquired about his adversary. My cousins, said he, he is indeed a valiant knight, and a stout warrior in the contest; but to-morrow, God willing, I will make

it a decided business. And as he dismounted from Abjer, Ibla met him, and stanching the blood, bound up his wound.

As to Mocri-ul-wahsh, he went back to his people, where Hadifah met him. O knight of Syria, said he, grieve not thy heart, for know, wert thou not the paragon of the age, thou wouldst not have returned in safety from the presence of Antar; for, in his life, he never engaged a knight and quitted him without deciding the combat, or accomplishing his hopes. O Hadifah, said Mocri-ul-wahsh, never in my life did I behold a more valiant fellow than that Antar; but to-morrow I will make it a business of certainty. He passed that night vexed and uneasy that he had not succeeded against Antar. It was scarcely morning when he mounted his horse, and the armies of Numan were also ready. Thus too the tribe of Abs and Adnan sought the theatre of war. Antar remained behind, for feeling somewhat tired in the morning, he said to his brother Shiboob, As soon as you see Mocri-ul-wahsh start forth into the plain inform me, that I may sally out to fight him. When the troops were drawn up, Mocri-ul-wahsh appeared on the plain; and as he galloped and charged, challenging to the engagement, he called to mind his beloved Maseeka, and his separation from her, and thus he spoke:

“ Sweet to me is the zephyr, O land of Syria; it
“ is sweet when my disorder afflicts me. Blow, then;
“ perhaps the breath of Maseeka may meet thee,
“ and her breath convert thee into perfume. The

“maiden! musk dwells under her veil, and when
“impregnated with the moisture of her mouth be-
“comes most fragrant. When she moves, the ele-
“gance of her shape waves like the reed agitated
“by the northern breeze. Wert thou to see her
“thou wouldst behold the eye of the fawn, whose
“heart is fluttering at the wolf in the evening. O
“Mocri-ul-wahsh, said she (and I was preparing
“for departure, whilst my tears streamed down my
“cheeks like a river of blood), wilt thou not return?
“My return is at hand, said I: she bade me adieu.
“My heart pants for her society for ever; and
“when she calls on her lover he will answer her. I
“went to King Numan—where is the cloud that
“has not descended on him? I engaged the horse-
“men that were dear to him; I returned, and my
“spear was dyed in blood. He gave me property,
“and camels, and presents: the gift was noble—
“noble was the donor. He sent me with his armies
“against a knight whom all knights acknowledge;
“and he is generous. I have engaged him with
“the spear-thrust; then I knew him. I had
“wronged him, but excellence is in him. I strug-
“gled with him in the contest and in the plain; I
“saw in him most wonderful deeds: but if this day
“I destroy not their support with my sword, my
“heart will not be glad in the enjoyment of my
“beloved.”

Mocri-ul-wahsh had not finished his verses when Hatal stood before him, for Antar had staid behind, and his heart was wearied with passion. Youth,

cried Mocri-ul-wahsh, where is Antar the great? If his wounds prevent him from mounting, he is not to be blamed. I gave him a lesson yesterday, and have rendered him unequal to the fight. Let him not be brow-beaten by me, but let him mount with me the road of ignominy. Eh! shall he acknowledge himself disqualified from fighting thee? said Hatal. Thy death is at hand; and as to what thou sayest about his not coming forth against thee, that is out of contempt for thee and thy like. I adjured him by the most serious of oaths to permit me to sally forth to the contest; so come on, fight! and he shouted at Mocri-ul-wahsh, thus reciting:

“ The breeze, O land of Hijaz, is fragrant to me;
“ blow then in the face of my amorous adversary.
“ Tell Mocri-ul-wahsh to return in safety home, or
“ he will return spoiled. If Maseeka be thy final
“ object and desire, how has fortune cast thee af-
“ flicted amongst us? Thou speakest and repeatest
“ her beauties and charms, and on that point thou
“ art in distress. O my friend, sing to me of the
“ fame of chieftains; talk not to me of every rose-
“ bud and perfume. The sighs of love are a dis-
“ grace among men, particularly when wars are ac-
“ cumulated upon thee. If thou art indeed sick
“ with love, the sword of my maternal uncle is a
“ doctor and a physician. How many noble horse-
“ men like thee has he sought, and they have re-
“ mained dyed in the gore of wounds! Let not his
“ wound over the face inspirit thee; it was fate,
“ whose changes are ever predestined. He is the

“lion of every sand-hill and battle; he is the
“greatest of heroes and princes. Antar, my uncle,
“is the bravest of men, the most valiant of all the
“dwellers on earth without contradiction.”

The knight of Syria was highly incensed: Thou art, then, said he, the son of the sister of that Antar, that black cuckold! and he rushed at him, and addressed him:

“Thou hast abused me for my weakness, thou
“foulest Arab; thou art a coward, not akin to war.
“The Absian Antar is linked to Ibla, and through
“love of her a flame blazes in his heart. A man in-
“deed weeps for the loss of his life, and mourns and
“laments at the loss of his love. Who am I, that
“thou shouldst censure me, son of a dastard! and
“my heart is cauterised with absence, and opposi-
“tion, and anguish. By the truth of the Messiah,
“the purest of every living thing, who created a
“bird out of clay with his miraculous breath, and
“recalled life into the corpse when it was shrouded
“and delivered to the bowels of the grave deprived
“of life, I will stretch ye both on the centre of your
“land, and I will lead your weeping damsels cap-
“tive, and I will cry out with a loud voice in the
“plain of war, Come forth towards me, behold
“wonders in me. If Antar indeed is exhausted
“with the wounds, I must not then annihilate him.
“Let the Arabs laugh him to scorn. I will leave
“the land a desert; and as to its inhabitants, their
“blood shall stream over the country. I will fight
“Antar; then will I dash him to the earth. I will

“ make him drink the cup of death, and bring down
“ perdition upon him.”

Mocri-ul-wahsh having finished, he shouted at Hatal, and resolved to overwhelm him in death, on account of the foul expressions he had addressed to him. Hatal met him, and there ensued between them the contest of spears and swords, that amazed the warriors, and startled the sturdy heroes for two hours. At last exhaustion fell on the shoulders of Hatal, for he was no match for him, nor accounted among his equals. Mocri-ul-wahsh perceiving his situation, determined to destroy him, as he knew Antar was his uncle; again he assailed him, and was about to put an end to him, when lo! a roar that made the mountains shake, and the hollows re-echo, and some one exclaimed, Away, thou knight of Syria, pride not thyself in the slaughter of strip-lings. Turn on one who will speedily give thee thy death and extinction. The warriors awhile considered who could have sent forth that tremendous shout, when lo! it was the noble warrior—the destroyer of stout heroes, Aboolfawaris—the chief Antar, son of Shedad. He delivered Hatal from Mocri-ul-wahsh, and then attacked him. The cause of Antar's coming was Shiboob, who, on seeing Hatal nearly overcome, quitted the field, and informed his brother. Come to thy nephew, Hatal, said he, or Mocri-ul-wahsh will slay him. Bring me Abjer, said Antar, and he sprang from the ground on his back, like an eagle, without putting his foot into the stirrup, and equipped himself in his

armour and his shining corslet. He attacked, and dismissed his nephew from the scene of contention, thus addressing Mocri-ul-wahsh. Eh! thou bastard, wouldst pride thyself in slaying children? As to me, by the faith of a noble Arab, had I enemies as numerous as the sands, like this youth, I'd heed them not. I am he, who will give thee enough of spear-thrusts and sword-blows; for the slaughter of this youth could have been no advantage to thee, neither could the extinction of his name have been any glory to thee. Thou art only come to seek me: come on, then; fight: perhaps thou mayest succeed. Shouldst thou take me a captive or slay me, the tribe of Abs will be unprotected, and from thy sword every calamity may overwhelm them; for when I am no more, there will not be a horseman to contend with thee in all this country. Now be just, and give up all outrage and foul play; and Antar rushed at Mocri-ul-wahsh, thus reciting:

“Hola! O Ibla, arise and behold me; see in me
“truth without guile. Arise, and behold my blow
“and thrust, like a flame, that burns in flashes.
“Mourn not for my wound, it is only like the rent
“in a man's garment. The thrust of man wounds
“not, it is only like the bore in the ear of a woman.
“But if my spear and my sword have sway, the
“skull and heaviest leathern mail are cleft. This
“day thou shalt see the descents of my sword, and
“the thrusts of my spear. Hey! O Mocri-ul-
“wahsh, return thee home, before thou remainest

“emboweled, I will soon relieve the Arabs from thee,
“and truly Maseeka shall remain my wife. I will
“plunder her property and slay her father, and I
“will leave her abode a desert, with my sword.
“My name is well known, east and west, and every
“horseman dreads a contest with me.”

At hearing these verses, Mocri-ul-wahsh was enraged and indignant. Eh! thou coward-born, said he, is it consistent with thy greatness to address me in such language, and I the knight of Syria? and as he rushed upon Antar, he thus spoke:

“Hola! man of wily words, forth to the combat,
“and establish my fortune. Hola! race of Abs,
“ye shall acknowledge me. I am Mocri-ul-wahsh
“over the mountains. Soon will I slay Antar with
“the sword of conquest, and I will leave him dead
“on the sand. I will seize Ibla, and return home,
“and she shall serve my wife as her mistress. I
“will take Numan’s camels, and will, in happy
“mood, return towards Maseeka. I am ever the
“knight of knights, and this day will I consum-
“mate my glory. This day Numan’s armies shall
“route these troops, bewildered and powerless.
“The Arabs shall be left ague-struck at my prowess,
“and truly the warriors have already witnessed it.
“I am the hero of Syria, and of every land, and
“this day my exploits shall be renowned.”

He had no sooner finished, than Antar shouted and rushed upon him; and they began a contest of swords and spears, at which the warriors were confounded, and the valiant heroes cried out, Heaven

protect us ! The blow and the thrust, the struggle and assault, and the draughts of sudden death continued ; their blows anticipated the messengers of death, and their shouts were like the thunder-crash in a cloud. Both combatants were nearly dead. Mocri-ul-wahsh was stupefied at Antar's prowess, and repented. Still he exhibited all his steadiness, and concealed the anguish and regret he felt. They persisted in these perils and horrors till the day departed : they were tired and exhausted ; but debility had fallen on the shoulders of Mocri-ul-wahsh, for Antar had wounded him in two places. He desisted from the fight, and requested Antar to stop. No, said Antar, by the truth of Him who firmly rooted the mountains, there is no termination for thee but in success and the approach of death. He was aghast, and shuddered. O Aboolfawaris, he added, no one can resist my thrusts but you ; but you have wronged me in breaking my spear : all I ask of you is to wait for me, whilst I repair to my party and take another spear ; then will I return to you, and will not separate from you, till the affair be decided. I'll not let thee stir, continued Antar, and he assailed him, and recommenced the contest. But the troops crowded upon them, and drew their swords round them, each party forming conjectures of its lord. They continued in this state till midnight. Mocri-ul-wahsh felt assured of destruction, and knowing that Antar would not quit him but in death, he slackened his mare's bridle and fled, lanching into the waste and desert. Eh ! O Ebe

Reeah, cried out Antar to Shiboob, overtake him before he roams wide over the waste: and Shiboob let out his feet. Antar followed him, and they were cut off from the army. In the meantime, Hadifah (that man of deceit and guile), as soon as the sound of Antar and Mocri-ul-wahsh was far distant from the scene of contention, cried out to his tribe and the surrounding horsemen, Come on, come on, now relieve the mind of the lord of empire, King Numan. Now cut off that black wittol, Antar. Thus the tribe of Fazarah outraged the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and attacked them on all quarters. The Absians shouted at the Fazareans, and descended upon them like a fall of rain under the night. Men met men, and heroes heroes—blood flowed and streamed—limbs were hacked off—men were knocked down on the plain—the armies of Numan also attacked—the mountains and the deserts were agitated, till brother knew not brother, and son recognised not his father. They continued plundering each others lives from the beginning of the night till the white streak of the dawn brightened, when every friend knew his comrade, and the foe was distinguished from the ally. King Cais looked round, north and south, but saw nothing of Antar. He was amazed and alarmed. The armies had occupied every road against them, and raised shouts at them in every direction. Apprehensive that the Absians would be dispersed over the barren waste, he had no other measure to adopt, but to cry out to them, O cousins, follow me to the sand-hills, and Mount

Saadi ; it is impossible any longer to resist the shock of these armies. At hearing this, they followed him, abandoning their property and their families ; and they assembled on the top of the sand-hill and Mount Saadi. The troops assaulted their tents, and plundered their property, and captured their wives and families ; even captivity fell on the families of King Cais, and Modelilah, and Jemanah, and Ibla, and Shereehah, and Semiah were taken prisoners. Above all the women, most poignant was the grief and anguish of Ibla, Malik's daughter. The Arabs of Yemen threw down the dwellings of the Absians to their very foundations, and did not leave them the value of a halter, for some of them loaded their horses, and each person, too, carried away a horse-load besides ; and in less than an hour they left the country a waste, and set out for the deserts and sand-hills ; whilst the Absians remained looking at their wives driven away in bondage. No good can ever visit us now, said they to Cais, not a head will be raised up towards us, now that our wives and families are enslaved. O cousins, replied Cais, I had only recourse to this act, as I knew you were unable to continue the combat. Behold our property and our families driven away by the foe ; come on now with me. And King Cais bared his head and made the attack ; the Absians did the same ; they precipitated themselves from the mountain-top, crying out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! and rushed down upon the armies of Numan. This was the calamitous and desperate state of the Absians, when

said Amarah to Rebia, Let us make our attack in the direction where Ibla is; perhaps we may rescue her from captivity and infamy, and love for Amarah, to the exclusion of other horsemen, infuse itself into her heart. Thou poltroon, thou driveller, said Rebia, dost not see thy mother and thy sister and thy brothers' wives are all prisoners, and that our property is pillaged, and that we are degraded before the world? By the faith of a generous Arab, were Antar but present in the contest, not one of all these disasters would have befallen us. It happened that Haml, son of Beder, had taken King Cais's mother, Temadthur, prisoner, and conducted her to a valley. Eh! son of Beder, cried Temadthur, for what purpose hast thou brought me down to this valley? That the Arabs may indulge foul suspicions of me? And that our hearts be pained and never at rest? My purpose, said Haml, is to ravish thee, and murder thy children on thy bosom. At this, death became easy to Temadthur. Alas! alas! she cried, woe to the small number of horsemen! On thee, O Cais, and thy brothers, be thy mother's blessing! At the word, she threw herself off the camel on the ground; she fell on her head, and her neck was broken; she instantly expired, whilst her maidens wept around her. During all this, the Absians were in the fiercest of the carnage, and the hottest of the combat of spears and swords: nearly destroyed and annihilated, they had resolved either to fly and seek the desert, or demand quarter and surrender themselves to King Numan, when lo! shouts arose in

front of the armies, and yells that convulsed the neighbouring wilds. King Cais and his warriors stopped awhile in suspense, conjecturing whence could issue these tremendous sounds. At that instant, the chief Antar, the generous hero, started forth in front of King Numan's army, and repulsed them over the wilderness; and with him was Mocri-ul-wahsh, the knight of Syria, fighting by Antar's side, and dealing blows like descending thunderbolts. The souls of the Absians revived, and their spirits recovered. Hey! cousins, said King Cais, here is our champion, Antar, and Mocri-ul-wahsh is our friend. Now, then, take courage for retaliation, and remove away your disgrace, and he who takes not kindly to the fight is no legitimate-born. Upon this, all the fire of the Absians was roused, and they returned to the combat of the foe, like tall sea-monsters. When Numan's armies beheld Antar return safe, and Mocri-ul-wahsh in his company, dealing blows Davidian corslets could not repel, and Shiboob occupying the way before them, they saw no expedient but in flight and escape; so they threw away all their booty, and lanced into the wilds and the wastes.

As soon as Mocri-ul-wahsh fled, under the night, Shiboob shot forth in pursuit of him, followed by Antar, and they continued to drive him over the desert, till morning dawned, when Mocri-ul-wahsh perceiving his life was in imminent danger, and that he could not escape, halted at once, saying, O Arab, thou wilt kill me, and thou hast destroyed thyself with fatigue.

I have no property to plunder, neither hast thou any retaliation to demand of me ; neither can thy heart harbour any resentment against me. I never insulted thy cousin Ibla. I have nothing with me but my horse and my arms, that are dearer to me than life. Take them and forgive me, Aboolfawaris. I covet not thy mare, said Antar, my only object is to take thy life ; for thou appearest a brave fellow and a valiant knight. Then will I return to these troops, and will not permit the first of them to join the last. O Aboolfawaris, continued Mocri-ul-wahsh, now I am aware that I was a fool among horsemen ; never henceforward will I mount a stallion ; never again will I be present in a battle, but I will seek the church of Bekhran, there to settle among the hermits, and I will renounce my projects on my bride Maseeka, daughter of the King of Hooran. O Mocri-ul-wahsh, said Antar, if such be thy story, I will wipe away that trouble from thy heart ; I will go with thee to the land of Syria, and will seize thy bride for thee, were she even on the back of the clouds. O Aboolfawaris, said Mocri-ul-wahsh, all my hopes are centered in thee, that thou wouldst accept me as thy horseman, and receive me as thy slave. I will be thy ally in all thy calamities ; and he dismounted from the back of his mare and hastened towards Antar, and kissed his feet in the stirrup. Antar also jumped off his Abjer ; he embraced Mocri-ul-wahsh, and kissed him between the eyes, and having both vowed to preserve a mutual affection, and to plunder and spoil the

generous Arabs together, they mounted and returned, as we described, and attacked the armies as we mentioned. This therefore was the cause of the friendship of Antar and Mocri-ul-wahsh, and now let us return to our original story.

After the flight of Numan's forces, King Cais went up to Antar, and kissed him between the eyes. The Absians also being collected, they searched for their property and families, and they found Temadhur dead, and her damsels round her. On King Cais's demanding, who did this deed? they told him Haml, son of Beder. The light became dark in the eyes of the sons of Zoheir, and they swore they would not leave the Fazareans a tent to shelter them; not even a man to blow a fire. King Cais ordered the Absians to collect the property and return to the dwellings, whilst he mounted with half his warriors, and took to the right hand road, saying to Antar, Cousin, take thou the other half, and go the left, for I know the Fazarean horse must be somewhere here, and I should say they have not quitted the well of Hebat, and have not yet entered the wilds and the wastes. Antar acquiesced in King Cais's orders, and departed in company with Mocri-ul-wahsh, and the family of Carad. King Cais also departed, and as he wept for his mother, he thus recited :

“ Alas ! O eyes, weep torrents this day, over my cheeks copiously, and abundantly. Alas ! O eyes, weep with me for Zoheir, and his son Malik ; now their glory is past. Alas ! O eyes, announce

“ their death in agonies of grief; the heart cannot
“ longer bear it. Alas ! O eyes, weep the loss of
“ Shas, but yesterday reduced to dust after all his
“ greatness. Calamities beguiled them; misfortune
“ overwhelmed them; violence destroyed them.
“ Ah! O race of Beder, ye have done a deed of
“ universally acknowledged outrage in the murder
“ of my mother; ye imagined ye would this day
“ escape, and would be excited with glory and
“ happiness; but the revolutions of death shall
“ requite ye; we will come upon ye openly with
“ our swords. Antar will come upon ye; he lusts
“ to meet ye, were ye even far distant from him over
“ the waste; were even the Emperor of Rome and
“ Greece with ye, or the inhabitants of Syria and of
“ verdant Europe. Were ye to come with all the
“ dwellers on earth; were even Chosroe, King of
“ Persia, to come with ye, we will meet ye with our
“ sharp-edged scimitars, on our well-trained roan
“ steeds. Sons of Beder ! verily ye have outraged
“ us, but we would have abandoned the contest.
“ Cousins, this was not my intention; it was not
“ in my heart, that this war should take place. It
“ was ye that commenced; this calamity and op-
“ pression ever originated in ye. Alas ! alas ! my
“ grief for thee, O Temadhur ! that accursed Haml,
“ son of Beder, murdered thee. Soon will I extir-
“ pate them all with my avenging sword; I will
“ make their blood flow like a sea; I will retaliate
“ on them, and they shall remain a tale for ages, as
“ long as the world endures.”

Having finished his verses, he went on till being at some distance from that land, he beheld the impression of Ghabra's hoof, Hadifah's mare; for when he fled with the tribe of Fazarah, the girths of his horse being loose, he dismounted, and tightened them; and the impression of Hadifah's feet remained also by the side of his mare's. King Cais recognised the impression.

Now Hadifah in his flight galloped on till he came to the well of Hebat. He had a son named Husn, who was at that time along with him, and he was a rare child. Hadifah pressed him to his bosom, and kissed him between the eyes, saying, O Husn, this is the kiss of farewell. My sole request of you, my son, is this; if you die after me, and have power over the Absians, murder their infants, enslave their women and families; let not a vestige remain of them; and know, O my son, that I am quitting this world, and have no other regret in my heart, but that fortune gave me not the means to exterminate their warriors, to enslave their wives and families, and to destroy their land and country. Thus saying, he threw himself down by the side of the well, with his warrior companions; and they were insensible to every thing till King Cais and his companions encompassed them.

Hadifah started up with the Fazareans; they attempted to mount their horses and fly, when lo! Antar and the Carad horsemen rushed between them and their steeds, then seized them all, and pinioned them. Antar and his companions retired to a different quarter, whilst King Cais advancing

with his brothers, cried out, Ah ! ye sons of Beder, how oft have I had mercy on you, but you have ever betrayed me ! How oft have I believed you, but you have falsified yourselves ! I should like to see who will this day rescue you from death. Who will avert from you our cleaving sabres, and our sparkling spears ? As to thee, Hadifah, remember what thy hands have done : may God curse thy father and thy mother ! Remember the murder of the infants with thy arrows. As to thee, Haml, remember thy words to my mother—" My purpose is to ravish thee, and assassinate thy children on thy bosom."

On hearing this, Hadifah turned towards Cais, saying, Eh ! son of Zoheir, why dost thou upbraid me with thy words ? Cease these reproaches and reproofs, for I, by the faith of an Arab, had I sworn to thee a thousand times a day, I would have betrayed thee ; and had I been able to murder thee, and murder thy brothers, never would I have pardoned. Now then do as thou listeth, act as thou wilt ; leave not one of us to root out thy every vestige. As to me, before thou camest, I had proposed that we should slay each other ; for we covet not life, whilst thou art on the face of the earth. But O my cousins, by the consanguinity of wombs that exists between us, do not bring us face to face—to confront each other is hard indeed : to catch each other's eye at such an hour is the severest of pangs. And Hadifah hung his head towards the ground,

and wept. Retaliation for children ! cried Cais :
come on, cousins, retaliate !

At the word, his brother Harith dismounted from his horse, and pierced Hadifah with his spear through the back, and the barb issued glittering through his bosom. He cut off his head, and remounted his horse, exclaiming, O retaliation for Malik ! and thus he spoke :

“ Dig up the grave of our brother ; let him see
“ our exploits, when we grieve no more. O that
“ the earth were riven over him, that Malik might
“ see the deeds of men. We have left the chiefs
“ of Beder at Hebat, spouting out death at our
“ spear points. Hadifah and Haml, sons of Beder
“ and Jabir, with Yezid and Betal, them have we
“ left dead round the well, slain by our sharp In-
“ dian blades. We have slaughtered them, but it
“ was a cruel day to us, when death sped from
“ their arrows. They were the chieftains of men
“ wherever they went, and the lions of war in every
“ combat. They wronged us, and perfidy leaves
“ every land a desert, deprived of its inhabitants.”

When Rebia saw what Harith, son of Zoheir, had done, he also dismounted, and crying out, O for retaliation for my brother Talib ! he pierced Haml with his spear between the shoulders, and drove it out through his paps : then he pounced upon him, and cut off his head, and thus spoke :

“ We have made the chiefs of Beder drink of the
“ cups of death with sword and spear at Hebat.

“ We have encircled them with calamities, and they
“ staggered over the plain, but not intoxicated with
“ wine. In power they were the most puissant of
“ the two tribes, and in every undertaking their
“ resolution was abundant. When they mounted
“ their generous steeds, their horses stirred up the
“ dusty cloud in every desert. When they even gave
“ away a little in their bounty, the country was filled
“ with the land and sea of their liberality. Had
“ they no heirs, I should ever weep at what has
“ befallen them for their iniquity. But the youth
“ Haml, son of Beder, betrayed us, and treachery
“ roots out every recollection. How oft I warned
“ them, but they sinned again, and they have died
“ against my will. Fortune beguiled them; they
“ deceived us; but the revolutions of fortune de-
“ ceive every one. We are the losers by what we
“ have done. Alas! alas! to the sons of Beder!
“ By destroying their horsemen, we have cut off our
“ support, but I have eased the anguish of my heart
“ among them.”

When Rebia had finished his verses, the retaliators followed him, and cut off the heads of the tribe of Fazarah, and left them convulsed in death on the banks of the well. King Cais observed the catastrophe, and his heart was appeased, till he repented of having slaughtered them, for they were his cousins. He wept bitterly over them, and at their miseries in the wild and waste, and thus he mourned their death:

“ Truly the day of Hebat has brought evil upon

“ us, and the oppressor has become the oppressed.
“ This is the day of my losing the chiefs of the sons
“ of Beder, and they were stars in the eyes of all
“ beholders. I slew them because they wronged
“ me, and for their former perfidy. They smote
“ Dahis, and he was a generous steed: they mur-
“ dered Malik, and he was a noble youth. I have
“ slain them all, and I have assuaged the fire of my
“ heart; but still the poisonous blast will increase it.
“ O that before I had slain them, I had been slain,
“ or had lost all my sense of joy. By their perfidy,
“ they injured us: we have oppressed the whole
“ body, but their day was fixed by fate. My an-
“ guish increased when I heard their cries, and
“ when we are no more, who will defend our
“ women * ?”

When King Cais had finished his verses, the Absians shed torrents of tears. Just then, Husn, son of Hadifah, presented himself to the King, and kissed the ground. Then drawing his sword, he surrendered it to Cais, and wept as he stood before him, saying, If it will appease thy heart, slaughter me thyself. But King Cais burst into tears, and said, O Husn, hadst thou done this before, I should have stretched out my hand against thee, but the business has been pushed too far already. Thou shalt lord over these people in the place of thy father; I will protect thee, and respect thee.

* The destruction of this family at the well of Hebat is mentioned by Abulfeda.

And King Cais remained there that night till the morning lustre shone, when he set out for the land of Abs. But they had scarcely left that spot, when lo! a dust arose. See, what means this dust? cried Cais. The horsemen moved on, and returning, informed him that it was the dust of the women of Fazarah, with their daughters and infants, who were coming to take retaliation for their husbands. They are right, said Cais, for we have tortured them in their husbands. But turning towards Husn, he added, O my son, keep them off; let them bury their dead, and let them demand the aid of God in their distresses. Upon this Husn returned, and sent away the women, whilst King Cais continued his journey home, full of woe and anguish, and thus he gave vent to his sorrows:

“ I am returning, but the sleep of my eyes will
“ torment me. My resolution is diminished; my
“ courage is languid, at what the sons of Beder, son
“ of Amroo, have suffered of infamy at the well of
“ Hebat. We have tainted the water with the
“ blood of the tribe, and its colour has appeared
“ like the Judas tree. I have appeased my spirit
“ on Haml, son of Beder, and my sword has as-
“ suaged me on Hadifah. They were of our fa-
“ mily, but they acted perfidiously to us, and the
“ perfidy of relatives can never be forgiven. They
“ excited the war of enmity and aggression in the
“ horse-race; on the day of the match they were
“ obstinate in their hostility to us. So they have
“ suffered as the family of Abdul Modan suffered.

“ Had they asked for mercy, I should have forgiven
“ them; but they persisted, and their death was at
“ hand. Though I have relieved my anguish with
“ them, still I have cut off my own support, and
“ my own strength.”

As King Cais spoke, tears streamed from the eyes of all the warriors. They continued their journey till they reached the dwellings, and alighted at the tents; and when they were quietly established, the warriors came to King Cais to condole with him about the tribe of Fazarah, and to congratulate him on his victory and triumph for seven days.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON the eighth day came Antar and Mocri-ul-wahsh unto Cais, accompanied by the Absian chieftains. O King, said they, how long these tears, and this affliction? The catastrophe of thy foes proceeds from thy good fortune. It is over: it is now incumbent on thee to make feasts and entertainments, and take advantage of this period of festivity.

Thus they continued till they made him drink some wine; and on the second day he gave a magnificent feast at the lake of Zat-ul-irsad, where the whole tribe of Abs was collected; and when they had eaten, the wine was brought to them, and they conversed about their battles, commemorating their victories. O my cousins, said King Cais, that was our severest day, when we engaged the tribe of Fazarah; for on that day also drew near the armies of King Numan, with Mocri-ul-wahsh, the Knight of Syria, and no one relieved us from disasters, but our cousin Antar, and Mocri-ul-wahsh, on the day he became Antar's friend; for then he performed deeds to be recorded. Mocri-ul-wahsh, on hearing this, started on his legs, and kissing the King's hand, O King, said he, I used formerly to reckon myself amongst the valiant in war, and in the charge, till I was overpowered by this swarthy knight, and this

lion of death ; but when I tasted of his combat, I knew my opinion of horsemen was false, and that I was a fool among the brave ; for bravery is divided into two sorts : the first belongs to all mankind, the second is exclusively Antar's.

Antar sprang up, and kissing him between the eyes, exclaimed, Witness for me, ye chiefs of Abs and Adnan, and all ye here present, that I am for ever the slave of this hero, and all the wealth and property my power shall obtain shall be made over to him ; let no one interfere on this point, and verily, I have engaged on my existence, that I will effect his union with his bride Maseeka, daughter of the King of Hooran. To-morrow will I commence this undertaking ; for ye all know, that I ever assist the union of absent lovers, and how anxious I am to relieve the afflictions of those who sigh for each other ; thus, perhaps, the Lord Creator may facilitate my business ; but I do not speak thus in the way of complaint or opposition to fate ; for that time will come, sooner or later, either by death or by a meeting and realization of hopes. And as he spoke, he wept. When Malik, his uncle, beheld his grief, O son of my brother, he cried, running towards him in the excess of his malice and guile, by the faith of an Arab, were I not afraid of interrupting the feast, I would wed my daughter, Ibla, to thee before to-morrow. But when the feasts of King Cais are concluded, we will consult about our affairs, and the cup of joys shall draw nigh. Thou knowest, O Aboolfawaris, thou art our protector in every peril,

and from every foe. Moreover, we would have already terminated this business, and consummated all thy hopes, had it not been for the arrival of King Numan's troops, and the convulsions of the times. But now our troubles are removed from us, and by thy sword every opponent, every enemy, has been put to death, and there remains no one, black or white, to thwart our wishes. No! no! exclaimed King Cais, turning towards him, these excuses I will no longer admit or endure. As he spoke, he gave the cup to his wine-bearer, adding, listen to the words I now say. O Wine-bearer! lock up this cup, and keep it, for, by the faith of an Arab, I will not again drink of wine, or interest myself in any one affair, till my cousin, Antar, be wedded unto his cousin, and his affliction be removed. All the he and she camels I possess shall be supplied for seven days, as also fodder for the horses. Arise this moment, he added, addressing Malik, and prepare thy daughter. Malik quitted the presence of King Cais, expressing his obedience and submission; and the whole assembly dispersed, Antar's friends rejoicing, and his enemies sorrowing. When the family of Carad heard of Ibla's marriage, they were delighted, men and women, daughters and sons; they commenced their merry-making and joys, and grief was banished. Malik knew not what to do, and he felt aware his perfidy and machinations could avail him nought; for should he resist, the morrow would see him dead; so he repaired to his wife. Mother of Amroo, said he, prepare for thy

daughter's wedding, for she, in a few days, will be married to her cousin, Antar. I verily blush before him, for he has acted so generously towards us; but I have requited him with evil, and particularly at this time, when he has repulsed King Numan's armies; for had it not been for Antar's sword, we should all have been dispersed over the wilds and the wastes. When Ibla's mother heard this from her husband, she rejoiced on her daughter's account, for she loved Antar exceedingly for his intrepidity and superior excellence; she was, moreover, convinced that Ibla could suit no one but Antar, for he alone could protect her. Bring Antar to me, said Malik to his son. Amroo went forth and told Antar his father wanted him. So Antar sprang up and put on his finest clothes, and departing with Amroo, presented himself to his uncle, who arose and embraced him, treating him with great distinction, and saying, Nephew, invite thy friends, and thy comrades, and thy associates, that we may prepare thy wedding, and accomplish thy wishes. At these expressions, Antar's bosom dilated, and he was full of joy. He instantly started forth, and returning home, sent for Oorwah. O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, said Antar, my uncle has consented to my marriage, and has directed me to invite my friends and confederates, and in three days he will acquiesce in my desires, but I would put it off for ten days. O Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah, take advantage of the opportunity, and let our hearts be relieved of this anxiety. O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, continued Antar, I

wish to send to all my friends, as I fear they may otherwise reproach us, particularly the chief Bostam ; for he suffered much with us, in the affairs of the Kendehans. The least, said Oorwah, that you can wish to slaughter on your marriage, will be ten thousand he and she camels, for thy guests will be numerous. O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, said Antar, ten thousand shall not suffice for the slaves alone ; the least that I shall slaughter will be twenty thousand she camels, and twenty thousand he camels ; twenty thousand sheep, and twenty thousand goats, and a thousand lions, for my guests will be many. I wish to make at Ibla's wedding five separate feasts ; I will feed the birds and the beasts, the men and the women, the girls and boys, and not a single person shall remain in the whole country but shall eat at Ibla's marriage festival. Well, do as you please, Aboolfawaris, said Oorwah. Now write, added Antar, to the chief Bostam, a letter, with my good wishes, to request his company, with all the warriors of the tribe of Shiban ; and a second to Hassan, the Mazinite ; and a third to the chief Hajar, son of Aamir, the Kendehan ; and a fourth to Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian ; and a fifth to the chief Moshajaa, son of Hosan, the Khoolamian ; and a sixth to King Niamet, son of Ashtar, lord of the land of Sawdah, and the volcano mountain. Thus he wrote numerous letters to all the Arab tribes, and the number of letters he despatched to the tribes was three hundred and sixty, to the three hundred and sixty tribes of Arabs of the

cultivated and uncultivated plains; and whilst he was making preparations, O Ebe-ool-Ebyez, said he to Oorwah, I wish you would go to the land of Syria, and procure some wine for us. Oorwah expressed his obedience, and mounting with his men, set out for the land of Syria, till he reached Azeilem, now called Mazeireeb, where he staid with his people, expecting the wine merchants. As to King Cais, he ordered his slaves to bring forth his tents, and pitch the canopies and standards, and thus the whole tribe of Abs exhibited all their riches; and it was a wonderful day in the display of the quantity of different coloured tents and decorated dwellings. The tents for the men were put on one side; on the other were the tents for the women; and they felt secure from the night depredators of the time, and the revolutions of events. Antar was at the summit of his happiness and delight, congratulating himself on his good fortune and perfect felicity, all trouble and anxiety being now banished from his heart. Praise be to God, the dispenser of all grief from the hearts of virtuous men! Antar every day mounted his horse, and roamed over the mountains and the hollows, hunting lions and tigers, till he had taken seven hundred lions and two hundred tigers, which he secured in a valley, and he stationed a number of slaves over them to feed them. He then exhibited the pavilion which he had brought with him from Chosroe, and ordered his slaves to pitch it for Ibla; and when spread out, it occupied half the land of Shurebah, for it was the load of forty camels; and

there was an awning at the door of the pavilion, under which four thousand of the Absian horse could skirmish. It was embroidered with burnished gold, studded with precious stones and diamonds, interspersed with rubies, and emeralds set with rows of pearls, and there was painted thereon a specimen of every created thing, birds, and trees, and towns, and cities, and seas, and continents, and beasts, and reptiles; and whoever looked at it was confounded by the variety of the representations, and by the brilliancy of the silver and gold; and so magnificent was the whole, that when the pavilion was pitched, the land of Shurebah and Mount Saadi were illuminated by its splendor. The Absians produced their richest stores; in short, the dwellings appeared like a flower-garden; the whole country was in agitation; and the sun shone with reflected rays. The happiest of all, at Antar's marriage-feast, were King Cais and his brothers, and also the family of Carad; for these days were like so many holidays to them. As to the family of Zeead, their hearts were bursting. Oorwah was not absent more than three days, and on the fourth day he appeared, and with him abundance of wine; and whilst they were in this state, behold, some she camels advanced, and he camels came forward from the valleys and the mountains, amounting to sixty thousand she camels, and sixty thousand he camels; and Antar ordered Shiboob to conduct three thousand of them to the mountains, there to slaughter them, and skin them, and feed the birds. Shiboob obeyed,

and went to the mountains, where he slaughtered the camels; and as the slaves flayed them of their hides, Shiboob ascended the highest mountain, and cried out in a loud voice, O ye birds of prey, ye vultures of death! come down and eat of Antar's marriage-feast; he this day invites ye all. The next day, he took two thousand more, and slaughtered them on the mountain-tops, crying out, O ye voracious lions, ye mighty tigers, all of ye come down and eat of the marriage-feast of Antar, son of Shedad, for he this day invites ye all. After this, Antar ordered the butchers to slaughter he and she camels, and sheep, and fattened deer, and to prepare every species of viand, and to make the wine to flow, and to decorate the dwellings of his guests and friends for four days, when lo! there appeared a dust. Antar and the Absians mounted to meet it, and the dust opened and discovered the chief Bostam, accompanied by a thousand horsemen of the tribe of Shiban. Antar saluted him and his comrades, and conducted them to a magnificent tent, and they presented them meat of the flesh of sheep and deer. The next day, also, was seen advancing towards them a cloud of dust, which the Absians went out to meet, when lo! it discovered Hassan the Mazinite, Prince Malik's foster brother, and in his rear were seven thousand horsemen, all mailed and armed. Antar received them, and conducted them to a magnificent tent, supplying them abundantly with meat and wine. They reposed till morning, when lo! a dust again arose: Antar and

the Absians went out to meet it, and Maadi Kereb, the Zebeedian, appeared, accompanied with nine thousand horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, Khitaam, and Morad. Antar received and accommodated them with a superb dwelling : he treated them most hospitably, and supplied them with abundance of wine. They passed a night of joy and festivity ; and in the morning there appeared another dust, and it discovered a knight close-visored and perfectly formed. The warriors marked him, and behold it was the chief Hajar, son of Aamir, the Kendehan, accompanied with eight thousand heroes of Kendeh, all famed for their bravery and firmness. The Absians and Antar received them, and saluting them, conducted them to a magnificent mansion, and presented them meat and wine, paying them every attention. On the next day there was seen another dust, and it cleared away from the chief Moshajaa, son of Hosan, the Khoolanian, attended by seven thousand horsemen of the tribe of Khoolan. The tribe of Abs and Adnan received him, and made him alight at a splendid tent, overwhelming them with meat and wine. Antar was delighted at their arrival, and treated them all with distinguished hospitality. The Absians continued in this state of mirth and merriment, receiving in succession all the Arab tribes of Adnan and Cahtan. (Were I to write down, says Asmaee, all the Arab tribes that assisted at Antar's nuptials, the tongue would fail, and the hearer be wearied, and the book be filled ; so we have abridged the account.)

The Arabs continued to flock into the land of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, till the wilderness and desert were crammed, as also the mountains and sand-hills. Praise be to God, the enricher of mankind ! Antar ordered the butchers to slaughter night and day, and the cooks to cook day and night, and the slaves to prepare bread and pastry : and all the tribe of Abs stood waiting in attendance on the Arab chiefs, and inhabitants of the wilds and wastes, even to King Cais himself and all his brothers. There were reckoned, by one who was present at Antar's marriage, one hundred and forty-five thousand warriors, lords of the sword-blow and spear-thrust ; and the total of those who were present, men and women, amounted to three hundred thousand. Power is with the only God, great and munificent ! On this account, Antar's wedding was known far and wide in those days ; and when these tribes were assembled, the country was too confined for them ; so that brother could not see his brother, nor son distinguish where stood his father. Antar ordered the chamberlains to spread carpets, that the victuals might not spoil, and that they might eat walking, eat standing, eat on horseback, eat sitting, and eat in their sleep : and there was not one but was satisfied with every variety of meat. (Whereas, says Asmaee, I was at Mecca when I heard of Antar's nuptials ; I hastened to the land of Shurebah, that I might be an eye-witness, and write down what I saw ; and when I arrived, I perceived an infinity of things that had never been mentioned

before; and I reckoned that Antar had expended in barley, and wheat, and millet, and other grain, seven hundred and seventy Irdebbs*.)

They thus continued in constant enjoyment: the horsemen every morning mounted their steeds, flourishing their arms and tilting on the plains, till the heat became too powerful, when they returned to the tents, where they found provisions prepared, minced meats served up, and victuals all ready and cooked. They ate, and the wine-bearers supplied them with generous old wine; and thus they went on seven days and nights. On the eighth day, the chief Bostam sprang up on his legs, and kissing the ground before Antar, presented him the presents he had brought with him, consisting of one hundred of the finest horses, with their accoutrements and armour; fifty balls of the most fragrant musk; fifty dishes of ambergris, and a hundred chains of the purest gold; a hundred robes of velvet, two thousand she camels, and two thousand he camels, with one hundred female slaves; and thus he addressed him:

“ May heroes rejoice in the continuance of thy
 “ glory, and the noble witness the abundance of thy
 “ greatness! may every day be renewed to thee in
 “ life, and every joy be in its return more plentiful!
 “ Thine is a palm for mankind, that gives comfort
 “ with wealth, and every bounty; thy hand is well

* One Irdebb is equal to fifteen bushels.

“ known, and its celebrated munificence testifies it.
“ May the generosity of thy right hand never fail,
“ as my heart will never fail in its love for thee:
“ may this wedding be propitious to thee amongst
“ men. O knight of knights, and of noble heroes,
“ accept the presents of one most grateful to thee.
“ O Aboolfawaris, thou most merciful of warriors,
“ mayest thou never fail in thy beneficence! may
“ thy joys abound to thy gratification, and may thy
“ abundance ever increase.”

Antar accepted his presents, and seated him according to his rank. Then the chief Maadi Kerek advanced, and kissing the ground, presented one thousand she camels, and one thousand he camels; five hundred horses, with their accoutrements and armour; one hundred robes of crimson silk; twenty strings of jewels; twenty dishes of ambergris; twenty balls of the most precious musk; one hundred male slaves, and as many female slaves; and as he requested Antar's acceptance, he thus spoke:

“ This day, its light is illumined by thy nuptials,
“ and the glory of its lustre is raised by thy happy
“ star. O Antar of horsemen, rejoice in the accomplishment of every hope and wish. The
“ night, whenever thou comest, loses its obscurity;
“ and the desert, wherever thou art, loses its barrenness! Glory, then, above all men, in thy prosperity; all confess thy greatness is their greatness.
“ In thy beneficence accept, my lord, a present

“ from one, whose possessions are all thine. Kindly
“ regard thy slave, who is come to thee, and
“ shouldst thou refuse him, it will prove his ruin.”

Antar thanked him for his verses, and accepting his present, seated him according to his rank. Then came forward the Chief Hidjar, son of Aamir, the Kendehan, and kissing the ground before Antar, he presented one thousand she camels, and two thousand he camels; five hundred horses, with their accoutrements and armour; five strings of jewels; one hundred robes of twisted velvet; twenty balls of musk; five thousand sheep; one hundred male slaves, and a hundred female; and thus he spoke:

“ The generosity of all generosity is seen, when
“ thou advancest with a shout; and mankind has
“ proved it at the time thou chargest in the field.
“ Thou art extolled on high, at the moment when
“ every great man, noble as he is, cries out to thee
“ for aid. Thou art celebrated for thy liberality in
“ the eloquence of Persia, for the hand of the most
• “ bountiful is found niggardly by thee. Thou art
“ a youth whose every thought, disposition, word,
“ and act are magnificent, in spite of thy malicious
“ foes. Thou art a youth that hast mounted to the
“ summit of praise, lofty as it is; and must bear its
“ accumulated weight, heavy as it is. O Knight of
“ Battle, may thy nuptials be propitious to thee!
“ thou paragon of horsemen, at the moment thou
“ ledest the charge! Accept, I conjure thee, this
“ present from me, and excuse its insufficiency, O
“ my lord and my friend!”

Antar thanked him for his address, and accepting his present, seated him according to his rank. Then advanced Hassan, the Mazinite, who kissed the ground, and presented seven hundred horses, with their accoutrements and armour; and three thousand he and she camels; two thousand goats, and two thousand sheep; twenty velvet garments; twenty necklaces; twenty balls of musk, and twenty dishes of ambergris; with a hundred male slaves, and as many female; and thus he spoke:

“ Shall others congratulate thee? but I will never
“ cease to felicitate thee. O Knight of Knights, in
“ the day of horrors thou art the lion, and the van-
“ quisher of the brave. The chiefs have accorded
“ thee the inheritance of eloquence; 'tis well, for
“ thou art wiser than Sohban * himself: accept these
“ presents of one bound in gratitude to thee, O thou
“ my refuge, my crown, and my defender!”

Antar thanked him for his address, and accepting his presents, seated him according to his rank. Then sprang forward Moshajaa, Chief of the tribe of Khoolan, and presenting a thousand horses, with all their accoutrements, and four thousand he and she camels; ten thousand sheep; ten silk cushions; a hundred velvet robes; fifty balls of musk, and fifty dishes of ambergris—he requested his acceptance, and thus addressed him:

“ Hail to thy hand, that has no bounds! Prose
“ and rhyme fail to express my thanks. How can

* A king celebrated for his wisdom.

“gratitude be conveyed to the noble hero, when the
“Pisces and the Lyra fall short of it? He pos-
“sesses those virtues of liberality, could I describe
“them, the age would be adorned, and fortune
“would boast thereof. His fingers are the dew, and
“his munificence the falling shower: his virtues a
“garden, and his words flowers. Rejoice in the
“happiness that may bring thee glory; and nuptials
“that may produce festivity and triumph! Accept,
“then, I beseech thee, of me, this present; and ex-
“tend thy pardon, my lord, for its insufficiency.”

Antar accepted his presents, and seated him according to his rank; when up sprang the Chief Obad, and presenting five hundred horses with their housings and armour; three thousand he and she camels; five thousand goats; two thousand sheep; two hundred dishes of ambergris; two hundred balls of precious musk, and a thousand robes of crimson silk; with one hundred male slaves, and as many female; he thus expressed his admiration of Antar:

“Is there for judgment any justice-throne but
“thine? Beyond thy court is there any hope amongst
“man? Had a man wished to express praise or
“gratitude before this, rhymes would have failed.
“C, by the Lord of Heaven, were all languages to
“be heaped together, poetry would fall short of
“what I feel. Thou art the man, were it not for
“whose sword, there would be no refuge for the
“hopes of mortals. Marriage is noble among men,
“and truly in thee is proved what futurity will never
“produce. Thy success is peculiarly thine own;

“ no scene of glory is there, but thine arm was there
“ seen extended—munificence, resolution, and con-
“ vincing wisdom ! What is the ram ? or the lion ?
“ or the sword ? the hero of horsemen, when the
“ armies close ; the lion of armies, when the armies
“ close. As to his virtues, their liberality every pe-
“ titioner has witnessed ; but on the day of battle,
“ they are absynth. He protects those who beg
“ his mercy ; his benignity enriches before they even
“ ask. Accept then the presents of one, who is come
“ to thee in joy—whose power truly depends on
“ thee. Never will I praise any one but thee ; for
“ in the qualities of thy glory I shall cite proverbs
“ among men. O thou, my friend, my associate !
“ may nothing ever disturb or taint thy happiness ! ”

Antar expressed his thanks, and congratulated him, and accepting his presents, seated him according to his rank. Then came forward Niamet, son of Ashtar, who presented a thousand horses, with their accoutrements and armour ; and a hundred necklaces of jewels, and a thousand crimson silk robes ; five thousand he and she camels ; twenty thousand sheep ; two hundred male slaves, and as many female ; one hundred balls of precious musk ; one hundred dishes of ambergris. And as he requested Antar's acceptance, he thus honoured him :

“ To describe thee would require all we can say
“ or write. It is no wonder that we are prolix or
“ flowery. Thy deeds and thy greatness must ever
“ be known : why should we not detail thy eulogy,
“ and compose verses on thee ? If indeed there be

“ no end to words, there is also no term to thy virtues. Should glory itself aim at thy height, exceeding the distance of the stars, it might approach thee ; and should it not reach so high, thou hast attained that supremacy we cannot describe, however we extend our expressions and our rhymes. Man is totally unable to praise the worth of a hero, who puts at nought every eulogist, and every admirer. As to his actions, his bounty to his foes is cited from east to west. Pens of spears have inscribed his generosity, and tongues of Indian swords have spoken of him in the East. His scimitar has raised him to a pinnacle of glory, on the very extremity of fame, far and near. He rides a high-mettled steed that never falters, and deals out death to the enemy. May this marriage be auspicious to thee, thou Knight of war, and mayst thou succeed in every attempt ! May the world be ever a garden under thy command, and by thy bounty may it be refreshed with showers ! Accepted from me a present that I offer thee, for thou art skilled and daring in every deed. May thy existence never fail us ! thou art our object, and we consider thy generosity as the utmost boundary of our wishes.”

The heroes and warriors were much delighted. Antar thanked him for his address, and accepting his presents, seated him according to his rank.

Now when all the Arab chiefs had presented their offerings, each according to his circumstances, Antar rose, and called out to Mocri-ul-wahsh ; O Knight

of Syria, said he, let all the he and she camels, high priced horses, and all the various rarities I have received this day, be a present from me to you. But the perfumes of ambergris, and fragrant musk, belong to my cousin Ibla; and the slaves shall form my army and troops. (The number of slaves Antar received that day amounted to two thousand five hundred; to whom he gave as many horses, and as many damsels, and also arms and weapons; and they all mounted when he rode out, and halted when he halted.)

When the Arab chiefs heard Antar's harangue, and how he had given away all his property, they marvelled at his generosity; and they requested him to terminate his nuptials, fearful of any treachery or opposition. O Arabs, said King Cais, your earnestness shall not be thrown away upon us, nor your visit to us be unavailing; for ye are the horsemen of magnanimity, and joy should ever succeed to difficulties. It was the justice of fortune that released Antar from the bonds of servitude, and endued him with liberality, intrepidity, and boldness in arms; and he is become our champion, and the remover of all our pains and sorrows.

Rebia was highly indignant at this speech; and as King Cais observed him, O Rebia, he added, verily Antar deserves even more than this, for he has been patient, and has never failed us; he has protected our wives and our families; and there is nothing to be done but to conclude the marriage.

And when the Arabs heard this, they kissed the

ground before him. Bravo ! exclaimed Antar, springing forward from behind them. All ye that are present here, know that I am the slave of this Absian tribe ; I will redeem it with my life and my property from every distress, and every calamity ; from every misfortune and every adversity: if they marry my cousin to me, I consent ; if they still resist, I will have patience ; if they wish to delay me, it is for them to command ; but whatever they do, I shall still be the object of insult and envy. O Aboolfawaris, exclaimed they all, there is no opposition to the nuptials—thou art our knight and our champion. Upon which Antar ordered ten thousand he and she camels to be slaughtered that day, and also twenty thousand sheep, and twenty thousand goats, and a thousand lions and lionesses.

Then mounted the Chief Bostam, with the tribe of Shibān, and the Chief Hajar, with the people of Kendeh ; and Maadi Kereb, with the tribe of Zebeed ; and Moshajaa, with the tribe of Khoolan ; and Hatal, with the tribe of Ghiftan ; and also King Cais, with the tribe of Abs and Adnan ; and Hassan, the Mazinite ; and Rowdhah, son of Meneea ; and King Niamet, son of Ashtar ; and Rebia, son of Zeead ; and also all the horsemen : and the whole desert was illumined with the flash of helmets, and armour, and corslets. They gave the bridles to their horses, and tilted and jousted with each other with barbless spears, till mid-day. (It was now the season of the spring, and the country was enamelled with the lustre of the new-born flowerets.)

And the sun being risen to the meridian vault of heaven, the warriors returned to their tents and the dwellings that were fixed for them : there the dinner was already served up for them, and there was not one but found before him a portion of the lion's flesh, of which the men ate till they were satisfied, and then came the wine-bearers round with cups and goblets.

Afterwards, Antar directed them to lay out a second range of tables, covered with victuals for the poor, and the orphans, and the widows. His orders were obeyed ; and the herald proclaimed, Whoever wants meat and provisions, let him repair to the kitchen of Antar, son of Shedad. So all the girls and boys, women and children, advanced ; and Antar stood up with his brothers, waiting on all the noble guests amongst the slaves and attendants : but King Cais prohibited Antar from serving in such menial offices.

Now there was a curious custom current among the Arabs at that period. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel packsaddles, and heaped them one upon the other, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, Come on, now for thy bride ! And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, whilst the youths of the tribe drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom rushed forwards, began beating

and pelting him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reaching his wife. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it was well for him ; were he killed, it was his destiny. But should he reach his wife in safety, the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him. (I inquired about this circumstance, says Asmaee, and what it was they were about. Asmaee, they answered, the meaning of this is to exhibit the bride to the warriors, that should her husband die, any one else might take a fancy to her, and take her off.)

At this period, as Antar's nuptials were began, King Cais assembled his brothers ; Know, sons of my father and my mother, said he, this night is the night of Ibla's appearing in state to Antar ; and I fear that some enemy of his may betray him : but this custom has prevailed for ages past. My opinion, said Harith, is, that this custom should be abolished with respect to Antar, and renewed with every one else.

King Cais saw the expediency of such advice, and accordingly ordered the herald to proclaim to the assembled nations, that King Cais, King of the tribe of Abs and Adnan, ordains that every one who attends Antar's nuptials with a sword, or staff, or any instrument, shall be put to death, and his property be given to Antar : and I will excuse, says the King, those who make offerings, and I will be impartial to those who take warning : for I have abolished this custom at the nuptials of Antar ; but I shall reinforce it on every future occasion. Thus

proclaimed the herald throughout the tents of the tribe of Abs and Adnan. The Arabs heard it, and all Antar's friends were exceedingly pleased at the precaution thus taken.

Now when Amarah heard that Antar was about to consummate his marriage with Ibla, he was seized with a violent fever, and an ague-fit suddenly fell upon his whole body. He sent for forty of his slaves, and exciting their avarice, ordered them to be on the watch the night of Ibla's marriage with Antar, that they should rush unawares upon him, and put him to death. They went away in order to execute Amarah's commands; but hearing the proclamations among the tents, that no one should attend Antar's wedding with arms, they returned, and told Amarah of the circumstance. Then his heart burst—he started up, and ran to his brother Rebia, exclaiming, O my brother, I am dying. What's the matter now, my fine fellow? said Rebia. Amarah related his disappointment; but added to Rebia, You have frequented the privacies of kings, and have travelled over lands and countries: so explain to me some deadly herb, that I may give it this slave in such a manner that no one may know any thing about it. Amarah, said Rebia, I know of an electuary, which one of King Numan's confidants explained to me, saying, Rebia, this is an electuary; should any one eat thereof, it will extinguish the burning warmth of his body; and, for one day and night, should it circulate through his frame, he will sink into a state of inanition and lethargy.

Brother, said Amarah, give me some of this electuary, that I may give it this black Antar to eat. And who will give it Antar to eat? said Rebia. My female slave Kehla, said Amarah; Khemisa, Ibla's handmaiden, is very fond of her, and this day, very early, she will go to assist her. Upon this Rebia gave Amarah the electuary, which he took, and returned home.

Now this slave-girl Kehla was in high favour with Amarah, for she was in lieu of Ibla to him, and when he came home he sent for her. Kehla, said he, I have an important affair for you, and I cannot trust its execution to any hands but yours. What's this mighty affair, my lord? said Kehla. I want you, continued Amarah, to take this electuary with you, when Khemisa invites you to the feast, and take special care to mix it with Antar's meat, that he may eat of it. But, my lord, said Kehla, what are the effects of this medicine, should any one eat it? It is not deadly? I should never escape out of the hands of the family of Carad. No, no! O Kehla, said Amarah, it is not deadly; it is a drug to excite hatred, and you well know what I have suffered on account of Ibla, and now at last Antar has got the better of me; he has taken her by force, and all my wish is, that he may eat this drug, so that he may hate her. Kehla expressed her obedience to his commands, and Amarah was all joy and delight, recommending her to keep the affair secret.

Kehla took the drug, and set out for Antar's

feast; and when she arrived, she saw one of the Carad slaves, called Naeem, standing in attendance amongst the other slaves; round his head was a crimson turban, and he wore one of Antar's honorary robes. Kehla was passionately in love with him; and when she saw him so fine, she said to herself, 'Tis true Amarah loves me, but he will not let me go out to the pastures and meet my beloved—he says this medicine is good to produce hatred, so the best thing I can do will be to give it my master, Amarah, himself to eat, that he may hate me, and let me go out to the pastures; and I will let Antar be happy. So she went to Khemisa, Ibla's hand-maiden, and related what had occurred with Amarah; and giving her the medicine, Khemisa, said she, there is nothing to be done but for you to infuse this drug into the meat, and take it to my master, Amarah; for he will not refuse it from your hands. Khemisa acquiesced, and taking the drug from her, put it into a platter full of meat, smothered with saffron and gravy; and having thus melted the drug in the meat, she carried away the dish, and went in search of the Chief Amarah, before whom she placed it. As soon as he saw Khemisa, he asked her about Kehla. My lord, she replied, I left her waiting on my master, Antar; and I have brought you this meat. Amarah was highly pleased, and said, Let not Kehla delay giving Antar the medicine to eat; and let the slave be a Black greasy Pot, as Rebia has said. And he ate up the whole meat; in the

excess of his joy licking the very dish with his tongue. However the meat was not long settled in his stomach before he felt the effects of the drug.

And now when the Arabs assembled for Antar's marriage had eaten their dinner, the cups of wine were brought round to them; the men and women were promiscuously moving together; the girls came forth, and the slave-women were amusing themselves, enjoying the happy moments. *Hola!* cried the matrons and the virgins, we will not remain covered on Antar's marriage. And they threw aside their veils, and the full moons appeared in all their lustre; and they flaunted the branches of their forms in the excess of their delight; and it was a famous day for them. By the faith of an Arab, said the matrons and virgins, we will not remain thus concealed behind these curtains; the doors shall not be shut upon us; we will see Ibla in her magnificence, and we will walk in her train, and make our offerings to her and Antar, and we will not keep a dirhem or a dinar to ourselves; for a happier night than this can never be, and no one but a madman would miss it.

When the women of the tribe of Carad heard this, they were alarmed for the scandal and censure that would thus be occasioned: so they resolved to finish Ibla's ceremony. They clothed her in the most magnificent robes and Chosroweean garments, and superb necklaces; they placed the coronet of Chosroe on her head, and tiaras round her forehead. Ibla was remarkable for her beauty and loveliness: the

tirowomen surrounded her, and they requested Antar to let her come forth in state. He gave them permission, whilst his brothers and slaves stood round the pavilion with their swords, and javelins, and weapons. He ordered them to place a lofty throne for Ibla in front of the pavilion. They executed his commands—they lighted brilliant and scented candles before her, and spread afar the odour of aloes and camphor, and scattered the perfumes of ambergris and musk—the lights were fixed in candlesticks of gold and silver—the torches blazed—and whilst the women shouted and raised their voices to whistles and screams, Ibla came forth in state. In her hand she bore a drawn sword, whose lustre dazzled the eyesight. All present gave a shout; whilst the malicious and ill natured cried aloud, What a pity that one so beautiful and fair should be wedded to one so black! As to the Chief Amarah, he felt that his life had quitted his body, and the universe appeared all darkened to him; he was stupefied, and in the greatest consternation; and though he wished to stand up, he fell down, for an arrow from Ibla's eyes shot him, and he was upset. I know, said he to himself, this black slave will be happy with Ibla; but I must put a stop to this business; so he ran home, and took two necklaces of jewels, and went with them to Simiah, Shedad's wife. O Simiah, said he, I have a particular favour to beg of you; I wish you would fulfil it, and take these two necklaces of jewels. What is it you want, my lord? said Simiah. What I want of you, said

Amarah, is to say to Zebeeba, Antar's mother, God forbid you should do such an act, O Zebeeba ! If she asks you what you mean by this speech, tell her, Your son Antar has endured much vexation ; but his trouble is not lost, for Ibla, after having been his foster-sister, is now become his wife. Zebeeba is but of little wit, so she will perhaps tell her son Antar ; and should she say, I nursed Ibla with your milk, may be his high spirit will mount up, and he will not venture near his bride. Amarah's intention was to stop Antar's marriage that night, that the medicine might have its full effect upon him, ignorant, as he was, that the drug was in his own bowels. Simiah agreed to his proposal, for she much coveted the necklaces. Amarah departed, his heart full of joy. Simiah turned towards the pavilion, and met an immense concourse of people, all huddled one upon another. The candles were burning, and the torches were waving—Ibla came forth in state, looking about right and left, and as some one has described :

“ She exhibited the play of her charms in her
“ features and her form, as her elegant shape moved
“ about. She looked and shot arrows from her eye-
“ lashes, and threw amongst us penetrating darts.
“ The beauties of her face exclaimed to her admirers,
“ Be not ignorant, and attach yourselves to her
“ charms. Every charm was united in her that
“ could captivate the senses, when she either sat still
“ or moved.”

When Ibla had appeared in state amongst the people, her mother took the sword out of her hand, and wished to dress her a second time ; but fire and animation seized Antar ; urged by his pride, he darted at Ibla, and snatched her off the throne of state like a sparrow, and entered the pavilion with her, leaving pain and regret in the hearts of all the bystanders : but Shiboob and Jareer remained at the door of the pavilion, protecting their brother from every harm.

Simiah, Shedad's wife, imparted to Zebeeba what Amarah had instructed her to say ; and as Zebeeba was very deficient in sense, and not a little careless, she let her son alone till he had entered the tent with his cousin Ibla, when she went to him, and seating herself by his side, congratulated him on his marriage. O my son, said she, thanks be to God that thy trouble has not been thrown away, for Ibla, after having been thy sister, is become thy bride. But, my son, do not tell any one of this. At these words the light became dark in his eyes. What is this you say, my mother ? he cried. Know, my son, said his mother, that I frequently suckled Ibla with thy milk. And why did you not inform me of this circumstance before now ? asked Antar. Because, replied Zebeeba, I never thought you would obtain her. But now I tell you ; so do as you please. And away she went. Antar was bewildered at the vicissitudes of fortune ; he did not approach Ibla, but passed the night reflecting on the misfortunes directed against him from all quarters.

As to Amarah, he returned home, and sent for Kehla : when she came, he ordered her to bring him cups and goblets, which she did ; and when he had drunk three cups of wine with her, and was caressing her, he fell almost senseless. Amarah was startled, and in despair ; Surely, said he to her, you have not made any mistake with the drugs ! What's that you say ? cried Kehla ; it is all your aversion for me that makes you speak thus : you saw Ibla this evening, and have been looking at her charms. Amarah remained doubtful, whether to believe it or not ; sometimes talking of the drugs, and sometimes of the wine, till he perceived a lethargy come over his limbs and senses ; and he was in a dreadful state of confusion.

As to Antar, he remained, as we said, till day dawned, when Ibla's mother came in, with the women of the Carad family, to congratulate her on her marriage, as was customary. They entered ; but seeing her exceedingly distressed, her mother asked, What was the matter ? O my mother, said Ibla, my cousin loves me not, and says he has heard something that must part us for ever.

At hearing this, her mother was greatly exasperated. She sent for Antar ; What have you done here ? cried she. You black ! you cuckold ! do you wish to make us a scandal among the Arabs ? What has happened ? What's the matter ? my mistress, said Antar. You have taken my daughter by force, said Shereeha, and have kept off all suitors and lovers from her ; and now she is yours, you have

cast her from your heart, and don't care about her. I desire you will tell me what this means, for never will I quit you till it is cleared up. I will take away my daughter, if you don't want her; but if you are a nasty greasy pot, I will put you on woman's clothes, and give you a hurdy-gurdy or a dulcimer, you filthy fellow! O my mistress, replied Antar, didst ever see any one approach his sister, or consider her as his wife? Who's your sister? said Shereeha. Ibla, replied Antar; and then he told her what his mother Zebeeba had related to him. Whither and how? cried Shereeha: I was not big with Ibla till you were ten years old, and you were constantly roaming about the wilds and mountains, tending camels and sheep; and she immediately sent for Antar's mother: Zebeeba, said she, hast thou at any time suckled Ibla with Antar's milk? I don't understand you; I know nothing about it, said Zebeeba. My mistress Simiah desired me to say all this to my son Antar. O my mistress, one night I was in a deal of trouble; I lay down, and I was terribly agitated about this sad affair: I was so confused that I said to myself, Which is tallest, I or my son? and when I stood by him, I perceived that I did not come up to his knees; then I thought he was my father, and that I was his daughter. When Ibla's mother and the other women heard this, they all laughed; but as Shereeha wished to know the truth of it, What could you mean by these suggestions? said she to Simiah; thus to disturb the happiness of my daughter and her

cousin ! O Shereeha, said Simiah, know then, that Amarah gave me this diamond necklace, and made me swear to instruct Zebeeba thus ; but though I was aware no one could possibly prove the fact, I could not reconcile myself to the loss of this necklace merely for a word or so, feeling assured that for this night my son would bear with me. Antar's countenance now brightened with joy, and his bosom expanded with delight. Away, then, said he to the women, you have finished your congratulations. He went to Ibla, and as he looked at her, he thought of Zebeeba's expressions, and all she had said to procrastinate his happiness, and thus he spoke :

“ Zebeeba thought Ibla was her daughter ; Zebeeba lied, and she too who instructed her. Zebeeba is like the obscurity when it rises ; the night is in her, and is as if she were fraternised to it. But the sweet Ibla is like the morning, and her charms are pre-eminent. Who would draw a parallel between the owl and the dove ? and who would find fault with the sun at noon-day ? My mother came with a horrible story ; she came with an insidious falsehood in her speech.”

When he had recited his verses, he quitted Ibla, scented as he was with musk and ambergris. The shouts arose, and the slave-girls whirled the cymbals in every direction ; but the happiest of all were King Cais and his brothers ; and as Antar came to him with the Arab chiefs, Cais congratulated him on his nuptials, as did every one else, kissing him

between the eyes. King Cais having invested him with an honorary robe, and also all the Arab chiefs present on the occasion of Antar's marriage, questioned him as to his heart's contentment. O, my lord, replied Antar, I have succeeded in obtaining my cousin only by your noble firmness, and the decision of your character; and thus Antar addressed him:

“ I swear by thee that I have passed a time of
“ happiness, and I enjoyed the most perfect delight
“ in her society till dawn. As Ibla lay, musk spread
“ delicious fragrance from her person, and her
“ breath to me is more delicious than oil of roses.
“ I kissed her bosom and her cheeks, ornamented
“ with precious jewels, and the flush of wine. I
“ grasped in her the branch of the tamarisk, steeped
“ in clouds of beauty from the distilling rain; she
“ leant on me with her hand, her elbow, and her
“ wrist. We were cheek to cheek and neck to neck.
“ Never did I behold amongst the human race any
“ thing like Ibla; lovelier and more beautiful than
“ the sun and moon. When she stirs, her graceful
“ movements resemble the wave of the branch with
“ its green leaves. O, I vow no other charms will
“ I ever love in my life; never, whilst the world
“ endures, will I ever fail in my fondness for her.
“ Ibla is indeed a matchless nymph; thin loined,
“ and delicate waisted. Love for her penetrates my
“ heart and my entrails: it is as if the tears that
“ flow down my cheeks should flow in blood. Away,
“ away, never will I forget her love; no, never till

“ I rest in my grave. She is my object and desire
“ in every desert ; never will I abandon her till the
“ day of judgment.”

King Cais and all present were in admiration of his eloquence, saying, God be praised, that has endued thee with intrepidity and skill in arms, and fluency of speech ! Thus they continued feasting and enjoying themselves for seven days successively, and after that the Arabs separated for their respective homes, surprised at the marriage, and the quantity of wealth expended at it.

When the Arabs were gone, the Absians remained two days quietly in their tents, but on the third day King Cais gave a splendid feast at the lake of Zat-ul-irsad to the tribe of Abs, in honour of Antar's nuptials ; and when they had eaten their dinner, the wine circled among them, and as they were thus occupied, behold a dust like smoke arose. Antar and Mocri-ul-wahsh mounted with the Absian chiefs to meet it, in order to see what it meant, and lo ! it discovered a close-vizored knight, followed by ten thousand horsemen clad in armour and steel. This warrior was called Awtaban, son of Semaamaa, and the reason of his coming into the land of Abs was this : As he was on a predatory excursion against the property of the Arabs, he quitted the land of Yemen, his own country, and continued his expedition through the land of Cahatan, and entered the country of the tribes of Adnan, where meeting the Arabs who were separating from Antar's nuptials, he inquired about their movements,

and they told him all about Antar's marriage, and the wealth and cattle he had expended on that occasion. At this description of Antar, he was highly incensed and indignant, for he was also one of the famed giants in those days of ignorance. We must now proceed, said he to his heroes, to plunder the goods of the Absians, and kill their men, and slay Antar, whose name is thus famed and celebrated. I will take his cousin Ibla captive, and make her my concubine; and he hastened on till he came nigh unto the Absians.

When Antar saw the armies and horsemen, he turned towards the tribe of Abs to consult with them on what they should do in this affair. Beholding their countenances turn pale from fear, Cousins, said he, banish these terrors and alarms; comfort yourselves, and rejoice in the defeat of your foes; and he attacked in front of the Absians. Ibla, with the other women, came out to see what was going on; and as Antar beheld Ibla as she stood among the women without the tents, he was afraid she would look upon him with the eye of inferiority, so he rushed upon Awtaban's troops. Hola! O Arabs, he cried, tell me whence ye are, and what has brought ye hither? He had scarcely finished when Awtaban stood before him; Eh! black wretch, coward, poltroon, cried he, what slave of the tribe of Abs and Adnan art thou? Thou son of a base coward, said Antar, I am the vanquisher of heroes; I am he who enjoys with my sword the tribute of all these countries. I am the Chief An-

tar, son of the Chief Shedad. And I am come in quest of thee, said Awtaban in answer: this day I must slay thee, and take captive thy cousin Ibla; and if thou dost not know me, thou son of a poltroon, I am Awtaban, the knight of Yemen, and in my tribute are the lands of Senaa and Aden. He had not finished when Antar shouted at him and attacked. Awtaban met him, and addressed him in these lines:

“ O Chief Antar, a hero has come against thee,
“ whose power in the girded sword is to be dreaded:
“ it cleaves the neck of the horsemen and the foe,
“ and lays them low at every stroke. How many
“ knights have I slain in the plain of battle, where
“ they fall on their cheeks, and struggle with their
“ hands! Come on, then; in me is an impetuous
“ knight, whose ambition soars above every hero.”

May thy mother forfeit thee, and may thy family and tribe be deprived of thee! replied Antar. This day will I make the last of thy days; and he thus answered:

“ Thou liest, by the shrine of God! thou most
“ ignorant of men, thou son of a coward, thou
“ vilest of wretches! Come on to the fight! Soon
“ thou wilt meet a lion whose power is a match for
“ every antagonist; whose Absian, Antarian vehemence overthrows the firmest of the foes with his
“ mangling thrusts, and hurls down dead the warrior-enemy with his sword, and leaves them slain
“ like camels gasping in death, abundant as carrion

“ for the wild beasts—food for the birds of the deserts, and the hawks.”

Thus saying, Antar rushed upon Awtaban. Awtaban received him with a heart like a rock ; and between them there ensued the battle of swords and spears, that turned infants grey, and sickened the eyes. They continued in this state, plying the sword-blow and the spear-thrust, till all the warriors shuddered at their exploits. Antar looked at Awtaban, and saw he was a mailed lion, and a terrific warrior. They continued to fight, to give and take, to sport, to exert themselves, to advance and retire, till Antar perceiving that Awtaban was exhausted and tired, hemmed him in, and clung to him ; then closing every means of escape, he grasped his dreadful Dhami, irresistible and never-failing, and smote Awtaban on the head, covered as he was with his shield, but Antar's sword cut it in two, and cleft his helmet, and the chains, and the wadding, and still continued its sway till it issued through his thighs to the back of his horse, and Awtaban fell, he and his horse, cut in four ; and at the effects of his blow he shouted out, O by Abs ! O by Adnan ! I will ever be the lover of Ibla. All the Absians gave an universal shout, May thy hand be never palsied ! may no foe ever triumph over thee ! may no one ever harm thee ! thou knight of the age ; thou champion of the tribe of Abs and Adnan !

As to Awtaban's troops, when they saw that Antar had felled their chief, they attacked with all

their ten thousand like one man, crying out, O thou black ! thou wretch ! thou coward ! thou poltroon ! thou hast slain a knight whose equal the age will never produce. Antar received them on the chest of his horse Abjer, whilst the Absians also assaulted to assist him ; men met men, and heroes heroes ; blood flowed and streamed ; limbs were hewn off ; the Absians exerted all their powers in the presence of their wives and families, and destroyed the foe with their force and vigour. As to Antar, he exposed himself to death and destruction, for he knew Ibla was looking at him. Mocri-ul-wahsh performed in the presence of Antar deeds to be recorded, and in less than two hours Awtaban's troops fled ; but the Absians and Antar pursued them closely, till having driven them out of the country, they returned to their scattered horses and dispersed armies ; and having collected their property, they went home, Antar at their head, as if drowned in a sea of blood ; and thus he spoke :

“ My heart is at rest ; it is recovered from its intoxication. Sleep has calmed my eyelids, and
 “ relieved them. Fortune has aided me, and my
 “ prosperity cleaves the veil of night, and the seven
 “ orders of heaven. I am the slave that encounters
 “ death on the day of terrors, and fears not destruction. I have slain Awtaban, and he was a knight
 “ stout armed and bitter palated ; I hurled him to
 “ the ground, laid low by my sword, his feet and
 “ legs wallowing in blood. I have made the horse-
 “ men drink of the cup of death mixed with tortures,

“ at my scimitar’s edge. I am the man from whom
“ they experience on the day of fears insufferable
“ justice: a youth that fells the horsemen on the
“ day of battle, and dreads not the thin edge of the
“ sabre. Ah! O Ibla, if thou hadst beheld my
“ deeds, and my thrusts with the straight spear,
“ thy love for me would increase, and thou wouldst
“ truly applaud my acts as long as people walk or
“ move on the earth. My glory is on high, in the
“ towers of the Pleiades, and my ambition rends the
“ seven ranges of heaven.”

When Antar had finished, the heroes and warriors were astonished at his eloquence; they retired home, and dividing the horses and the spoil amongst the horsemen, they renewed their feasts, and entertainments, and sports, at the lake of Zat ul irsad and the purling streams, the slave-women beating the cymbals, and the men flourishing their swords.

THE END.

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